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Good Morning: RE: Enclosed letter - published in Robinson Argus, Crawford county, Illinois Feb 14, 1923

Could not find this letter on your web site, therefore sending to you with identification of characters

AUTHOR: LT. CHARLES HOWE: Co I 21st Illinois from Palestine, Illinois. Later P.O.W. at Chickamauga
confined at Gotta Libby Prison and at Columbia, S.C. Last known address Code, Illinois

TITMUS K. HOWE: Sgt Co E 98th Illinois - brother of Charles. Was a printer from Palestine, Illinois
and ended up in Danville Soldiers home, Danville, Illinois

Ed Howe - civilian - brother to whom letter was written

Alfred Harrison - Pvt Co I, 21st Illinois from Palestine, IL. G.A.R. Post 152 Palestine, IL is the Alfred Harrison Post

Chester K. KNISKI - Capt Co I, 21st Illinois from Robinson, IL. Assumed command of 21st at Chickamauga and was in on
the 21st Illinois Monument Dec. B: 10-9-1838 D: 2-8-1869 Buried Grand Prairie Cem (Crawford county, Illinois)

JOEL L. COX - Lt Co I, 21st Illinois from Crawford county. P.O.W. at Chickamauga and confined Libby Prison. Prof 8-4-1903
and buried in Lemmonville Cem, Kansas

George M. Dowell - from Hutsonville, Crawford county, Illinois. No knowledge. appears to be a concerned civilian and possibly
related to some in Company I.

Dr. HAMILTON - (MSgt Co D, 22nd Illinois. Had been a Crawford county doctor as early as 1846. Was once circuit clerk and a
Faculty member of the Palestine Academy. Post was moved to Wisconsin

Dr. PATTON - Dr. LIBERTUS L. PATTON, Father of Dr. killed Allen Patton of Palestine (You have his diary) Dr. Patton died
on the same day that Allen was killed. When a double funeral was held at the family residence in Palestine and
both interred in the Palestine Cemetery

Allen Patton - Pvt Co E 21st Illinois killed. You possess his diary. Born 1-15-1842 and killed 12-30-1862. Was a licensed Teacher
and once gave an oration "Disfranchisement" 3-23-1880 at the Palestine Academy. He was originally recorded
by Clark B. Lingo of Palestine that became the Bed-de-Camp to U.S. Grant

David Foote

inside we won't be able to get out." Bruce shook his head, then stole...

walked steadily nearer until it led to Linda he would advance...

The Killer turned his head and saw Bruce. Rage flamed again in his eyes. He half-turned again; poised to charge.

gun moved swiftly, easily, to man's shoulder, his chin dropped, his straight eyes gazed along barrel. In spite of his wound never human arms held more steady his did them. And he marked the space of gray squarely between two reddening eyes.

finger pressed back steadily at the trigger. The rifle cracked silence. And then there was a effect of tableau, a long second which all three figures seemed dead and deathly still.

bear leaped forward, and it wholly impossible to Linda Bruce could encircle aside in time did the blow. She cried out in

as the great paws whipped in the place where Bruce had been. But the man had been prepared for this very recoil, and he had aside just as the claws raked

the Killer would hunt no more this End. At the end of that he fell, his great body quivering wildly in the snow. The lead had raight home where it had been and the charge itself had been muscular reflex. He lay still a gray, mammoth figure that jestic eyes, in death. Where would the deer shudder error at the sound of his heavy



nd the Little Space of Gray y Between the Two Reddra... thicker. No more would by into stampede at his great shadow on the ss. The last of the Oregon of gone the way of all his

and Linda, standing and awed in the snow. Death imagined the passing over the last stand that of the wild had made... in it, too. There were... ightly breeds humbled and men were left. Those eter... of the wilderness— beyond the wilderness— raight and grand and lme them. While these two st, they would still keep over the wilderness, they

dred or so acres. I believe I'd like to feel the handles of a plow in my palms."

"It was what you were made for, Bruce," she told him. "It's born in you. There's a hundred acres there—and three thousand—somewhere else. You've got new strength, Bruce. You could take hold and make them yield up their hay—and their crops—and fill all these hills with the herds." She stretched out her arms. Then all at once she dropped them almost as if in supplication. But her voice had regained the old merry tune he had learned to love when she spoke again. "Bruce, have I got to do all the asking?"

His answer was to stretch his great arms and draw her into them. His laugh rang in the cavern.

"Oh, my dearest!" he cried. The eyes lighted in his bronzed face. "I ask for everything—everything—bold that I am! And what I want worst—this minute—"

"Yes?" "—Is just—a kiss." She gave it to him with all the tenderness of her soft lips. The snow sifted down outside. Again the pines spoke to one another, but the sadness seemed mostly gone from their soft voices.

[THE END.]

Worthy of the Pen of James Fenimore Cooper Erskine Dale—Pioneer By JOHN FOX, JR. Distinctly a Cooper character is this highly interesting frontiersman-trapper, hunter, guide, soldier—in whose veins flowed the undiluted blood of Virginia's proudest, but whose boyhood had been spent entirely among the Indians. Erskine Dale spoke a little French, less English, but was fluent in the Shawnee dialect when fate called him back to the home of his ancestors. We witness a surprising unfoldment of the character and ability that had been submerged by his savage training. He speedily became more than a match for the gallants of the time—Colonial days—in every sort of contest, even to the winning of hearts. It is a stirring tale of romance and adventure in pioneer times, especially commended by its fine patriotism. It Will Appear Serially in The Robinson Argus Watch for the Opening Installment. Weekly Financial Review

The American Railway Association reports loadings of revenue freight for the week ended January 29 totaled 865,578 cars, 7673 less than the previous week but 13,469 more than the same week last year and 156,320 over the corresponding week of 1921. 70,066 cars were loaded with forest products, which represented an increase of 1434 over the week before, 20,071 over last year.

MURPHYSBORO BATTLE

THE 21ST ILLINOIS REGIMENT PARTICIPATED

CO. I HAD NINE MEN KILLED

Letter From Lieut. Charles Howe Tells of the Battle and How Regiment and Company Fared

"Thos. K. Howe, of the Soldiers' Home, Sawtelle, Calif., sends The Argus a letter written by his brother, Lieut. Charles Howe, of Co. I, 21st Illinois Infantry (Grant's old Regiment) bearing date of January 19, 1863, addressed to his brother, Ed Howe, with a request that we publish it. It will be highly interesting to many people who are yet living that at the time were deeply interested in what is depicted in the letter. And there are others who will be glad to have the news therein retold by one who was a participant.

"Murphysboro, Tenn., Jan. 19, 1863 Dear Brother: I will write you a few lines this morning and let you know how I am getting along. I suppose you have already heard of the hard fought battle we had here. Nine of our best boys were killed and 15 wounded. I will give you a list of the killed, Alford Harrison, Allen Patton, Henry Longnecker, Henry Hardy, John Martin, Hughie Phillips, Harrison Dean, Joseph Maxwell, Solomon Jones and James Gillmore. O, God, Ed: It was the most terrible battle of the war. Our regiment was all cut to pieces. We don't number half as many as we did before the fight. The first day's fight, which was the 30th of December, 1862, we drove the enemy about half a mile. Our Division, General Davis Commanding, belongs to the right wing. The enemy on the right of the 30th took their force from their right and massed them on our right; so early in the morning they opened their artillery on us and came in about five to our one and drove us back about three miles with terrible slaughter. Our men lay dead in heaps all over the ground where we retreated. But the next day we got reinforcements from Nashville and killed about as many of them as they did of us on the day before. On the evening of the 30th, about 4 o'clock, there was a cannon ball struck a tree within three feet of me, and a slab flew off and struck me in the left side and back, which knocked me whirling. I was carried to a hospital and there I found Captain Knight wounded in the thigh. When our men fell back, the rebels came in and captured the hospital and took us every one prisoner. They held us three days. I happened to have on private clothes, which saved me from being paroled. They paroled every officer in the house but me. Capt. Knight had on his uniform and he was the first man that was allowed.

Our men recaptured the hospital and you had better believe we were glad to see them coming for we had

been three days without a morsel to eat. The rebels were very kind to us. The reason they did not give us anything to eat was because they did not have it to give. Their own men were nearly starved. I was taken to Nashville and stayed there eight days in Hospital No. 9. They took good care of us, and I soon got so I could hop around a little. I had a chance of coming to the regiment and rolled out as I am not much of an army hospital. I am getting along very well, but I do not think I will report for duty for some time yet. I am black and blue from the shoulder down to the small of my back and feel pretty sore all over. Our company was left on the first day's fight without a commissioned officer, but Lieut. Cox only got a slight wound in the shoulder and went back and took command of the company. I think it a great wonder that any of us got out alive for bullets could not be any thicker than they were around us all the time.

Before I got hurt we undertook to charge a battery and got repulsed. There is where all of our boys were killed but one. Alford Harrison and three others were killed by one cannon ball. Alf Harrison's head was blown clear off. Our wounded were all taken to Nashville and are being taken to Louisville as soon as they are able to be removed. I think they will get to go home until they get well. Capt. Knight has gone home. George McDowell, from Hulstonville, left here yesterday for home. He came out to look after the wounded. I think it was very kind in him. He did all he could for the boys; he stayed with us a week. I got on a horse and took him all over the battlefield. I wish you could be here to see the field; it looks awful. The trees are torn to pieces by artillery. The rebels left their dead by thousands for our men to bury, and a scanty burial they got—not over three inches of dirt over them.

The 98th is camped three miles from us. Tom comes over quite often. They did not get here until after the fight, and I was glad of it. I think we will have this fight over again before long. I almost dread it; I can't say I am afraid, but somehow I hate to go in. It don't scare me a particle to be in battle. Our men all fought like tigers. Men could not stand up and fight harder than they did. When a cannon ball would open our ranks they would close up and go on as if nothing had happened. But the thing of it was, our generals let Bragg out general them. In the night the enemy charged our flank, which took our generals by surprise. Gen. Johnson is a traitor; I think, from the way he acted in this fight. I will tell you of some of his actions.

To my certain knowledge, on the 29th of December he knew we were going to have a fight. The next day he never gave his men any orders to be ready in the morning. In place of being up in the morning at 3 o'clock he let his men lie and sleep until after daylight. By the time they got breakfast the fight had begun, and in place of his getting ready for battle he sent his artillery horses through the rear to be watered. His officers went to him and wanted him to get the men in line, but he cursed

them and said he was commanding that division and could attend to his own business. So while the men were gone to the creek to water, the rebels came in and took every bit of his artillery and they never fired a gun.

After he lost all his artillery his men fell back in a grand skeddaddle, leaving our division exposed to all their infantry and artillery fire. Had he held his position on our right, we could have held our position, but he ran and they made a swing around on our position. If they let such men as him stay in the service unpunished I do not feel like exposing my life under such men. He was the cause of thousands of men losing their lives.

Well, Ed, I fear you are tired of war talk, so I will change the subject. George McDowell said Dr. Patton was buried the day before he left home. We have had considerable rain and snow within the past month. Day before yesterday we had about two inches of snow. The weather is very cool to live in thin white houses like we soldiers have here. I saw Dr. Hamilton at Nashville. He is Q. M. of the 22nd Illinois regiment. Write soon and I will keep you advised as to our whereabouts. Respectfully your brother, Charley Howe.

"Comet" Engine Preserved. In the South Kensington museum, in London, is to be seen the very engine that propelled the Comet, the first passenger steamboat seen in European waters.



He will eat twice as many muffins if they're baked with Vaher's Enterprise Flour. Enterprise is the creamy-white centers from the pick of the hard wheat slowly milled to retain its natural goodness. Its quality never varies. Order from your grocer today. Vaher's Enterprise Flour A Sack of Satisfaction

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