

and over their resting place flies the Nation's flag from sunrise to sunset.

General Rice was made a Major-General by brevet after his death, in recognition of his services in the Camden campaign.

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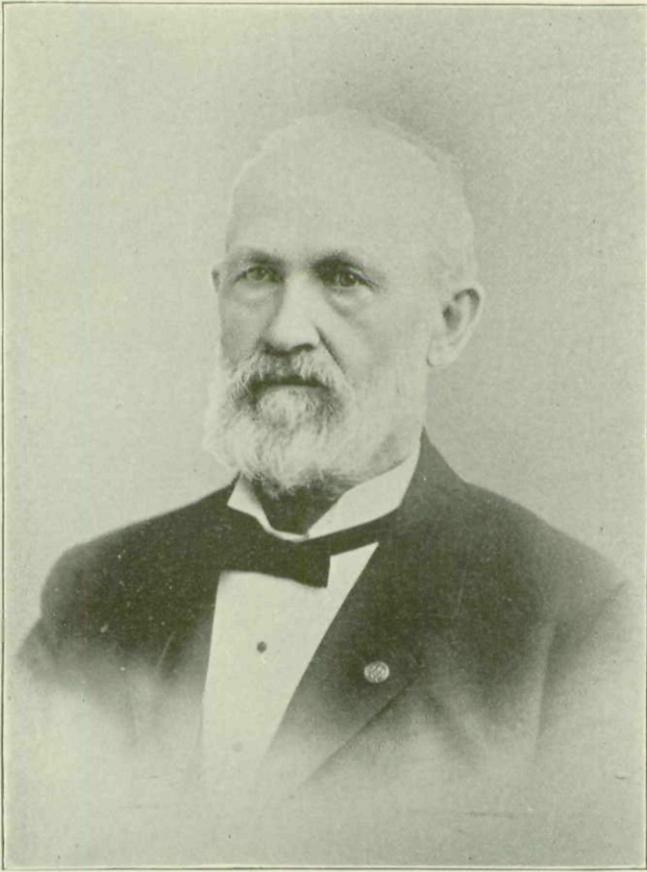
THE TWENTY-FOURTH IOWA VOLUNTEERS.  
FROM WINCHESTER TO DAVENPORT.

BY CHAS. L. LONGLEY.

(Concluding article.)

The paper published in the October ANNALS left the Twenty-fourth Iowa at Winchester, West Virginia, under orders to take the cars in the early morning of January 6th, 1865, for some unknown destination. But before actual departure from that locality it is desired to correct the statement that Camp Russell was named for the gallant officer "killed in the final charge at Cedar Creek." General Russell fell at the battle of Winchester, September 17th, 1864, while General Lowell gave his life in the final struggle at Cedar Creek. The familiar association of the two names is doubtless responsible for the inadvertence.

After over two years in active service the men of the Twenty-fourth now considered themselves veteran soldiers; nevertheless a wholly unexpected order to move, in the dead of winter, from comfortable quarters only just completed was not received with complete resignation. It is true the order was promptly obeyed, but obedience was accompanied by certain observations, commonly known as "kicking," which were lurid enough to modify the weather. Perhaps they did so. At all events it rained, and the snow



Leander Clark

on the ground was turned into slush as the regiment "fell in" before broad daylight and looked its last on the "shanties" and "shebangs," now minus their "dog-tent" roofs, which were fondly expected to have been a cozy abiding place for the remainder of the winter. There was a march of some three miles to the terminus of the recently reconstructed railway, and here was found an opportunity almost inevitable when troops were called out early in a rainstorm—namely, to stand around in the wet and wait for the next number on the programme. What with the snow and mud under foot, the chilly wind and the absence of any shelter whatever, it was doubly disagreeable in this instance, and it lasted until 3 o'clock P. M. At this hour, soaking wet as they were, the men were loaded on flat and box cars—all without fire, of course, and the latter occupied on the roofs as well as inside, for an all-night ride. Saying nothing of the discomfort endured, nor even of the rheumatism and other lasting ills contracted, it is quite probable that as many men were actually killed by this trip as in the battles of Winchester and Cedar Creek combined. Such incidents as this were very common in the army. Perhaps too common to deserve detail. But they were costly, if human life and health are held valuable; and no one but those who experienced them will appreciate the actual suffering caused thereby.

At Baltimore, next day, quartered in a stable which had just been vacated by its lucky four-footed tenants, as it only amounted to a roof, the final destination of the regiment was as great a riddle as ever. On the 8th the sun shone, and with warmth came good cheer. And on the 13th, when the command marched across the city to the wharf, it was with colors flying, drums beating and a degree of style that made every man quite willing to be asked, "What regiment is that?" Here, again, was a wait of seven hours, though not an unpleasant one, and at 9. P. M., embarkation took place upon the sea going steamer

Suwonada. She was a huge freighter, built, we were told, for the China tea trade, and took on board some twelve hundred men, including brigade headquarters. A start was made just before daylight, but it was only after the stop at Fortress Monroe next day, after the open sea had been reached and the pilot discharged, that the sealed orders were opened to learn that we were bound for Savannah, Ga., where "Uncle Billy" Sherman was then resting and refitting his army of champion walkers.

The voyage was in no way an unusual one, and was completed with the proper allowance of seasickness, on January 18th, when we anchored in Warsaw sound and waited for a pilot up the comparatively shallow and devious Savannah river, which was specially difficult to navigate from the attempts of the rebels to blockade it by sinking hulls in the channel. Hence the wharf of the city was not reached for disembarkation until the afternoon of the 21st, the 20th\* having been spent transferring into "lighters." Sherman's army was already moving out, the rear division marching early the next morning, leaving his "Christmas gift" to President Lincoln in the hands of the newly arrived division of the 19th Army Corps to which the Twenty-fourth Iowa belonged, with General C. Grover in command.

The city of Savannah was and is an old and interesting one. Founded by General James Oglethorpe in 1733, it contained at this time about 20,000 people, including many refugee negroes and the wives and families of not a few distinguished Confederate officers, such as Generals G. W. Smith, A. P. Stewart, and others. It was considered a perfectly safe refuge up to the time that General Sherman demonstrated the similarity of the Confederacy to an egg shell by breaking through it with the greatest ease. Situated on a plateau along the river, fifty feet above the level of the sea, it was rendered especially attractive by its parks and wide streets, beautifully shaded by magnifi-

cent live oaks—than which no handsomer trees are known. In one of the smaller parks stood a notable statue of General Count Pulaski, who was mortally wounded in the attack on the city, then held by the British, October 9, 1779. The corner stone of this monument was laid by LaFayette in 1825.

But space does not permit dwelling upon the winter attractions of this far Southern city, nor upon the humdrum life in camp there, for the few weeks that it served as a base for General Sherman's march to the east and northward, which was greatly retarded by high water and mud. The most notable incident of this period occurred January 27, when soldiers and civilians were alike awakened by what seemed to be a rattling skirmish fire, pretty close at hand. Commissary Sergeant T. L. Smith (whose posthumous manuscript furnished the earlier of these papers) and the present writer were sleeping in a house used as an office and situated pretty well down town. Dressing hastily in the dark, the street was stealthily gained only to hear a projectile or fragment of shell hurtle along over head and bury itself in the ground further up. Thus confirmed in the belief that fighting was in progress somewhere, an exceedingly cautious advance was made down the dark side of the street in the attempt to find where and what. But the silent streets soon began to be populated, mostly with darkeys "toting" beds and bedding and other incongruous loads of household gear, who replied to anxious questions by declaring that the city was "done burnin' up." But as it seemed to be "blowin' up" also, anxiety continued to reign until the situation was fully explained by learning that an immense warehouse filled with fixed ammunition for the Confederate Navy, had been fired by some incendiary; and as they gradually heated up, the huge shells exploded, singly and by tens and by fifties, spreading destruction far and near. The scene at the fire was a strange one.

One poor, little, old-fashioned hand engine, named "Pulaski No. 2," was the only fire apparatus in working order in the city. This was manned wholly by negroes, who stood right to their work, although one of their number was killed by a flying fragment of shell at the brakes, and, under the leadership of the foreman, a bronze Hercules who stood on her deck with one foot on the brake-arm and shouted the refrain, cadenced an iterative song which gave time for every stroke. To see these men, under the lurid glare of the burning city, thus risking their lives to save the property of their late oppressors, made an impression not easily effaced. Nearly all the troops were called out, their first duty being to move a vast store of small-arm cartridges from a building near the fire, and next to preserve order and prevent the spread of the flames so far as possible without serious exposure. About six blocks were eventually burned over, and a number of lives lost, nearly if not quite all of whom were negroes.

The further stay of the regiment in Savannah was uneventful, and nothing but the prospect of the inevitable sea-sickness prevented general satisfaction when, on March 4, it embarked on the steamer "Delaware" for other "parts unknown." She touched at Hilton Head, stopped at Paris Island to coal, and on the 7th, touched at Wilmington—that great blockade-running port having just been surrendered as a result of Sherman's demonstrations in her rear. Contrary to expectation, we did not go ashore, but again, next day, took to open water to put in a night that no one present is likely to forget, provided he was not too sick to appreciate the situation. The ship was a small coaster, built with an "overhang," like a river ferry boat; and, encountering a heavy sea off Cape Fear, she so nearly foundered that her officers and crew at one time wholly despaired. On the lower deck, where were most of the men, water poured in in torrents; and as it

went swashing from one side to the other the alarm became general. It was, moreover so genuine and so serious, that, contrary to usage, the participants failed to chaff each other much about it afterward—the extempore prayer meeting being alluded to somewhat reverently, and even the man who crawled up and embraced the anchor for safety being leniently treated. But it was a bad night. A serious leak was sprung and the pumps kept constantly going, so that the shelter of the inlet reached next day was warmly welcomed.

The point of disembarkation proved to be Morehead City, a city in nothing save the name, but situated about the center of the North Carolina coast, with a sheltered roadstead and the terminus of the Atlantic & N. C. railway, which intersects the through line from Wilmington to Richmond at Goldsboro, something over a hundred miles inland. General Sherman's Chief Quartermaster and Commissary were already here; and ships which filled the harbor were not only loaded with supplies, but also with everything necessary to re-equip the railway, including locomotives. And it was to the work of putting this road in order, unloading the ships and getting the supplies for an army of eighty thousand men ready to go promptly forward that the energies of all present were bent, both day and night for a part of the time.

A month of very hard work was done at Morehead City, but there was delight for our prairie-bred boys in the ocean and what its convenient beaches would disclose—always including the oysters, which were plentiful here, if not of the finest quality. And it was here, on April 6th, that there came the glorious news of the fall of Richmond, soon followed by that of Lee's surrender—which latter event was celebrated both formally and informally to the extent of the individual and collective ability of the entire regiment. And it is still something of an open question whether the more successful celebration tran-

spired in Col. Wright's tent, or out in the company quarters. There were plenty of men and material in both places.

The command went by rail to Goldsboro, reaching there April 10th, just as Sherman's army was marching out—many old friends in other Iowa regiments being greeted by the men of the Twenty-fourth. Our stay here was but little over two weeks, but it was signalized and forever saddened by the news of Lincoln's assassination. This was peculiarly an era of strange news, stranger rumors and suppressed excitement. Homeward bound stragglers from Lee's army, and deserters from Johnson's, were every day coming into our lines. It was evident that the war was over, and men went about with a stone on their heads—or at least a brick in their hats, in their vain effort to keep their elated feet steadily upon the ground.

On April 30th, a beautiful Sabbath, all regimental colors were dressed in mourning (which still appears on some of the Iowa flags stored in our State Capitol) and the several regiments formed at 9 a. m. to listen to the reading of Stanton's order relative to the death of the President. A national salute was fired, and divine service held afternoon and evening.

Upon going to Goldsboro the regiment had not received pay for fully six months, and in consequence money, as well as anything dependent upon the possession of money, was at the lowest possible ebb. A chew of tobacco looked to those who used it as large as a meeting house, and much more precious; while laundered garments, even among the officers, were an unknown luxury. It was at this time that the regiment was called upon to furnish an escort for Gen. Sherman, who was making a flying trip to Wilmington, as now remembered. Company B. was detailed for the duty and its commanding officer, upon the authority of Col. Wright, borrowed from Dr. Lyon the only paper collar in the command, and by

carefully splitting it in two, was able to make his toilet both going and returning.

Upon the first day of May the Regiment returned to Morehead City by rail, and on the fourth again took ship, disembarking, after three more days of sea-sickness, at the familiar wharves of Savannah. Upon the 11th inst., the 24th in company with the 22nd and 28th Iowa and four other regiments, started to march to Augusta, 135 miles distant by the roads travelled. And as these roads were mostly deep with sand, leading through a dense pine forest, the weather very warm and the march continually crowded, it was one of the most trying ones made during the service. Seventeen miles was the shortest distance made in a full day's march, and one of them covered twenty-eight miles—a trial of endurance and patience very difficult for men to understand who had supposed the war was over and that their next move would be toward home, instead of the opposite direction. Reaching Augusta on the 19th, the regiment marched through the city in column by companies, as the diary referred to says, "with great display and much distress from heat, to edify a crowd of rebs and niggers." It then crossed the Savannah river into South Carolina and camped in the hamlet of Hamburg—then as now a community almost exclusively composed of colored people, and since known to history as the scene of the first "negro massacre" of the reconstruction era. The residence of "Judge" Butler, believed to have been an uncle of him afterward known to fame as "Hamburg Butler," was near by on the river bluff, and a guard was promptly stationed there to preserve the old man's garden and hen-roost from depredation—the war being considered over in this respect at least. This guard, (of whom John Coutts, now resident in Sioux county, was one) were royally fed and cared for, and in return did their duty so far as the Confederate fowls were concerned. But this did not prevent the first one who came to camp from

reporting that the old Judge possessed a large kennel of fine bloodhounds, which the darkies reported to have been frequently used to catch fugitive Union soldiers, escaping from prison, as well as fugitive negroes. The sequel came about ten o'clock the same night, when the sounds of a smart though somewhat scattering rifle volley, mixed with canine execrations, came floating down over the camp. Their purpose was not known outside the self-appointed party of executioners, but they did their work quickly and completely—insomuch that when the old Judge came to camp next morning looking for mourners to attend his dog funeral, he was totally unable to identify, or otherwise to find, a single man who looked as if he had ever visited him before or could be induced to do so again.

The stay of the regiment at Hamburg lasted until the 31st of May, during which time, strange as it seemed then and will still appear, we had company and battalion drill almost daily and dress parade every evening. Companies F and I, in the meantime, made a trip to Greensboro, eighty miles distant, where some disturbances were reported. On the date last given, the 24th and 28th Iowa Regiments moved through the city of Augusta—again showing the paroled Confederates who lined the streets what we could do in the line of style—and marched out to the old United States Arsenal some three and a half miles above the city on the high ground along the river, where there were quite comfortable quarters for both officers and men. This arsenal was of course taken possession of by the rebels at the beginning of the war, and that double-dyed traitor, Floyd, as Secretary of War, had seen to it that it was fully stocked as possible with ordnance and munitions of all kinds. During the war this was one of the very few places where the Confederacy attempted the manufacture of its own supplies—adding two or three large, long buildings for shop and factory purposes to

those already there. Augusta was also one of the few places in all the South to attempt cotton manufactures before the war—the chief product of the crude mills being at that time a coarse, heavy muslin used for the slaves and known as “nigger cloth.” This was, during the war, made still heavier, and in the form of webbing and otherwise substituted for leather in many articles for the martial gear of both horses and men. Shell fuses were also made here, and signal rockets. And one of the evening diversions of the Iowa boys was impromptu fireworks—several hundred men shooting the fuses from their muskets through the air in all directions, and punctuating their fire-fly gleam with an occasional sunburst from a great signal rocket. The effect was fine, but it was suddenly and sadly abandoned when a misdirected rocket plunged across the parade ground and into the breast of one poor boy (from the 28th as now remembered) whose dreams of home were quenched by sudden and violent death. Another product of Confederate ingenuity was a home-made cavalry sabre; but although a large room full of them were in store, none appear to have been issued—at least no one ever saw one in use. The blade was clumsy and poorly tempered and the scabbard made of butternut wood.

This was an exceedingly attractive place, especially in this beautiful month of June; and relieved from war's dread alarms the three week's sojourn there would have been thoroughly enjoyable, save for the anxiety which possessed every one to be moving toward Iowa. Many incidents of this time recur to mind, one of which must have at least brief mention: The long delayed pay was still delayed, and officers and men were alike impecunious. Under these circumstances, and only a few days before our departure, two officers of the regiment, R. S. Williams of K and W. T. Rigby of B, went to an ex-Confederate officer in the city who, although just returned from Lee's

army, was already embarked in the merchant tailoring business, and with whom they had before had barely a few casual words, and secured from him the loan of \$50 each in cash and credit for two suits of citizen's clothing upon their bare promise to reimburse him after being paid off in Iowa! The favor was promptly and willingly granted; and it is needless to add that the promised remittance went to Savannah from Davenport, eliciting a letter of acknowledgment from which the conclusion, including the name of the writer, should be quoted here if it were within reach.

At last, however, the order from the War Department, which had been following us from Goldsboro, N. C., overtook us, and General E. L. Mullineaux, commanding the Post of Augusta, issued General Orders No. 11, dated June 6, 1865, directing a rendezvous at Savannah, for the purpose of being mustered out, and concluding in these words:

"In thus bidding you good bye, on your approaching departure to your distant homes, let me express to you my thanks and appreciation of your soldierly behavior, and the hope that you and your families may long enjoy the peace you have so gloriously won."

The march back to Savannah, which was begun June 21, was a hot and trying one. Arriving there other weary weeks went by while muster-out rolls were being made and transportation secured. By these rolls the existence of the 24th Iowa is made to cease on July 17, 1865, all the discharges being signed as of that date. But this date should really have been August 2, to which time we were paid, martial organization and discipline having been meantime maintained as usual. The days now passed slowly. They were long days and hot days, and not even the noisy salute firing and the fervid oratory with which the visitors to Savannah regaled the citizens on July 4, had power to greatly interest. But the last day finally came, and on Wednesday, July 19, Companies B, E, G, and

K, under command of Major Leander Clark, boarded the steamer "Detroit," and on the following day the remaining Companies, commanded by Colonel Wright, embarked on the small propeller, "Virginia," both being bound for Baltimore. In scripture order, the latter were the first to arrive, and after dinner at the Soldiers' Home, at once took freight cars on the B. & O. R.R. for Pittsburg. Arriving there in the middle of the night, wholly unheralded, to our great surprise we were met by a committee of the citizens and escorted to the old city Hall, where, under the auspices of the local organization that fed in that very room 409,745 soldiers, we were given a splendid meal—the value of which was greatly enhanced by the kind words and bright smiles of the many ladies, who with their own hands administered the boundless hospitality of that city. Chicago was reached, supperless, at eleven the next night; but when it became a question between going after something to eat, or stealing a train then in waiting for the 22d Iowa and getting off at once, the supper was not considered a moment. But it did seem a little trying, upon arriving in Davenport about nine o'clock next forenoon, without breakfast, as a matter of course, to be drawn up the first thing to listen to speeches of welcome from two or three of the warm-hearted Iowans resident there. The occasion was somewhat inspiring! Here stood the survivors of the thousand men who in answer to their country's call had left their State three years before, now returned in triumph "with glory and scars," holding aloft the banner under which their comrades died and which had by them been borne with honor on many bloody fields! Little wonder the Davenport orators wished to "improve the opportunity." But never, methinks, was eloquence so sadly handicapped! Col. Wright made a response the brevity of which testified to his appreciation of the situation, and then away we went to Camp McClellan—only to find that not only was there no breakfast there, but no

rations. Then the Colonel made another speech, brief but emphatic, as he started for the city to stir some one up, in virtue of which we managed to break our long fast some time in the afternoon. This was on Wednesday, July 26th. On the next day the other four companies, under Major Clark, arrived and the regiment was once more united. Relatives and friends of the members of the regiment were here in great numbers, and the time passed quickly, although the old habits still continued in quasi-military routine, until, on August 2nd, the paymaster discharged all the obligations of Uncle Samuel (so far as they were set down on the muster-out rolls). Then the end came, and the Twenty-fourth Regiment of Iowa Volunteers, for three years a vigorous entity, ceased to exist and its four hundred remaining members bade each other good bye and merged into the common, every day citizenship of Iowa, without a ripple.

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### KEOKUK'S FIRST VILLAGE IN IOWA.

BY HON. J. P. WALTON.

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It is the generally accepted opinion that when Keokuk and Black Hawk separated in 1826, and Keokuk and a portion of the Sacs and Foxes moved to the west of the Mississippi river, he went to the Iowa river and built his village. I have never been able to find any one who could tell where this village was located.

At the present time many persons believe the city of Keokuk was the place. Neither of these opinions is correct.

About six miles southwest of Muscatine, along the Muscatine slough or the west side of Muscatine island,

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