

home by a band of robbers, July 4, 1845. But latterly a claim has been made that it was "named for" Colonel William Davenport, an officer in the regular army who was stationed a short time at old Fort Armstrong, Rock Island. This question was quite fully and very clearly and ably discussed by Mrs. Maria Peck in *The Democrat* of that city, in December last. She took the position that it was unmistakably "named for" Colonel George Davenport, and seems to have established the fact beyond controversy. She is justly indignant that an effort has been made to ignore Colonel George Davenport, an eminent citizen of the State, who was noted for the possession of high personal qualities—a man of large ideas and progressive spirit—and attribute that honor to "a man of shoulder-straps" who "is as much of a myth to us (the people of Davenport) as though he never existed." Her article seems to include all the arguments on both sides of the question, and to leave nothing farther to be said on the subject.

GENERAL SHERMAN AND THE SONG.

In his splendid collection of War Lyrics the poet, George Cary Eggleston, tells some interesting things about the great General and the song of "Sherman's March to the Sea."

"I talked with General Sherman about this song, not long before his death," says Mr. Eggleston. "It was this poem," said the General, "with its phrase—'the March to the Sea'—that threw a glamor of romance over the campaign which it celebrates. The movement was nothing more than a change of base," continued the General, "an operation perfectly familiar to every military man. But a poet got hold of it, gave it the captivating label, 'The March to the Sea,' and the unmilitary public made a romance out of it."

"In his modesty," says Eggleston, "the General overlooked the important fact that the romance lay in his own deed of daring. The poet merely recorded it, or at most interpreted it to the popular intelligence. The glory of the great campaign was Sherman's and his army's; the joy of celebrating it was the poet's; the admiring memory of it is the people's."

It was something to give a name to a great campaign, a name so romantic that it will go down in history for centuries. When campaigns ten times as bloody as this are completely forgotten, the story of "Sherman's March to the Sea," like the story of Zenophon, will still be taught to school boys. A song, if it strike the right human chord, can embalm great deeds better than a whole volume of history. In fact it becomes history.

General Sherman recognized all this himself, as his words show, and his constant friendship of twenty-five years for Maj. Byers, the author of the verses, indicated something of his gratitude. As a song the verses have ceased to be sung very much—but in the words of a recent magazine writer, the phrase—"The March to the Sea"—has become a household word throughout the land.

Captain J. C. Johnson, of Webster City, who was frozen to death on the homeward march of the Spirit Lake Expedition, had just before come from Pennsylvania. But little has been learned concerning him, though considerable efforts to that end were made a few years ago. His bones, when found on the prairie twelve years after his death, were sent to his friends, some of whom were then living. William Burkholder, who perished with Captain Johnson, was a brother of Mrs. Governor Carpenter. His remains were buried at Fort Dodge.

GENERAL T. J. CHURCHILL, of the Confederate Army, commanded a division at the battle of Jenkins' Ferry, where General Samuel A. Rice of Iowa received his mortal wound. After reading Major Lacey's article in THE ANNALS for April, 1895, he wrote to the author as follows: "I read your account of the battle with great interest. The Federal Army made a most gallant fight, and the stand that General Rice took saved Steele's Army. I never saw Federals show more heroic courage than they did on that memorable field."

THE late Judge E. H. Williams of Clayton county, was often witty, and some of his wit was of a rasping, unsparing character. It is related that while he was County Judge of Clayton county, away back in the long ago, an ignorant fellow one day presented a certificate of election as justice of the peace, asking the Judge if he would "qualify" him? The Judge very complacently remarked: "I can administer to you the oath of office, but nothing short of Almighty Power can qualify you for the discharge of its duties!"

AN IOWA LADY who was at the Chicago Exposition was shown some great guns by a courteous English gentleman. "That," said he, pointing with an air of quiet exultation to a little old six-pounder, "we captured from your folks at Bunker Hill." "Well," responded Mrs. Iowa, "that was all you got! You didn't get the hill!"

IN order to facilitate the work of the Historical Department later in the season we have deemed it advisable to print the articles prepared for the July and October ANNALS in a double number. Instead of the usual 80 pages we present our readers 168. The next issue will bear the date of January, 1896.

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