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From the Colorado to the Rio Grande: Across Arizona and New Mexico with the California Column

John P. Wilson

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ACROSS ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO WITH THE CALIFORNIA COLUMN

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Until 1863 the Territory of New Mexico included all of the present-day states of Arizona and New Mexico. The settled parts of this vast country lay mostly along the Río Grande, and anyone coming to New Mexico had to cross long, sparsely populated stretches—800 miles from Independence, Missouri, to Santa Fe; 859 miles between Los Angeles and the Río Grande; and some 700 miles from San Antonio, Texas, to Mesilla, New Mexico. All communications and transportation were by horse, stagecoach, or wagon train.

Despite their physical isolation, people in the territory kept abreast of the news. As the southern states seceded in the early months of 1861, disaffected army officers resigned their commissions and a vocal minority in southern New Mexico agitated in favor of the South. The idea of joining New Mexico with the Confederacy as a territory or state may have originated with Alexander M. Jackson, who had been appointed territorial secretary in 1858. Jackson outlined his proposal as early as February 1861 in a long letter to a fellow Mississippian, who forwarded it to Jefferson Davis.[1]

In Santa Fe, Jackson obviously had contacts with other southern sympathizers such as Bvt. Maj. Henry Hopkins Sibley, who had come to New Mexico in 1860 with his regiment, the Second Dragoons. Sibley resigned his commission

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John P. Wilson is a professional consultant in historical and archaeological research. He received a doctorate in anthropology from Harvard University. He is the author of several books about New Mexico, and the winner of several prestigious awards for his research and writing.

and left the territory at the end of May, heading straight for Richmond. There he laid before Confederate president Jefferson Davis his own vision of organizing a brigade to seize New Mexico and eventually California. This plan undoubtedly appealed to Davis's own notions of Confederate empire.[2]

Commissioned a brigadier general, Sibley was charged with raising the necessary troops for "the important duty of driving the Federal troops" from New Mexico. Upon returning to Texas, he recruited three regiments of mounted volunteers and drilled them until they became a reliable fighting force. Beginning in late October 1861, they marched from San Antonio to El Paso, where Sibley also assumed charge of the Confederate troops holding southern New Mexico. In the meantime, Union Army headquarters in Washington, although not indifferent to Confederate intentions, expected Col. Edward R. S. Canby to hold New Mexico with the regular army troops already there plus the volunteers he had authority to raise.

Brig. Gen. George Wright, Federal commander of the Department of California, had other ideas. With the Central Overland Mail route already secure, he proposed sending California volunteers under Col. James H. Carleton to drive the invading Confederates out of New Mexico and Arizona, retake the military posts lost to them, and open the southern mail route again. "And why should we continue to act on the defensive," wrote Wright, "with Fort Yuma as our advanced post, when we have the power and will to drive every rebel beyond the Rio Grande?"[3] Wright's plan received official approval just two days after Brigadier General Sibley arrived at Fort Bliss and assumed his command on 14 December 1861. Sibley's presence, if not his intentions, were already well known. On the other hand, early March 1862 arrived before the southerners in New Mexico learned that an expeditionary force from California was on the way.

During the winter of 1861–1862, Carleton organized the small army known as the California Column. The unit grew to include the First California Volunteer Infantry, half of the Fifth California Volunteer Infantry, the First California Volunteer Cavalry, Company B of the Second California Volunteer Cavalry, and a battery of the Third United States Artillery—about 2,350 men in all. Unprecedented rains and storms obstructed their movement from southern California, and by mid-March only three companies of the California Column had crossed the Colorado River at Fort Yuma. Other companies took up the line of march from the Colorado intermittently from April through July. On 1 April, Carleton wrote that time was everything; with the hot weather so rapidly coming on, he could afford no delay at all.

When the Column did set off from Fort Yuma, it moved east up the Gila River in small units, one to several companies at a time followed by another unit a day or so later, in order to avoid exhausting the water and forage supplies along the route. Altogether, some 1,760 officers and men crossed Arizona and New Mexico, most of them during the hottest months of the summer. Eleven died en route from Apache attacks and other causes.[4]

Two skirmishes with Confederate scouting parties—one at Stanwix Station (also called Grinnell's) on 17 March, and a more intense one at Picacho Pass on 15 April—prompted serious delays in the California Column's advance.[5] The second encounter even led to a change in plans. Instead of marching ninety-three miles from the Pima Villages on the Gila River south to Tucson, the Column took a more roundabout route up the Gila to the mouth of the San Pedro, up that river to old Fort Breckenridge, and from there south to Tucson along the Cañada del Oro. The first Union troops to reach Tucson, Capt. Emil Fritz's company of the First Cavalry, galloped into town in the early morning hours of 20 May but met no resistance. Confederate troops had already retreated.

A month later, Lt. Col. Edward E. Eyre led a two-company advance party east from Tucson along the old Overland Mail Company route as far as Cooks Spring in New Mexico. They left the road there and pushed on to the Río Grande at a point north of old Fort Thorn. A day's ride downriver, however, the Confederates in the Mesilla Valley had captured Carleton's expressman John Jones during the evening of 20 June and learned from his interrogation that the California troops were on their way. Colonel Eyre knew little about what kind of resistance, if any, he could expect, but most of the rebels had already departed for Texas following their defeat at the Battle of Glorieta and a dismal retreat. Sibley and his staff left El Paso on 10 June, and Col. William Steele and the last remnants of the Army of New Mexico abandoned the Mesilla Valley on 8 July, four days after Eyre's men reached the Río Grande. The only southerners the California Column saw after Picacho Pass were occasional deserters and the Texans' rearguard when Captain Fritz caught up with it in order to arrange an exchange for Capt. William McCleave who was captured four months earlier at the Pima Villages.

Histories of the Column include a Historical Society of New Mexico publication, entitled *The California Column*, which appeared in 1908 and was probably written with assistance from surviving veterans. While still useful, this work is heavily biographical. More recent accounts have made use of contemporary official correspondence published in two volumes of the *War*

of the Rebellion: Official Records series.[6] One writer crafted what his publisher termed a work of detailed, exhaustive scholarship about the California Column. This account is unfortunately difficult both to locate and to read.[7]

The most satisfactory recountings of the Column's expedition are those by William Keleher and Aurora Hunt.[8] Their narrations expressed some of what the volunteers themselves felt: that their march across hundreds of miles of desert landscapes in the hot summer months, with loss of only a few men and animals en route and arriving ready to fight, was a tremendous accomplishment. The Union Army's general-in-chief, Henry Halleck, wrote, "It is one of the most creditable marches on record."[9]

Daily or periodic journals kept by California Column participants can lend a perspective more personal and detailed than that found in official documents. In one such account, Eli Hazen listed the marches he made with Company E of the First Infantry and included supplemental notes at six points between Fort Yuma and the Río Grande.[10] Pvt. John Teal in Capt. John Cremony's Company B of the Second Cavalry kept a diary while his unit traveled with Carleton himself. Company B's passage from Fort Yuma to the Río Grande took more than three months.[11] Sgt. George Hand's Company G of the First Infantry was one of the last units to leave Fort Yuma (on 20 July 1862). Hand and his comrades marched as far as Tucson and continued on to Mesilla only in December.[12] Like official correspondence, the diaries of these soldiers are contemporary records, but they lack the smooth narrative that an experienced writer could bring.

Another type of primary source is the letters that news correspondents sent back to the *San Francisco Daily Alta California* beginning in late April 1862. These contemporary letters convey a sense of immediacy, of being there as events unfolded. On 8 February 1862 Carleton clamped a news blackout on the movement of two political prisoners, and that same day he asked Lt. Col. Joseph West to stop all "newspaper writers" at his camp from commenting on California Column movements.[13] Whether Carleton intended this order as policy remains unclear, but signatories of the articles in California papers did adopt pen names such as Dragoon, Vedette, N, Voltigeur, and Soldado. The use of pen names was a widespread practice in the Column and the only pseudonym thus far identified is Vedette, who was John C. Cremony.

What makes these newspaper letters uniquely valuable is that they were written to be read by a wide audience, some even written by journalists in uniform such as Cremony. They sometimes showed excess or dwelt upon rumors and subjects no longer of interest, but the better accounts give us a

much more vivid picture of the California Column's advance than either dry official reports or diaries alone.

The *Alta* published thirty or so letters and most correspondents wrote more than once (Vedette made six contributions). It might seem that one could follow the California Column most easily by selecting the letters of a single correspondent, but this practice only shows a limited perspective. The letters' expressiveness varied greatly, and the writers sometimes included as filler extraneous material such as comments on Mexican politics.

In the following arrangement of all or parts of four letters, the persons marching with the Column tell their own story of this trek across the Southwest. I have chosen the best letter to describe each segment of the route. Cremony's account of Captain McCleave's capture is the most colorful version. "Dragoon's" and "N's" narratives are better than Cremony's for other segments. Nothing equals "N's" eyewitness description of Colonel Eyre's ride from Tucson to the Río Grande. Eyre wrote two reports of his own,[14] and although these agreed in essentials they lacked the details and literary quality of "N's" much longer account.

In the following pages, several of the California Column's members tell of their journey across southern Arizona and New Mexico in their own words. First names and occasional clarifications are enclosed in brackets. Details that the official records and diarists downplayed or omitted, such as the violence that accompanied the Confederate withdrawal, are largely confirmed in other letters to the *Alta* and in Confederate correspondence.[15] The Californians turned a very long march into an adventure and the adventure into an epic. That the overland journey turned out so well was universally acknowledged to be the result of meticulous planning by the column's leader, James H. Carleton, who was promoted from colonel to brigadier general in late April 1862.

Letters from the Column

The following letter from Gen. [James H.] Carleton's column from California, was received per *Senator*[16] on the 21st, and although it treats occasionally on matters already mentioned, we give it place in our columns entire. –*Eds. Alta.*

Fort Barrett, Pimo Villages, May 31st [1862]

Editors Alta: Thinking you would like a few lines from this out-of-the way portion of our great Republic, I undertake the task, surrounded by a bevy of

wondering Indians, annoyed by a swarm of persevering flies, and enveloped in a cloud of alkali dust. . . .

Gen. Carleton left Fort Yuma on the 16th [of May] and arrived here on the 24th. As the details of our march [over the hundred and eighty-odd miles from Fort Yuma to this place] would be tedious, I will merely run over the road. Our course lay to the eastward, directly up the south bank of the Gila River; the intervening stations are Gila City, Mission Station, Filibuster Camp, Antelope Peak, Mohawk Station, Lagoon Camp, Texas Hill, Grinnell's Ranch, Grassy Camp, Berk's [Burk's] Station, Oatman Flat, Kenyon Station, Shady Camp, Gila Bend, Desert Station, the Tank and Maricopa Wells.

Gila City is a collection of deserted huts, seventeen and a half miles from Fort Yuma. The mines in the immediate vicinity have been abandoned in consequence of better diggings being found on the Colorado, about one hundred miles above. At this point, persons bound for the Colorado mines cross the Gila.

At Antelope Peak we found several companies of infantry, [1st Lt. John B.] Shinn's Battery, and one company of cavalry temporarily encamped. Shinn's Battery fired a salute of eleven guns on the arrival of the General. I ascended the Peak, and had an extensive and I might say splendid view of the surrounding country. I could trace the bright sheen of the Gila in its winding course for many miles above and below, coming as it were from the same source as the rising sun and dispensing its blessings as it forces its way through the barren desert, making glad the heart of the traveler who chances to rest upon its banks and quench his thirst from its clear waters. Out from the immediate banks of the river, which are fringed with green willows and cottonwoods, stretches the bleak desert, and in the distance broken ranges of mountains and solitary peaks, looking like immense pyramids.

BRIG. GEN. JAMES H. CARLETON IN 1866
(Photo courtesy Palace of Governors, Santa Fe, New Mexico.)

At the foot of the Peak and along the river is the encampment, the green bowers built by the soldiers to protect them against the sun's heat,

running in regular rows and looking like the booths of a fair, alive with military life. This mountain produces a fine echo, and the sound of a bugle or report of a gun is perfectly charming.

At [Henry W.] Grinnell's Ranch, the General and staff were treated to a fine dinner by the gentlemanly proprietor. While lying at this point, Company B of the First Infantry threw up a very good fortification.

At Grassy Camp we found Capt. [Edward D.] Shirland encamped, recruiting his horses upon the fine wild millet found on the adjoining river flats.

A Dried Indian

Eight or ten miles this side of Grassy Camp we came to where the body of an Indian was hanging to the limb of a dead tree. He was one of three killed out of a party, by a white man whom they had attacked. This body has been hanging over a year, and is in quite a state of preservation, the flesh having dried upon the face and body and legs as far down as the knee, showing the character of the climate. The rope by which it is suspended has nearly rotted off. As this ghastly figure swayed to and fro in the morning wind, I thought it truly a sad episode on the "human form divine."[17]

Oatman Flat

Oatman Flat derives its name from the Oatman family who were murdered there in 1851. A solitary grave, nicely enclosed with a rude head-board, bearing this simple inscription, "The Oatman Family, 1851," marks the spot where their remains were laid, imprinting a tale of horror on the mind of the traveler as he looks around upon the desolate flat and the dark hills which encompass it.[18]

Gila Bend

Up to Gila Bend our road lay for the most part along the river flats, and although not heavy for wagons, it is a most disagreeable one to the traveler on account of the alkali dust. Here the river makes a sharp bend and the roads strike out across the *mesa* forty miles to Maricopa Wells, without water but a fine road. At the bend the valley widens, and is certainly one of the loveliest valleys and richest tracts of land I ever saw. At one time, the Overland Stage Company had a station there, but the last person who kept the station (Capt. [Jesse?] Sutton, an old frontiersman, with his family) was so annoyed and harassed by the Apaches that he was finally compelled to leave, having been attacked three times, his house set on fire and stock driven off. In the last attack his son killed the chief. Quite a numerous tribe of the Apaches live in

the mountain range on the opposite side of the river and seem to guard this valley with jealous care, as it is a passage way on their route to Sonora. It is said that the Maricopas once attempted to settle there, but were so harassed by the Apaches that they had to give it up.

Talk with the Indians

At Maricopa Wells the principal chief of the Maricopas, accompanied by a score of warriors, came to pay the General a visit. They presented a comical appearance, half-civilized, half-barbarous, as they rode up to our camp on their raw-boned ponies, dressed off in some United States uniforms given them by order of the General; brass buttons and red paint, infantry dress coats and bare legs, military caps and long hair.

Through a Spanish interpreter, they made known the burden of their story. The chief wished an explanation of our political troubles, spoke of the friendship of his people to the whites, of the late raid of the Apaches in which two Pimos were killed, and of their having rifles while they (the Maricopas and Pimos) had no rifles, and wound up by asking a gift from the General.

The General expressed his great pleasure at seeing them, acknowledged their constant friendship, explained as best he could the nature of our political affairs, said he had heard of their late misfortune by the attack of the Apaches, and that he had written to San Francisco to see if he could procure one hundred rifles for them and the Pimos. [He] told them that he had also sent for manta, flannel, and agricultural implements, part of which he would give them and part exchange for wheat, corn, etc., and advised them to plant abundantly. The General invited them to see him next day at the Fort. Next day there was a general friendly talk with the combined Indian dignitaries—Pimo and Maricopa—virtually one and the same tribe, living and intermixing with one another.

Fort Barrett

Is so named after the gallant Lieutenant who was the first to fall in the defense of the Union in this part of our rebel infested Republic. It is situated in the heart of the Pimo Villages, two miles from the river, out upon an open and barren plain without a tree to shade or adorn the grounds. Some adobe buildings once occupied by [Ammi] White serve as hospital and commissary, while fronting the parade ground are several sheds for the accommodation of passing troops. Around the building occupied as a hospital a fortification is being erected by the troops, and promises to be a very substantial work when completed.

Movement of Troops

Upon the arrival of the General, Colonel [Edward E.] Eyre was sent on to Fort Stanford in command of two companies of cavalry. Major [Theodore A.] Coult arrived with his command this evening, accompanied by Shinn's Battery. The General will, no doubt, move in a day or two. We will all be on the Rio Grande in July at the farthest. Our troops chafe under restraint, fearing that they will never get a chance at the rebels.

Difficulties Ahead

We are now in the midst of the dry season and the road between here and Tucson is very destitute of water. The well at Blue Water Station had been rendered useless in consequence of a man by the name of Ware, who had been murdered by a Mexican some time since and thrown into the well. Ware had considerable money with him and was once engaged in the service of the Overland Stage Company. Lieut. Hary[19] has been sent forward with a detachment to bail out the wells and dig them deeper.

Dragoon[20]

Maricopa Wells, New Mexico, June 4 [1862]

Editors Alta: We reached this place yesterday morning, having made a march of eighty miles in forty-eight hours. The Maricopa Wells, as the camp ground is called, are located on an extensive alkaline plain covered with short, horny, saltish grass, with a few mesquite trees here and there, just enough to furnish a scanty shade from the scorching heat of mid-day. The nearest Maricopa village [Hueso Parado] is about three miles distant and is the first in a line of villages inhabited by the Maricopa and Pimo races, of whom I will give you a short sketch, premising that my authority is Juan José, the "Second Chief" of the Maricopas, who is a bright and intelligent Indian and speaks Spanish well.

The Pimo and Maricopa Indians

"A hundred years ago," the Yumas, Cocopas, and Maricopas were all one people, inhabiting the country from the mouth of the Colorado to its junction with the Gila. But, on account of some serious difficulty, the branch or tribe now known as the Cocopas "seceshed" and set up on their own hook, occupying the region at the mouth of the Colorado. This division was effected peaceably and with the consent of all parties. But the matter was altogether different when the Maricopa branch split off, for a most furious and

never-ending war, waged with the bitterest hostility, was the immediate consequence. In the series of conflicts which ensued, the Maricopas were worsted and driven up the Gila year after year until they reached the Pimos, who had been partly civilized by those irrepressible planters of civilization, the Jesuit fathers.

On arriving here, a treaty was made between the two tribes, which has been most faithfully kept to the present day. By the terms of this treaty, the Maricopas were allowed to settle on Pimo territory, provided they cultivated the land enough to insure the subsistence of their people and the consequent safety of Pimo property. They furthermore bound themselves to assist the Pimos in their wars and hold themselves responsible for the good conduct and faith of their people, with full liberty to preserve their own laws, customs, and habits, intermarry with the Pimos, and regulate their own internal policy.

On concluding a peace after a war in which both nations have been engaged as allies, the terms are arranged by an equal number of Pimo and Maricopa chiefs, after whose decision, should there be a disagreement, a grand council is held by an equal number of delegates from each, and the matter in dispute left to them for final adjudication. The Yumas and Apaches are the inveterate enemies of these two peoples, but they never meet in open warfare without being worsted. Nevertheless, the Apaches, who are really the Ishmaelites of this country, manage to harass and disturb them a great deal by frequent inroads and no less frequent plunderings.

The Jesuit fathers who first visited the Pimos and, as was their invariable custom, established a mission among them, taught them to cultivate the earth and depend mainly upon it for their subsistence; to spin and weave and several other valuable arts, [the] benefits of which they are reaping to this day. They are honest and quite industrious, but are also great beggars, and somewhat filthy in their persons. The Pimos retain considerable of the simpler forms of Christianity, but the Maricopas are pagans. The former bury their dead with much ceremony, with great lamentation and feasting, very much like an old-fashioned Irish wake; but the Maricopas resort to incremation [*sic*], and with very little pomp. The case is widely different, however, when they return from a successful expedition against their enemies, on which occasions the greatest rejoicings are had for several successive days.

Although these two tribes have dwelt together for a hundred years or more, they seldom intermarry and have to employ interpreters on all public occasions. The virtue of the Pimo women is beyond question, while that of the

Maricopa is somewhat relaxed, although by no means so much so as that of the Yumas and other Indian tribes. Adultery is punished by burning at the stake, it being a fundamental principle to keep Pimo blood as pure as possible. Their villages are compactly built for the distance of some thirteen or fifteen miles, alternating with each other so that the traveler from California meets first with a Maricopa village on the right-hand side of the road, and then about a mile farther, with a Pimo village on the left-hand side, and so on, the last being Pimo. They have several thousand acres under cultivation, raising large quantities of wheat, corn, pears, melons, pumpkins, etc., etc., much of which they are now disposing of for the subsistence of the California column.

The two tribes probably number seven thousand and can jointly raise an effective force of from twelve to fifteen hundred warriors. Their weapons consist almost wholly of the bow and arrow, which they use with great dexterity, and a very few old and almost worthless escopetas [muskets]. The Pimos have several times applied to the Government for arms to "clear out" the rascally Apaches, but so far without success. I, however, learn that Gen. Carleton has taken a more comprehensive and practical view of the case, and ordered a couple of hundred muskets (old style altered to percussion locks) to be furnished them. The Apaches are, doubtless, the most accursed scourge that our California immigrants have to contend with, and hundreds of them have fallen victims to the perfidy of those merciless and blood-thirsty savages, while nothing but kindness and assistance have been met with from the Pimos and Maricopas. It is therefore eminently an act of justice as well as of sound policy, to give those people the means to effectually protect themselves and our way-worn immigrants from the ceaseless assaults of the Apaches.

On the arrival of General Carleton, the chief of each tribe placed himself at the head of a hundred mounted warriors, in full feather and paint, and gave him a regular military reception in the best style of their art. It was quite a novel and curious spectacle. . . .

Army Movements

The 1st Cavalry, with the exception of a small detachment from Capt. Shirland's company, have gone to Fort Stanford, formerly Fort Breckinridge. They will remain at that fort for a short time until their horses are perfectly recruited and restored to their original strength and flesh. What their future operation will be, it is now quite impossible to say. Colonel [Joseph R.] West

with a portion of his command has pushed on to occupy Fort Buchanan, which is about 80 miles southeast from Tucson. Gen. Carleton is now in Tucson with the battery and six companies of Infantry. Companies A and E, Capts. Joseph Smith and [Silas P.] Ford, will occupy the Pimo Villages, where they are constructing a very respectable fort under the superintendence and command of Major Coult. Capt. [John C.] Cremony's Company B of the 2nd Cavalry is now at this place, awaiting further orders and recruiting their horses. Several of the vidette stations between the Pimo Villages and Fort Yuma are garrisoned from this company, while Gen. Carleton's bodyguard or escort is also composed of its members. It may and probably will be sent into Sonora, for the purpose of making arrangements for the supply of forage and fresh provisions from that State, or rather acting as an escort to the Quarter Master who may be sent on such duty.

Fort Yuma is garrisoned by several companies of the 5th Infantry, under command of Col. [George W.] Bowie, while Col. Forman's[21] regiment is in Los Angeles, San Bernardino and other southern counties. Gen. Carleton will effect a junction with Col. [Edward R. S.] Canby at the earliest possible moment and New Mexico will have completely passed out of the hands of rebels and traitors. Shinn's Battery came through to Tucson in splendid condition, owing to the extreme care bestowed upon it by Gen. Carleton and the officers of the battery. The horses were fed full rations the whole way and every possible chance given them to recruit on the road, there being animals enough to afford occasional spells from labor.

CAPT. WILLIAM MCCLEAVE
(Photo courtesy Rio Grande Historical Collections, Hobson-Hunstinger University Archives, New Mexico State University Library, Las Cruces, New Mexico.)

McCleave's Capture

A piquant story is told of the manner in which Capt. [William] McCleave of the 1st Cavalry was made prisoner by the rebels, and although I will not vouch positively for its truth, yet it is nearly correct according to the account given by his own men who were captured with him. It appears that McCleave reached the Maricopa Wells, from which place this letter is dated, with ten men and leaving seven of them here, proceeded as

far as Casa Blanca, a large adobe mill owned by a Mr. White, who traded with the Indians for wheat and converted it into flour, which he sold back to them, the Overland Mail Company while in operation, the people of Tucson, and other near Mexican towns and emigrants along the road.

Just then, White had sold a large quantity of wheat to the United States and being a loyal citizen, was holding it for the use of our troops. The rebels, however, heard of it and at the time of McCleave's visit were in possession of the mill and held White a prisoner in his own house. McCleave, innocent of this fact and without making suitable inquiry, pushed on to White's with three men and, on arriving after dark, rode into the corral, dismounted and knocked at the door, which was opened by one of the rebels, a member of Capt. [Sherod] Hunter's company of Texas Rangers.

"Does Misthur White live here?" asked McCleave, with a broad brogue.

"Yes," replied the sentinel.

"Arrah! Then give him Capt. McCleave's compliments, and say I want to see him."

Upon this, the rebel departed into another room and informed Capt. Hunter, who was there with thirty-five of his company. At Capt. Hunter's appearance, McCleave said:"Are you Misthur White?"

CAPT. JOHN C. CREMONY
(Photo courtesy Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, California.)

"Yes," answered Hunter, "what do you want, and who are you?"

"I am Captain McCleave, of the 1st Regiment Cavalry, California Volunteers; I am here with three men, and I require supper for myself and men, and forage for my horses."

"Very well, Capt. McCleave, you can have what you require; take off your sword and pistol, dismount your men, and make yourself at home. I am glad to meet you," remarked Hunter.

McCleave did as he was desired, seated himself in an arm chair, filled and lighted his pipe, and commenced a conversation in which he imparted a good deal of valuable information to the supposed Mr. White.

As soon as Hunter had extracted all the intelligence he required, he quietly remarked, after the manner of Don Caesar de Bazan: "If you are Captain McCleave of the 1st Regiment of Cavalry, California Volunteers, I am Captain Hunter of the Confederate army, and you are my prisoner." At the same time the doors all opened from the various apartments and the room was filled with his men. Of course McCleave quietly submitted and the next morning Hunter rode to Casa Blanca [*sic*—Maricopa Wells] and captured the seven men left there by McCleave.

Vedette [John C.Cremony][22]

* * *

Capt. Hunter, in command of some one hundred and fifty Texans, who has been lording it over this whole region of country for several months and tyrannizing over Tucson and its inhabitants for two months past, taking whatever he wanted to supply his needy followers and causing many of the people to fly from their homes—hearing that a superior U.S. force was advancing upon Tucson and no reinforcements coming to his aid, became so alarmed that on the 14th [of May] one of his lookouts seeing a train of Mexican carts coming upon the road, he and his braves saddled up in double quick time and fled, imagining that they were pursued. Col. West with a force of five companies of infantry and one of cavalry entered Tucson on the 20th, one week after the flight of Hunter, to the great joy and relief of its citizens, who expressed their feelings not merely in words but in actions.

[Dragoon][23]

Tucson, Arizona T., June 16, 1862

Eds. Alta: We left Pimo Villages or Fort Barrett on the 16th inst. [*sic*] and arrived here on the 7th. The General [Carleton] marched by way of the Fort Stanford road as far as Cottonwood Spring, then turned off to the right over a new route, again coming into the Fort Stanford road at the Cañada del Oro. I judge this to be some twenty-five or thirty miles longer [a] route than the regular traveled road between Fort Barrett and Tucson, and portions of it [are] quite bad—especially one day's march of thirty-five miles without water and through a heavy, sandy cañon of several miles. The General took this route, I believe, in order to let Lieut. Shinn with his battery pass over the other at the same time. Lieut. Shinn arrived here two days in advance and upon the General's arrival, gave him a salute. For the first two days our road

kept along the Gila, and then we left it for good. The second day out some of our party saw a few Apaches, but further than this these American Arabs never troubled us.

"Are Ruins, Then, Already Here?"

About twenty-seven miles from Fort Barrett, our road passed over the ruins of an old city, supposed by some to have been built and occupied by the Aztecs. However this may be, it is evident time has made a desert place of what was once no doubt a populous city. Old foundations, mounds, and pieces of broken pottery, scattered for miles over the plain, are all the evidences that now remain to tell the tale of a past people.[24]

Tucson

Tucson may be properly described in these few words: A little old Mexican town, built of adobe and capable of containing about fifteen hundred souls. The Santa Cruz runs within a mile of the town and feeds the numerous ditches that irrigate the beautiful little valley that extends to the high hills to the westward, and which was a week since one vast field of fine grain, harvesting having commenced. The climate of Tucson is dry and healthy and the soil will produce almost anything planted. The peach, quince, fig and pomegranate grow to perfection.

Upon our arrival in Tucson, we found it lively with U.S. Volunteers but abandoned by its former population. Since then, however, they have been coming daily, and a better pleased set of people cannot be found. Some who have returned have been required to take the oath of allegiance. That portion of the community which could be best spared left with Hunter a few weeks since, and will be sure not to come back unless brought.

Arrest of Suspicious Characters

The General immediately upon his arrival went to work to renovate and straighten out the affairs of the Territory. His first move was the arrest of eight or ten suspicious characters who had been prowling about the place ever since Hunter's departure. Upon the afternoon of the same day we came in, Captain [Emil] Fritz, at the head of his company, dashed through the town at full speed. In five minutes it was surrounded and shortly after the prisoners were marched to the guard-house. So secret had this movement been kept that every one was taken by surprise. These prisoners have been sent to Yuma. They are a portion of a set of bad men who have had things all their own way,

scorning all law; but affairs have taken a turn and I think their jig is up. The General has taken hold with a firm hand and not one of these outlaws against the civil or national authority will escape his vigilance.

Municipal Regulations

Tucson has fallen into strict hands, its municipal affairs have been overhauled and put to rights; ordinances have been passed pertaining to its stores, whisky shops, gaming tables, etc. A license of $100 per month has been placed upon each grog shop and the same upon every gaming table, and heavy penalties attached. Five hundred dollars have already been collected and turned over, to be devoted to the use of the hospital.

Confiscation

All property belonging to Secessionists has been taken possession of, much of which comes in very good use such as forage, etc. Of the amount taken in this way, I am unable to state. . . .

N[25]

Mexican Women in Tucson

Since the occupation of Tucson by our troops, crowds of Mexican women have flocked thither, and the "cry is, still they come." They do not deign to compliment the rebels with their society, probably being under the conviction that Texas and Arkansas shinplasters were subject to too great a discount, and their presence could be readily dispensed with by our soldiers. As you may suppose, gambling, vice and the grossest immoralities attend the march of so considerable a column, but are not allowed to interfere with military discipline.

[Vedette][26]

More Prisoners

On the 8th inst. [8 June] Col. Eyre left with a detachment of cavalry upon an expedition, nobody knew where. Today Col. Eyre arrived bringing twenty-one prisoners, among them Sylvester Mowry. They were taken all together at the Patagonia mines, some 80 miles from here, although Col. Eyre traveled over 100 miles to reach them. Of course they were surprised, and taken without any trouble.

The Patagonia mines are situated just on the American side of the line and this batch of Secessionists (as they all are, no doubt) thought, upon the slight-

est alarm, to cross over into Mexico. Capt. [Edward B.] Willis was left in charge of all the property, which will amount to considerable. These prisoners will be examined before a Military Board. Mowry takes things quite cooly, puts on a good many airs; had along his mistress, private secretary and servant. I think a dose of military treatment will cure him. He has been guilty of writing secession letters and giving shelter to outlaws.

[N][27]

Fort Thorne, July 10, 1862

Diary of the March to the Rio Grande

Editors Alta:

As an opportunity offers, I will try to give you a hurried account of our expedition to the Rio Grande. We left Tucson on the 21st of June, the expedition being composed of two companies (B and C) 1st Cavalry, Cal. Vol., Capt. Fritz in command of the former and Lieut. Hudson [*sic*—Porter Haden] in command of the latter—all under command of Lieut. Colonel Eyre—upon a forced reconnaissance to the Rio Grande. Four wagons with six mule teams comprised our transportation, besides which pack saddles were taken along, so that in case of necessity forcing us to abandon the wagons, provisions could be packed on the mules.

Our road was supposed to be destitute of water for long stretches. Our animals would have to live upon the grass along the route as forage could not be taken. Further, we were going into a country made desolate by the Texans, with whom we would more than likely have a brush—yet every man bounded into his saddle with a light heart and high spirits.

Our first day's march was a hard one, fifty-five miles without water, to the "Cienega de los Pimos" where we found a nice, cool stream with abundance of grass. Here was once a settlement of Pimos, who made mescal; the old rawhide vats still remain.[28] Several of our horses got bogged in the creek and were with much difficulty taken out. At night our bugles sounded clearly and defiantly, echoing to the hills—no doubt waking many a dusky Apache from his reverie. On the 22nd we marched to San Pedro Creek and camped at the old Overland stage station. In one of the rooms we found this notice: "Jones, Wheeling, Mexican, N.S. Express, left this place June 15th, 12 M. No Indians."

Pemmican

In order to break the monotony of a journal, let me say a word about our *grub*. The command was furnished with pemmican in lieu of pork and beef, a most

unpalatable and unhealthy diet, having been made of rotten old dried beef and the refuse of a soap factory. The samples first furnished may have been good, but the lot furnished to our command is certainly the meanest food ever served up to a hungry man. Fresh mule meat would be a luxury in comparison. The men evinced their disgust in many ways, and it was amusing to listen to the questions which were answered by "pemmican." For instance: "What will kill rats;" "what's worse punishment than death;" "what made Lieut. H's dog turn back?" etc.

Dragoon Springs

23rd—At Dragoon Springs found water scarce but sufficient by using with care and patience. At night the surrounding mountains were alive with Indian fires. Near the stage station are the graves of Hunter's men, killed by the Apaches. On the graves were these inscriptions, neatly cut in rough stone, executed by one of the Union prisoners they had along: "S. Ford, May 5th, 1862" "Ricardo." Ford was a Sergeant and Ricardo was a poor Mexican boy the Texans had forced into service at Tucson.

24th—Made a dry camp at Ewell Station; men were sent four miles to the mountains for water to drink.

25th—Reached the station in Apache Pass about 8 o'clock, where water would have been abundant but for the improvidence of those in advance rushing in and filling up the spring, so that it was late in the day before all our animals had water.

Alarm in Camp—The Pemmican Treaty—Three Men Killed by Indians

Fresh Indian signs were seen in the vicinity of camp and the fact reported to our commander, but no attention was paid to them as it was thought that the Indians would not dare come near so formidable a force as ours. Horses were scattered over the hills and ravines, and men wandered carelessly everywhere. Presently a horse was reported gone; shortly afterward in the midst of *our* feeling of security, several shots were heard up the ravine and the cry of "Indians." The camp became a scene of wild excitement and confusion—horses were driven in and the men rushed promiscuously to the spot from whence the alarm proceeded. Upon reaching which I saw the Indians dodging about on the hill and rising ground, several hundred yards off, and the men standing about on the heights ready for a fight. But the Colonel arriving, waving a white rag on a sabre, ordered the men not to fire as he wished to talk with the Indians.

At this juncture Corporal Brown came up very much excited and reported that the Indians had killed three of our men and that he had barely saved his own life by flight; that the men were behind him, having been to water their horses at a spring over the ridge; that the horses broke away and ran by him into camp; and that he saw the Indians close in upon them and heard their cries for help. Some one doubted the story and the Colonel disregarded it and persevered to get a talk with the Indians, who were very wary, only allowing the Colonel and his interpreter to approach, and finally wishing the interpreter to come into the ravine alone immediately under the rising ground, where some sixty Indians could easily be distinguished, their lances flashing in the sun and their bows and rifles sticking above the bushes and rocks.

The interpreter approached within pistol shot of this array, the Colonel following in the rear, and succeeded in coaxing down the Indian interpreter, a couple of chiefs following and several Indians until a party of about a dozen stood around. A talk ensued through the interpreter, between the Colonel and chief, decidedly peaceful, and wound up by the Indians asking for some tobacco, which was sent for—and along with a can of pemmican was given to the Indians—when both parties parted, evidently well pleased with each other, the Indians promising to come back to see us in the evening, a promise which they kept. The Colonel returned well satisfied with the good intentions of the Apaches and ordered the horse herders farther up the ravine, where grass was better.

Six of the guards thinking there was something in Brown's story, proceeded to the spot designated by him as where the men were killed and, sure enough, found the body of [James F.] Keith lying within thirty yards of the place where the peace conference took place and exactly where the Indians had tried to entice the interpreter. They gave the alarm and then rushed up the hill to fight the Indians. Others joined them and on reaching the top they saw the Indians several hundred yards off and fired into them with their carbines—with what effect it is not known. Now all was mad excitement. Capt. Fritz ordered some of his men to saddle up to pursue the murderers, which order was countermanded by the Colonel. Then the Captain led a party on foot, but it was of no use—the cowardly Indians had fled far out of reach.

The bodies of Smith [Albert Schmidt] and [Peter] Maloney were found beyond Keith's and it was a sad and horrible sight to see them borne into camp stripped of every article of clothing, scalped and terribly mutilated with bullet, arrow and lance wounds. Keith was not scalped, as it seemed he was too near us for them to do it without discovery. All three belonged to Com-

pany B. Their graves were dug and after a sorrowful funeral, we marched out of the Pass and camped on the open plain in the vicinity of the mountains and between some ravines.[29]

Midnight Alarm

Proper precaution was not taken against attack and surprise; sentries were placed within only a few yards of the picket line, where the horses were tied and men made down their beds. About midnight, a sheet of fire blazed from a ravine within rifle shot and the camp was alarmed by a volley of about sixty shots fired in amongst us, fortunately only wounding Dr. [William A.] Kittridge in the head and killing a horse from the picket line. Great confusion ensued; the bugles sounded wildly to arms, and the officers were calling to the men to *fall into line;* and such orders as "Go out there," "Get out there," intermingled with expressive language, and men rushing everywhere. Finally Captain Fritz, who was cool, succeeded in extending the pickets. Several shots were fired by our men; in fact it seemed a regular little battle for a while. All finally quieted down and half an hour elapsed, when another alarm was given, which proved to be false.

26th—Left "Surprise Camp" early in the morning and reached the Cienega San Simon, by way of the Overland stage stand, about 3 o'clock P.M. Before reaching the cienega, the men suffered for water, insomuch that several were placed in the wagons.

Another Alarm

Alarms became common. Our first night's rest at the Cienega was broken by a false alarm. Three of the pickets saw an object which they took to be an Indian and fired upon it. The bugles sounded to arms, and the men crawled to their posts without confusion. The object was found out to be a wolf, and in the morning three bullet holes were in the carcass.

Cienega San Simon

We encamped about nine miles above the Overland stage station, upon the old emigrant road. The Cienega is a narrow, green strip in the midst of a barren, God-forsaken country. No trees shade it; it is simply a bright green spot, watered by a little brook of delicious cold water which runs for a short distance and is absorbed, or rather spreads out over the little valley and disappears amidst a mat of flags and grass. We had some fine grazing for our animals and the men caught a mess of small trout, which were quite delicious

to our pemmican-sick palates. Near our camps are the remains of an old Apache ranchería.

Extermination of the Apaches

Before leaving Apache Pass too far behind I wish to say that I am an advocate for the extermination of the Apaches. They have never made and kept a treaty of peace, but have ever been thieves, highwaymen and murderers. Year out and year in, hundreds have perished upon the roads by their hands, and it is estimated that within the past twelve months at least one hundred white persons have been killed by them on the road between Tucson and the Rio Grande; some of which murders were most horrible, tying up their victims by the heels and building slow fires under their heads. Let the Pimos be armed and encouraged to make war upon them and every other tribe urged to the same end, and the Government take energetic steps until they are driven from their mountain hiding places and rendered harmless.

28th—Left our pleasant camp on the Cienega in the evening and made a dry camp some seventeen miles upon our road.

29th—Started early; found water at Lightendoffer's [Leitensdorfer's] Well; halted a few minutes at Soldier's Farewell, found no water for our men, many of them having suffered severely from thirst, which can be attributed to pemmican and not sun. Without unsaddling we marched on to Dinsmore or Cow Spring, our animals having traveled sixty miles without water and the men without eating; thirty-six hours under the most fatiguing circumstances. A couple of the leanest animals gave out, but came up the next day.

Meet Express from Fort Craig

Upon arriving at Dinsmore Spring, the guide who was in the advance ran against a sentinel, when a conversation of questions ensued. The sentinel, taking the guide to be in the advance of a party of Texans, let him go so as to allow his party to saddle up and leave. The guide returned and reported some men camped at the spring. Some confusion occurred, the Colonel ordering the companies into line at the same time men and animals [were] almost famishing for water. The guide was sent again to spy out the party at the Spring, whom he found saddled up and ready to leave. They then disclosed their character, when the guide assured them, by the presence of a body of Union troops. They then accompanied him to Colonel Eyre. They turned out to be a party of men bearing despatches from Colonel Shippington [Chivington] at Fort Craig.

Fate of Expressman Jones and Party

From the scouts we learned that Jones and party had been attacked by the Apaches this side [of] the Pass and that Jones saved his life by flight, while the Mexican and sergeant was [*sic*] killed. Jones was chased for a long way, but succeeded in getting into Mesilla more dead than alive, when he was taken prisoner by the Texans.

Prisoners

On the night we came in [to] Cow Spring, we captured a German and a Mexican traveling on foot. They said they were going upon an express to Tucson to procure provisions for the people at the Placer [Pino Alto], a small town at the gold mines about thirty miles from the Spring, and represented the people there in a starving condition. As their mode of traveling and their poor provisions for so long a trip looked suspicious, the Colonel thought best to take them along, saving them their long and dangerous trip.

Another Alarm

On the morning of the 1st of July a sentinel, who had accidentally strolled to the top of a hill half a mile from camp, which commanded an extensive view of the country, discovered a large party crossing in the distance and gave the alarm that forty men were coming. The bugles blew to arms, the horses were driven in, saddled, and forty men [were] mounted and off in a few minutes. This time it was certain we would meet the Texans. The party soon returned, bringing in a most doleful looking set of travelers—about thirty men and boys on foot, variously armed with guns, lances, and bows and arrows; three women, a dilapidated wagon and cart drawn by the poorest animals I ever saw—in fact it would be prudent to tie knots in their tails to keep them from falling in through the cracks in the ground—some donkeys and a goat, comprised their outfit.

They were citizens of Placer and were going into Sonora to procure provisions, and return to their friends and relatives still behind. For two weeks they said they had eaten no bread. After questioning them the Colonel let them go, or rather we left them at the spring and marched to the Miembres [*sic*], where we encamped at a fine spring in the midst of what was once "Mowry City."

On the 3rd we left the pleasant valley of the Miembres and arrived at Cook's Spring. Near the spring we saw the graves and skulls, scattered along the roadside, of the poor people killed by the Apaches a year since; also where

Lieut. Lord had burned Government property to prevent it falling into the hands of the Texans. The ground is spangled with spread eagles, upon which "E Pluribus Unum" remains plain as ever, in spite of the fiery ordeal.[30]

More Hungry People

During our first night at Mowry City some fifteen travelers walked into our camp, and before they knew of our presence were prisoners. They turned out to be more hungry people from Placer, going into Mesilla for provisions. These the Colonel thought best to take along—quite a burden considering our limited supply of provisions.

The Fourth of July

On the 4th the men were, to a man, for going in and taking Mesilla, but our commander ordered otherwise. So we spent the 4th traveling round an enemy; a hard day's march to the Rio Grande, without water. We encamped two miles above Fort Thorne. Found the river high or rather on a Fourth of July "bust," caused by the snow melting in the mountains.

Of the Route

The road between the Rio Grande and Tucson is hard and fine and clear of dust; grass is abundant but water, at the particular time we traveled over the route, very scarce but still sufficient to admit of troops and supplies being moved over it with judgment. I anticipate that the troops now concentrated at Tucson will move forward immediately. Our animals came across in very good order.

Fort Thorne [*sic*]

On the 5th we moved down to Fort Thorne and ran up our colors on the flag staff still standing. The Texans have been here and left behind them their marks of desecration and desolation. This fort, however, was abandoned by the Government in 1858 on account of its being sickly.

Arrival of Express from Fort Craig and Captain McCleave

The 6th was a memorable day. The express sent by Col. Eyre from Cow Spring to Fort Craig for reinforcements arrived bringing intelligence that two companies would be here on the 8th, and rumors that the Texans had evacuated Mesilla. Shortly after the arrival of the express, the sentinel from the house top at the lower end of the fort announced that three men were com-

ing up the valley. The Colonel ordered out ten men on horseback to catch them and seeing that they came on, he ordered some men out on foot. Mounting the housetop he imagined he saw others behind, and called for more men to go out. The advancing party stopped a moment, and then a single horseman galloped straight for us. Some one said, "I'll bet it is Captain McCleave." And so it turned out to be. When the Captain met the advancing party sent out by the Colonel, he dismounted and came in on foot. A pistol shot assured his companions that all was right, when they came on.[31]

As the Captain came into the parade ground the men gathered around the colors and gave him three hearty cheers, to which he took off his hat and said, "I am much obliged to you. I am glad to see you;" a speech which, from this brave, honest soldier, bore sincerity and meaning. The Captain had just escaped from three [actually four] months' imprisonment and hard treatment with an order for his exchange, and was on his way to Fort Craig when he discovered our flag flying here, which made his breast beat with joyful surprise. He gives a deplorable account of the ravages of the Texans, who are in a destitute condition and preparing to leave for Texas. Mesilla has been evacuated. The people are universal in favor of the Union and are now at war with the Texans. Three Mexicans volunteered to accompany the Captain to Fort Craig. Captain Fritz was dispatched the same evening down the river to effect the exchange for Captain McCleave.

Prisoners Released

The prisoners taken at the Miembres were released after the news of the evacuation of Mesilla was received, and allowed to go on their way rejoicing, after taking the oath of allegiance.

Arrival of Reinforcements—Supplies Sent For

On the morning of the 9th, two companies of Regulars arrived from Fort Craig; their horses are in very poor condition. At the time of the arrival of the reinforcements, Capt. McCleave left for Fort Craig with an escort of six men and two wagons to bring down supplies.

Return of Capt. Fritz

A little after retreat on the 9th, Capt. Fritz returned. He had to go twenty-eight miles below Mesilla to catch up with the rear of the retreating Texans, under command of Col. Steel [William Steele], in order to effect the exchange for Capt. McCleave. The people of Mesilla gave the Captain a hearty welcome.

He heard corks popping from champagne bottles. Going into one place to buy something, he threw down a twenty, and the man ran back into the yard with a spade to effect the change. The people have cached everything they could out of the way of the Texans, and the Captain says stores opened up like magic. The people of Mesilla, whom the Texans thought they had eaten out, will resurrect enough to live on for some time to come and have withal to sell to Uncle Sam. The wheat crop will be coming in soon and we will grind our own flour on some fine mills convenient.

Deplorable Condition of the Retreating Texans

Capt. Fritz reports the retreating Texans in a deplorable condition. Col. Steele has some 200 men and a good many sick, with no supplies. While Capt. Fritz was in conference, an express came from Capt. Tell [Trevanion T. Teel] to Col. Steele, calling in God's name to send him aid, as the Mexicans had attacked him and captured two pieces of artillery. Some fifteen hundred Mexicans and Pueblo Indians are now following up the Texans, filled with revenge for the wrongs and injuries inflicted on them by the Texans, and it will be a miracle if they escape to Texas.

The first outbreak between the people and Texans took place in Mesilla where twenty Mexicans, citizens of Mesilla, were killed; then other skirmishes occurred in which the Mexicans came out first best. The Texans went to the fields and took the oxen from the plows, and ransacked the country for supplies. The Mexicans, encouraged by the approach of the Californians and burning with revenge, are now following them up and will annihilate them. The Texans would all reach El Paso on the night of the 9th. Desertions are common. One hundred and fifty citizens of Mesilla started on the 8th on foot down the river, swearing they would ride back on the Texans. This is the miserable wind-up of Sibley's expedition, who, after his disastrous retreat from New Mexico, had to fly for his life from the Texans. I see by a San Antonio paper that some of the Sibley expedition have reached that place. The way of the transgressor is hard. Expressman Jones came up with the Captain.

McCleave and Party Attacked by Indians

We had hardly got through with Captain Fritz when two men rode up bearing a dispatch from Capt. McCleave, stating that he had been attacked by a large body of Indians. Forty men were dispatched in a few minutes to the rescue, under command of Capt. Howland. The expressmen said that before they left, they heard firing above them and supposed that the Indians were attacking some party coming down the river. From them I learned the cir-

cumstances of the attack. Capt. McCleave with one man was considerably in advance of the wagons, when the Indians rose out of the tall grass around them and fired at them, fortunately not wounding them. The Captain had a bullet shot through his hat. He retreated to the wagons, which he drew off the road and prepared his little party to defend themselves. The Mexicans [*sic*], some seventy-five in number, retreated to the cover of the hills.

Another Expressman

Our brave men had hardly galloped out of hearing before another expressman arrived, his horse reeking of sweat. He brought news that Captain McCleave was returning with the wagons, and that he was one of a party of five expressmen from Fort Craig who had been attacked near where Captain McCleave was attacked, and two of the party wounded. The Indians getting their horses, they had to fight their way down on foot to where Captain McCleave was holding the Indians at bay. They are supposed to be Navahoes and to be one hundred and fifty strong. The wounded arrived next morning. One of the men received quite a severe arrow wound and the other a slight bullet wound in the arm. I should not wonder to hear of our boys catching the red devils yet; and if they do, woe be unto them!

I will leave my letter open until the express leaves.

The Future

I suppose we are now under the orders of Col. Canby and our movements will be governed accordingly. From present appearances it seems that no movement will be made farther down than Fort Fillmore, which movement awaits the arrival of the supplies from Fort Craig. The Texans have concentrated at Franklin, opposite El Paso, and will there remain until they learn of our pursuing them, in hopes of supplying themselves for the long trip between them and the settlements. It is reported that the swarm of Mexicans which have hovered around them ever since they commenced their retreat, have succeeded in getting all their animals. If so, they are now on foot. Made desperate, they will devastate the country around them. It remains a question if our commander will consider it worth while to move down upon them. It is said the Texans await reinforcements and supplies, but this may be merely a story to deceive.

Several of our hearty men have been taken down sick. It is a shame that we have been compelled to lie idle at this point.

N[32]

Notes

1. The letter is printed as chap. 1 in John P. Wilson, *When the Texans Came: New Mexico and Arizona's Missing Civil War Records, 1861–1862* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2001).
2. Gen. William T. Sherman, reflecting upon Jefferson Davis many years after the war, perceptively commented, "He [Davis] didn't want secession—he wanted empire." *Daily Arizona Citizen*, 25 October 1880, p. 2.
3. Wright to Adj. Gen. Lorenzo Thomas, 9 December 1861, *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (Washington, D.C.: GPO, 1880–1901), ser. 1, vol. 50, pt. 1, pp. 52–753 (hereafter *Official Records*); and Wright to Carleton, 31 January 1862, *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 4, pp. 90–91.
4. Arthur A. Wright, *The Civil War in the Southwest* (Denver: Big Mountain Press, 1964), 87, 93, 101, 104; and Darlis A. Miller, *The California Column in New Mexico* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1982), 9–10.
5. There has been considerable confusion about the dates of events along the Gila. A letter published in *Houston Tri-Weekly Telegraph* on 12 May 1862, gave 17 March as the date for the brief encounter at Stanwix Station. See Wilson, *When the Texans Came*, chap. 9.
6. Historical Society of New Mexico, *The California Column: Its Campaigns and Services in New Mexico, Arizona, and Texas, during the Civil War, with Sketches of General James H. Carleton, Its Commander, and Other Officers and Soldiers* (Santa Fe: New Mexican Printing Company, 1908); and *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 9 and vol. 50, pt. 1.
7. Wright, *The Civil War in the Southwest*.
8. William A. Keleher, *Turmoil in New Mexico 1846–1868* (Santa Fe: The Rydal Press, 1952), 226–59; and Aurora Hunt, *Major General James Henry Carleton, 1814–1873: Western Frontier Dragoon* (Glendale, Calif.: Arthur H. Clark Co., 1958), 197–233.
9. Hunt, *Major General James Henry Carleton*, 236.
10. Konrad F. Schreier Jr., ed., "The California Column in the Civil War: Hazen's Civil War Diary," *The Journal of San Diego History* 22 (Spring 1976): 31–48.
11. Henry P. Walker, ed., "Soldier in the California Column: The Diary of John W. Teal," *Arizona and the West* 13 (Spring 1971): 33–82.
12. Neil B. Carmony, ed., *The Civil War in Apacheland: Sergeant George Hand's Diary: California, Arizona, West Texas, New Mexico, 1861–1864* (Silver City, N.Mex.: High-Lonesome Books, 1996).
13. Carleton to West, 8 February 1862, *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 50, pt. 1, pp. 851–52.
14. Eyre to Benjamin C. Cutler, 6 and 8 July 1862, *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 9, pp. 585–91. Eyre's two reports were printed a second time in *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 50, pt. 1, pp. 120–26.
15. Two of the Confederate letters are reprinted in Wilson, *When the Texans Came*, chap. 16.

16. The *Senator* was a wooden, sidewheel steamer that plied the coastal trade between San Diego and San Francisco from 1849 to 1884. See Walker, "Soldier in the California Column," 76.
17. J. Ross Browne saw this dead Apache still hanging in March 1864. He credited King Woolsey, a well-known Arizona pioneer and Indian fighter, with this killing and gave a circumstantial account of what had happened in his *Adventures in the Apache Country* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1974), 99–102.
18. Six members of the Oatman family died in this massacre, and daughters Olive and Mary Ann were carried into captivity among the Mohave Indians. Olive was rescued five years later. See Jay J. Wagoner, *Early Arizona: Prehistory to Civil War* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1975), 101–4; and Browne, *Adventures in the Apache Country*, 86–98.
19. Probably 1st Lt. Benjamin F. Harvey, Company A, First California Volunteer Cavalry. A letter dated 9 February 1862 by Ammi White, who kept a store and flour mill at the Pima Villages, said, "An old and respectable resident of Tucson, Major Ware, was murdered and robbed, and his body thrown in a well at Blue Water Station, by a notorious Mexican, Juan Robles." Ammi White to E. A. Rigg, 9 February 1862, *Official Records*, ser. 1, vol. 50, pt. 1, p. 867.
20. *San Francisco Daily Alta California*, 23 June 1862, p. 1, cols. 4–5.
21. Col. Ferris Forman, Fourth California Infantry, became commander of the District of Southern California.
22. *San Francisco Daily Alta California*, 29 June 1862, p. 1, cols. 4–5.
23. "Dragoon," in *San Francisco Daily Alta California*, 23 June 1862, p. 1, cols. 4–5.
24. This is one of the few references by members of the California Column to what is now Casa Grande National Monument.
25. *San Francisco Daily Alta California*, 10 July 1862, p. 1, cols. 4–5. The identity of the correspondent who signed as "N" is unknown.
26. *San Francisco Daily Alta California*, 29 June 1862, p. 1, cols. 4–5.
27. *San Francisco Daily Alta California*, 10 July 1862, p. 1, cols. 4–5. Mowry did not have an easy time. See Constance Wynn Altshuler, "The Case of Sylvester Mowry: The Charge of Treason," *Arizona and the West* 15 (Spring 1973): 63–82; and her "The Case of Sylvester Mowry: The Mowry Mine," *Arizona and the West* 15 (Summer 1973): 149–74.
28. Local Mexicans, not Pima Indians, had a mescal camp here. Lt. Col. Philip St. George Cooke and the Mormon Battalion passed it in 1846. See "Cooke's Journal of the March of the Mormon Battalion, 1846–1847," in *Exploring Southwestern Trails, 1846–1854*, ed. Ralph P. Bieber (Philadelphia: Porcupine Press, 1974), 150.
29. In a later letter, "Vedette" (Cremony) gave the names of the soldiers killed as Peter Maloney, Albert Schmidt, and James F. Keith. *San Francisco Daily Alta California*, 16 August 1862, p. 1, cols. 5–6.
30. Capt. Isaiah Moore's report on the withdrawal from southern Arizona in July and August 1861 and destruction of his stores at Cooks Spring was first published in *Rio Grande History* 2, nos. 3–4 (1975): 4–8 and is reprinted in Wilson, *When the Texans Came*, chap. 5.

31. One of McCleave's companions was expressman John Jones, as we see later. The third man perhaps was Jack Swilling, a miner, an Indian fighter, and later one of the first settlers in Phoenix, who deserted from Confederate service about this time. See L. Boyd Finch, *Confederate Pathway to the Pacific* (Tucson: Arizona Historical Society, 1996). As 1st Lt. in the Arizona Guards, Swilling had escorted McCleave from the Pima Villages back to Mesilla, New Mexico, and the two were well acquainted.
32. *San Francisco Daily Alta California*, 10 August 1862, p. 1, cols. 6–8.