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Michael L. Tate

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**A JOHNNY REB IN SIBLEY'S NEW MEXICO CAMPAIGN:  
REMINISCENCES OF PVT. HENRY C. WRIGHT, 1861-1862**

Part II

*edited by Michael L. Tate*

Following their February 21, 1862 victory at Valverde, the Confederate troops continued their relentless pursuit northward. The subsequent Union retreats from Albuquerque and Santa Fe seemed to assure General Henry Hopkins Sibley's control of the territory and his ultimate advance toward the lucrative mining district around Denver. Before this brilliant maneuver could be achieved, the two armies met at Glorieta Pass and fought the decisive battle of the New Mexico campaign.

Although Private Henry C. Wright participated in this chaotic combat, he offers little detail of the events in his memoirs. Instead he focuses upon the period of his capture and release from March-June, 1862. Loyalty to his wounded friend, Sergeant John T. Poe, compelled Wright to remain behind rather than retreat with the main Confederate column. While a captive Wright demonstrated considerable resourcefulness in protecting and caring for the wounded as well as in negotiating his own release. Here we have the story of both pettiness and compassion, as various Union officers dealt in contrasting ways with this lowly private. We also feel the sense of danger which followed Wright as he made his descent of the Rio Grande in an attempt to rejoin his regiment.

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When we started, our poor boys found that a march of ten miles over those sand hills, loaded down with the things they were obliged to carry, made them so sore and tired that for many days they could hardly drag themselves along. Fortunately for me, owing to an experience I have previously related, I was in better condition than any of my friends. The days march was nothing to me, and I made many side trips and climbed high hills to look at the country, and walked so many extra miles that the men who did not know me thought I must be crazy.

A laughable incident occurred that I will here relate: I would often stop by the side of the road to read or write, or mend my clothes, or simply for fun, as I could easily overtake the column when I pleased. One day I sat down by the side of the road - this did not attract any attention for the boys often stopped to rest and then dragged on. The cavalry had passed on first and the infantry marched next - a long struggling line nearly a mile long. My company was at its head. After them came the rear guard. Then the baggage train stretched out a mile or more, and the rear brought up by the artillery. Although the train was about three miles long, no one

noticed me as they passed. All had troubles of their own. I sat there a long time after all had gone by - rather a foolish thing to do because a prowling Indian or Mexican could easily have slipped up and potted me with a hot. Just as I was getting ready to start, a horseman came riding by. He proved to be Major Scurry,<sup>33</sup> a brave and gallant officer much loved by our men. He was riding a fine pacing sorrel horse. He stopped as he saw me and said "Hello! What's the matter? Are you sick?" "No sir" I answered, "I just stopped a while". With this he began to berate me. "Don't you realize" he said "that no matter how tired you are, it is better to drag on with the command than to stop and get so far behind that it will be hours before you reach camp, and then you will be so worn out that tomorrow you will hardly be able to move at all. Besides that" he continued, "at any moment you may be attacked by Indians or Mexicans, so start on now and by the time you reach camp I think you will have learned your lesson and not want to loiter again". By that time I had risen and was walking along as he held his horse back. Then with a parting admonition, he loosened his reins and let his horse strike a faster gait, but I just lengthened my stride and kept up even with him. He watched me for a few hundred yards and said "Look here, I believe I have been looking up the wrong tree. Where on earth did you learn to walk?" I laughed and told him I always was a walker. We stayed together until we caught up with the rear of the train and then saying good bye, he took to the left while I kept on the trail to the right of the train. My blood was up then and I pulled foot merrily. I passed clear ahead of the long train, at last wagons, artillery and all, and was pushing on at a swift pace to overtake the line of infantry that I could see a little ways ahead. The Major had been detained somewhat in getting past the wagons, but now overtook me at a gallop, "Well!" he exclaimed, with a profane ejaculation, "if I just had a thousand men like you I wouldn't give a dollar for all the horses in Texas." He never forgot me, but greeted me as his foot cavalry whenever we met.

It was a long, weary road that we traveled and by the time we reached Santa Fe the men were pretty well worn out, though some of them had hardened down and became not only good walkers, but fit for anything. The Mexicans on the whole, seeing we were conquerors, were very friendly and furnished us many things such as eggs, chickens, milk and butter, which helped our feeling very much. Very different indeed was their attitude as we were retreating out of the country. At Albuquerque some of our men had quite a sharp encounter with the Yankees, but I was not present and never did know much about it, only that we drove them out and captured a lot of stores.<sup>34</sup> Our regiment marched on and did not stop until we reached Santa Fe.<sup>35</sup> This is one of the oldest towns in America, settled by Spaniards and built by the forced labor of the conquered Indians. The houses, excepting a few of modern date, were all built of adobe. The most of them having but one opening on the outside, a door of entrance, through which animals, as well as persons can pass into an uncovered

court, around which the rooms are built. Many of these are luxurious adobes, the court yard forming a beautiful garden with a flowing fountain in the center, but others again are poorly furnished and swarm with poverty stricken inmates. We took possession of some of the largest buildings and rested a few days before proceeding. Rumors of an approaching army, however, soon called us to take up our march to meet them.

I regret very much that I kept no diary or any other account of my experiences during the war, and as my memory is dull and failing, I fear that in some things my descriptions may be confused and inaccurate, but there are some things that stand out boldly and cannot be forgotten. Among them are the Battle of Glorietta,<sup>36</sup> and the events that followed that battle. The Battle of Glorietta has been and can be better described by others. I only remember leaving our camp, in what we supposed was a secure position. We marched a few miles and met the enemy coming to meet us. They outnumbered us in men. They were composed of brave experienced troops, many of whom were mountain men who climbed up and among those rocks and hills with a facility that we failed utterly to rival. Then too, they were filled with a desire to avenge the loss of two companies of their command who were almost annihilated at Val Verde. But in spite of all this, our boys could not be withstood and by four o'clock in the afternoon we had utterly routed them, as they retreated in such disorder that I was told an officer with a flag of truce had to gallop ten miles before he overtook anyone in sufficient command to half the retreat and send back details to care for their wounded and bury the dead.

Flushed with the joy of winning the battle, we were suddenly confronted with the fact that after all we had lost the victory. We learned that while we had encountered and defeated the main body of the enemy, a detachment of about 500 men had been sent around over the mountains to attack our camp. This they did with complete success. They found it in a defenseless condition; they burned the wagons with all our camp equipment, clothing, bedding, food, hospital, stores and everything of value. Drove off the horses and mules; paroled the sick and wounded, and carried away as prisoners all who were able to travel. This was a dreadful blow. We were left shorn of everything, with three or four hundred dead and wounded men on our hands and no means to care for them.<sup>37</sup> There was nothing to be done save to retreat back to Santa Fe, some twenty five miles away, and there command what supplies could be found, leaving details behind to bury the dead and care for the wounded until they could be sent for. A small supply of provisions had been captured from the enemy, and these were left for the use of the hospital.

I have had told to me many incidents of that toilsome march back to Santa Fe. Hungry, tired and footsore, they reached it at last to find a haven of rest and peace for at least a short interval. As for myself, I had a dear friend, Sergeant John T. Poe shot down at my side on the

battle field. We had promised each other that if either was wounded, the other would care for him. When my friend fell, we were in the midst of a charge. Hurringly placing him behind a tree and promising to return as soon as possible, I pressed on, caring for nothing but to avenge my friend. The charge, however, was soon over as the enemy fled in confusion. The battle was then practically over and I hastened back, but searched in vain, for my friend was gone. All that evening and away into the night I wandered over those hills, but failed to find him. The next morning I was told that he had found refuge in some little cabin about a mile from the battlefield. How he reached there neither he or I ever knew. He was struck by a minnie ball (fired from only a short distance) just above the heart. He was wearing a double breasted coat with rows of large buttons on each side. The bullet struck the button fairly in the center, pushing it in and breaking a rib, and itself deflected and ran around the body to a point just opposite where it entered, and was extracted followed by the button, which was afterwards also extracted. These operations occurred after he was taken to Santa Fe a week later.<sup>38</sup> The cabin where I found him had been occupied by the federals, and a lot of provisions were stored there. I, thinking of my friend's welfare (not to speak of nearly a dozen wounded men), secreted a sack of flour and a bale (about twenty five lbs) of dried buffalo meat. It was well I did, for in a few hours men came by and carried off everything they could find. As we stayed there nearly a week, I fail to know what we would have done without my hidden store. In a dugout I found a hen setting on 11 eggs. The eggs were still fresh and the hen very fat. I confiscated her for the good of the service, and she made soup enough to feed those sick men for two days, (poor fellows they did not want much) and half of them were dead before the week ended.

It took a good while to transport all the wounded to town, as there were but two or three ambulances, and the road was long and rough. It was here that the genius of a noble lady came into play. Mrs. General Canby,<sup>39</sup> the wife of the Federal Commander, had her residence in Santa Fe. She was a southern lady and, though devoted to her husband, yet sympathized with the south. She assisted in fitting up a large building as a hospital and to enable bringing in the wounded she had canvas stretched across the wagon beds, forming cots on which the men were lain and rode in comparative ease. Doubtless the life of many a poor fellow was saved by this invention. She visited the hospital as long as we stayed there and did all in her power to aid the sufferers. Our troops did not long remain in Santa Fe, there was nothing more to be accomplished by our doing so and they had orders to return to Texas and they gladly obeyed.

Then commenced a long hard journey with insufficient transportation, but it was a march that I know nothing about, as I remained in the hospital to care for my friend. There were several hundred sick and wounded men in the building; also a full supply of attendants, physicians

etc., but very few supplies for their wants. Fortunately strong medicines were also lacking and the doctors were forced to practice nature's remedies and use cold water applications, under which treatment the wounded and the fever stricken rapidly recovered.

In the meantime General Canby<sup>40</sup> had marched in and taken possession of the town, but much to our astonishment neither he nor his soldiers came near the hospital. We learned later on that strict orders had been given by him that we were not to be interfered with in any way.

Soon, however, our provisions were exhausted and our officers were obliged to appeal to him for assistance. He replied, "Gentlemen, I do not make war on hospitals or noncombatants and I did not intend to molest you in any way, but as you have appealed to me I can consider you as prisoners of war, and issue supplies." They assured him that was all they could expect. At once he sent down and had all our names, commands and etc. enrolled. We delivered up our arms (save a few pistols which we secreted) and a sentry was placed at the door. Then liberal supplies of everything we needed were issued to us. Food such as we had not enjoyed for many months was in abundance. Coffee, sugar, and other luxuries that we had long been deprived of made me think that life was again worth living. But sad to say, when the fresh medical supplies were furnished and the old system of strong medicines revived and the water treatment abandoned, the fatalities increased in an astonishing way and two or three funerals a day was common average. (This taught me a lesson and I have been an advocate of the water treatment ever since.)

As I said there was a sentinel at the door night and day, but the only restrictions placed on our movements were that we must be indoors by 10 P.M. (Little we cared for that, for there were several secret entrances that we could slip in and out of at any time.) Probably there were no prisoners on either side during the war that enjoyed the privileges that we did and this was entirely due to the noble nature of the Federal Commander, General Canby. He surely was one of Nature's noblemen, and all who knew him loved him. When in later years he fell a victim to the assassin's hand of "Modoc Jack" many a Texan's heart was filled with sorrow.

The ladies of Santa Fe, headed by Mrs. Canby, did all they could to lighten the sadness of hospital life. They brought us flowers and fruit, books and papers, and when a number of our patients became convalescent and organized a (pretty good) vaudeville club, attended our entertainments and applauded our efforts to the finish. After several months, so large a number of the men had recovered and were anxious to return to Texas that our officers again appealed to General Canby and this noble gentleman at once agreed to parole them, furnish them transportation and food and start them toward home. This he did.<sup>41</sup> Here I personally lost count of them because I was arrested on a false charge and taken to the calaboose while my comrades marched away.

I could not imagine why I had been arrested and the men who had me in charge knew nothing about it. The prison to which I was taken was a large adobe building with very thick walls, which moderated the heat of summer and the cold of winter. I was placed in a room about 18x20 feet in size, and in it were already 13 Mexican prisoners, over half of whom wore balls and chains, and worst of all they were covered with what now-a-days we call "cooties." For two days no rations were issued to me, I seemed to have been forgotten. For some reason or other one of the Mexicans took a great liking to me. He spaced off a corner of the room for my bed, and divided his food with me until mine was served. He seemed to be a leader among them and was very kind to me, and yet must have been a man of a cruel and ferocious disposition for I learned later that he was there for pulling a mule's tongue out by the roots.

Now to go back a little I must tell that there was but (at that time) one American young lady in Santa Fe, at least we met no others. There were a good many married ones though who visited the hospital. This young lady was a Miss Jennie Green, and her father's house was always open to our boys. I, with the rest, went there very often. Miss Jennie and I became very friendly and I escorted her all over the city at various times. She was very popular and among her admirers was the Yankee quartermaster Lein-Cooley. He became very jealous of me and made a number of threatening remarks about what he would do if I continued my attentions to Miss Jennie. The night before the paroled men left, we gathered at Mr. Green's to tell them good-bye. Lein-Cooley was present and rather monopolized Miss Jennie which we resented. Some rather sarcastic words passed between him and myself. After he was gone (he went off rather peeved) Mr. Green warned me that he might do me an injury, so now I naturally supposed that he was the cause of my imprisonment. Much to my surprise on the morning of the third day Lein-Cooley came to see me. He expressed sorrow and surprise at finding me there and said he knew nothing about it until the evening before when he called at Mr. Greens and the ladies indignantly charged him with being the cause of it. He denied all knowledge of it and said to me that he looked upon our little squabble as a sort of a joke and thought I had done the same. "Besides, Mr. Wright" he said, "I would really have rather had you leave Santa Fe and certainly would not have tried to keep you here. Now if there is anything I can do to help you just let me know." Of course, I met his friendly advances half way. I told him about the food and he saw to it at once that plentiful rations were sent me. I told him the days were long and time passed slowly, so he loaned me a lot of delightful books to read. I think in the ten days I was in prison I read all of Bulwer Lytton's works. The Lieutenant came to see me nearly every day and brought messages of interest from the Greens. In fact he laughingly told me that they only welcomed his calls in order to get news from me. He said General Canby was away but as soon as he returned he would lay my case before him. I wrote a note to the General asking for a hearing and after ten days I

was sent for, and escorted to his tent by a General. I found the General alone and asked what the charges were against me. He replied that one of his officers had heard me say that I would not respect the oath of parole but would enter the army again as soon as I reached Texas. I told him this was an entire mistake, that I considered an oath to be a sacred thing. And that I might have said that I expected to enter the army again immediately, but certainly not before being exchanged, but I thought that an exchange might be effected even before I could reach home. I said "Why, General, I would be only too glad to be allowed to stay at home a while after a year's absence in the army." He smiled and said if I would write out that statement he would have me released. I did so and was returned to the hospital. But I was in a sad condition. My clothes and blanket were filthy and covered with vermin. Nearly all the men I had been familiar with were gone and naught but strangers remained. I found one man that I knew and he good naturedly loaned me an old suit of clothes. Taking off all I had on and scrubbing from head to foot with strong lye soap and hot water, I felt clean once more. Rolling up my old clothes and blanket into a bundle (to be carried at arm's length) I took them back to the prison and gave them to the Mexican who had been so kind to me. I then went to General Canby's headquarters and asked for an interview which was granted. I told the General the circumstances of my remaining at the hospital to nurse my wounded friend, and told him that now all my friends were gone and if possible I wished to rejoin them. He replied that by this time they were several hundred miles away and he had no means of overtaking them and that I would have to remain until the rest were able to travel and he would furnish transportation and send all at once. It was up to me to make an extra effort, so I drew a picture of my home, my old invalid father, my helpless mother, sisters, and little brother. How they would grieve when my comrades reached home with the news that I was left in prison under unknown charges, and perhaps by that time had been put to death. I painted their distress in glowing words and told (what I knew was a delusion) that I had hopes of being detailed home to care for them. I surely talked to the point for I saw a tear trickle down his cheek and he exclaimed "You shall go, sir. You shall go. I have a detail of officers going down to Albuquerque tomorrow and from there you shall be sent to Fort Craig, and from there a picket will, under a flag of truce, hand you over to your own men." With tears in my eyes I thanked him for his kindness, and, then made bold to proffer another request.

"General," I said, "While in prison I became covered with vermin and had to throw my clothes away. These I have on are borrowed and if you can furnish me some clothes I will greatly appreciate it." He sent for Lein-Cooley and told him what was wanted. I then again thanked the General and bade him good-bye feeling in my heart that I had met and parted with a noble man. Lein-Cooley took me over to the Commissary and introduced me to the sergeant in charge as a friend of his, and told him to furnish me everything I needed. Knowing I would be afoot and



could carry but little I contented myself with one good suit, a good pair of stout walking shoes, a blanket, and an overcoat. Also a canteen and a haversack. Thanking Lien-Cooley I bade him good-bye and parted from him with very friendly feelings. After supper at the hospital I went down to Mr. Green's to spend the evening. I met with a warm welcome, and when I told them good-bye felt that I was leaving real friends. Miss Jennie gave me a letter of introduction to a Capt. Allen at Albuquerque whom she said was a great friend of hers. In the morning at headquarters I met a lot of officers with a few soldiers as escort. They furnished me a horse and we had a pleasant ride of some thirty miles reaching Albuquerque before sundown. I found and presented my note to Capt. Allen. He was much pleased at hearing from Miss Jennie and treated me with much kindness, taking me to his room and giving me a nice bed. After a good supper he invited me to go with him to a Mexican ball where I met and danced with some very pretty girls. Here also I met the famous scout Kit Carson.<sup>42</sup> I had heard and read much about him and was glad to have an opportunity of seeing him. I was disappointed, however, in his looks for instead of having the commanding appearance that I expected he was a small insignificant looking person. The last man I should have thought capable of performing the great deeds recorded of him. In the morning as I was starting, Captain Allen emptied his purse on the table of about five dollars in change. "This is all I have to do me until next pay day" he said, "but you must take half of it." I demurred, but he insisted, so I took his name and address, but was never able to open correspondence with him or with any other of those who were so kind to me. But their actions linger in my heart as sweet memories of the past, never to be forgotten. A Lieutenant with his Mexican wife and an escort of four soldiers were starting down to Fort Craig and I was given in charge to them. We had three wagons, one for the officer, one for the men and one for the luggage. In this last, a comfortable place was fixed for me so I could lie and sleep all day if I wished to do so. The soldiers did the cooking and waited on us (I ate with the officer and his wife) attentively. I think it took us four or five days to make the trip. At length we reached Fort Craig. There I was told there was no way of communicating with my friends, as they were over a hundred miles away.<sup>43</sup> However, after a week or more delay, the commander determined to send a wagon master down the river to look out a road for the advance of the troops. An escort of half a dozen soldiers accompanied him. I was placed in their charge with order to turn me over, under a flag of truce to the first of our troops with whom they came in contact with. The country was all overflowed with water, and we had great difficulty in selecting a road over which we could travel. The river was impassable. At one place, on the other side the water, we saw a great flock of sheep - at least five thousand. They had been stolen from the Mexicans by the Indians, who now boldly herded them, waiting for the falling of the water so they could cross them over and drive them to the mountains. There was no one to interfere with them, our troops had left the country.

The Federals were too far away and the Mexicans too few and cowardly to attack them. Fortunately we encountered none on our side of the river. For over 100 miles we marched down the river, and as far as I remember saw not a living soul. At last we reached a famous crossing on the river called San Phillipi. This was about 35 miles above Mesilla. Here we expected to find our picket post, but the water was spread over the valley a mile wide and no sign of life anywhere in sight. The commander of our little party announced that this was as far as he had orders to go. He said I could take my choice - proceed on by myself, or return with them. I was in a quandary, to return meant separation from home and friends for an indefinite time - perhaps the duration of the war. To go on was to face unknown dangers - Indians, Mexicans, wild beasts, and above all, that I might not be able to cross the river but must wander on down to some Mexican settlement where certain death awaited any of our men who were unfortunate enough to straggle there. A word of explanation is due here. While it was the policy of our Commanders to treat the people of the country with kindness and justice, yet many of the men had acted otherwise. They had often driven the Mexicans out of their houses and taken possession themselves, especially on cold winter nights. They had confiscated their donkeys; they had pastured their horses on the wheat fields (It mattered not that now those fields were covered with water and ruined anyhow, the sense of injury still remained). Had we been successful and remained conquerors of the country, all these things would have been forgotten, but now being fugitives, they felt secure in harassing us in every possible way. I was well aware of this feeling and knew that I must exercise the utmost care should I encounter any of them. Yet the call of home and mother was too strong, and I determined to go forward at all risks.

The men were very kind. They loaded me down with many offerings. It was out of their power to give me a horse, but they gave me an Enfield musket with 20 rounds of ammunition and all the provisions I could carry. I left them at sunrise on Sunday morning and took up my solitary march down the river. I did not know but that the sharp eyes of Indian scouts were following my footsteps, but risk had to be run. I think now that most of the Indian bands were on the east side of the river watching our departing troops and trying to steal their stock. At any rate I encountered none. The river road was covered with water and the only way left was a burro trail that ran up and down over the mountain spurs that projected like great potato ridges two or three hundred feet high down into the valley. Over the ends of these great ridges the trail, covered with round stones, meandered. A more toilsome journey can hardly be imagined, but spurred by mingled hope and fear, I pressed steadily on. I soon found that I was carrying by far too much luggage, and discarded all except my gun, overcoat and canteen. Thus, more lightly loaded I plodded on. After traveling some 30 miles, I reached the little town of Las Cruces about 5 miles from Mesilla. Here the people ran out to meet me. Only a few could speak a few words of English, and I only a little

Spanish. My yankee clothes were all that saved me. Had they known I was one of the hated Texans they could have torn me to pieces. I forgot the teachings of my early days to always speak the truth, and informed them that I was a Yankee scout sent on ahead to watch for Texans, that my company - some 50 strong - were an hours march behind, and any information they could give of the enemies whereabouts would be greatly appreciated. They informed me with many oaths and wild gestures that the hated diablo Texans were all across the river, that they had taken all the boats away so that now there was no means of crossing. With many threats they told what they would do to any that fell in their hands. In spite of their invitations to linger, I told them I must go on and investigate farther, that my men would soon be there and must not find me waiting there.

So I hurried on only too glad to escape with my life, but filled with grave anticipations of what the morrow would bring forth. I kept on some five miles, and then almost completely exhausted sat down on the sand. I saw a wolf come trotting up from the river where he had gone for a drink, and knew by that no person could be near. So, drawing the cape of my overcoat over my head to protect me from the sandflies that were fierce and numerous, I sank into a dreamless sleep. The almost noiseless footsteps of a Mexican walking on the sand, however, started me wide awake in the morning. This man, who seemed to be friendly to the Texans told me that half a mile further on there were two boats preparing to cross the river. He walked on and I tried to follow, but so great had been my effort the day before in making this long toilsome march that my limbs refused to respond to my wishes. I seemed to be broken in two across my loins and I could hardly step, but using my gun for a staff, I hobbled on, and Oh! joyous sight. I soon came to where I could perceive the boats and the men just getting ready to start. They welcomed me heartily, gave me something to eat and then putting my clothing into one of the boats. I clung onto the stern and was dragged through the water for a mile or more. The boats were heavily loaded and the men either waded or swam by the side all the way. By the time we reached the other side, I was so refreshed that I could walk with comparative ease a mile or two to Mesilla, where my welcome was increased by two or three papers with late news from the North that I had clung to in all my wanderings.

I will diverge a little here to tell how it came to pass that I found those boats as I did. It seemed to me then, as it does now, that it was a providential happening in my favor. A few of our men had made a raid over into Arizona, and near Tucson they captured two four-mule-wagons loaded with government supplies. They reached the river in safety, but to cross it was a problem, so they gathered up all the boats they could find - consisting of three or four little skiffs - swam the mules over and took the wagons to pieces and ferried them with the goods across. This took several days of hard work. They had almost finished the night before

I reached there, but concluded to leave the last two loads until morning, and that was all that saved me for had they been gone, I could never have crossed the river alive.

(Continued in Next Issue)

#### NOTES

<sup>33</sup>William R. Scurry was born in Tennessee in 1821, and like so many of his brother officers, he pursued a dual career in law and politics. Scurry arrived at San Augustine, Texas, in 1839 and within three years became aide-de-camp to Major General Thomas J. Rusk in the Texas Army. Following several terms in the legislature of the Republic of Texas and a brief stint in the Mexican-American War, he returned to a law practice. After completing service in Sibley's New Mexico campaign, for which he was promoted to brigadier general, Scurry distinguished himself in fighting along the Texas coast and in the Louisiana battles at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill. He was mortally wounded on April 30, 1864 at the Battle of Saline, Louisiana (Jenkins' Ferry). Rather than seek medical aid for the wounds, he continued to direct his troops to victory. Scurry County, Texas was named in his honor. He was a lieutenant colonel at the time of the New Mexico campaign, not a major, as Wright suggests. *Handbook of Texas*, II, p. 584. Hall, *Confederate Army of New Mexico*, 53-54.

<sup>34</sup>Major Charles L. Pyron led the advance Confederate force into Albuquerque on March 2 and faced little resistance because Captain Herbert M. Enos had already initiated the final withdrawal from the town after burning the depot and its remaining supplies. The Confederates subsequently captured another Union supply post at Cubero, approximately sixty miles west of Albuquerque and were rewarded with a large stand of weapons and medical stores. An additional twenty-three wagon loads of supplies were captured at Carnuel Pass, just east of Albuquerque. The main Confederate army entered Albuquerque unopposed on March 7 and Sibley estimated that his army now had enough supplies for a three-month campaign. Report of Capt. Herbert M. Enos, March 11, 1862 and Report of Capt. A.S. Thurmond on capture of Cubero, March 19, 1862 in *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion*, IX, 527-530.

<sup>35</sup>Confederate Captain John Phillips took Santa Fe without a shot on March 10 and a larger occupation army arrived three days later. Federal troops had actually evacuated the town on March 4 and marched eastward toward Fort Union. Hall, *Confederate Army of New Mexico*, 31, 40.

<sup>36</sup>Glorieta Pass, lying approximately twenty miles southeast of Santa Fe along the important road toward Las Vegas, New Mexico, was not a terrain that either side wanted to fight on. A series of canyons and elevated hills put both armies in a tactical dilemma of trying to locate the adversary. Luckily for Canby, Approximately 920 militiamen of the First Regiment Colorado Volunteers, commanded by Colonel John P. Slough and Major John M. Chivington, arrived to reinforce his beleaguered 336 regulars. Slough decided to take the initiative rather than allowing the enemy a chance to reassemble and attack the last bastion at Fort Union. The Confederate forces under Colonel William Scurry numbered between 700 and 1,000. Sibley was still at Albuquerque with the rest of the army. David Westphall, "The Battle of Glorieta Pass: Its Importance in the Civil War," *New Mexico Historical Review*, XLIV (April, 1969), 1942-144.

<sup>37</sup>Actually a series of skirmishes fought in and around Apache Canyon from March 26 to 28, the Battle of Glorieta Pass proved to be the turning point in the New Mexico campaign. As Wright indicates, the Confederates actually won on the battlefield, but Major Chivington's surprise attack upon their supply base left them incapable of remaining in the field. Called by proud New Mexicans, "the Gettysburg of the West," the battle signified the beginning of the end for Confederate western ambitions. Texas casualties were listed as 36 killed, approximately 60 wounded, and 25 captured. Union cavalry estimates were 46 killed, 64 wounded, and 21 captured. Valuable among the eyewitness descriptions are:

Ovando Hollister, *Boldly They Rode: A History of the First Colorado Regiment of Volunteers* (Lakewood, Colorado: 1949; reprint of 1863 edition), 61-73; Whitford, *Colorado Volunteers, 75-127*; Noel, *A Campaign from Santa Fe to the Mississippi*, 34-41; and various reports in *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion*, IX, 530-545. 530-545.

<sup>31</sup>Not only did John T. Poe survive the wound inflicted at Glorieta Pass, he lived to be 84 years old. Henry C. Wright to T.L. Greer, Sept. 9, 1927, 2. Letter located in the Museum of New Mexico at Santa Fe.

<sup>32</sup>Louisa H. Canby compelled some dissenting women of Santa Fe to tend the wounds of men from both armies. Several months later, when a large group of Confederate convalescents prepared to leave the town, they issued a resolution praising Mrs. Canby and the women of Santa Fe for their kindness and medical attention which had been extended over the entire period. Private Harvey Holcomb, also of Wright's Co. F, observed sixty-five years later that Mrs. Canby "captured more hearts of Confederate soldiers than the old general [Col. Canby] ever captured Confederate bodies." Hall, *Sibley's New Mexico Campaign*, pp. 163-164. Quoted in "Confederate Reminiscences," *New Mexico Historical Review*, V (July 1930), 320.

<sup>33</sup>Strangely enough Wright does not discuss Colonel Edward R.S. Canby until this point in the memoirs, but he does bestow the highest praise upon him, a judgment echoed by many other Confederate prisoners who were treated with kindness by the colonel. Canby was born in Kentucky in 1817, graduated from West Point in 1839, and served in the Seminole campaigns and in the Mexican War. As ranking officer of Fort Defiance, New Mexico Territory at the beginning of the Civil War, he was soon appointed commander of the Department of New Mexico. Promoted to major general on May 7, 1864, he assumed command of the Department of Texas and Louisiana at the end of the war. Canby was killed by the Modoc Indian leader Captain Jack, while holding a conference in the Lava Beds of northern California during April 1873. *Handbook of Texas*, I, 288.

<sup>34</sup>Because it was difficult to confine, clothe, and feed wounded prisoners of war over long periods in the supply-deficient Department of New Mexico, a parole system was utilized. Like the system employed in other theaters of the Civil War, captives took an oath not to reenter combat unless they were officially "exchanged" for prisoners from the opposing army. Following the Battle of Glorieta Pass, 128 of the healthier Confederate prisoners were marched across the plains to a camp near Chicago, Illinois. Most of these were later sent to Vicksburg, Mississippi where they were exchanged on September 22, 1862. Hall, *Confederate Army of New Mexico*, 37.

<sup>35</sup>Christopher Houston "Kit" Carson was born in Kentucky in 1809, raised in Missouri, and joined an overland trade caravan to Santa Fe in 1826. The Southwest and the Rockies would remain his domicile for a lifetime as he attained a national reputation as fur trader, army scout, and diplomat among various Indian tribes. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Carson was commissioned a colonel in the First New Mexico Volunteer Infantry. He fought in the Battle of Valverde and was breveted brigadier general. After the defeat of Sibley's invasion, he would somewhat reluctantly undertake a war against the Navajo and remove them to the hated Bosque Redondo where they would languish until 1868. He died that same year and his remains were subsequently reburied at Taos, New Mexico. Wright's comments on Carson's unspectacular personal appearance have been echoed by other observers who doubted that such a legendary hero could exist on a five and a half foot frame. M. Morgan Estergreen, *Kit Carson: A Portrait in Courage* (Norman, 1962), xx-xxii.

<sup>36</sup>The main group of Sibley's retreating force reached El Paso during the first week of May and bivouacked there to await further orders. Since supply problems remained acute and a large Union army was marching toward the city from the west, orders were finally given to return the soldiers to their home counties in preparation for duty along the Texas coast and in Louisiana. Colonel Canby was later criticized for not following up his victory with a relentless pursuit of the rebels, but he lacked the manpower and logistical support for such a mobile operation. Victory was still his, however, because by August the

Confederates had surrendered not only El Paso, but all of the trans-Pecos area of Texas. Pettis, "Confederate Invasion of New Mexico and Arizona," 110-111. J.L. Waller, "The Civil War in the El Paso Area," *West Texas Historical Association Yearbook*, XXII (October 1947), 12.