

confluence of the river Des Moines, which flows athwart an enchanting region (*une ravissante contrée*) named Iowa, a region not yet, at that date, annexed to the Union. Game swarmed there. I remember a shooting party in which I joined the engineer of the boat, a young Kentuckian of colossal stature. We raised thousands of prairie fowl and other creatures, on which we poured a regular hell-fire, yet inoffensive. To excuse us, I must say that we were firing—the Kentuckian with ball, with an immense carbine, so heavy that it took a half minute to load it—and I with a single-shot musket which a bar-keeper had lent me with this caution—"The band is awry; to hit your object, you must aim four or five metres to the right!" The Territory of Iowa was still a country in dispute between the squatters and the Indians. The latter, more numerous than the whites, belonged to a large tribe, turbulent and warlike, the Sacs and Foxes. They were in a state of peace at the date of my passage; but my boat received a deputation of their great chiefs, thirty or forty, who were going to Washington, to represent their grievances to the President. They arrived on board in full warrior costume—"war-paint"—their faces painted half red and half yellow, their heads decked like a cuirassier's helmet, with a long horse-hair and big plumes; their bodies naked, but covered with trinkets, their legs in skins, and over all great blankets. Their squaws accompanied them. These were ugly, but the men were superb, with countenances of the most energetic impassibility. On board they behaved with great dignity, and seemed to get animated only when we passed the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi. Whether it be that some superstition affected them in relation to this spot, or that the grandeur of the river formed by the junction of the two great rivers into a sort of lake, lit up by a fine sunset, made an impression upon them, they all collected at the stern of the boat to make a kind of invocation. It was a picture. I only passed through St. Louis, already a great town, and the capital of the West.

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### CROCKER'S RETURN FROM NEW MEXICO.

During the year 1864 Gen. M. M. Crocker was assigned to duty in the Department of New Mexico, with headquarters at Santa Fe. The statement was current at the time that this was done with the hope that his health might be improved by a sojourn of some months in that climate. But for the precarious condition of his health it is not probable that so useful a man in the field—"fit," as Gen. Grant stated in his Memoirs, "to command an independent army"—would have been sent so far away while the rebellion was still unsubdued. But after some months he was relieved from this duty

and ordered to report to the General Commanding the Army of the Cumberland. A short time since several of Gen. Crocker's military papers were placed in the Historical Department by his friend Judge P. M. Casady of Des Moines. Among these papers—which also include his commissions as Captain and Colonel of the 13th Iowa Infantry—we find the official order relieving him from duty in Mexico and ordering him East. This order reads as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF NEW MEXICO, }  
 ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, }  
 SANTA FE, N. M., MARCH 11, 1865. }

SPECIAL ORDERS }  
 No. 8. }

(Extract.)

IX. In compliance with Special Orders No. 477, series for 1864, from the Head Quarters of the Army, Brig. General Marcellus M. Crocker, U. S. Vols., is relieved from further duty in the Department of New Mexico and will proceed without delay and report in person to the General Commanding the Army of the Cumberland for assignment for duty.

The General Commanding the Department of New Mexico takes this occasion to express his warmest thanks for the efficient and judicious manner in which General Crocker has conducted the affairs pertaining to the important post of Fort Sumner, and to the Reservation at the Bosque Redondo with its nine thousand captive Indians: a duty which required an exercise of great judgment, moderation, firmness and forecast; and a duty which has been performed in such a manner as not only to give the utmost satisfaction to those connected professionally with the military affairs of that post and of the Department, but to win the affectionate regard of the Indians themselves who are there receiving their first impressions of civilization, and their first lessons in the art, literally, of earning their bread by the sweat of their brow.

General Crocker carries with him to the new field of duty to which he has been called, the earnest wishes on the part of the comrades he leaves behind, not only that he will be soon restored to health, but have an opportunity to add renewed luster to his already brilliant reputation as a soldier.

By command of BRIG. GENERAL CARLETON.

BEN. C. CUTLER,  
 Asst. Adj't. General.

BRIG. GENERAL M. M. CROCKER,  
 U. S. Volunteers,  
 Present.

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