from Maryland, whose brigade joined my right. He proposed that we should try and break up the enemy's headquarters about a mile away from our front. Tilghman had been a civil engineer, and he had a county map showing the position of the farm-house where Quinby had his headquarters. He trained his guns by the compass, while I sent in a body of sharp-shooters through the woods upon the enemy's right. We opened at the signal, and broke up the whole establishment, which retreated hastily for the Mississippi by way of the Yazoo.

## CHAPTER XV

Mysterious Disappearance of Young John Herndon Maury — Grant and Porter aid in the Search for him — Conjectures and Theories regarding his Fate — A Christening under Fire — Anecdotes of Dr. Lord — A Magnificent Spectacle when Porter ran the Vicksburg Batteries — An Interrupted Ball

IT was about a month after we had driven Sherman's forces away from our front that an event occurred which plunged my family and staff into the deepest and most anxious suspense, and which furnished one of the most unusual and inexplicable mysteries in the many tragedies of all the sorrowful period of our Civil War.

One morning in the latter part of January, I, accompanied by my chief of artillery, Colonel Burnett, and my young aide-de-camp, John Herndon Maury, son of Commodore Maury, rode to General Stevenson's headquarters, and, after the conclusion of my business there, sent these two gentlemen of my staff to make a reconnoissance near the Big Black Road. This was about ten o'clock in the morning. I have never seen my young aide-de-camp and kinsman since that moment, nor have I ever been able to ascertain what was his fate.

Burnett returned to dinner at headquarters and reported that at about one o'clock P.M., having finished their business on the Big Black Road, young Maury left him in order to ride down to a point opposite the canal, and observe what the enemy were about there. No uneasi-

ness was felt on account of his non-return that night, but when ten o'clock next morning had come and Johnny, as every one called him, had not yet been seen nor heard of, a vague anxiety manifested itself among us. This was soon increased by hearing that on the previous evening, about three o'clock, Generals Stevenson, Barton, and other officers familiar with John Maury, had seen a riderless horse, resembling his gray mare, on the far side of a crevasse in the levee on the plantation of Mr. Smeeds, about four miles below Vicksburg.

On learning this, I, accompanied by several officers and couriers, rode to the point, and found John's horse, with saddle on and bridle hanging loose. A strong levee had been built by Mr. Smeeds from the highland, more than a mile distant, in order to shut out the waters of a bayou which in some seasons would otherwise inundate his plantation. Recently this bayou had torn its way through the levee, making a breach of about twenty yards in width, through which the water was now running deep. The trail of the mare led from the highlands along the levee, entered the bayou at the crevasse and passed out at the other side; but from the point of exit the mare had been running back and forth so much that we were unable to follow the trail further. We concluded, however, that Maury had been drowned in attempting to cross the water, and immediately procured boats and proceeded to search for his body.

This was continued without discovering anything which might tend to confirm our belief that he was drowned, until next evening, when Colonel Burnett, an experienced Texan hunter, reported that he had been carefully examining the tracks of the mare, and that from his observations she was evidently mounted when she emerged from the bayou beyond the crevasse; that she had been



ridden at a trot along the levee to a point not far from the river; that at this point her footprints upon the levee ceased, she having turned off from it into the overflow, made a detour and came up on it again nearer the crevasse; that from the point where she had thus come up on the levee she had galloped, riderless, back to the brink of the crevasse, near which she remained until we found her. At the point where the mare had turned off, he found the paper cases of several cartridges different from those used in our army, and also a fine piece of india-rubber, such as the Confederates could not procure, which had been used to cover the cone of a rifle. There were also evidences of a struggle on the brink of the Mississippi River, a few hundred yards distant, where he found the edge of the bank freshly broken off, and signs that several men had embarked there in a small boat.

The space in which the young officer's body must lie had he been drowned, as we at first supposed, was small, and as no trace of it had been found in the course of our thorough search, we decided, on hearing Burnett's report, that he had been captured by some scouting party from the army across the river, and had been borne a prisoner to the other shore. The anxiety of his friends was at once allayed, and some of them even ventured on a laugh at his expense; for this was the second time he had experienced capture while reconnoitring alone. Some of Grant's army had made him prisoner in November, near Holly Springs, and he had only been back with us a month. No one doubted that he was now safe and in good hands, and that his exchange would soon be effected.

Next morning Major Flowerree, adjutant-general of my division, was sent under flag of truce to General Grant to make inquiry about Lieutenant Maury. To our grief and surprise, he returned in the evening with the

report that nothing was known of him by the Federal commander; but with courteous assurances from General Grant and Admiral Porter, who knew young Maury well, that they would take all possible means to ascertain if he had been taken prisoner by any party of theirs, and would communicate to me the earliest intelligence they could procure. Thus we were again thrown back upon the fear that he had been drowned in crossing the bayou, and for two weeks the locality where his mare was found was watched, cannon were fired over it, and all the space was carefully dragged.

About this time other kindly messages were received by me from General Grant and from Admiral Porter and other naval officers, assuring me that great pains had been taken and careful inquiry made after Lieutenant Maury, but that they had ascertained nothing calculated to remove the painful belief that he had been drowned. General Grant had been my own schoolmate and comrade in arms, and my young cousin was well known to Admiral Porter and other officers of the United States Navy, who had met him while he was a boy at the Observatory, of which his father was so long the chief. The conviction was then positive, and is now, that those officers were sincere in their efforts to find him and to aid me in my search.

Some months had passed, when reports came to me from several sources that a young officer named Maury, an aide-de-camp, had been captured near Vicksburg, and had been seen in Memphis and at other places in the spring, on his way to the prison at Johnson's Island. Returned prisoners from Johnson's Island reported to me that they had seen and conversed with my young cousin there, and so many points of identity were established that hope revived once more, but only to be lost again by learning that a young gentleman named James Fontaine



Maury, while serving in the battle near Grand Gulf as aide-de-camp to General Bowen, had been made prisoner in May, and sent to Johnson's Island. A very remarkable personal resemblance between John Herndon Maury and James Fontaine Maury, their common family ties, and identity of rank and of age — they were both nineteen years old — frequently caused them to be confounded with each other, and gave rise to the rumor that the former was still alive.

Soon after the fall of Vicksburg, when in Mobile, I received a letter, ill-written and from an evidently uneducated writer, informing me that John had been made a prisoner and had died of pneumonia the third day after his capture, on board a Federal gunboat lying off Vicksburg. At the time very little importance was attached to this letter, but not long after, Colonel Underhill, a gallant young Scotchman, who had resigned his commission in the British army to serve in that of the Confederacy, wrote to me a very clear and consistent narrative which he had received from Captain Smith of the Thirteenth Iowa regiment.

Colonel Underhill and Captain Smith were from the same county in Scotland, and met during a truce between the lines at Vicksburg, Underhill then being aide-de-camp to General Stephen D. Lee. During their sociable conversation on this occasion, Smith told Underhill that on the 27th of January he had crossed from the mouth of the canal with a party of four or five men to the levee on Smeeds' plantation, in order to ascertain if we were constructing any batteries there; that soon after reaching the levee, he observed a Confederate officer riding down it toward the point where he and his party were concealed, and, lying close, they waited until he came up and dismounted. While he was looking through his field-glasses

at the Federal works on the opposite bank, Smith and his men sprang upon him and secured him. The mare broke away from them, ran out into the overflow, and, remounting the levee, galloped back to the point whence she had come. As soon as it became dark, Smith and his party recrossed the river with their prisoner and sent him to Grant's headquarters, where he believed he was when my flag of truce came to inquire for him two days after. Captain Smith showed Underhill the field-glass which he had taken from his prisoner and retained as a trophy of his exploit. It was one that I had loaned John that morning, and was marked with my name and rank.

There are several points in this narrative which render it worthy of belief. It agreed in the main with Burnett's observations and the theory deduced from them, of which neither Smith nor Underhill had ever heard. There was never any evidence procured of the drowning, and capture was the probable alternative. The field-glasses seemed to fix the latter fact, while the respectable standing of the two gentlemen, and the absence of any motive or object for such a fiction leave us no right to question any part of their story. As to Smith's belief that young Maury was at Grant's headquarters while that general was denying all knowledge of him, we must remember that Smith could only know that Maury had been sent to the headquarters; while Grant, having just arrived at the army with large reinforcements, and being occupied in reorganizing his forces, could not be expected to be interested or even informed of the capture of a lieutenant. I have never doubted the sincerity of his desire to aid me as far as possible in my efforts to unravel this sad mystery, and believe he would have gladly done anything in his power toward it.

The writer of the letter I received at Mobile stated that



my cousin died of pneumonia three days after his capture. Soon after Underhill's testimony reached me, I received a verbal message from a lady in Vicksburg, who knew me and my young kinsman. She stated that a lieutenant of the Federal navy came to her house, accompanied by a man named Griffen, who had deserted to that service, and who had been employed about my headquarters, and who had known young Maury. Griffen told her this same story — of young Maury's being ill with pneumonia and dying on a gunboat within three days of his capture.

For more than fifty years the father, the uncles, and many other relatives of this young gentleman were well-known officers of the naval service of the United States. Having passed almost his whole life at the Observatory, he was himself well known to scores of naval officers. These circumstances, coupled with the further facts that he was a staff-officer of the general second in command of the army at Vicksburg, the immediate, active, diligent, and persistent search made for him, the cordial interest evinced by Generals Grant and Sherman, Admiral Porter, and Captain Breeze, and other officers of the Federal service in the investigations made as to his fate, combine to render the mystery which enshrouds it as extraordinary as it is inexplicable, while the beautiful traits, the fine intellect, the excellent attainments, and the gallant yet gentle bearing of the young soldier invest it to all who knew him with a peculiar and especial sadness. Thirty years have come and gone since the events narrated here took place, yet not once has the curtain which shrouds the actual facts in this pathetic drama of the war been lifted; and we who knew and loved the chief actor in it shall learn no more until we, too, have followed him and crossed to the other shore.

On my return to Vicksburg after the Yazoo expedition,

I found orders awaiting me to proceed at once to Knoxville and take command of the department of East Tennessee. This was an agreeable promotion, for I should escape the fate of Vicksburg, and be so far on my way to Virginia, where I still hoped to have a command in the field. Before leaving, we desired to have our little son baptized, and the good Bishop Green of Mississippi, who was in the city, kindly consented to perform the ceremony at my headquarters. General Stevenson was godfather, and the members of my staff all assembled for the occasion. The Rev. Dr. Lord, the dearly loved and very able rector of the parish, and his wife, were also present. While the ceremony was progressing, Grant opened a new battery upon my headquarters, and throughout the baptismal service the shriek of the falling shells sounded in our ears: one of them actually fell in the stable near at hand and exploded there; but the bishop went calmly on until the end, for Vicksburg had been under bombardment so long and without fatal results that all were accustomed to it.

Dr. Lord was one of the most remarkable men I have ever known. He was for many years the rector of the church in Vicksburg, where he won the confidence and affection of his people by his precept and example, too. His wonderful versatility of information and his charming conversational capacity made him a welcome guest in every home in his parish.

Some time after the war, while I was the guest of Major Flowerree in Vicksburg, Dr. Lord was invited to dine with me. The night before I had been to see Ben de Bar play Falstaff — the best Falstaff I have ever seen. Dr. Lord took up the subject, and made the most interesting discussion of Shakespeare's greatest character I had ever listened to. He plainly proved that Falstaff was



no coward, and when I asked for his exposition of the difference between wit and humor, he recapitulated the history of the Fat Knight, showing where he was witty, where humorous, and where both witty and humorous. We listened to him, absorbed, for an hour, when he left us to attend to some parochial duty. As soon as he had gone, I said to Flowerree, "I have never had such a treat; I seem to have struck upon Dr. Lord's specialty."

"You were never more mistaken in your life," he replied. "No matter what the subject is, he seems to have mastered it. Some years ago there was a club of intelligent gentlemen here in Vicksburg, who met to enjoy conversation. Dr. Lord was a member, and no matter what might be the question under discussion, he was the master of it. One day Dr. Crump received a new book upon whaling and other arctic experiences; I believe it was called 'Three Years before the Mast.' He read the book and was charmed with it, and passed it around to several other gentlemen of the club, that they might also read it and introduce the subject at their next gathering, and for once know something with which Dr. Lord was not familiar.

"Accordingly, when the evening came, the subject of whale-fishing was taken up by these freshly informed gentlemen, with the expectation that their rector would for once be at a loss, but they reckoned without their host; for in a few moments the reverend gentleman took up his parable, and instructed them all in facts about whales and the Arctic Circle, such as they had never heard of before, and finally informed them he had been a sailor on that very ship they had been reading about." He remained with his people during the severe trials and dangers of their terrible siege, and ever bore with him their affectionate and grateful memories.

On the night after the christening, my wife awoke about midnight, saying, "Dab, the pickets are firing on your lines!" I sprang up and called to Jem to saddle my horse. He seemed to be always awake, no matter at what hour he might be called, and he could "catch a horse" quicker than any one I ever saw. By the time I was booted and spurred, the horse was ready at the door, and I mounted and galloped off towards the firing. All of my staff were at a ball; but as I passed my couriers' quarters I shouted for them to turn out and follow, and as I crossed the bridge I heard the clatter of horses' feet behind and found one of my smartest Texans was close at hand. He joined me, and together we mounted the hill overlooking the river in time to see the passage of Porter's whole fleet, as he came around the bend above the city and past its front, on his way down to unite with Farragut.

It was the grandest spectacle of my life. For four miles our batteries were in full play, blazing away at the line of gunboats making their way past them, and giving shot for shot as they went swiftly by. The whole landscape was as light as day, for before the first steamer swung round the point, our pickets across the river had promptly fired their calcium lights and had set torches to the huge piles of pine which stood ready at hand, and were then securely under cover. Porter gamely led, and hove to off the town to send a few shots along its streets, which stampeded the entire population, especially the ball, whence the gallant young officers dashed away to their posts, leaving the ladies to their own devices. These fled in their slippered feet and light robes for the nearest shelter. Vicksburg was well supplied with bomb-proofs, into which whole families might retire when a bombardment was hot, but some of the belles, panic-stricken, that night did not stop even there, but hurried over the muddy



roads until they were out of cannon range, and took refuge in the nearest country houses.

Believing that Porter's whole fleet would join in the bombardment of the city, I sent a courier back to my wife, with instructions to get at once in the ambulance and drive out of the town until she reached a position beyond the reach of the enemy's guns, but she decided to remain where she was, and stayed serenely there, explaining to me afterwards that she "did not wish to take the baby into the night air."

The value of Vicksburg was now gone, for Grant could cross over below the city. Stevenson immediately ordered every man, except the guards of the batteries, to march at once below Vicksburg and defeat his landing. Pemberton countermanded the order, permitting only Tracey's brigade and Cockrell's Missouri brigade to go to meet him. These fine troops under General Bowen detained Grant a day or two; Stevenson's whole army would have driven him into the river.

Next day I went off to Knoxville, where I remained for about six weeks in command of the department of East Tennessee. Here, as elsewhere, we were the recipients of much kindness; Mrs. Sanborn, who had a lovely home in the suburbs, being especially hospitable to us.

## CHAPTER XVI

**Transferred to the Command of the Department of the Gulf, at Mobile — Experiences with "Galvanized Yankees" — How a Spy was trapped — Colonel Henry Maury's Adventurous Career — His Coolness and Bravery in Peril — A Duel — Tried by Court-Martial and acquitted — Anecdotes of Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama**

AT the end of six weeks I was ordered to take command of the Department of the Gulf, with headquarters at Mobile, altogether an interesting and agreeable command. No kinder or more generous people ever lived than these. Some time after our arrival, Judge Dargan came to me and, introducing himself, placed his furnished house at our disposal. It was elegant and comfortable, with ample lawn and garden, and here we lived until the end of the war. The judge occupied one room in the wing, and came every evening into our sitting-room to converse with us, and became a warm and lifelong friend of me and of mine. His own family had moved up to Tuskeegee for the war.

Soon after assuming command of the Department of the Gulf, I was notified that a steamer under flag of truce would arrive in Mobile Bay with the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers from Vicksburg. This was one of the many considerate and kindly acts of General Grant, who never made war upon women or other unfortunates who might fall in his power. Of this, and of all the other qualities of a soldier's charac-





ter, he has left his record in the grateful memories of the Southern people. We cordially welcomed our weary and wounded comrades, and went down in steamers to meet them and escort them to that charming bay-shore resort at Point Clear, where the hotel and cottages awaited their reception, and no soldiers of the Confederacy ever enjoyed a happier destiny than these in exchanging the damp and soggy climate of Vicksburg for the fresh salt breezes and sparkling waters of Mobile Bay, with its fishing and bathing and famous oysters, and now and then a boat-load of limes and bananas and other tropical luxuries brought in by the blockade-runners.

As I went from cot to cot in my visits through the wards of our temporary hospitals, I noticed a poor, emaciated lad of not more than sixteen years, who seemed very near to death's door. I inquired of him as to his name and home, and he replied, "My name is Waymack, and I am from Hanover County, Virginia." He had been a member of a Virginia artillery company, and I did my best to make him feel that he was once more in the house of his friends. Under good care and the healthful climate, he rallied, and as soon as his company was fit for duty I made it the headquarters guard of my department. I found great comfort in my Virginia guard, and a sense of mutual good feeling existed between them and the members of my household, which was not a little enhanced by my wife's invariable remembrance of them at dinner-time. A year or so before the final engagements which terminated the siege of Mobile, two battalions of "Galvanized Yankees" were sent to me, to form part of my army. They had been captured in some recent battle, and being all Irishmen declared that they would rather fight for us than for

the North, and were accordingly sworn in to serve till the end of the war, and duly enrolled and equipped. I sent them up to meet a raid into Mississippi, but no sooner did the rascals come in sight of the blue uniforms than they raised the white flag, and, going over in a body, surrendered at discretion.

One day, some months after this, Waymack came to my office and stated that he had something very important to tell me. He was very much excited and alarmed lest his interview with me should be known. I satisfied his fears, and he informed me that in the same fort in which his battery was then stationed, Fort Jeb Stuart, in a company of the First Louisiana Artillery, there were two "Galvanized Yankees," who were preparing to desert to the enemy, and to take with them drawings and plans of the defences of Mobile. They were Germans, he said, and very powerful men, and one of them had been made a sergeant. A man residing in Mobile was their accomplice.

I assured the boy of his absolute safety, commended his zeal and courage, and enjoined on him increased vigilance as to the conduct, etc., of the spies. I then sent for General Cockrell, commanding the famous Missouri brigade, now a staunch and able member from Missouri in the United States Senate, and asked him to select from among his men a good and efficient detective from St. Louis, and detach him to report to me for special service, cautioning him and Colonel Fuller, of the First Louisiana Artillery, to make no comment on the irregularity of the order. I transferred the Missouri sergeant to the Louisiana company, where he soon won the confidence of the intending deserters, and, together with a trustworthy comrade of his own, entered into their plans. I was especially anxious to get hold



of the citizen of Mobile who was their confederate in the proposed treachery, and the detective fully shared this desire, and delayed the time of their desertion until he found the spies impatient to be off, and, he thought, somewhat suspicious of him.

They got all of the plans of Mobile and its defences, etc., completed, and set out at midnight through the pines toward Pascagoula, near which the Federal army lay. The Confederate sergeant and his comrade bore them company for some miles from Mobile, when each man closed with his antagonist. Next day my two emissaries returned, bringing me the papers they had taken from the deserters. They would have been of inestimable value to the enemy in his attack upon the place. The Confederate sergeant told me that in all of his experience as a detective, he had never had to deal with so clever and dangerous a man as that German sergeant was. In the chances and changes of the years since then, I have lost sight of little Waymack, although I have tried to learn something of his whereabouts, but I hope he is alive and prosperous; for he was as game and true a lad as I ever knew.

Until Farragut's fleet entered Mobile Bay, the blockade runners were very active carrying out cotton and bringing in stores from Havana, and thus we were still in touch with the outer world, and Mobile was to our western armies what Richmond was to the army of Virginia. Spies, too, were active there, spies for us and spies for General Banks, sometimes for both at once. Many applications were made to me to permit the government cotton at Mobile to be traded with the Federal government for army supplies, but as I required the supplies to be delivered first, nothing was ever accomplished except that I was ordered by our govern-

ment to send one thousand bales of cotton to New York to be used to buy overcoats and blankets for our prisoners. An agreement was entered into between the two governments, and General Beal, a prisoner of war, was released and stationed in New York to receive and sell the cotton, which was done with the fidelity of that most excellent officer and gentleman.

One day, in 1865, a man came to me with papers approved by Lincoln, Stanton, and Farragut, authorizing him to exchange army supplies with me for cotton. He was a pleasant-looking man, whom I will call S——. He said he was from North Carolina, and an ardent Southern sympathizer, a class which I have always felt would bear watching. I told him that many such propositions had reached me, but that no trade could be made, because his government wished to have the cotton before delivering the stores, and I must have the stores before delivering the cotton. He thought he could arrange to give me the stores first, and receive the cotton at Mobile in payment, so I told him to go ahead and see what he could do. The provost-marshal furnished him with passes to go and come between the Federal commander General Gordon Granger and myself, and at the same time had him closely watched, and he went back and forth many times, but made no progress in our trade.

Many weeks passed in these fruitless efforts, and meantime the enemy was making his grand and final preparations for the reduction of Mobile, and I, by my complete system of scouts, was daily posted as to his force and movements. One Sunday there was a ring at my door, and the servant announced that Mr. S—— wished to see me on urgent business. My wife, who was sitting with me, left the room, and he was ushered in, somewhat flustered by the import of his tidings.



"I am just from General Granger at Pascagoula," he said, "and Canby's army is actually marching against you." All of which I already knew. After I had heard him through, and had got all he could or would tell, he drew from his breast pocket a package of assorted kid gloves and handed them to me, "as a present for your lady." I kindly declined them for her, saying she was already sufficiently supplied with gloves. He seemed a little mortified that I did so, and retired at once. My wife came in to hear the news of the enemy, and I said to her, "Mr. S—— was very kind, for he brought you a dozen of Jouvin's kids." Beaming with delight, she said, "Oh, where are they?"

"I declined them, telling him you were sufficiently supplied."

"How could you tell such a story, when you know that I have not had a kid glove on for a year!"

"But," I urged, "remember that I may have to hang him to-morrow, and it would never do for you to be wearing those gloves then."

Sure enough, the next day a worthy young officer attached to my headquarters, Major Sam Duncan, of Natchez, gave me a letter brought to him by S—— from Duncan's father in New York, telling him the days of the Confederacy were numbered, that he must get out of it at once, and that a man-of-war's boat would receive him near Dog River and take him aboard of a vessel bound for New York, etc. Accordingly, S—— was closely watched, and that evening, fifteen minutes before the train left for Meridian, he was arrested and taken up to the prison there, to be dealt with when a court should have time to try him. A few weeks after, the surrender came, and he, with all other prisoners, was liberated, and so it happened I never hanged a man.

I never saw S—— until six or eight months after the war. I was on my way from the depot to the Battle House, in Mobile, when I saw a man approaching me, whom, as he drew near, I recognized as S——. He came straight for me, and I knew he was after me. There was nobody in sight, and I was convinced that a severe beating was the least that I could expect; for he was a very able-bodied fellow and had me in his power, I being entirely unarmed. What was my relief, as S—— drew near, to observe a kindly smile stealing over his face, as he extended his hand to seize mine, saying, "General Maury, I have come for the honor of shaking you by the hand, and telling you that, by G—d, sir, you are the only honest man that I met during the war from Abe Lincoln down!" I never shook a man's hand with more sincere pleasure in all my life, and as soon as I could I wrote my wife how those gloves had saved me. Some weeks ago I went into the office of the Secretary of the Navy, when a man sprang up from the sofa and claimed acquaintance, saying, "I am S——, whom you tried to hang in Mobile." I informed him I felt glad I did not do it. On further talk he told me he was so anxious to shake hands at our last meeting because he was afraid of me.

During my command of that department, General Bragg invited me to accept a fine command in his army, which I declined, preferring to be directly under the control of the War Department, as I then was. Afterwards Hood applied to the President to have me appointed lieutenant-general, and ordered to a corps of his army, but the President replied I could not then be taken from Mobile, but he would promote me to the rank of lieutenant-general. He told General Taylor this, and in Mrs. Davis' book she states that such was his purpose.



During all the period of my service at Mobile, my kinsman, Colonel Henry Maury, was with me, and no man in the community had more friends, perhaps, than he. His handsome face, cordial manner, and ready wit attracted toward him every one with whom he came in contact. His courage was unquestioned, while his loyalty to his friends, and his kindness of heart, won him lasting esteem. He had gone from Fredericksburg to Mobile while yet a youth, and made his home there. He entered the Navy as a boy, and was present at the siege of Vera Cruz. Afterward he entered the merchant service, and by the time he was twenty years old had command of a barque. General Walker, the filibuster, employed him to take a battalion of recruits down to Nicaragua. Mr. Marcy, the Secretary of State, sent a marshal in a revenue cutter to detain him in Mobile Bay. Harry received the marshal courteously, and acquiesced in his own detention. He took him into his cabin, and entertained him with lavish hospitality, when he persuaded his guest to sleep aboard the barque, urging that he could not possibly escape with his ship, for the cutter was lying close by and he would show a lantern from the barque's peak all night, all of which the marshal understood, and retired to sleep.

After some hours, all being quiet aboard both vessels, Henry shifted the lantern from the peak to the end of a long spar which he let down into the mud of the bottom. The wind favored him, he slipped his cable, dropped down the bay, and by daylight was out of sight of land, and well on his way towards his destination. It was not until the second day that he met a vessel bound for the States, to which he courteously transferred his guest, with an apologetic letter to the Secretary of State for having been compelled to take such a liberty. He was

short-handed, his filibusters could aid his crew but little in the stormy weather they encountered, and the *Susan* was wrecked off the island of Ruatan. None were lost, and the British governor treated them with so much kindness that his government recalled him.

After the close of the troubles in Nicaragua, a Captain Henri de Rivière, who had been dismissed from the French army and had cast his lot with General Walker's expedition, returned with the surviving adventurers to Mobile, and became a favorite in the gay society there. His impudent deportment aroused Henry's indignation, and a duel resulted. A steamer took the duellists down to Pascagoula. Doctors Knott and Ross went along as surgeons, and a great many gentlemen of Mobile, who desired "to see Harry shoot the Frenchman."

I was told by several eye-witnesses the remarkable history of this curious affair. The ground was near the residence of the proprietor, and a hammock was swinging in the veranda. Captain de Rivière advanced to Captain Maury and asked if he might take an hour's nap in that hammock, as he felt very nervous. His request was granted, and his second aroused him at the end of an hour. He arose apparently quite refreshed, and took his place for the duel. They were to begin firing with revolvers at twelve paces, to advance a pace after each shot, and to stop if either fell. At the first shot, the Frenchman staggered backwards and seemed about to fall. His antagonist lowered his pistol, but kept his thumb upon the hammer and his eye upon his enemy, whom he detected in the act of cocking his pistol, but before he could raise it and fire Maury shot him in the mouth. He was taken to the home of a gentleman in Mobile, whose sympathetic wife and beautiful daughter cared for him during some weeks.



When he had recovered sufficiently to travel, he departed, accompanied by his devoted nurses. The head of the family went in pursuit of them, reaching Havana just after they had left for Nassau, and arriving at Nassau after they had sailed for New York. In New York their escapade was arrested by a lady who came out of a convent and claimed Captain Henri de Rivière as her lawfully wedded spouse. Then at last the bereft husband and father recovered his delinquent family, and returned with them to Mobile. Towards the close of the war between the States, the Marquis de Rivière died in France, leaving his great fortune to his younger brother, Captain de Rivière. The head of the enamoured family still living in Mobile assented to the urgent request of the new marquis that he would escort his wife and daughter to Paris, where the latter became the Marquise de Rivière. They lived in great splendor till the Franco-Prussian War, when the marquis was killed in battle.

During the war between the States, Colonel Maury commanded the lower defences in Mobile Bay. One day he went up to Mobile in the steamer which plied between Fort Morgan and the city. He reached the evening boat too late, but persuaded a boatman to take him down the bay in his skiff. The wind was blowing half a gale and rising, and the little craft bounded over the heavy seas, sometimes half hidden from the view of the anxious watchers on the wharves of the city. The approach to Fort Morgan was more anxiously watched by the garrison, all of whom came out upon the wharf. They feared their colonel was in that boat, knowing well his daring nature. When the dingy reached the landing-place it was impossible to land, so violent was the rush of the water seaward. The colonel sprang into the

raging sea, and, swimming to land, called for volunteers to man the launch and go with him to the rescue of the boatman, who was being rapidly borne out to the Gulf, where he would inevitably perish. The launch, steered by his own steady hand, soon overhauled and rescued the poor fellow. This was only one of the many noble feats of daring which marked his whole life.

General Gordon Granger was stationed with his corps at Pascagoula a month or two previous to the attack on Mobile. Thence he detached a brigade to a narrow but deep creek about half-way to Mobile, and I ordered Colonel Maury with three regiments of horse to go down and force the brigade back into Pascagoula. Soon after he marched, a courier came in hot haste, bearing a dispatch from Colonel Maury, reporting his progress. I think that when he sent it he was about three miles from town. I thought it very unaccountable until several other equally unimportant bulletins arrived, when I said, "Henry is drunk, and nothing will come of his expedition"; and so it was. Next day he came back, having done nothing, and I was not surprised when charges of drunkenness were preferred against him by officers of his command. I ordered him under arrest, and to be tried by the military court of the department. To my surprise, he was acquitted, and I asked the president-colonel-judge how it happened. He said, "Three officers of high intelligence and character swore that he was drunk, and we all thought that he was done for and deeply deplored it, for we all love him; but bless your soul, sir, Harry produced six officers of equal character, who swore, point-blank, that he was sober, and we had to acquit him!"

When I sent Colonel Maury into Jones County to break up that secession movement, he dealt with the



traitors very roughly, so that after the war he was pursued very actively by the survivors, and his fine horses were seized. The aid of the United States troops was invoked, and would have been employed, but that I went to see General Canby about it, and he at once peremptorily forbade it. Meantime the colonel went to Selma and secured the protection of the Federal commander there, a kindly old Scotchman, who, like many other good and sensible people, was charmed by Henry's wit and *bonhomie*. He invited the colonel to a sumptuous lunch, at which there was a big Federal major, who seemed inclined to quarrel with Henry, who never needed two invitations to a fight. Toasts and songs went round, and the major made several flings at the colonel, who treasured them up, until presently Colonel Maury was called upon for a song. He said if the company would accept the change, he would offer a conundrum instead of a song. The proposition was vociferously applauded, the big major being among the most enthusiastic. "Why are the Confederates like Lazarus?" asked Maury. The major gave a contemptuous solution. "No," said the colonel, reaching across the table to indicate and emphasize his reply; "because we have been licked by dogs!" The Scotch general loudly applauded, swearing "he had not read so good a conundrum in the newspapers for a year."

The genial and witty Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, was a warm friend and admirer of Harry, and greatly enjoyed his conundrum; and when, after the war, he went to New York to invoke assistance for the churches so desolated in our Southern country, he was induced to relate this incident. A clergyman present, who was not pervaded by that Christian spirit which all bishops and the clergy especially should illustrate, said with

much heat, "Well, sir, if that is your feeling, why do you come to us now for aid?" "Oh," said the bishop, "to get a hair of the dog!"

The bishop himself sometimes left a lesson by a witty repartee, as he did once when the train in which he was travelling rolled down an embankment. As he picked himself up a rough fellow near him, who had been annoying the passengers by his coarse and profane talk, said to this old Virginia gentleman, "Well, Bishop, we all like to went to hell together that time!" "Speak for yourself, my friend," was the ready response. "My ticket is for the other place." May God send him long life and strong health, that he may continue to teach all other bishops how potent is the influence of gentleness and unfailing good temper in them above all other men. Ever a father to his people in the cruel war we endured together, we respect and love him and trust him now.

While colonel of the Thirty-second Alabama, then a part of Johnston's army, and stationed at Jackson, Colonel Maury was wounded in the right breast by a rifle-ball. He was relating an anecdote to a group of appreciative brother-officers when this happened, and coolly finished his story before turning to one of them, to whom he said, "Please put your ear to my chest and see if you hear any noise in there." "No." "Then, boys, I'm good for a ninety days' furlough." Several years after the war, he died from the effects of that very wound.

I was living in New Orleans at the time his death occurred, and the circumstances which attended it and my own connection with it were very curious. I may state at the outset that I am not at all a superstitious person, and that I have no theory to advance or explanation to offer with regard to the following facts. Henry was then residing in Mobile, and when I had last heard from him he had been in his accustomed health and spirits. One morning, in the spring of 1868, I awoke and started up, saying, "Where is Henry?" My wife, aroused by my voice, replied, "You are dreaming!" "No," I said emphatically; "I am not dreaming. I saw Henry standing by my side, and he was about to speak to me, when suddenly he disappeared." She argued with me, as was natural, that it was all a dream, but I could not shake off the conviction of its reality. As I stepped into the car to go down to my office after breakfast, a gentleman who was reading a paper looked up and greeted me cordially, saying, "General, I am glad to see you, for I just thought I had read of your sudden death," — handing me the paper in which was a telegram stating that "General H. Maury had died in Mobile early that morning." Henry had been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general just at the close of the war. Our personal relations were very warm and affectionate, and I was his nearest of kin in that part of the world.