

TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS.

ESTABLISHED 1877-NEW SERIES.

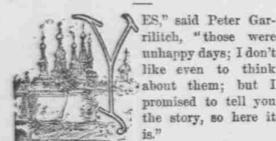
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ILL-FATED. Beginning Life in Elegance and Luxury. MODEST DON JUAN. Getting Acquainted with the Veteran of 1812. RATCH'S DAUGHTER. Why Foustof Visited the Veteran.

BY IVAN TURGENIEF.

(Translated from the Russian by George Kennan.)



THE FUMIGATION.

It happened in the Winter of 1835. I was then about 15 years old, and had been living since the death of my parents with an aunt in Moscow, where I was enrolled as a student in the University. My aunt, who was a widow, a kind, gentle, sympathetic woman, lived in a large wooden house on the Ostozhenka...

and straight, daintily-molded nose, was rather smaller perhaps than most masculine faces, but it was clearly and delicately cut, from the red and ever-smiling lips to the soft curls of blonde hair which lay upon the narrow but snow-white forehead. His manner was noticeable for its extraordinary evenness. He was invariably SELF-POSSESSED, COURTEOUS AND CONFIDENTIAL.

never allowed himself to become absent-minded or moody, and treated all persons alike with pleasant, sustained affability. But he never manifested the least enthusiasm. All vehemence, even in the expression of noble emotions, was distasteful to him, and whenever anyone in his presence gave way to passionate feeling he would partially close his eyes with a shrinking tremor of the lids and exclaim: "Oh, that's barbarous! that's heathenish!" Foustof's eyes were the most noticeable feature of his face. They always seemed beaming with sympathy and good will, and at times you even imagined that they regarded you with absolute devotion. Only when you came to know him well, would you discover that this affectionate expression was due to the very organization of the eyes themselves, and that it never changed even while he ate soup or smoked a cigar. Foustof was gifted naturally with a great number of diverse talents and aptitudes. He danced gracefully, was a



THE FUMIGATION.

bold and dashing rider, an expert swimmer, and could turn his hand to almost any of the smaller mechanical arts. He played skillfully upon the cithern, knew a great number of tricks and puzzles, could cut out silhouettes, and painted in water-colors with equal facility a bouquet of flowers or a portrait of Napoleon. Finally, he had a very respectable knowledge of mechanics, physics and chemistry. All his various talents, however, he exercised in strict moderation. He never carried anything to extremes. His greatest and almost his only deficiency was in the languages. These he never could master. Even French he always spoke badly. It was not his wont to talk much, and when he was present at our little student gatherings he showed his interest in the conversation rather by a smile or a bright, intelligent glance than by words. With the gentler sex he was a great favorite, but upon the subject of love—usually so attractive to young people—he never seemed inclined to talk, and fully deserved the sobriquet of "modest Don Juan" which his comrades bestowed upon him.

I used to think that Foustof must be the happiest man in all the world. Nothing ever seemed to trouble or interrupt the smooth current of his life. His mother, sisters, brothers, aunts and uncles almost worshipped him; he lived with them and with all his friends in perfect harmony, and was universally acknowledged to be the very model of what a son, brother and nephew ought to be.

One morning I went to call upon him at a rather earlier hour than usual, and did not find him in his accustomed place in the library. Presently, however, ashamed greeting came to my ears from the adjoining room, together with a confused sound of puffing and snorting, mingled with the splashing of water. Foustof always took a cold bath every morning, and afterward devoted about a quarter of an hour to gymnastic exercises, in which he attained great proficiency. He never allowed himself to worry or feel anxious about his bodily health, but he did not neglect by all proper means to preserve it. His motto was, "NEVER FORGET YOURSELF-NEVER GET EXCITED-WORK WITH MODERATION."

Foustof had not yet made his appearance when the outside door of the room in which I stood opened widely, and there entered a short, thick-set, heavily-built man, about 50 years of age, dressed in a uniform frock coat. He had a coarse, red face, eyes of a peculiar milky whitish color, and a thick head of short, gray, curly hair. He stopped as he crossed the threshold, and opening his large mouth widely gave utterance to a strange, metallic laugh, at the same time throwing up his right leg and striking himself a resounding slap on the hip with the corresponding hand. "Ivan Demyanitch?" shouted Foustof from the bathroom. "That's just who 'tis," replied the new comer, with the same peculiar metallic ring in his voice which I had noticed in his laugh. "What are you doing in there, making your toilet, eh? Correct! That's business! I've just been over to give your little brother his lesson, but he's got a cold or something—sneezes all the while—can't perform; so I ran in here a minute to get warm." Again Ivan Demyanitch laughed that peculiar laugh and again slapped himself violently on the hip. Then pulling a cotten handkerchief out of his pocket, he blew his nose with a prolonged snort and a furious rolling of his eyeballs, spit into the handkerchief, and ejaculated loudly, "Tfooo!" Foustof entered the room, and giving us each a hand asked if we were acquainted with one another. "No, sir!" replied Ivan Demyanitch

promptly, "the veteran of 1812 has not the honor." Foustof spoke my name, and then turning to the "veteran of 1812," said: "This is Ivan Demyanitch Ratch; teacher of—of various things." "Precisely!" assented Mr. Ratch—"various things; mathematics, for instance, and geography and statistics and Italian book-keeping. Ha! ha! ha!—and music. Perhaps, my dear sir, you don't believe it?" he added turning suddenly to me, "but it's so! Just ask Alexander Davidovitch how I play on the bassoon! See if he don't say I excel."

"I WOULDN'T BE MUCH OF A BOHEMIAN IF I DIDN'T!" and a Bohemian's what I am! Yes, sir, I'm a Czech! I was born in the ancient city of Prague! Speaking of music, Alexander Davidovitch, we ought to have some more duets; what's become of you lately? We haven't seen anything of you a long time. "I was at your house day before yesterday," replied Foustof. "Well, that's what I call a long time! Ha! ha! ha!" When Mr. Ratch laughed his whitish eyes oscillated strangely and restlessly from side to side. "See, young man," he said, turning again to me, "that I surprise you; that's only because you don't understand my temperament. Just ask our good friend, Alexander Davidovitch, about me. What'll he tell you? He'll tell you that Ratch is a straightforward, simple-hearted old fellow—a genuine Russian in spirit if he isn't in blood! Ha! ha! ha! When he was baptized they labeled him 'Joann Dietrich,' but he passes now as Ivan Demyanitch. There's nothing in his mind that isn't on his tongue! 'He carries his heart'—as the saying is—'in the palm of his hand.' To the d— with all your complicated ceremonies! I don't know anything about them, and don't want! Come and see me some evening—you'll find out for yourself. My old woman—my wife, that is—she don't make any pretensions either, but the way she can boil and bake—whew!—Alexander Davidovitch! isn't it the truth that I'm telling?"

Foustof only smiled, and I said nothing. "Don't be squeamish because the old man is a little rough," continued Mr. Ratch. "Come and see us—and now" (taking a thick silver watch out of his pocket and holding it up to his right eye) "it's time for me to move on. I suppose there's another bird waiting for me—and what I teach him the d—I only know! Mythology, I guess—d—d if I don't! But he lives so far off, the little villain! Away over by the Red Gate. However, it's all the same. I sha'n't foot it; I made a raise of 15 kopecks out of that brother of yours—so my bag isn't empty yet!—Ha! ha! that'll pay for a drinky. Farewell, my Lord—and you, young man, come and see us; we'll have some duets."

The last words Mr. Ratch shouted back to us from the hall, as he stamped his feet into his galoshes, and then, with another hard, metallic laugh, left the house.

"What a strange sort of man!" I said to Foustof, who after Mr. Ratch's departure went to work at his turning-bench. "Is it possible that he's a foreigner? He seems to speak Russian glibly enough." "Yes, he's a foreigner by birth; but he has been living in Russia for the last 30 years. It must have been as long ago as 1802 when he was brought here by some foreign Prince or other in the capacity of private secretary—or, as is more likely, in that of valet—and he has lived here ever since; but he does speak Russian, as you say, 'glibly.'"

"So fluently and slangily, you know," I added; "and with so many quibbles and unexpected verbal twists." "Yes, that's so, but not at all naturally; they're all alike, those Russianized Germans." "But he isn't a German, is he? I thought he said he was a Czech." "I don't know; he may be; he always talks German with his wife." "Why does he call himself a 'veteran of 1812? Did he serve in that war?" "Serve! No. But when Moscow was abandoned and burned, when everybody else fled from the city, he staid there—lost everything he had; I believe that's all the service he ever did."

"What made him stay there, then?" "The Lord knows!" replied Foustof, his voice blending with the buzzing of his lathe. "I've heard it said that he acted in the ca-

THE GAME OF CHESS. pacity of a Russian spy, but that's probably mere guess-work. All I know is that he did receive reimbursement from the Government for his losses. There's no doubt about that." "I see he wears uniform; I infer from that that he's in the service now?" "Yes, he teaches in the Cadet Corps; has the rank of Court Councillor." "Who's his wife?" "His wife's a German woman, daughter of a butcher here."

"How is it there—pleasant?" "Rather pleasant." "Has he any children?" "Yes, several; three, I believe, by his present wife, and a son and a daughter by a previous marriage." "How old is the daughter?" "About 25."

It seemed to me that at my last question Foustof bent lower over his work, and that the wheel of his lathe hummed more loudly and whirled more swiftly to the measured impulses of his foot. "Is she pretty?" "That's according to one's taste; she has a remarkable face—indeed, she is rather a remarkable person."



THE COURT COUNCILLOR.

he presented me to a stout lady in a tight camel dress, whom he introduced as Eleanor Karpovna, his wife. Eleanor Karpovna in her early youth had very likely been endowed with what the French for some unexplained reason call "the beauty of the devil"—that is, freshness; but at the time when I made her acquaintance she reminded me of a piece of raw beef just laid out by the butcher on a neat marble slab. I use the word "neat" purposely, because not only was Eleanor Karpovna herself a perfect pattern of neatness, but everything in and about the house had been scrubbed and scoured and smoothed until it fairly shone with cleanliness. The curtains over the windows and the napkins on the table had all been newly washed and ironed, the chemises and collars of Mr. Ratch's four children were as white and glossy as soap, water and starch could make them, and the brazen tea-tray on the round center-table had been scoured and polished until it glowed like a huge live ember. Mr. Ratch's children bore a remarkable resemblance to their mother, being fat, healthy and dumpy, with strong, clumsy features, thick tufts of hair on their temples and red, stumpy fingers. All had large and rather flat noses, lips which looked as if they were swollen, and small, light-gray eyes.

"THESE ARE MY GUARDS!" said Mr. Ratch, "Kolia, Olivia, Sasha and Mashka," laying his heavy hand upon their heads successively as he spoke their names; "this one is eight years old, this one seven, the next four, and the last one all of two—ha! ha! ha! You will please take notice that my wife and I haven't been standing around gawping. Hey? Eleanor Karpovna?"

"You are always saying something of that kind!" murmured Eleanor Karpovna, turning away. "I'm a Court Councillor's—that's who I am—therefore I'm a Russian lady; and all that you are going to say—" "That is about the way she loves Russia," interrupted Mr. Ratch. I tell you its something awful! When she loves, she loves like an earthquake. Ha, ha, ha!" "Well, what of it?" demanded Eleanor Karpovna; "of course I love Russia—I ought to; where else could I ever get a title of nobility? And here I am not only a lady of rank myself, but all my children are noble, too! Kolia! sitze ruhig mit den Fuesen." "Well, well, most noble Queen of Sumbek," rejoined Mr. Ratch, shaking his open hand at her deprecatingly; "you needn't get excited about it! Where's the 'noble' Victor? Loading around, I suppose, just where it happens. If he runs across the Inspector he'll get a flogging! Das ist ein Bummer der Victor!" "Dem Victor kann Ich nicht kommandiren, Ivan Demyanitch Sie wissen wohl!" protested Eleanor Karpovna. I looked scrutinizingly at Foustof to see if I could get any clue to the motives which led him to associate with such people as these; but just at that moment an inner door opened and there entered a tall, slender young woman in black. It was Mr. Ratch's eldest daughter, about whom Foustof had told me. I took one look at her, and saw that it was not necessary to search any farther for an explanation of my friend's visits.

I remember that Shakespeare somewhere speaks of the feeling of incongruity which

is excited by the sight of a single white dove in the midst of a flock of ravens. It was just that impression which was made upon me by the young woman who had entered the room. With the people and the things around her she seemed to have absolutely nothing in common, and I could not help fancying that she herself must secretly wonder sometimes how she ever happened to be there. All the other members of the Ratch family looked like common, healthy, self-satisfied bores. Her beautiful but already fading face wore an expression of mingled sadness, sensitiveness and pride. They, although evidently the coarsest of plebeians, acted out their natures without the least timidity or constraint; while she, who was as unmistakably aristocratic as they were plebeian, seemed to be all the time struggling with a feeling of anxious apprehension. In her outward appearance there was nothing to indicate that she was of German descent. She looked much more like a native of the south. She had unusually thick, black hair, without the slightest tinge, somewhat sunken but nevertheless beautiful dim black eyes, a low, convex forehead, an aquiline nose, an opaque pallor, smooth skin, faintly-drawn lines of suffering about the thin lips, and something imperious and at the same time helpless in all her movements. Had I met such a woman in Italy I should not perhaps have been surprised, but to find such an one in Moscow on a back street near the Prikhistsenski Boulevard completely bewildered me. As she entered the room I rose from my chair. She gave me one swift, perturbed glance, and then dropping her long black eyelashes seated herself near the window "like Tatiana." (Our heads were all filled in those days with Pushkin's "Oegin.") I looked at Foustof; but he stood with his back to me, and was just taking a cup of tea from the fat hands of Eleanor Karpovna. Then I noticed that the young woman in black seemed to be following into the room by a faint draft of chilly air. "What a statue!" I thought to myself.

"Peter Gavrilitch!" cried Mr. Ratch, addressing himself to me, "allow me to make you acquainted with my—with my—with my Number One. Ha, ha, ha, ha! with Susanna Ivanovna." I bowed silently, thinking to myself "even her name differs in style from the names of all the rest." She half rose from her seat to acknowledge the introduction, but did not smile nor unclasp the tightly-interlaced fingers of her joined hands. "Well," resumed Mr. Ratch, "what about our little duet, Alexander Davidovitch! a—a—a? You left your cithern, you know, the last time you were here, and I've got out my bassoon. Come on! Let's entertain our esteemed friends with the concert of sweet sounds. What do you say?" he asked, seeing that Foustof made no objection, "is it a go? Kolka! march into the library and drag out the music-stands. Olga! run get the cithern, child of the orthodox!—and some candles!" he added, whirling round and round like a top as he gave his orders.

"Peter Gavrilitch!" he exclaimed, turning to me, you like music, don't you? a—a? If you don't, you and my wife can entertain yourselves with conversation; only, mind! no noise! you've got to talk with the soft pedal on, ha, ha, ha! I'd like to know where that vagabond of a Victor is—he ought to be here to listen, too. Eleanor Karpovna, you completely spoil that boy!" Eleanor Karpovna's anger blazed up in an instant. "Aber was kann Ich denn, Ivan Demyanitch?" "Well, well, never mind—you needn't swear about it! Bleibe ruhig—hast verstanden? Alexander Davidovitch! your presence, if you please."

The children promptly obeyed the directions of their father, the stands were dragged out, the candles lighted, and the music began. I have already said that Foustof played upon the cithern extremely well, but that instrument made upon me then, as it always does now, a most disagreeable impression. I could not help fancying that there was shut up in it the soul of some decrepit old Jewish miser, which whined and snuffled out a doleful remonstrance every time the pitiless player compelled it to give forth a musical note. Nor did the playing of Mr. Ratch please me any better. His disagreeable face, with its whitish, oscillating eyes, first became purple from the violence of his exertions, and then assumed a threatening expression, as if he had made up his mind to murder somebody with his bassoon, and was first defying and denouncing his victim through that instrument in a succession of harsh, hoarse, half-strangled notes. As soon as the duet began I walked over to the window where Susanna was sitting, and availing myself of the first momentary pause asked her if she were as fond of music as her father. She shrunk back from me as if I had touched her, and then said abruptly—"as who?"

"As your father," I repeated. "Mr. Ratch." "Mr. Ratch is not my father." "He is not? Excuse me! I must have misunderstood; but I am sure Alexander Davidovitch said—" "You did not understand Mr. Foustof rightly," she said, looking at me intently, but timidly; "Mr. Ratch is my step-father." "I was silent. "Then you don't like music?" I began once more. Again she glanced at me with the same shy, shrinking expression in her eyes which I had previously noticed. She evidently did not expect nor desire a continuation of our conversation. "I did not say that," she finally replied slowly.

"Troo-too-too-too-too-oo-oo!" broke in the bassoon with sudden fury, as it floridly executed the final flourish. I turned around, and my eyes fell upon the large, diverging ears and the red, swollen neck of Mr. Ratch. He suddenly became intensely repugnant to me.

is excited by the sight of a single white dove in the midst of a flock of ravens. It was just that impression which was made upon me by the young woman who had entered the room. With the people and the things around her she seemed to have absolutely nothing in common, and I could not help fancying that she herself must secretly wonder sometimes how she ever happened to be there. All the other members of the Ratch family looked like common, healthy, self-satisfied bores. Her beautiful but already fading face wore an expression of mingled sadness, sensitiveness and pride. They, although evidently the coarsest of plebeians, acted out their natures without the least timidity or constraint; while she, who was as unmistakably aristocratic as they were plebeian, seemed to be all the time struggling with a feeling of anxious apprehension. In her outward appearance there was nothing to indicate that she was of German descent. She looked much more like a native of the south. She had unusually thick, black hair, without the slightest tinge, somewhat sunken but nevertheless beautiful dim black eyes, a low, convex forehead, an aquiline nose, an opaque pallor, smooth skin, faintly-drawn lines of suffering about the thin lips, and something imperious and at the same time helpless in all her movements. Had I met such a woman in Italy I should not perhaps have been surprised, but to find such an one in Moscow on a back street near the Prikhistsenski Boulevard completely bewildered me. As she entered the room I rose from my chair. She gave me one swift, perturbed glance, and then dropping her long black eyelashes seated herself near the window "like Tatiana." (Our heads were all filled in those days with Pushkin's "Oegin.") I looked at Foustof; but he stood with his back to me, and was just taking a cup of tea from the fat hands of Eleanor Karpovna. Then I noticed that the young woman in black seemed to be following into the room by a faint draft of chilly air. "What a statue!" I thought to myself.

"But I'm sure you cannot like that instrument," I said to Susanna in an under tone. "No," she answered, seeming to understand my implied depreciation of it, "I do not like it." "Good, thought I to myself; I'm glad of that!" "Susanna Ivanovna music loves very much," suddenly observed Eleanor Karpovna, in her Russo-German dialect, "and very much plays beautifully herself on the piano; only she likes not to play on the piano when she is very much asked." Susanna made no reply, but merely turned her eyeballs slightly toward Eleanor Karpovna under their lowered lids. From this trifling indication I guessed what her feelings were toward her step-father's second wife, and again I felt secretly glad. In the meantime the duet ended. Foustof rose, and coming over with slow, irresolute steps to the window where Susanna and I were sitting, asked her if Zengold had ever sent her the music that he promised to order for her from St. Petersburg. "A potpourri from 'Robert le Diable,'" he added, turning to me; "the new opera that everybody is talking about."

"What's that? What's that?" cried Mr. Ratch, joining us. "Robert le Diable?" by Meyerbeer? I'll bet that's a good thing! Meyerbeer, you know, is a Jew, and the Jews and Czechs are all born musicians—especially the Jews. Isn't that so, Susanna Ivanovna? Hey? Ha-ha-ha-ha!" In Mr. Ratch's last words, as well as in his laughter, I noticed something more than his customary raillery and banter. He clearly seemed to be offensive—insulting; at least it seemed so to me, and it was evident from Susanna's behavior it was so understood by her. She colored, bit her lower lip, shrank back a little, and I noticed on her long, black eye-lashes the glitter of tears. Then rising abruptly from her chair she left the room. "Here! Susanna Ivanovna! where are you going?" shouted Mr. Ratch after her. "Oh, do let her alone, Ivan Demyanitch!" interposed Eleanor Karpovna; "wenn sie einmal soetwas in dem Kopf hat. * * *

"It's nothing but nervousness!" said Mr. Ratch, turning on his heel and slapping his hip—"derangement of the plexus solaris—that's all that ails her. Oh, you needn't look at me with such a surprised air, Peter Gavrilitch! Did you think I didn't know anything about anatomy? Why, I'm a regular doctor! Ask Eleanor Karpovna if I'm not—ha-ha! I cure all her troubles—I've a particular faculty for that! Ha-ha-ha." "You always have to make fun of everything," said Ivan Demyanitch, replied his wife with evident displeasure. Foustof sat there looking at them both and laughing. "Well! mein Mutterchen! Why shouldn't I make fun? You know what the poet says—'always take care of the funny, and the useful will take care of itself'—Kolka! wipe your nose, you little porcupine!" (To be continued.)

"MISSING, NONE!" "All present, or accounted for." BY JOHN HOWARD JEWETT, CO. C, 10TH MASS. Comrades, listen! Hear the voices echo from those far-off years—"Roll-call!"—gaps of silence—ringing, "Heres!" "Heres!" Hush! the Sergeant is reporting—hear the old-time legend run—"furlough—wounded—dead"—"Hark! "Missing, none!" Thus, within our hearts the echoes keep the roster, name by name; And the dear old voices answer to the roll-call, still the same. Time and change and death surviving—still we hear the legend run: "Fit for duty—sick—on furlough—wounded—dead"—"but "Missing, none!" "Missing, none!" though ranks are thinning, though the comrades round us fall, Memory's books remain unbroken, answering each the old roll-call. Graven on our hearts the record—"All accounted for!"—not one a— "Dear old name dropped or forgotten—still the legend—"Missing, none!"

Comrades, when the last man lingers on Time's outpost—waits alone For the Reveille and Roll-call—let him echo back the tone. And reporting to Headquarters—battles over, victory won. Wrap our legend in the Colors—send the record—"Missing, none!" THE VERSATILE BABY. A Farce. DRAMATIS PERSONAE. Ma, the baby's mother. Pa, the baby's father. Baby, the boy himself. Chorus, sisters, cousins, aunts, grandmas. Ma. Come, Baby, show these people here How very smart you are. Call Pa. Baby. Ba! ba! Bopop. Chorus. Precious heart, How very smart! Pa. Now, darling, sing that pretty song, "Ba! ba! black sheep," for Pa. Ba! ba! Baby. Ba! ba! Bopop. Chorus. Well, I declare, What genius rare! Ma. And now, my precious little one, Say by-by to Papa. Pa-ta. Baby. Ba! ba! Bopop. Chorus. Oh, wonderful! magnificent! his like was never seen: A most precocious youth is this whose weeks are but eighteen. To say so much, and eke to say it all so very plain! His equal 'twix has been before, nor will be e'er again. Upon his natal day the Fates in union must have smiled, For nothing else could have produced so versatile a child. (Curtain.—Hoggar's Magazine.)

awakened the following morning an hour before daylight by Gen. Imboden (see article in Century for June, 1865, by Gen. Imboden—mainly a work of imagination) entering his chamber accidentally. He was "lying on his face across the bed, fully dressed, with sword, sash and boots all on." Rising, he entered into conversation, and upon Imboden remarking, "General, you made a glorious winding-up of your four weeks' work yesterday," (alluding to Ewell's battle, which he still seems to think Jackson himself fought offensively,) he replied: "YES; GOD BLESSED OUR ARMY AGAIN YESTERDAY, and I hope, with his protection, we shall do still better to-day." He also "referred very feelingly to Ashby's death, and spoke of it as an irreparable loss to him or any future commander in the Valley." Considering the state of his army, which was in retreat, it is not improbable, too, at that moment, he feared being displaced. He also communicated his plans and expressed confidence in an easy victory, which is not surprising, in view of his immense numerical superiority. "Charley Winder will cross the river at daybreak and attack," he said. "I shall support him with all the other troops as fast as they can be put into line." Imboden was to take the field with what were called by the boys the "Jackass batteries," (howitzers fastened to the backs of mules,) and be prepared to move in pursuit. At the first approach of dawn our pickets were driven in, and any doubts we may

SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Operations in Virginia During the Year 1862.

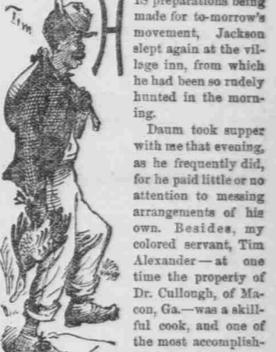
PORT REPUBLIC. Great Gallantry of Union Troops in that Battle.

FREMONT'S INACTIVITY.

Could Have Taken Staunton and Made Sad Havoc.

BY DR. HENRY CAPHART, LATE BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. VOLUNTEERS, COMMANDING THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION, KNOWN AS CUSTER.

VIII.



IS preparations being made for to-morrow's movement, Jackson slept again at the village inn, from which he had been so rudely hunted in the morning. Dawn took supper with me that evening, as he frequently did, for he paid little or no attention to messing arrangements of his own. Besides, my colored servant, Tim Alexander—at one time the property of Dr. Cullough, of Macon, Ga.—was a skillful cook, and one of the most accomplished foragers, I believe, in the army, and his genius had provided a repast which might be considered sumptuous. Where the luxuries come from was perhaps a mystery. At all events, no questions were asked, as by that time we had become less considerate about getting supplies from an adjacent farm without paying for them. Dawn also shared my roomy hospital blanket for the night near the Lewis house, and believing attack probable in the morning, unfolded hopefully the plans in such an event. Before us, slightly descending and narrowing toward Port Republic, was open ground for about a mile, generally perhaps a quarter of a mile in width. To the right ran the Shenandoah, mostly bordered with woods. To the left towered a sloping and wooded mountain, with underbrush and tangled vines, along the foot of which ran the road to the village, on either side woods, except as it approached the house, where the field widened, extending to the river and following a curve in the mountain, which formed a meadow at the left of the road. Across the road, about 100 yards back from where the curve in the mountain began, and nearly in a line with the Lewis house, was Capt. Clark's battery of U. S. artillery, and toward the river, at the right, other artillery was stationed. Stonewall Jackson was



CAPTURING THE GUNS.

awakened the following morning an hour before daylight by Gen. Imboden (see article in Century for June, 1865, by Gen. Imboden—mainly a work of imagination) entering his chamber accidentally. He was "lying on his face across the bed, fully dressed, with sword, sash and boots all on." Rising, he entered into conversation, and upon Imboden remarking, "General, you made a glorious winding-up of your four weeks' work yesterday," (alluding to Ewell's battle, which he still seems to think Jackson himself fought offensively,) he replied: "YES; GOD BLESSED OUR ARMY AGAIN YESTERDAY, and I hope, with his protection, we shall do still better to-day." He also "referred very feelingly to Ashby's death, and spoke of it as an irreparable loss to him or any future commander in the Valley." Considering the state of his army, which was in retreat, it is not improbable, too, at that moment, he feared being displaced. He also communicated his plans and expressed confidence in an easy victory, which is not surprising, in view of his immense numerical superiority. "Charley Winder will cross the river at daybreak and attack," he said. "I shall support him with all the other troops as fast as they can be put into line." Imboden was to take the field with what were called by the boys the "Jackass batteries," (howitzers fastened to the backs of mules,) and be prepared to move in pursuit. At the first approach of dawn our pickets were driven in, and any doubts we may

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