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A HERO FOR A DAY.

THE SHORT, BRIGHT CAREER OF GEN. TURNER ASHBY, C. S. A.

A Possible Rival of Stuart and an Admirer of Forrest—His Exploits in the Shenandoah Valley, Ending in His Death in a Skirmish.

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STUART'S fight went off forever just as "Jeb" Stuart's dazzling all the land with its brilliance in June of 1861, the dashing Marmi, of the Shenandoah valley, bursted from his saddle a dead king, and six days later the trumpet note that sounded "Hooray and Stuart" for Stuart's romantic ride around the Army of the Potomac on the peninsula heralded a new king. These two typical sons of chivalry—chivalry that was no myth—were fated ever at one stage of the war. Both had taken active part in that tragic preliminary of the conflict, the Harper's Ferry episode of 1859—Stuart as an officer of the United States army and Ashby as captain of a company of volunteer cavalry.

At that time no subsequent events in the lives of each were molded. Another volunteer commander of Virginia vigilantes at Harper's Ferry was Maj. Thomas "S." Jackson (Stonewall), leading a corps of cadets from the military institute at Lexington. During a campaign of several weeks, guarding the Potomac river against further abolition raids, Jackson and Ashby became warm friends. Jackson, as a trained military man, saw in Ashby, the noble sportsman of the Blue Ridge hills, a born soldier with here blood in his veins, like Ashby's grandsire, Capt. Jack Ashby, who Washington's lightning messenger to announce Brooddock's defeat to the government at Williamsburg, and Capt. Jack's son, Col. Turner Ashby, father of the general, was a soldier of the war of 1812.

Young Turner Ashby was local fame in the sports and pastimes of his day. He was a crack hunter, a social host, and one of the most graceful and daring riders in the movement which during his young manhood flourished on Virginian soil. In the parade he personated the "Knight of Ellowstha," and in indian paint, feathers, beads and buckskin, suddenly swooped down the track on a fiery black stallion, bareback and without bridle or rein—a startling, wild and picturesque figure, belonging strictly to the dozen of the peaceful pastimes of Virginia the season of the wild west.

After the "John Brown war" of 1859 Ashby kept up his company of volunteer cavalry; and as soon as Virginia sounded the secession note in 1861 took to the saddle and marched on Harper's Ferry to seize the government arsenal. Jackson also hurried to the spot with a body of state troops and exercised command.

Such is the lay of the land at Harper's Ferry that the post can only be defended on the Maryland side by a force on Maryland Heights, and Jackson sent Ashby with his company to picket those hills. While on this duty Ashby had a chance to serve his cause a turn that an army could not have excelled. During the first Bull Run campaign, while the Union army was marching from Washington on Manassas, another Union army under Gen. Patterson moved down Cumberland valley to the upper Potomac to threaten the Shenandoah.

While Jackson and Ashby were at Harper's Ferry, as above stated, Patterson was gathering his army around Chambersburg, Pa. In order to learn Patterson's strength and plans Ashby made a spy trip to his camp. Disguised as an humble country man he passed himself off as a lunatic and completely deceived the Union pickets and scouts along the route. His information put the southerners on their guard in the Shenandoah, and Patterson's army was shadowed at every step, a fact that contributed to the Bull Run disaster.

Meanwhile Jackson was superseded for a time by Gen. Joe Johnston as Confederate leader in the valley, and Johnston called Col. "Jeb" Stuart to the front as chief of cavalry in that section. Stuart was younger than Ashby, but he had been in the old army with Joe Johnston and Robert E. Lee, and aspired their favor. Ashby was on the point of quitting the service when Jackson interfered and got him detached to another field beyond Stuart's bailiwick. When Johnston made his celebrated march to Bull Run field Stuart followed with his cavalry and Ashby was gone again. Bull Run made Jackson famous as "Stonewall," and with a major general's commission he returned to the Shenandoah to command of the district, and Ashby resumed his old place as chief of cavalry. Ashby had not been idle in the interim, but as Jackson relied on the Seventh Virginia cavalry had thrilled the hearts of his neighbors with numerous exploits. The young son of the region was chosen him as the leader of their choice by flocking to his standard.

BOSTON IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Jackson began a sharp campaign in the extreme winter weather of December and January. Ashby's cavalry hunting the front, striking forced marches in snow so deep that the horses had to be led, and stiffing eight and ten mile fords every day, was driven across to Maryland, the railway and canal west of Hancock, Md., being cut and closed against Union trade.

The campaign of 1862 opened at Winchester in March, when Banks' army began its historic "advance and retreat" in the Shenandoah. Ashby took an occasion of his own regiment and skirmished with Banks' advance until it entered the town, his mission for noting what was taking place within the enemy's lines led him to linger behind when his troopers fell back, and on attempting to rejoin he continued he found his way blocked by two men and a force hostile from an either side passing out to occasion or loss. He rode quietly up to within a few paces of the men, then put spurs and dashed on them at a gallop, shooting one and dragging the other along by main force to the Confederate lines.

This kind of service had earned him a charm for the nature in the early years of the war. It was one mechanism of danger that made Ellsworth a hero, immortalized young Winchester and Capt. Brady, earned the name of Lyon with lovers in the west and made Phil Kearney the stalwart war god of the hour. Ashby, double and three were worse of them during Ashby's short career, could be possibly have survived the perils—would he time have placed Jackson, Forrest and Custer on a leader of daring attacks.

Stonewall's methods, however, called for other qualities in a cavalry commander, and in carrying out his chieftain's policy to "always squeeze, scatter and surprise the enemy," Ashby was as amazing as he was reckless of consequence. In Jackson's one disastrous battle, Kernstown, March 23, 1862, Ashby played a masterly game. All day on the field he skirmished with his cavalry, shooting down foeman and farther from his supports. On the left Jackson had his infantry on the field and the battle opened. Ashby was stationed in front of the Union right wing with a meagre force of cavalry, but infinite confusion and panic followed. Jackson had his main body of his infantry against the Union right and was shortly repulsed. Ashby held his own and covered Jackson's retreat.

Soon after the Kernstown fight Jackson learned that an army under Fremont was moving on his rear from West Virginia with the purpose of entrapping his foeman two fore—one from the lower and one from the upper end of the valley. As he was not strong enough to cope with both he resolved to disappoint with part of his troops, go around Fremont's column and lead it off, then turn upon Banks, who was on the other front. Ashby took the task of keeping up a clatter in the old lines facing Banks while Jackson was away, and succeeded to perfection. Jackson fought Fremont's advance at McDowell on May 8, Banks meanwhile actually retreating before Stonewall's shadow, which Ashby caused to hang over the valley.

With Fremont disposed of for a time, Jackson turned again to Banks. The whole force marched down the valley, leaving remaining where Banks lay behind fortifications, and Ashby pressed the Union outposts Romney and Slack. Then with a sudden dash he separated miles away on the Union left and rear between Front Royal and Strasburg. His instructions were to cut the telegraph and railroad so as to hinder Banks' retreat, but in carrying out those orders he met opposition from several outposts of infantry guard posted along the track. Although his mission was checked by buildings, fences and the high railroad embankment, Ashby attacked in saddle, and was at first successful. He burned the Buckton railway station, destroyed the wires and tore up rails, and then turned upon the guards who had concentrated soon his pathway to the Union rear. Hoping to stampede his opponents, Ashby

A BUCKLER CHARGE AT BUCKTON STATION.

rallied upon his men to follow and rode once fences and ditches up the embankment, relying upon saber and pistol to cope with rifle and bayonet. Three times the charge was repeated, and two of Ashby's squadrons fell by his side before he gave up the contest.

The remainder of the campaign, to the retreat to Banks, was as injurious on Ashby's cavalry. For a few months the men, with few exceptions, fought as their own luck and had a handful rallied around their leader to follow up and harass Banks' retreating column.

When, in time, Jackson made his retreat up the valley a few days later to anticipate Fremont's advance, Ashby was throughout the rear, while Gen. Shields pressed the Confederate front. Ashby made a skillful defense with the rear guard. One day a Union battery advanced close enough to stampede the cavalry and infantry of the guard with a volley of well aimed shells. This stroke was followed up by a charge of Union cavalry, which Ashby repulsed by personally leading a small cavalry party made up of stragglers that hovered in the wake of the column.

In an affair of this kind Ashby ended his career at Harrisonburg, June 6. Fremont's advance, under Gen. Tyler, D. D. Tyler was pressing Ashby's guard closely, and the leading detachment was successfully ambushed and the Rockbridge Col. Percy Wright, captured. Col. Kane's Pennsylvania Bucktails were behind Wyndham, and Ashby led another ambush for them, and with two infantry companies succeeded in settle the Union column in the dark.

Kane's men, however, delivered the first fire, and Ashby, who barely rode at the head of his men, was shot down almost instantly. He it was who ran with his ambulance to Stonewall with "Jeb" Stuart also, and with one more duel with the 31 dared Boyard himself a few months later. Both came now in the final war of a second turnover of battle fortune in a trivial collision that connected so nearly at the final result. Had Ashby lived it is quite probable that the Shenandoah cavalry would have become the theater of exploits as startling as those which in the west made Forrest renowned as the greatest volunteer general of his time.

GEORGE L. KIDER.

Taking Advantage of a Mother's Love.

Captain Sorenby relates a striking instance of the affection of a whale for its young. One of his harpooners struck a "school," as the calves are generally called, and in a few moments the soldier rose close to the boat. Seizing the young one, she dragged out of the boat about 400 feet of the line and disappeared beneath the water. Rising again she darted fast enough to and fro, frequently slapping about and suddenly changing her direction. For a long time she acted in this manner, and as seldom was the for the welfare of her offspring that she seemed totally oblivious to any danger to herself.

One of the boats finally approached near enough to allow a harpoon to be thrown at the dam. After the fellow one of the instruments struck her, but she made no attempt to escape, but on the contrary allowed three other boats to gather about her, and was eventually killed without any further resistance.—Detroit Free Press.

Adventures with Bears.

Gassot, the famous French lion killer, says in his "Adventures" that nothing is an important crisis in the life of the lion cubs, and that a large number of the young die during their period of danger.

When the cubs have finished nothing the lioness leaves them for a few hours each day, and on her return brings motion, carefully skinned and torn in small pieces.

The Arabs, on discovering a litter of cubs, watch for the departure of the lioness, and then rob her of the whelps. They put themselves on a high mid or a tree overlooking the lair.

As soon as they see the lioness go down to the plain, and see sure that the lion is not near, they creep to the lair, wrap the cubs in the fold of their burnouses in order to smother their cries, and carry them to the edge of the woods, where men are waiting with horses.

On the very Arabs surrounded the woods where there was a lair, and by dint of shouting and firing forced the lioness to leave the lioness. However, remained in her hiding place. Several Arabs then crept into the thicket and brought out the whelps.

The Arabs, pleased at their success, were relating to their tents thinking they had nothing more to fear. But early the next, who was on horseback and a little behind his men, saw the lioness rushing out of the woods at party at him.

He called and his nephew, Mouscad, and his friend, Ali, one to his aid. The lioness sprang at the young nephew, who, trying for safety, with both his shoulder, pulled the trigger when she came within six or seven feet. The cap only exploded. The youth threw the gun away, and presented his left arm wrapped in his burnous.

The lion seized the arm and began worrying the arm. The young man, without a cry, drew his pistol and fired in her breast. She dropped the arm and bounded on Ali, who fired a ball down her throat as she sprang at him. He was saved by the shoulder and thrown down, but the lioness, before she could inflict him greatly, expired on his prostrate body. The nephew died the next day.

Not Facts.

The editors of periodicals for the present time have successfully the lion grounds full of reading much poetry which is not entirely meritorious, but nearly without merit; still, as the taste of the majority of readers in the gen. ration is for that which is sheerest in poetry as well as in prose it is not likely that any editor under would have such a dispensing. Bit of refined constitutions as the one printed in a magazine which bears a date over fifty years ago.

"My Wife's Grave," "Midnight," "Lament Over the Grave of a Wife," "The Poet's Dream," "Reflection," "On Hearing the Eulogy of a New Friend," "Compassion," "Let Me Weep," "The Poetry of Tears" and "Moon Birds are the titles of these unavailable poems.

It appears that the articles accepted were of much the same character, although they probably displayed marks of genius which induced the editorial mind to accept them. "Alone," "The Last Sing Bird," "The Mourner," "The Bereaved," "Shadows of the Past," "Solitude" and "Passing Away."

If any poems of a more cheerful order were received, they were certainly not worthy of any notice in the list of the magazine.—Youth's Companion.

Actual Income.

"Talking about the intelligence of animals," said young Hamilton, of the Chicago stock exchange, "I have a dog at the ranch that's simply wonderful."

"How so?" said the particular C. C. whose watch it was to stop and listen.

"Why, you see, I was out shooting one day when I found a large and handsome dog lying on the ground, covered with gore. Some rabbit had shot it in the leg. I carried it home, bandaged the wound and finally cured the poor beast. Some months after that I was supplied to travel a lonely road after dark, when suddenly Pluto, who accompanied me, begin to growl savagely. The next moment a high waymen stepped out of the bushes and put a pistol to my head."

"Gently," cried the listener; "throw up the pistol dog seized the robber by the throat, while you"——

"Not at all. The man rolled me easily enough—took watch, purse everything."

"But Pluto?"

"Blow off as fast as his legs would carry him. That's the point—don't you see? Actual instinct—didn't want to get shot again."

"Oh. Exactly. Um—Fact. Something pleasant however for the waiter."—San Francisco Examiner.

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