

General J. E. B. Stuart.

E. J. KYLE.

WHILE the names of Lee and Jackson are commemorated in song and story and loving hands build lofty monuments to their memory, we should not forget the names of those of the lesser lights that flashed and grew brilliant in that terrible crisis of our country's history. One of the noblest of these was born where the Blue Ridge mountains sink down to meet the plains of Virginia, and there he passed his childhood's happy hours under the soft Southern skies where summer poured out her flood of sunshine and showers, and the beautiful land smiled with plenty; where the cotton fields waved their banners of peace, and the wheat fields waved back their banners of gold; where the mocking birds fluttered and sang in the shadow of the trees, and bright waters rippled in eternal melody; where he breathed the Southern air that came from jungles of roses, whispering the deeds of Southern chivalry; surrounded by friends whose hearts are as warm as Southern sunshine, and every home was a temple of love and liberty.

It was here that the young heart of Stuart was first filled with that love and devotion to his native land that caused him in after years, when the enemy came from the North and spread destruction over our Southland, to stand in the defense of his native state like a mighty cliff that hurls back the attacks of the storm. The daring deeds of him and his men in that fearful struggle read like the records of the ancient knights of chivalry; and they are recorded on the pages of history where they will be read with wonder and admiration throughout all the cycles of time; of how he gave his name a sure place on the page of fame by his daring reconnoissance around and through McClellan's army, driving the enemy back wherever encountered, filling them with terror, and