

again arriving safe within his own lines. Of how he won the love and friendship of Jackson, that cyclone of war, by covering his retreat and averting the terrible danger that threatened him on his "matchless" campaign in the Shenandoah valley.

Again his sword flashed at the battle of Gettysburg where two armies faced each other in terrible combat, where ten thousand bayonets gleamed fiercely in the sunlight, and ten thousand cavalry hovered for a moment on the flank and then rushed to the dreadful revelry.

But the day was coming when the gallant Stuart, the "fiery meteor" of Virginia should be no more. While Grant was striking his terrible blows at Lee in the wilderness, Sheridan with twelve thousand cavalry was sent around Lee's flank to capture the Confederate capital, but his movement was soon discovered and Stuart was sent to check his advance. Moving with his usual rapidity he soon drew up his weary column at the Yellow Tavern, where he knew the enemy would try to pass. As he sat his horse that memorable May morning at the head of his command with his black plume waving above his head, his golden spurs glittering in the sunlight and his red banner floating proudly above him he seemed to impersonate the god of war. To make his position stronger he had placed the gallant Fitz Lee on his right, while on his left was Lieutenant Breathed, whose name was the very synonym of bravery—and thus they were when the enemy burst upon them from the North, and the terrible battle had begun. Stuart was foremost in every charge, and old soldiers on the enemy's side thought Henry of Navarre led the charge against them. Stuart had said at the beginning of the fight that Virginia expects every man to do his duty, and there those noble sons of destiny stood like mighty oaks that shake down their green glories to battle with the winter's storm. But the odds were terribly against them