

and they were being slowly pressed back, when Stuart, with the true spirit of a forlorn hope rushed to the front and commanded: Forward! and again they charged, and those men rode down to death with their gallant leader "as gaily as the bride goes out to meet the groom." It was at this crisis of the battle when a fugitive rushing by Gen. Stuart fired the fatal shot, and the hero of a hundred battles fell as a warrior falls—dead at his post of duty. Truly the words of the poet could be applied to this chieftain, when he said:

"Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere  
A boon or an offering that Heaven holds dear,  
'Tis the last libation that liberty draws  
From a heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

His death was that of a christian warrior who has placed his body a willing sacrifice upon his country's altar. Duty certainly was to him the sublimest word in the English language, for his last words were: "I am ready and willing to die if God and my country think I have fulfilled my destiny and done my duty."

Knightly and chivalrous soldier! Wonderful leader of men! Unselfish patriot! On liberty's altar never was poured a higher sacrifice than his precious blood. With his great qualities as a soldier was combined the gentleness of a woman. See him how he bows his head in grief at the death of Jackson and how he weeps over the mangled form of the heroic Pelham. He needs no monument to commemorate his deeds, for in future generations the name of Stuart will be revered wherever courage, dash and high-born chivalry hold sway.

