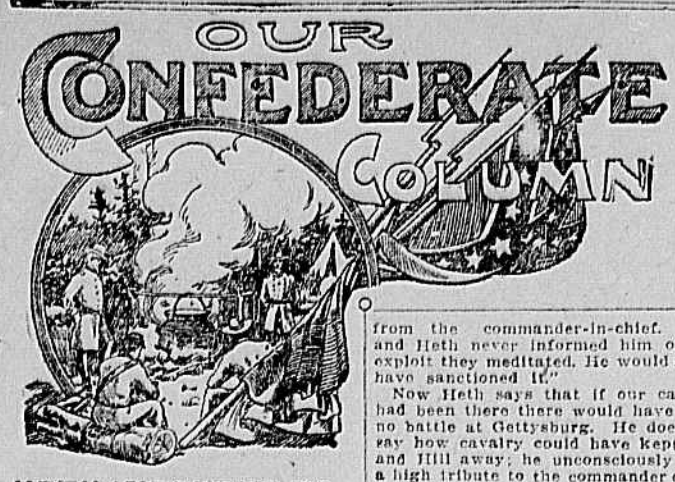

HETH INTENDED TO COVER HIS ERROR

Colonel John S. Mosby Gives His Version of New Chapter in Lee-Stuart Controversy.

BY COLONEL JOHN S. MOSBY.

The Times-Dispatch of February 20 at the request of Colonel T. M. R. Talcott publishes a letter written by General Heth over thirty years ago in reference to the manner in which he brought on the battle of Gettysburg without orders from General Lee. Heth's letter was published in the Southern Historical Society Papers; but they did not publish my reply. This is the way that history is manufactured in Richmond.

I refer to my book, "Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign," to Heth's letter and quote it on pages 150-151-152-154.

Heth gives an entirely different account in this letter of the way the battle was precipitated against orders by A. P. Hill and himself from both his own and Hill's official reports to General Lee. The letter says they went on July 1st after shoes; both reports say they went to make a reconnaissance and do not say they went after shoes; nor do they pretend they went under orders. Heth's motive in writing his letter was to create a diversion from himself and to put historians on a false scent.

What Records Show.

He says that the letter was written to give information to the Count of Paris. He succeeded in fooling the Count. According to Heth's letter only his division went after shoes. The Records show that A. P. Hill took Pender's and Heth's divisions and two battalions of artillery to make what he calls in his report to cover his blunder, a reconnaissance; but which it is clear he intended as nothing but a foray. In my book (page 152) I say, "Now Heth's story is contradicted by A. P. Hill, the commander of the corps, whose report says that he put Pender's division in to support Heth's that was in distress, and that about 2:30 in the afternoon Ewell with Early's and Rodes's divisions came in and formed a right angle to his line and the field was won.

"Just as true an account of the battle as Heth's letter can be found in the Pickwick Papers. Rodes's report shows that Heth's story is a fable.

"The truth is that when Heth early in the morning went into action, General Lee was ten miles away west of the mountain. Heth tries to make it appear that Lee was on the field."

Other Reports on the Movement.

"Pendleton's report says they heard the firing when they were on the western slope of the mountain and that General Lee did not understand it. When Rodes arrived on the field Heth's division was in fragments. Heth says he 'stumbled' into the fight; he ought to have said he blundered into it. He says that had the cavalry been in position, General Lee would have known of Reynolds's approach to Gettysburg and would have occupied the place and made it impregnable. But the absence of cavalry was no reason for Heth's going there on a raid; it might have been a good reason for his staying in camp. This statement assumes that Gettysburg was Lee's objective point; it was not. Lee was as willing for Meade to be at Gettysburg as anywhere else; he had no idea of going there himself before he heard the firing. He went to the rescue of A. P. Hill and Heth."

"General Lee had known for a week that Meade was moving North from Frederick and that he must be in the vicinity of Gettysburg. As a cavalry division was already there, he knew without being told that Meade's army must be near. He selected and held Cashtown Pass as his point of concentration because nature made it impregnable. He would have a mountain-wall to cover his flank and the rich Cumberland Valley behind him.

"If he had ordered the army to Gettysburg he would have been with the leading division and would have occupied the place several days before, instead of halting Hill's corps at Cashtown.

"There was more reason for censuring Lee for being absent from the field than Stuart.

"It is impossible to believe that General Lee ever professed the ignorance of the movements of Stuart that Heth, Long, and his staff-officers have attributed to him. If he had done so, it would have been affectation. He knew that his and Longstreet's orders would carry Stuart for a while into a state of eclipse; around the enemy, out of sight, and out of communication with him.

"Heth delivered the judgment in his letter that 'the failure to crush the Federal army in Pennsylvania can be expressed in five words—the absence of cavalry; I would rather say it was due to the presence of Heth.'"

The Much-Mooted Letter-Book.

"In another letter in the Philadelphia Times of December 27, 1877, Heth professes to have read in General Lee's letter-book his instructions to Stuart to keep in close contact and communication with Longstreet. Now the contents of the letter-book have since been published and I have read the original copies. Heth's account of what he read in the book is pure fiction. Instead of ordering Stuart to keep on Longstreet's flank, he ordered him to leave Longstreet in Virginia, cross the Potomac, and join Ewell on the Susquehanna—a hundred miles away.

"It was all the same to Lee at what ford Stuart crossed the Potomac.

"Heth's letter was written to give information to the Count of Paris. It is the origin of his criticism of Stuart in his History of the War.

"As for cavalry there were as many with Ewell as there were with Reynolds that day. Buford fought his two brigades dismounted in the morning when Heth attacked him. There were no cavalry charges on either side. If there had existed any necessity to make a reconnaissance Lee's headquarters were near and so were Ewell's cavalry. The order should have come from the commander-in-chief. Hill and Heth never informed him of the exploit they meditated. He would never have sanctioned it."

Now Heth says that if our cavalry had been there there would have been no battle at Gettysburg. He does not say how cavalry could have kept him and Hill away; he unconsciously pays a high tribute to the commander of the cavalry and criticizes General Lee. Stuart was away by Lee's orders. If anybody was to blame for the absence of the cavalry it was General Lee.

Stuart Could Have Done No More.

All that Stuart could have done if he had been there would have been to tell Hill and Heth that if they went to Gettysburg they would be sure to precipitate a battle before the army was concentrated and where Lee did not intend to fight one.

A body of cavalry could have done no more. But Hill and Heth were not blind—they knew the enemy held Gettysburg; so they did not need cavalry to tell them. They evidently expected to bag a few thousand Yankees, return to Cashtown, and present them to General Lee that evening. But to use a common expression "they bit off more than they could chaw." They left Cashtown at 5 in the morning in as gay spirits as John Gilpin's when he started off to Edmonton to have a wedding feast.

It was after all not much of a feast.

THINKS GEN. LEE SHOULD BE IN CONFEDERATE UNIFORM

Gallant Western Colonel Condemns Action of G. A. R. Post in Wanting Statue Removed From Hall.

BY LIEUT.-COL. J. A. WATROUS, U. S. A.

Unequivocally and irrevocably opposed, as I am, to the action of those G. A. R. posts which have condemned Virginia for placing a statue of General Robert E. Lee, in his Confederate uniform, in Stauary Hall, where it is a permanent fixture, I enter a solemn protest. I believe such action untimely and discreditable to the order; action that will bring reproach to and cast ridicule upon the Grand Army. I deem it unwise, and, in a broader sense, unpatriotic. Love of country and a patriotism that confines itself to the Northern States is not the brand of patriotism and love of country that is needed in the republic; not Lincoln or Grant's kind of love and patriotism.

Love of country and a patriotism that is not as sincere for all of the States that were in rebellion as it is for the Northern States is not that broad, deep, national, abiding love and patriotism which should be entertained by every true American, no matter where he lives or what kind of a uniform he wore in the war of fifty years ago, a war that had to come, and the results of which have played the most telling part in making this the first nation of the world.

The Constitution and the laws give equal rights to all of the people.

The action by Congress July 2, 1864, which gave every State the right to place statues of two persons in Statuary Hall, was for every State. There were no restrictions as to persons or apparel.

Rights Same for All.

At a national meeting of former Northern soldiers, held a few months ago, resolutions condemning Virginia for making choice of General Lee in his uniform were represented. A reading of the act of Congress was called for, after which the narrow, unpatriotic resolutions were laid on the table where they will remain and rot. That national gathering of fellow soldiers recognized that Virginia had the same right that Illinois had to select a statue of Frances E. Willard, the greatest of modern leaders in the warfare for prohibition; the same right that Wisconsin had to select a statue of Pere Marquette in his priestly robes, who visited our section 299 years before Wisconsin became a State. There is no division of sentiment in Virginia—in all the South—against the Lee statue just as Virginia wants it. And the government has conceded her right by placing the statue where, under the law, and by virtue of Virginia's choice it will always remain.

The nation is spending millions of dollars in providing large and beautiful military parks on battlefields. A thousand monuments have already been erected in these parks; many more will be erected. What could be more natural than that the statues of military leaders and soldiers who participated in those battles should appear in the uniforms they wore?

I look upon Statuary Hall as far from being as sacred a place as any of the great battlefields. Had I the least tinge of a feeling, which I have not, that the statue of Robert E. Lee should not be placed in the Hall of Fame, showing the uniform he wore during the years that marked him as one of the first generals of the wide world, I should be rampant in my desire and determination to help in seeing that no Confederate uniform should show on one of our sacred fields of battle. I am glad that every statue on the battlefields is clad in the uniform worn by that leader or soldier.

Sham Type of Patriotism.

Among the greatest of our battlefields is Vicksburg. On that field, where the old commander, our beloved Grant, won his most glorious victory outside of Appomattox, stands a monument erected by the State of Mississippi, upon which there is a statue of the Confederate Lieutenant-General Stephen D. Lee. General Lee is in his Confederate uniform. If it is a crime, an exhibition of treason, a show of disloyalty to the government, a menace; if it is in bad taste to place a statue of Robert E. Lee, clad in his uniform of gray, in the Hall of Fame, is not it equally an exhibition of disloyalty, a show of treason, a lack of good taste, to place on the battlefield of Vicksburg a statue of that other distinguished General Lee, clad in the same kind of a uniform? No one, so far, has stormed against that Lee statue.

Out upon such narrowness, un-Americanism, such a sham type of patriotism—action that cannot but result in boosting for a continuation and a growth of bitter feeling between the North and South, where there should be only the most kindly feeling, the most perfect respect, the one for the other.

There should be harmony in an organization like this, particularly when we are within a few years of passing out of existence. I fear that there will be frequent evidences of discord if posts continue to take action that looks like ungenerous, unpatriotic and unwise reflections upon the people of the South, an important element in our one country, because of something they did fifty years ago and for which the government forgave them long ago.

We have heard for forty years that the South has been the chief aggressor in provoking harmony smashing blows from the North. I used to think so, but I have not thought so for many years. I believe that the North has been the chief aggressor, has given more excuse for unkind, unwise and unpatriotic comments on the part of the South since the war.

Recalls Old Strifes.

Some good men went South soon after the war as "carpet-baggers," but most of them were what the South called them, "carpet-baggers" of an undesirable class. They gave most of the Southern States governments that the people of the North would not have tolerated as long as the South tolerated them. That embittered the South. When the South began to talk about erecting monuments to the memory of their soldiers, classes at the North offensively objected to the plan, and organizations passed resolutions denouncing it. That provoked bitterness, and they struck back, and naturally. A quarter of a century ago, when it was proposed to send South the Confederate flags, there was a fierce uproar in opposition to such a disposition of the flags. That naturally embitterred the South against us, and she struck back. Fifteen years afterward, when a comrade who as governor had been the loudest and fiercest in denouncing the proposed return of the flags, made a motion in the United States Senate that they be returned to the men who had followed them, there was no opposition in Congress, and be it said to the credit of the Northern soldiers, there was much less opposition than there was twenty-five years ago; but there was enough to keep up that spirit of unrest, unfriendliness that ought to have died out a generation ago. For a quarter of a century after the war, the Republican party, my party, flaunted the so called "bloody shirt" in its national and State campaigns.

That kept up bitter feeling, and the South struck back in all of these years. I am glad that the party is well ashamed of that part of its record. Now, when Virginia, warmly supported by a united South, asserts a right given her by an act of Congress to place the statue of the greatest man and the greatest soldier the Confederacy developed in Statuary Hall, we hear a scattering fire from a few military organizations, which means striking back by the South, and an apparent willingness, on the part of those who provoked the blow, for a continuation of unpleasant relations between the two sections.

Would Grieve Old Leaders.

I dare not even enterain a suspicion that the great Lincoln, that Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Farragut or any of our old commanders, and thousands who have gone to their reward, were they living, would not be deeply grieved at the spectacle presented of opposition to the wishes of Virginia and the South regarding the Lee statue. I believe that all but a very small per cent. of the people of the North brand such opposition as narrow and wholly without reason or excuse. I hope and believe that there never will be a Congress so weak and so unworthy as to ask Virginia to take back her Lee statue, no matter how many, or who, demand it. To heed such a demand would be to wound and embitter more than 25,000,000 Americans in the South—as good a type of Americans as the nation boasts—whose sons were as prompt as the sons of the North in responding for service in our later wars.

I protest with my mind, my heart and my soul; protest as a soldier of the North, as an American citizen; protest as a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, against such action as a few of our thousands of posts have taken relative to the Lee statue.

FROM WINTER QUARTERS TO CHANCELLORSVILLE

Tenth Virginia, After Quiet Season, Plunged Into Memorable Campaign That Sent Hooker Homeward.

BY D. C. GRAYSON,
Captain Co. K, 10th Va. Infy.

After the battle of Cedar Mountain, in which I was put hors de combat for a period of six months, I returned to duty in the month of February, 1863, wending my way to the army via stage to Culpeper Courthouse thence by rail via Hanover Junction to Guiney Station and thence by the soldier's own transportation equipage to Skinker's Neck, twelve miles below Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock River, where the army was then in winter quarters. Company K was very comfortably housed in log huts, and as the weather had put the roads in such condition that army movements were almost impossible, the soldiers were in fine spirits and enjoyed their respite from active service in numerous innocent and amusing ways, for be it said that with all the hardship and deprivations incidental to army life, when in camp or off duty no persons can devise more sources of sport and derive more thorough enjoyment from them than soldiers. At that time rations were fairly good, and having access to the larders of our homes by means of a company wagon, which we owned in common and kept making periodical trips to our homes while in winter quarters, we had the best that our loved ones at home could provide and were as happy as kings when the wagon hove in sight on its return from Page.

Trading With the Enemy.

The army remained quet during the winter and spring, performing only camp and picket duty, the Rappahannock River being the chasm that bridged the contending lines. The pickets on each side had entered into a truce between themselves not to fire upon each other without previous warning, which agreement was maintained inviolate as far as I ever knew, but in addition to that they began trading with each other across the river newspapers, coffee and tobacco, and by very ingenious contrivances to convey their products to and fro and sometimes crossing over themselves. This was contrary to and in disobedience to the orders from both armies and was consequently concealed from the officers, and so I was not personally cognizant of their intimacies or traffic myself. The winter of '62-3 was a very wet one and the nature of the soil in that section with the daily train of army wagons bringing supplies made the roads impassable until late spring.

Open Campaign of '63.

On April 30, 1863, we left our comfortable winter quarters with great reluctance, fully realizing that the campaign for another season was about to open and, from experiences of the past, conscious of what was before us; but the men were in good fighting trim and marched towards the enemy with unfaltering courage and heroic determination to do their duty. On the first night after leaving Skinker's Neck, we camped in line of battle at Hamilton's Crossing. The next day we remained in line of battle expecting momentarily an attack, but the day closed with only some skirmishing and cannonading along the line in our front, and a heavy rain falling all day made it very disagreeable and quite an uncomfortable reminder of the winter huts we had so recently evacuated.

At Chancellorsville.

On the morning of May 1st., we resumed the march taking the direction of Chancellorsville and camped that night in close proximity thereto, the enemy having begun to cross the river at United States Ford. That night in a conference between General Lee and his generals the most wonderful military sagacity on record was suggested, and the plan laid to carry it into execution the following day. The two principals in the plan were Generals Lee and Jackson, but to which was due the credit of being the originator has always been a dispute between their numerous admirers, as both were too modest and chivalrous to claim it.

The plan was a bold and hazardous one, as it divided the army, our corps taking up the march at early dawn and by a circuitous route of twenty odd miles at about 5 o'clock in the evening we formed two lines of battle in a skirt of woods directly in the enemy's rear, where they were intrenched and lying in their breastworks facing directly opposite to us and with their backs to us, while in their rear and between us and them, their detail of men were butchering and skinning beeves, some of which were half skinned and others were quietly preparing their meals, when at a given signal we rushed forward and such a scene of dismay and consternation was witnessed that it is impossible to correctly portray. Many were killed in the act of their occupations, some falling over into the fire by which they were cooking. Our lines passed on, carrying and driving in utter rout the whole corps that was before us.—Page News.

TYPHOID-FEVER RAVAGED ARMY AFTER SEVEN PINES

Establishment of Tent Hospital Saved D. H. Hill's Corps After Surgeon Threatened to Leave.

BY M. G. ELLZEY, M. D.,
Late Surgeon C. S. A.

In the interval between the great battles of Seven Pines, and the Seven Days' battles throughout the army a great epidemic of malignant typhoid fever prevailed, with appalling mortality. It was engrafted upon general prevalence of malaria and scurvy, and such a combination was necessarily attended by a fearful death rate, especially among troops even then lacking sufficient and wholesome food and without tents or bedding.

Of the actual number of deaths there exists no authentic or official records, but there were many evidences of the extreme malignancy. Perhaps no other person had a better opportunity than the writer to know the facts. He was an assistant surgeon of the Confederate Army, detailed by General D. H. Hill as assistant to the Medical Director of his corps, who was an old country practitioner preternaturally deliberate and slow in all his movements, and like nearly all men of his age, wholly unable to appreciate the fact that in all military affairs celerity of movement and vigorous execution of orders are matters which lie at the foundation of success. The writer being a V. M. I. graduate, was probably the reason of his selection by General Hill as assistant to the director, and himself acquired the habit of issuing all orders to the medical staff directly through the assistant, which kept him in touch with every regiment in the corps and personally conversant with all that related to the health of the troops. Aroused by the great and increasing number of those reported "absent, sick," and the corresponding diminution of the number reported "present for duty," General Hill issued a general order to his corps setting forth the facts, and roundly denouncing the surgeons as likely through their laziness, negligence and incompetency to ruin the army, and threatening to send guards to the sick camps and hospitals to drag out the drones and cowards lurking there and return them to their duty, surgeons certificates to the contrary notwithstanding.

Surgeons all Resign.

General Hill was a clean and pure man, and a Christian gentleman. No braver man ever lived, but he was a past master in the art of bitter sarcasm and savage denunciation. His orders very naturally brought forth from the medical staff of the corps angry remonstrance, and they felt that they must tender their resignations in a body. Whether the general or the surgeons were more astonished by these proceedings was doubtful. The writer heard both sides. In answer to General Hill's astonished inquiry as to what it all meant, I made answer that I had heard nothing about the matter until that morning when I heard the doctor's side of it from his nephew who had been a medical classmate of mine, and who was the surgeon of a regiment in his corps, but I ventured to suggest that a public denunciation of the whole medical staff of his corps as lazy, negligent and incompetent, and likely to ruin the army, would have to be withdrawn, or his corps, with battle impending, would probably be without surgeons. He declared that he said nothing of the kind, but I had a copy of the order in my pocket. Finally the order was withdrawn and the incident closed.

Tent Hospital Established.

But evidently the general remained of the same opinion still. He brought up the subject with me again and said, "You know as well as I do what difficulty there is in getting the convalescents returned to duty, and what is to be done?" I then suggested to him that he should establish a tent hospital in rear of the centre of his corps, where he could have controll of his own sick, and the hospital could be moved with the corps wherever he went. This proposal he immediately accepted, and directed me to see that it was done. Armed with his latter of request, I went immediately to the surgeon-general and got the necessary wall tents and medical and surgical supplies. In three days the hospital was ready for patients under charge of one of the ablest medical men and most accomplished surgeons in the army, with the necessary assistants for each of the five wards. The writer being one of them, with the understanding that I must go with the general on the field in case of a battle, and return to the hospital when the battle was over. I have gone into these details to show how grave a matter this great epidemic was.

Camp Well Located.

We obtained for the hospital an ideal location. Dr. Williams, himself a surgeon in the army, offered the use of his house for the medical officers, and the splendid oak grove which surrounded it, for the wall tents of the hospital. In the midst of the grove was a most beautiful spring of pure water, of ample flow for all purposes. Dr. Williams was conducting a large dairy farm and had an abundant supply of beautiful ice, and directed his farm manager to supply the hospital with whatever he had which we needed. Here were indeed ideal conditions, and while figures can not be given it is certain that our death rate was very far smaller than that of the city hospitals. Of course the men as soon as fit were promptly returned to their regiments. There is no room for reasonable doubt that our hospital saved many lives that must have been lost without it.

The Times-Dispatch GENEALOGICAL COLUMN

In the Rappahannock Country

Just back of Belvedera the Port Royal River Road joined a mile perhaps below the Massaponax bridge, the then great Northern and Southern Stage Road through Fredericksburg and the county seats of Caroline and Hanover to the then aspiring city of Richmond. This stage road, better known in the neighborhood as the "Bowling Green Road" (the county seat of Caroline), diverged at every southward step from the valley of the Rappahannock, but its close contiguity identified its people for a great distance below with the inhabitants of the Valley. A mile or two below the divergence of the roads was, on the north side, the estate of Mount Zion, owned by the Conways, relatives of Mr. Madison, and across the road was a small farm, owned by Bland Dainger-field, and afterwards the home of Edmund Taylor, a grandson of old John Taylor, and of his lovely wife, a sister of Mrs. Robert A. Lancaster, Sr., of Richmond.

Next below "Glen Mary" (the Taylor home) was the estate of St. Julien, for a long time the residence of Hon. Francis T. Brooke, for very many years judge of the Virginia Court of Appeals. Judge Brooke in his earlier post-Revolutionary life as circuit judge, presided in the courts of Richmond, and there began a lifelong friendship with Henry Clay, a young deputy in the clerk's office, whose early promise attracted the attention and patronage of the judge.

Mr. Clay, when in the zenith of his fame, paid a visit to St. Julien, and on his return to Fredericksburg to take the stage, breakfasted with other distinguished guests, among them the Hon. Henry A. Wise, then one of Mr. Clay's most pronounced friends, and a most promising leader of the old Whig party, whose high and justifiable pretensions as types of the best blood of Virginia were well voiced in Wise's proud breast that the "Whigs of Virginia knew each other by the instincts of gentlemen."

Below Muddy Creek the name Northern Neck Road deflects from the river grounds to the ridge lands, and passing by a noted colonial church, Lamb's Creek pursues its eastward course by the great houses of King George, Westmoreland and Richmond to the bay. About two miles above King George Courthouse it passes the once hospitable home of Wiley Roy Mason, the father of Mrs. General Dabney H. Maury, Mrs. General Charles W. Field and Mrs. Major Collins, of the Confederate army. Mr. Mason was for some time the only lawyer resident in this county, popular with all classes and the steemed and trusted legal and fiduciary advisor of all his people.

He never aspired to political preferment, but when called out as a candidate for the Constitutional Convention of 1849, he had the unique honor of receiving every vote—with probably one exception—cast at the polls.

State all such reminders of aforetime British rule. He proposed to change the names of King George, King and Queen, King William, etc. The proposition met no acceptance, but provoked much ridicule and was the end of Meriwether Taliaferro's political aspirations. Somebody told "King" Brooke that he must return to St. Julien!

The first Brooke of this family, which can be placed with certainty is Robert (1) Brooke, justice of the peace, who lived in Essex county in 1659. His wife was Catherine Booth, and his oldest son was Robert (2), "Knight of the Golden Horse Shoe."

In the quaint old courthouse at Tappahannock is a very simple but eloquent tablet:

"In Memory of
ROBERT BROOKE, Gentleman,
Justice of ye old Court 1692-1706
and of
ROBERT BROOKE, JR.,
Deputy Clerk of ye old Court, 1700,
and Horse Shoe Knight.
[Here is placed the horseshoe with motto and date, 1714.]
FRANCIS T. BROOKE,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals
1811-'18."

This is record of extremely good service of three generations of Brookes, and there is much more besides, which we cannot chronicle, because this paper is especially for the Brookes of "St. Julien," in the Rappahannock country.

Did those immortal horseshoe knights, as they rode along towards the ridge of blue, fancy what fame this jolly intoxicating ride would give them? Who knows even what the next step will be?

A gay party sets out with an appetite for adventure, a keen taste for punch, toddy, etc., bound together with much good fellowship, and, lo! each hoof-beat comes echoing down the ages with a sonorous charm, for this merry cavalcade ascended the great mountains, and saw beyond the rich promise of a golden West.

Robert (2) Brooke, who pranced off so merrily towards the mountains with Spotswood and the rest, lived in Essex at a place called "Farmer's Hall." This place is still in the family in the female line, being owned by the "Sales," whose ancestors, Mary Brooke was the daughter of the "Horseshoe Knight."

Richard (3) Brooke, son of Robert Brooke, Jr., as Robert (2) Brooke always signed himself, lived at "Smithfield," already noticed in these papers, and was called Richard of Smithfield. He married Ann Hay Taliaferro. These Taliaferros began in Essex, too. It is very interesting to notice the westward movement of these families. Their sons and son's sons wended their several ways up the Rappahannock, moving on to Orange, and still onward to the further West.

Lawrence Taliaferro married Sarah, the daughter of Francis Thornton, and his wife, Alice Savage, who was daughter of Anthony Savage, of Gloucester. He had three sons, John, Francis and William.

To John he left land in Spotsylvania, and "at the mountains" he had evidently invested in "growing" property. To Frances he left the river side of the land "at Massaponax." On this land Francis Taliaferro built and called his estate "Epsoms." He married Elizabeth Hay, and his daughter, Ann Hay Taliaferro, married Richard (3) Brooke, of Smithfield, on the Rappahannock, four miles from Fredericksburg. "Epsoms" was just below on the river. Richard (3) Brooke married, secondly, Sarah Taliaferro, the first cousin of his first wife.

The two families were Essex people, who had moved on up the river. The home of John Taliaferro was called "The Mount." To William, the youngest son, Lawrence Taliaferro gave his home place, in Essex. In many instances we find that the youngest son gets the homesteand. Probably the older sons were settled before the father's death, and preferred their established home to the birthplace, although hallowed by childish freedom and happiness.

There is a strange and interesting story of this will of Lawrence Taliaferro. It is missing from the Essex wills, and most probably it was taken to Brooke Bank, another Brooke mansion, by his oldest daughter, Sarah, who married William Brooke, and never returned to the clerk's office. This carelessness of papers was remarkable. It was concealed with other important papers in a secret panel in the "Brooke Bank" house, and had been thus concealed for half a century and entirely forgotten. In 1862 that terrible and famous "Pawnee" sailed up the tortuous Rappahannock and Brooke Bank was shelled. A ball crashed in the old "chamber" and forced open the panel, and the sacred papers scattered like dry autumn leaves. The family had fled from the house, and there the poor papers lay uncovered and uncared for, and perhaps some were lost. Among them was Lawrence Taliaferro's will. Ann Hay Taliaferro and her husband, Richard (3) Brooke, were evidently proud of the Taliaferro blood, for four of their children had the name. These children were Robert (4), officer in the Revolution, Governor and Attorney-General of Virginia; Francis (4) Taliaferro, Revolutionary officer, member of the Cincinnati and judge of the Supreme Court; John (4) Taliaferro [twin brother of Francis (4)], Revolutionary officer, member of the Virginia Senate and House of Delegates, and Lawrence (4) Taliaferro Brooke, surgeon in the American Revolutionary Navy and with John Paul Jones on the Bon Homme Richard in her celebrated battle. Elizabeth (4), who married Fontaine Maury and was the mother of General Dabney H. Maury. The only child of Richard Brooke by his second marriage was William (4) Taliaferro.

No doubt Lawrence Taliaferro Brooke and John Paul Jones had known each other in their barefoot days, when the lad of Smithfield found an almost forbidden sweetness in association with his humble friend. Courage and ability made them equals, or indeed changed the order, and the poorer boy became the greatest man.

Catherine Booth, wife of Robert (1) Brooke, was daughter of Humphrey Booth, of old Rappahannock county, who came from London in 1654, and who married Margaret, daughter of Colonel William Underwood.

Judge Francis (4) Taliaferro Brooke built St. Julien and made it one of the famous seats of hospitality and elegance in the Rappahannock country. He married, first, Mary, daughter of General Alexander Spotswood and Elizabeth Washington, his wife. General Spotswood was grandson of Sir Alexander Spotswood. Robert (1) Brooke and Governor Spotswood rode towards the mountains in company, and their great-grandchildren, companions from childhood, were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. The Spotswood children at Newpost and the Brooke children of Smithfield played often together, we doubt not in their free infancy.

In the State Library there is a very rare and attractive little volume entitled "Judge Brooke's Narrative." Judge Brooke dedicates it to his "beloved daughter Helen," who was his amanuensis. It was written in 1849.

He tells that he was born at Smithfield in 1763. He scorns the idea of this place being named to record the fact that John Smith visited it, but thinks it was owned by Captain Lawrence Smith, who defended this frontier against the Indians. Smithfield first belonged to "one Tanner," and was bought by Laurence Taliaferro, who presented it to Anne Hay Taliaferro, the mother of Judge Brooke, who says, by the way, that he had seen the golden horseshoe in the possession of his cousin, Edmund Brooke. Judge Brooke was in command of a company of Revolutionary soldiers when he was only seventeen years of age. On one occasion during the Revolution he made some remark before Captain Singleton, which the latter so flatly contradicted that Brooke supposed he intended to call him a lie. They were eating watermelons, and Judge Brooke promptly broke a half of a melon over Captain Singleton's head. The captain coolly inquired: "Brooke, you did not think I meant to tell you lied?"

"If you did not," Mr. Brooke replied, "I am sorry I broke the melon on your head." There the matter ended.

After the Revolution Judge Brooke studied law, his brother Robert urging him to do so. "Frank," he would say, "you have missed your path, and had better study law!" This advice he took and practiced law first in the northwestern portion of the State, then returned to Essex county and settled at Tappahannock, in the meantime keeping his eye on Miss Mary Randolph Spotswood. With General Spotswood he had frequently gone a-fox-hunting and they were great friends and consented to his daughter's marriage at the age of sixteen. Judge Brooke and his first wife lived together only thirteen years.

It seems such a pity that the horseshoes which Alexander Spotswood gave to each of the Horseshoe Knights have perished. Not one can be found to tell its romantic story, although several people have mentioned that they saw them.

Mr. Randolph Barton, of the firm of Barton & Wilmer, of Baltimore, in a letter to us written in 1897, says that in 1866 his mother distributed among her children some stones from a necklace which had belonged to Lady Spotswood. Three of them came to Mr. Barton, who thinks, from Johnson Fiske's description of the stones, that he sees in them a resemblance to the heads of nails, which, Mr. Fiske says, were the ear-marks of the original stones. The edges are finely beveled and the stones are beautiful. Mr. Barton has wondered whether they are identical with the stones which studded the horseshoes and where the famous horseshoes are. Has any reader any tradition on this subject?

Francis (4) Taliaferro Brooke and Mary Spotswood had four children: John (5), who became fleet surgeon and when last recorded was in the Chinese seas; Robert (5), educated at West Point, but resigned the army and went to Staunton to live; Elizabeth (5) and Mary Randolph (5). Elizabeth (5) was killed by the oversetting of a stool; Mary Randolph (5) married Dr. Edmund Berkeley, of Hanover. He afterwards went to Staunton, where some of his descendants live. Mr. Charles R. Robins, of Richmond, is one of them.

Judge Brook quaintly records in his little book that he could not describe the shock he felt on the death of his wife, but he had a fine alacrity of spirits, and the summer afterward (his wife died in January, 1803) he went to the Virginia Springs and began to look out for another. While at the Warm Springs a carriage arrived, and as soon as he "took hold of the hand of Miss Mary Champe Carter he felt that she would amply supply the place of his lost wife." Of this Mary Champe, sweetly called "Polly," Mr. Jefferson said that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She married Judge Brooke and lived first in Fredericksburg, but later most probably lived on a part of the Smithfield estate which he inherited. There he built a brick house with a shed and called it St. Julien. "Polly Champe" planted the hedges, laid off the garden, planted the fruit and house trees, while her husband was away practicing the law. She lived forty-two years happily with him, and her last words were to her husband: "I am not frightened; I am in no pain; take care of ours."

King Carter, son of John, the emigrant, had a son, John, who was the first Carter who owned Shirley. He got it by marriage with the heiress, Elizabeth Hill, and his youngest son, Edward, settled the beautiful estate of Blenheim, in Albemarle county. He married Sarah Champe and had thirteen children. His twelfth child, Mary or Polly Champe Carter, married Judge Francis (4) Taliaferro Brooke, and exchanged her beautiful and picturesque home, Blenheim, for St. Julien. The hospitality of this latter place is proverbial. Mary Champe Carter Brooke had two children, Francis (5) Edward Brooke and Helen (5). Francis (5) Brooke inherited St. Julien. He married Gabriella Ambler and maintained the distinctive aristocratic and hospitable character of his father's home, which was filled with witnesses of the good taste of its former owners. His children were Francis (6), John Ambler (6), Edward (6), Gabriella (6) and Mary Champe (6).

Gabriella Ambler was the daughter of John Ambler and Catherine Norton (who was his third wife, he having previously married Frances Armistead and Lucy Marshall). John Ambler was the son of Edward Ambler and Mary, daughter of Wilson Cary. Edward Ambler was the son of Richard Ambler who came to Virginia in 1716 and married Elizabeth Jacqueline, daughter of Edward Jacqueline, the first owner of Jamestown, from whom it passed to the Amblers. These Amblers are indissolubly associated with Jamestown and the old mansion at that place which was unfortunately destroyed by fire about ten years ago.

Francis (5) Brooke, the last owner of St. Julien, died soon after the Civil War and his beautiful home was dismantled forever. The fine old furniture was scattered to the four winds, and the splendid silver exchanged for the necessities of life. Dr. Francis (6) Brooke, eldest son of Francis (5) Brooke, Esq., of St. Julien, married Harriet A., daughter of John B. Lightfoot, of Port Royal. Their children are: Francis E., (7) Lightfoot (7) and Howell (7). Francis E. inherits the membership in the Society of the Cincinnati, and owns a fine portrait of his great-grandfather, Judge Brooke. John (6) Ambler Brooke, the second son, married Bessie Green, of Greenwood, in Culpeper county, and lives in that county. Edward (6) Brooke married Cooke Green, and lives in Richmond. The family of stately old St. Julien, with its memories and history, is scattered, but the place found a kind master in the late Aubin L. Boulware, whose family still hold it.

Apropos of the association of Dr. Brooke with John Paul Jones, a letter from Judge Brooke may not be inappropriate. The letter is addressed to General William Lambert:

"St. Julien, June 26, 1838.

My Dear Sir,—I have received your letter from Richmond. All I remember of John Paul Jones I had from my brother, Dr. Brooke, who was surgeon of the Bon Homme Richard the whole of her celebrated cruise. I think I remember when very young to have seen him in the year 1773. I was at school in Fredericksburg, and his brother, William Paul, was a Scotch tailor, who made my clothes. On his death John came to Fredericksburg to administer on his property. I then saw him in the shop when I went for my clothes; this on seeing his picture years after I remembered. It is a mistake that his brother was a merchant. I do not think he remained long in Fredericksburg; the next year I think he was employed in the navy.

"Yours very sincerely,

"FRANCIS T. BROOKE."

Helen, the daughter of Judge Francis T. Brooke, married Robert Hamilton, and had a daughter, Mary Champe, who married Captain Farley. On the flyleaf of the priceless little narrative of Judge Brooke is inscribed:

"Virginia State Library. Presented by Dr. Francis T. Brooke, January 15, 1875."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Editor Genealogical Column:

Sir,—Can you give me any information regarding the Timberlake family—that branch of the family which moved from near Lynchburg, Va., to Ohio about 1807—Highland county. The daughter of John Timberlake married Russell Barrick, whose family lived at Glasgow, Barron county, Ky. I wish to find fact of marriage of Mary, daughter of John Timberlake and Mary Lynch Johnson, his wife, to Russell Barrick; also the parents of said John Timberlake, supposed to be Richard and Sarah (Dougherty), his wife.

Has any reader this information?

H. M. H., Holladay, Va.: You can find much about the Poindexters in St. Peter's parish register, which may be obtained at the Virginia Historical Society and the State Library.