Immediately after the peace of 1783 Col. Dabney set out for Kentucky, then a wilderness infested by Indians and dotted with a few scattered white settlements, for the purpose of locating the lands to which he was entitled as compensation for his military service.

When Col. Dabney had reached this land of promise, he set out immediately on the exploration of the country with only his blanket and rifle, and two men hired to accompany him. If you consider that Kentucky was at that time frequently traversed by bands of Indians in quest of game or for hostile purposes, and that at no period has the ferocious animosity of the natives against the whites been more intensely excited than at the close of the Revolution, you may readily conceive the boldness of such an expedition. The Colonel and his party plunged without hesitation into this dreary solitude, subsisting on such wild animals as they could kill, and sleeping of nights with no other protection from the weather than their blankets. That country then abounded in game of all sorts; and I still remember the striking description given by my uncle of a large herd of buffaloes which they encountered during this adventurous journey. . . . It was not until after the lapse of six weeks, during which he saw no human visage but those of his companions, that my uncle returned to the habitations of civilized men. . . .

Col. Dabney had now accomplished the object of his trip and had located a large body of valuable lands, which, had he retained them until the country was peopled, would have ensured him wealth to the utmost extent of his wishes. But perceiving the tendency of Kentucky legislation to dispossess non-residents of their lands, he determined to relieve himself of all further trouble and anxiety by disposing of his military demains at the earliest opportunity. In pursuance of this resolution he sold a few years afterwards the largest portion of his possessions in the West at a very inadequate price. This sacrifice, however, gave him but little concern, as he was still in easy circumstances and had the means of indulging his natural benevolence in assisting his relatives and relieving the wants of his poor neighbors.

After his return from Kentucky, my uncle, in conjunction with some of his old military comrades, spent several years in pressing upon the justice of the Virginia legislature the claims of the officers and soldiers of the Revolution--claims founded upon solemn enactments and guaranteed by a pledge of the public faith; but which, to the disgrace of our Commonwealth, it attempted by a subterfuge unworthy of the merest pettifogger to evade and which it finally evaded successfully with regard to what were called the supernumerary officers. During the prosecution of these claims he spent much of his time in Richmond; and I have heard him recount in his amusing way, some of the doings of our representatives of that day. . . . .

It was not the custom at that time for the Legislature to adjourn on Christmas day. The Swan tavern was then the principal hotel in our infant metropolis; and the bulk of our law-givers, especially those who affected anything like gentility, took up their quarters at that fashionable inn. On Christmas morning about dawn Col. Dabney came down from his chamber, and found a long table in the dining hall covered by the hospitable landlord with bowls of eggnog. This plentiful supply of that popular mixture was greedily inbibed by the inmates of the establishment; and before breakfast the whole of it had disappeared. The consequences may be readily imagined. When the usual hour for the meeting of the legislature had arrived, the Speaker had to be supported into the chair, and the members, from their copious potations of the beverage of the season, were in the same helpless condition. . . .when a member who had discretion enough left to perceive their incapacity, rose with difficulty from his seat and with a very indistinct articulation moved an adjournment. The maudlin speaker propounded the question, prudently retaining his sitting posture, and it was carried by drunken acclamation. . . . .

During the siege of York, the American troops having no other currency but depreciated paper money, and the French being amply supplied with coin, all the provisions bought in from the country were carried directly to our allies, and our gallant army was like to starve in the