principally to illustrate the remarkable constancy of Captain Dabney in his friendships. . . .

The celebrated Patrick Henry was born and resided in his neighborhood, and during the greater part of that distinguished man's public career, he was in habits of friendly and familiar intercourse with my grandfather. Their common relationship to Judge Edmund Winston was, probably, the point of contact between them and gave rise to their intimacy. When the late Mr. Wirt was engaged in compiling materials for his biography of Henry there were few men then living who had so minute an acquaintance with the orator's personal history as Captain Dabney. Mr Wirt eagerly availed himself of the reminiscences of one so well qualified to give authentic information on the subject of his work. . . . .I think it probably that the original direction of Captain Dabney's political opinions in reference to our present federal government was determined by his connexion with Mr. Henry, and his habitual reliance on that gentleman's wisdom and forecast. The primary separation of the two great parties, whose struggles for ascendency have so long agitated this country, commenced at the adoption of our present federal constitution. Those who defended that constitution, were called federalists, and those who opposed it, anti-federalists. After the constitution was ratified, these latter, still retaining their hostility to the new compact, assumed another appellation and were banded together, with a few exceptions, under the title of the democratic or republican party. Mr. Henry was a leading and vehement opponent of the constitution, and my grandfather with his characteristic ardour espoused the same side of the question. Having thus enlisted in the ranks of the disaffected, we may readily see how, under the influence of party spirit, he should have been borne along by sympathy with his political associates into all their subsequent transformations of name and opinion. His brother Charles adhered to the party of Washington and the federalists; and this difference of sentiment, honest and sincere in both, endured during their lives, producing occasionally sharp and rather angry discussions between them, but never seriously disturbing their fraternal harmony.

Captain Dabney had a clear understanding and great independence of character, and I am far from supposing that he was influenced in the adoption of his opinions by abject deference to the authority of any man. . . .I do not, therefore, impeach the capacity and impartiality of my grandfather in forming his judgment of public affairs, when I conjecture that his exalted estimate of Mr. Henry's patriotism and abilities may have decided his political predilections; nor is this supposition weakened by the fact that, when in 1798 that great man was charged with defection from his party, Captain Dabney did not follow him in his imputed tergiversation, but adhered firmly to former political connections. . . . .Whatever was the cause, my grandfather through life was a staunch and uncompromising supporter of the peculiar doctrines and policy which constituted the creed of the then republican party. But though, as a private citizen, he was a decided party man, I believe he never manifested at any time, a disposition to engage in public life. . . . . .His tastes were essentially domestic, and it was in the shades of private life that his finer qualities took root and expanded. Throughout its whole history, his family had been marked by the same unambitious character; nor was the quiet tenor of his undistinguished career destined to form an exception. . . . He settled on his farm in Hanover, the place where he had been born and bred, and where he afterwards died at the extreme age of eighty-four. He continued to reside there during the remainder of his life, happy in the society of his amiable family and the spontaneous respect of his neighbors and acquaintances. At that time the exercise of a liberal and almost indiscriminate hospitality was universal, and my grandfather's mansion was constantly thronged with guests, who were always received with a cordial welcome and entertained with the easy unaffected politeness of an old-fashioned gentleman, in a style perfectly plain and unostentatious. Those who have partaken of the hospitality of "the Grove" will never forget the happy moments they enjoyed in the delightful circle gathered round that social hearth, where innocent mirth, genuine kindness, and the play of intelligent minds combined to impart a keener zest to the pleasures of conversation. It was there that in child-