

Staunton Spectator.



VOLUME XLII.

STAUNTON, VA., TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1866.

NUMBER XXXVIII.

Staunton Spectator.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING BY
Richard Mauzy & Co.

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Address:—Staunton Spectator, Staunton, Augusta County, Va.

Professional Directory.

JOHN ECHOLS, Attorney at Law, Staunton, Va.

ECHOLS, BELL & CATTELL, Attorneys at Law, Staunton, Va.

WILL practice in the State and Federal Courts at Staunton, and in the Circuit and County Courts of Rockbridge, Rockingham and Alleghany.

They will also attend to special business in any part of Va. and West Virginia.

THOS. J. MICHE, J. W. G. SMITH, Attorneys at Law, Staunton, Va.

Practice in the Federal Court at Staunton, in all the Courts of Augusta county, in the Circuit and County Courts of Rockingham, and in the Circuit and County Courts of Rockbridge.

Collection of claims promptly attended to.

Nov. 14-17

BOLIVAR CHRISTIAN, Attorney at Law, Staunton, Va.

Attends the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties.

Attention given to the interests of residents in this country in lands in Missouri, Iowa, and other Western States.

Oct. 24-17

ORLANDO SMITH, Attorney at Law, Staunton, Va.

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Will attend to the purchase and sale of Real Estate on Commission.

Nov. 14-17

BAYLOR & HANCOCK, Attorneys at Law, Staunton, Va.

Practice in all the Courts of Augusta county, and attend promptly to the collection of claims in any of the adjoining counties.

Nov. 14-17

GEORGE M. COCHRAN, Jr., Attorney at Law, Staunton, Va.

Office in rear of Court House, adjoining David Fulton.

Nov. 14-17

D. R. ARTHUR has returned and will be glad to see his old patrons.

Staunton, Oct. 24-17

Fire and Life Insurance.

VIRGINIA INSURANCE COMPANY.

Books and Subscriptions to the Capital Stock of this Company are now open at the Banking House of W. H. Tams & Co., and at the offices of the two Banks in Staunton. The attention of Capitalists is called to the merits of this Stock, which is recommended to them as probably the most remunerative investment of money now offering.

By Order of the Board of Directors.

Nov. 14-17

WINE AND LIFE INSURANCE.—The undersigned, representing the "Maryland Life," and the "Merchants and Mechanics Fire Insurance Companies, of Baltimore, Md., two of the most reliable companies in the U. S., is prepared to issue policies on life or property.

O. SMITH, PRINCIPAL AGENT, Office in rear of "Spectator" building, Nov. 14-17

Wines and Liquors.

H. F. RICHARDS & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Wines, Brandies, Whiskies, &c., Corner New and Court Alley, STAUNTON, VA.

Pure old Cognac and other Brandies, Pure old Jamaica Rum, Pure old Holland Gin.

WINE.

Superior Old Port, very fine, Superior old Sherry, very fine, Superior old Madeira, very fine, Superior old St. Julien d'Orville, very fine, Superior old Champagne, &c., &c.

WHISKIES.

Pure old Family Rye Whiskey, 8 years old, Pure old Cabinet, Pure old Monmouth Whiskey, 5 years old, Pure old Bourbon Whiskey, Pure old Rye Whiskey, 10 years old, Pure old Scotch and Irish Whiskey, PURE ESSENCES, &c.

Scotch Whisky Punch Essence, Rum Punch Essence, Tom and Jerry, Egg Nog, Imported Ales and Porters, Demijohns, Flasks, &c. Also a large and splendid assortment of Choice Cigars. Dealers, Physicians, Druggists and Families are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock.

Nov. 14-17

H. F. RICHARDS & CO.

Photographs.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

The subscribers have opened permanently a PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY in Staunton, over the store of Roane & Abby, opposite the Virginia Hotel where Pictures of every style can be had. Their rooms are newly and neatly fitted up for the accommodation of all who may favor them with a call. They are thankful for past patronage and hope, by close attention to business, to merit as much or more in future.

One of the celebrated Pianos will be found in the reception room for the amusement of friends and patrons.

Sept. 12-17

J. H. BURDETT & CO.

SPLENDIDLY EXECUTED PHOTOGRAPHS, Large size, of Leading Southern Generals, &c., at less than the frame can be purchased at anywhere else. Only \$1.75 each, frame and all. Also, Carte de visites of the same, at only 15 cents each, or eight for One Dollar.—Call at the Post Office.

Nov. 28-17

JEWELL

Boots and Shoes.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.

FAGAN & SIMPSON

Have fitted up a shop on main street, next door to A. M. Pierce's grocery store, and opposite J. B. Evans' Tobacco shop, where they will manufacture Boots and Shoes, of all kinds and of the best materials. Gents' Boots and Shoes, Ladies' Shoes and Gaiters, Misses and Children's Gaiters, of all styles, and warranted to give satisfaction, all of which will be sold as cheap for cash as can be bought elsewhere. Country Produce taken in exchange. Give us a call.

Jan. 2-17

Poetry.

[From the Louisville Journal.]

The following majestic poem, furnished to us by request, is from the pen of Rev. W. H. PRATT, the accomplished and able Rector of Calvary Church in this city:

The Years of Time.

The years go by like a troop of band
Of Piercing Prophets, chanting requiems
Or dirges o'er buried hopes and joys.
They mock, they promise, As behind
Their tomb-ward feet, the dusty veil of dim
Forgetfulness enshrouds their pining forms.
We hear the dying tones of man's sad hymn
And the trampings of their muffled feet, far down
The Everlasting Aisles. They come like kings
And go like skeletons. The one just passed
Wore blooded armor,—clanging,—tramping o'er
A bleeding, fearful, horrified humanity.
This Nemesis of Time, with mailed hand,
Smote creeds and politics and forms of State—
It smote the true and beautiful and good—
It smote on sea and shore—on hill and plain—
It smote with brand and blade and hostile hosts,
Infantry, cavalry, and all that gold
And brain and vigor of Hate invoked
To wreak its ghastly will.

Remorseless war,
All pitiless and dire and big with woe—
It smote the faded year with gory claws,
Engorged its maw with brother's flesh and blood,
Lit up its path with torch of burning homes,
With blazing trains of flying shot and shell—
With lurid Phlegmons from guns and mines,
And mist and wasted empire, paused to consider
Its work of blood.

Let its wailing die
Like echoes heard in childhood's troubl'd dreams.
The not of nameless graves, of agonies
From mothers, wives, and maidens wrung; of
groans

From man's great heart; of wasted half and but-
terfly fields in wilderness. Let some divine
Nemesis give a swift oblivion!
The Miserer ends. Its record is
With God. In solemn thought, the human heart
In silence ponders sorrow's Epic past,
And waits, in faith, God's future benedictions.
The year is gone for aye. Far down the steep
Of ancient time it stalks, in aspect grim,
To join the Brotherhood of Centuries.

Let it drop the leaves and flowers brushed
By sweeping of its debilitated robes; while winds
And waves and light and sounds and blasted
hopes—
While griefs and tears and burning shrieks, and
Call out to its departing form, "Leave us
Thou messenger of ill!"

Another year—
With visage wreathed in blandest smiles of hope,
Behind the screen of Future Life, invokes
Our faith. Shall we be credulous again,
And trust to bubbles, nothing at the touch?
Let disappointments disenchanted us,
And lift them up to God. Redeem the year.
With self-suppressions, prayers, and high re-
solves!

Live nobly, trusting God for future good!
Live not for Time, but for Eternity. See far
Beyond these eddies of events—these hours
Of joy and years of pain—the gaudium bright—
Immortal youth and chaste love and peace
And ever-growing thought and deepening fields
Of grandeur—angels, seraphs, jeweled hosts,
And uncreated light. O man! O worm!
O quenchless soul! O child of God! These, these
Are the necessities of names and deeds,
And proud report of man—survive the globe—
Survive the lofty stars and moon and sun—
Survive the years—survive the grave—survive
In God, the trophies of redeeming Love.

Select Story.

MARK MERIDEN.

"Come, Mark Meriden! don't settle down into an old grandfather before your time—a pretty wife's a pretty thing, Mark, and a pretty house is a pretty thing, but hang it! one must have a little of life!"

Ben had stood at his desk, giving a last look at his books, while Ben Sanford, the roguish, the merry, the song-singing, the Ben of all Bens, was thus urging on him the claims of a projected frolic that evening. Now, Ben was precisely the messenger for such an embassy. There was fun in the magic twinkle of his blue eyes, and a world of waggon in the turn of his head, and a pair of broad roguish dimples that went merrily in and out of his eyes every time he spoke, and he laid hold of Ben's arm to drag him away. But Mark shook off his hand, and finished summing up a column of figures, put the blotting paper into the book, and the book into its place, wiped his pen, and, at last, turning to Ben, said:

"I think I won't go this time!"

"Now, why not?" said Ben eagerly.

"Because—because, said Mark smilingly, "because I have an old fancy that I should like the pleasure of Mrs. Meriden's company better this evening."

"Hang Mrs. Meriden—beg pardon, Mark—hang myself for saying so—but one don't like to see a fine fellow like you buried alive!—come take a real wake up with us."

"Thank you, Ben, but I haven't been asleep, and don't need to. So I'll go home and see my wife," and then he turned a resolute step homeward, as a well-trained husband ought.

"Now," says one of our readers, "who was Mark Meriden?" You would not have asked, good reader, if you had lived in the town of—when his name first appeared on the outside of one of its most fashionable shops.

"Mark Meriden," surrounded by those having on signs of grace and fashion so that young ladies need not have their eyes turned off from beholding it. Everything in the tasteful establishment of a well-arranged business, and Mark himself, the mirror of fashion, faultless in every article of costume, quick, attentive, polite, was every day to be seen there winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people."

Mark's shop became the resort for high-toned fashionable exchange, the promenade of beauty and wealth who came there to be enlightened as to the ways and means of disposing of their surplus revenue—to see and be seen.

So profound his bows, so bright his eyes, so unexceptionable his whiskers, that it might have proved a dangerous resort for ladies, had not a neat tasteful house going up in the neighborhood been currently reported as the future residence of an already Mrs. Meriden, and in a few months the house, neatly finished, and tastefully furnished, received the very lady who called herself to that effect. She was as truly refined and lovely a woman as ever formed the centre flower in a domestic bouquet, and Mark might justly be pardoned for having as good again an opinion of himself for having been fortunate enough to secure her.

Mark had an extensive circle of business and pleasure acquaintances, for he had been one of the social companionship sort, whose money generally found its way out of his pocket in very fair proportions to the rate it came in.

short, he was given to clubs, oyster suppers, and now and then a wine party, and various other social privileges for elevating one's spirits and depressing one's cash that abound in enlightened communities.

But nevertheless, at the bottom of Mark's head there was a very substantial bump of a certain quality called common sense, a trait which, though it was never set down in any chart of phrenology, may very justly be called a faculty, and one, too, which makes a great difference as the world goes. In consequence of being thus constituted, Mark, when he found himself in love with, and engaged to, a very

pretty girl, began to reflect with more than ordinary seriousness on his habits, ways and manner of life. He also took an accurate survey of his business, formed an average estimate of his future income on the soberest probabilities, and determined to live a little even within that.

He also provided himself with a little account book, with which he intended to live in habits of very close acquaintance, and in this book he designed to note down all the savings consequent upon the retrenchment of certain little extras, before alluded to, in which he had been in the habit of pretty freely indulging himself.

Upon the present occasion it had cost him something of an effort to say "no" for Mark was one of your easy "clever fellows" to whom the enunciation of this little syllable causes as much trouble as the gutters of the Germans. However, when he came in sight of his parlor windows, through which a bright fire was shining—when he entered and found the clean glowing hearth, the easy chair drawn up in front, and a pair of embroidered slippers waiting for him quite at their leisure, and, above all, when he read the quick glance of welcome in a pair of very bright eyes, Mark forgot all about Ben Sanford and all bachelor friends and allurements whatever, and thought himself about the happiest fellow on earth.

The evening passed off rapidly, by the help of music, reading and a little small talk of which newly married people generally find supply, and the next morning found Mark at early business hours with as steady a hand and as cool a head as if there had been no such things as bachelor frolics in existence.

Late in the afternoon, Ben Sanford lounged in to ogle a few of the ladies, and above all to rally Mark on losing the glorious fun of the evening before.

"Upon my word, Mark," he began, "we must have run up for Selectman, you are becoming so extremely ancient and venerable in your ways; however, you are to be excused," he added, "circumstances considered—female influence!—ah! well, it's a fine affair, this marriage!"

"Better try it, Mr. Sanford," said a bright, saucy girl, who, with her laughing companions, were standing close by while Ben was speaking. "Ah! madam, the where-withal!" said Ben, rolling up his eyes with a tragic expression. "If some clever old fellow would be so obliging as to die now, and leave me a few thousands—then, ladies! you would see."

"But speaking of money," said Mark, when he saw the ladies busy over what ladies he had just thrown on the counter—"what did your glorious fun cost you?"

"Pooh!—nothing! only a ten dollar bill, I've nothing in my purse now, you know!"

"Nothing in your purse?—not an uncommon incident after these occasions," said Mark, laughing.

"Oh! hang it all," said Ben—"too true! I can get no remedy for this 'consumption of the purse,' as old Falstaff says; however the world owes me a living, and so, good morning!"

Ben Sanford was one of that class of young men of whom one might say, "they are doing as they please, and who consider this point so well established that they do not consider it necessary to illustrate it by doing anything at all. He was a lawyer of good talents, and would have had an extensive run of business had not been one of those kind of people who can never be found when wanted.

His law books and office saw far less of him than certain fashionable places of resort, where his handsome person, his social accomplishments always secured him a welcome reception. Ben had some little property left him by his father, just enough, as he used laughingly to say, "to keep him in gloves and cologne water," and for the rest he seemed vastly contented with his old maxim, "the world owes me a living," forgetting that the world can sometimes prove a poor paymaster as the most fashionable young men going.

But to return to Mark. When he had settled his accounts at night, he took from a pocket hole in his desk the little book aforementioned, and entered as follows: "To one real wake up, \$10," which being done, he locked his desk, and returned once more to Mrs. Meriden.

Days flew on, and the shop of Mark became increasingly popular, and still from time to time he was assailed by the kind of temptation we have described. Now it was Mark, my dear fellow, do join us in our trip to the city, and now, "Come, my old fellow, let us have a spree at F—"; now it was the club, now the oyster supper—but still Mark was invincible, and as one or another recounted the history of the scene, he silently committed the amount of expense to his little book. Yet was not Mark cynical or unsocial. His refusals though firm were good natured, and though he could not be drawn abroad, yet he was unquestionably open-handed at home. No house had so warm a welcome—no dinner table could be more bountiful or more freely open for the behoof of all gentlemen of the dining out order—no tea table presented more unexceptionable toast, and there was no evening lounge more easy, home like and cheerful than in the snug parlors of Mark Meriden. They also gave evening parties, where all was tasteful and well ordered; and in fine, notwithstanding his short evenings, Mark was set down as a fine open-handed fellow after all.

At the end of the year, Mark cast up the account in his little book, and was mightily astonished at it, for with all his ideas of the power of numbers, he had no idea that the twos and fives and tens and ones, upon greater or smaller occasions had wound their way into his column, would amount to such a considerable sum.

Mark looked at him—the world was going well—his business machinery moving in exact touch and time—his house—where was there a prettier one?—where a place more replete with every home drawing comfort?"—Mark had lost nothing in pleasure the year past? Mark thought not, and therefore as he walked homeward he stepped into the book-seller's and ordered some books of superlative romances.

Mrs. Meriden, and spoke to a gardener to send some exotics, for which he had heard her express an admiration some evenings before.

That same evening came in Ben Sanford, as he expressed it, "in the very depths of indigo!" for young gentlemen whose worldly matters invariably go on wrong end foremost, will sometimes be found in the condition, however exuberant may be their stock of animal spirits.

"Pray, Ben, what is the matter?" said Mark, kindly, as the latter stretched himself at length, in an arm chair, groaning audibly.

"Oh! a billious attack, Mark—shoemaker's bills! tailor's bills! boarding house bills! all of them sent for! Next Year's presents!—hang 'em all!"

Mark was silent for a few moments, and Ben continued, "Confound it, Mark! what's the sense of living if a person is to be so very poor? Here you, Mark, live in the same town with me, and younger than I am by some two years; you have a house as snug as a man need ask—a wife like an angel—peace and plenty by the run of good luck in money"—and Ben kicked his slippers against the andiron most energetically.

"What has become of Lucy W—?" asked Mark.

"Poor soul!" said Ben, "there she is yet, with all her sweetest and patience, waiting till such luckless sequestration as I can give her a home and a husband. I wish to my soul, for her sake, I could afford to be married, and have a home of my own. I am tired of this rambling, scrambling, out-of-the-way, slipshod life."

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"Why don't I to be sure, use my tailor's bills for fuel, my board bill for bread and butter—hey? Would you recommend a poor girl to try me, Mark—all things considered?" said Ben, bitterly.

Mark reflected a little while in silence, and then drew out his book—his little book, to which we have before referred.

"Just look at this account, Ben," said he, "I know you hate figures, but just for once." Ben glanced at it impatiently—laughed when he read over the two or three first items, but his face lengthened as he proceeded, and Mark detected a sort of whistle of astonishment as he read the sum total.

"Well, Mark!" he exclaimed, "what a considerable trick this is of yours, to sit behind your counter so coolly netting down the 'cost and come too' of all our little frolics; really it is edifying! How much you must have enjoyed your superior discretion and forthrightness!" and Ben laughed, but not with his usual glee.

"Nay, you mistake," said Mark. "I kept this account merely to see what I had been in the habit of spending myself, and as you and I have always been hand and glove in everything, it answers equally well for you. It was only yesterday that I summed up the account, and I assure you the result surprised myself, and now, Ben, the sun here set down, and as much more as you please is freely at your disposal, to clear off your scores for the year, provided you will accept this little book as a New Year's gift, and use it twelve months as I have done, and if at the end of that time you are not ready to introduce me to Mrs. Sanford, I am much mistaken."

Ben grasped his friend's hand, but then Mrs. Meriden prevented his reply. Mark, however, saw with satisfaction, that he put the book carefully in his vest pocket, and buttoned up his coat with the air of a man buttoning up a new resolution.

When they parted for the night Mark said with a smile, "In case of bilious attacks, you know where to—end for medicine." Ben answered only by a fervent grasp of the hand, for his throat felt too full for him to answer.

Mark Meriden's book answered the purpose admirably. In less than two years Ben Sanford was the celebrated popular lawyer in—, and as steady a householder as you might wish to see; and, in conclusion, as this is a lady's story, we will just ask our lady readers their opinion on one point, and it is this:

If Mrs. Meriden had been a woman who understood what is called "catching a beau," better than securing a husband, if she had never curled her hair except for company, and thought it a degradation to know how to make herself comfortable, would these things have happened?

Scrap from Prentice.

A woman shouldn't be like a shark—all jaw. That is a "snapper" herself, but he is losing his teeth.

Thad. Steven's whip is losing its snapper; its crack is more feeble. Boston Post.

Two gaubler's fought in Detroit. One was killed, the other unfortunately not.

It is a bad thing for an old man when his head is silver and his pocket is tin.

James Grant will give a "hop" next Monday at her new house in Washington. Boston Post.

We trust that every one-legged officer and soldier in Washington will be invited.

Because a man is a Representative in Congress, it doesn't follow that he is a representative man.

If Sumner had his deserts he would be in Jeff. Davis's place for life. There would never be no "outcome" to him.

The Devil has always been painted black.—The Divinity of the Radicals is black. He is generally known as the nigger.

A Georgia editor says that "the slaves are beginning to contract." Slavery itself has contracted to nothing.

Why don't the Radicals insist that the negroes alone shall vote? What safety is there for them so long as the more numerous race of whites have the right of suffrage?

Let us cheer the same dispositions toward the National Government and toward the people of all the States.

If at any time we have felt impatient under the delay to which, under the name of probation, we have been, and still are, subjected, we must remember that our full restoration to all our relations with the common government requires the concurrence of all the departments, and what has been done for us last month, the progress of a great constitutional struggle, for which the history of this country has no parallel.

It is true that, in the national councils, where these great subjects are discussed, Virginia has no voice; but the vacant seats of her representatives speak with unanswerable logic and with moving eloquence—not in behalf of local, or sectional, or party interests—but in the name of constitutional integrity and of representative republican liberty. This appeal, addressed to common interests, and founded upon common rights, has resounded through the entire north and west, and has brought thoughtful men everywhere to consider whether what they have been disposed to regard as merely the cause of the South may not, in fact, be the cause of constitutional supremacy and constitutional liberty for the whole country.

This is the view taken of the matter by the President of the United States, who has taken hold of the subject with the grasp of a statesman, and who, in his recent veto message, has dealt the boldest, and most manly, and most masterly blow for civil liberty, social order, and constitutional republicanism, that has been struck since the foundation of our Government.

It happens that the great constitutional issue which the President, on behalf of the States and people of this Union, has made with the dominant party in Congress, involves in its immediate consequences our most vital interests and our dearest rights. It is natural, under the circumstances, that we should feel disposed to appropriate him as our defender and our peacemaker; but it would be doing injustice to him, and to the great and general interests he represents, to regard him as, in any sense, a local or a sectional partisan. If we desire worthily to acknowledge the great service he has rendered us, we must endeavor to appreciate his high position and to rise to the height of his great argument. We must recognize him as the Constitutional President of a great government, which is our government, and as the defender of the Constitution of the United States, which is our Constitution. And we must be ready at all times to render to our President, our Government, and our Constitution, such cheerful and cordial support, obedience, and fidelity as will vindicate before the world the wisdom, and sagacity and magnanimity of the confidence which he has reposed in us.

When we return to our homes, and go among our people, let us then regard it as a duty to ourselves and to them to speak to them words of hope and encouragement, and to impress upon them the importance of realizing and acting upon the great truth—that whatever may have occurred in the past to alienate or divide us, the people of the United States are for the future one people, interested alike in maintaining the integrity of the general Constitution, in upholding the national honor, in sustaining the public credit, and in promoting the peace, prosperity, and happiness of our common country.

In a word, my friends, let us realize the fact, that after all that has passed, we have still a country to make the most of, to make the best of; and that it is, and must be, our country—if need be, against a world of arm.

A LITTLE PUN.—Why is Artemus Ward like a colored man? Because he is "A Ward of the Nation."—Fredericksburg Era.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

OF
MR. SPEAKER BALDWIN TO THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

DELEGATES.

A MANLY SPEECH FOR CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY AND UNION.

On Saturday week, Mr. Speaker Baldwin, of Augusta, being informed of the vote of thanks accorded to him by the House of Delegates for the ability and impartiality with which he had presided over its deliberations, made the following spirited and patriotic address to his brother members:

My friends, I have honestly tried to be all that your kindness has attributed to me, but if I have, in any degree, given satisfaction in the discharge of the duties of my office, it has been due chiefly to the kindness, courtesy, and forbearance with which you have sustained me, and to the faithful and efficient help given by the officers of the House, from the clerk and sergeant-at-arms to the smallest of our pages.

I have, at different times, been a member of several deliberative assemblies, and I feel it to be due to this House to say that I have never been connected with any body of gentlemen among whom there was so much of earnest industry in the public service, and so much of kindness and good will in the personal intercourse of the members.

The results of our labors await the just judgment of the people of Virginia; and I venture to anticipate that, taking into consideration all the circumstances by which we have been surrounded, it will be found that we have deserved the approval of our constituents.

It will be remembered that we came together at a time when our State and our people were suffering under accumulation of misadventures such as have never before been known in the history of the Commonwealth. For many of these evils there could, of course, be no legislative remedy; but it will, I think, be found that our labors have been addressed earnestly, and with some efficiency, to relieve the distresses of the people, and to accommodate the institutions and laws of the State to the altered circumstances in which we find ourselves.