

The Old Commonwealth.

Volume XII.—Number 40.

HARRISONBURG, VA., THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1877.

\$2.00 a Year in Advance.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAMES KENNEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, HARRISONBURG, VA.
ap30-7

GEO. G. GRATTAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, HARRISONBURG, VA. #2-Office
South side of Court-House Square.

MEADE F. WHITE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, STANTON, VA.—Courts: Augusta, Rockingham and Highland Counties.
jan10-7

F. A. DAINGERFIELD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, HARRISONBURG, VA. #2-Office
South side of the Public Square, in Switzer's new
building.
jan10-7

ROBERT B. RAGAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, HARRISONBURG, VA. Office in
the old Court Clerk's Office in the Court-House
yard.
dec12-7

LIGGETT & LURTY,
PRACTICE LAW in all the Courts, Inferior, Appellate
and Federal, HARRISONBURG, VA. #2-Office on
West-Market street, nearly opposite Lowndes
Store.
jan23-

YANCEY & CONRAD,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW AND INSURANCE AGENTS,
HARRISONBURG, VA. #2-Office—New Law Building,
West-Market street.
jan14-7

EDWIN B. HAY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CLAIM AND COLLECTION AGENT,
321 Four-and-a-half Street, Washington, D. C. Special
attention given to claims before the department,
also to patent law.
jan14-7

G. W. BERLIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, HARRISONBURG, VA., will practice
in the Courts of Rockingham and adjoining
counties and the United States Courts held at this
place. #2-Office in Switzer's new building on the
Public Square.
mar12-

J. SAM'L HARNBERGER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, HARRISONBURG, VA., will practice
in the Courts of Rockingham County and the District
and Circuit Courts of the United States held at
Harrisonburg.
feb7-7

JOHN PAUL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, HARRISONBURG, VA., will practice
in the Courts of Rockingham and adjoining
counties and the United States Courts held at
Harrisonburg. #2-Office in the old Clerk's Office, in
the Court-House.
mar29-

JOHN E. ROLLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, HARRISONBURG, VA.—Courts:
Rockingham, Shenandoah and Augusta. Being now
out of public life, proposes to devote his whole time
to his profession. Correspondence and business
will receive prompt attention.
mar29-

RO. JOHNSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, HARRISONBURG, VA., practices
in the Courts of Rockingham and Shenandoah, and
in the Circuit and District Courts of the United
States held at Harrisonburg, Va., and the Supreme
Court of Appeals held at Washington, D. C.
mar29-

WM. B. COMPTON,
Late of Woodrow, will continue the
Practice of Law in the Courts of Rockingham; the
Court of Appeals of Virginia, and Courts of the United
States. Business in the hands of the late firm will be attended
to as usual by the surviving partner.
mar29-

HARRIS & EASTMAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, HARRISONBURG, VA. On and
after the first of May will practice in all the Courts
held at Harrisonburg. #2-Office in Express Building.
mar29-

PENDLETON BRYAN,
COMMISSIONER IN CHANCERY AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
HARRISONBURG, VA.—Will give special attention
to the taking of depositions and acknowledgments
wherever in the State of Virginia. Will also
prepare deeds, articles of agreement and other
contracts on very moderate terms. #2-Office Rocking-
ham, "Silver Building," same lately occupied by County
Treasurer, up stairs.
mar29-

OVERHALL & PATTERSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HARRISONBURG, VA., practice
in the Courts of Rockingham and adjoining
counties, the Court of Appeals at Staunton, the
United States Courts at Harrisonburg. #2-Office Rocking-
ham, attention to collections. B. G. Patterson will con-
tinue to practice in the County Court of Rocking-
ham.
mar29-

DRS. R. H. & R. TATUM,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, Office in Rocking-
ham Bank Building. Calls promptly attended to in
town or country.
mar29-

DR. W. O. HILL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office and residence,
one door south of the house of Dr. Tatam. All calls in
town and country promptly attended to.
jan10-

DR. R. S. SWITZER,
DENTIST, HARRISONBURG, VA. #2-Office near the
Spring. Will spend four days of every month in
St. Charles, commencing with the third of March.
mar29-

DRS. HARRIS & HARRIS,
DENTISTS, #2-Office near Episcopal Church. Teeth
will be extracted at the houses of patients, if de-
sired. Dr. Frank L. Harris will visit New Market
and Mt. Jackson each month, commencing on the
fourth Monday at New Market, where he will remain
three days, and will spend the other three days at
Mt. Jackson.
mar29-

DRS. W. M. WILLIAMS & J. H. NEFF
HAVE THIS DAY (Dec. 1, 1876) ENTERED INTO A
partnership for the Practice of Medicine. Dr.
Williams, when not professionally engaged, can be
found at his old office over J. L. Ayre's Drug Store,
and Dr. Neff at his office over L. H. Ott's Drug Store.
Calls left at either place will be promptly attended
to.
dec1-7

DR. D. A. BUCHER,
SURGEON DENTIST, would respectfully inform the
public that, having located permanently at Bridge-
water, he is prepared to fill, extract and insert teeth,
and perform all other dental operations in his line.
#2-Office, one door south of Barber's Hotel,
Bridge-water, Va.
June4-7

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

Desiring to change and concentrate my business
I offer for sale a valuable real estate, located
in Rockingham county, to wit:

1st.—A Small Farm of 60 ACRES,
lying near Mt. Clinton, in Rockingham county,
containing a house in every field, good dwelling-
house, barn and out-buildings. The above al-
together is one of the most valuable and desirable
little properties in Rockingham county.

2d.—13 ACRES of Woodland, near the
old iron track, for the sale of the wood with the
above tract or not as desired.

3d.—I also offer a splendid Circular
Saw-Mill, three miles above Hawley Springs, with
5000 ACRES of Land, 100 of which is in the
Farming Land. This would be a good situation for
a public use. There is upon this tract a good dwell-
ing-house and barn. The timber is of excellent
quality. This tract can be so divided as to make good
grazing farms.

4th.—A tract of 150 ACRES of land
on Skidmore's Fork. All bottom land; fine cattle
range; a good, new saw-mill and a small house. The
finest timber in the State. This tract is well
adapted for grazing, and can be divided to suit
purchasers.

Such variety and quantity of lands, with equal
capacity of division, are seldom offered for sale, but
desiring to bring my property to the market, I can
readily control it, I now offer them for sale upon easy
terms, and at moderate prices.
Address me at Mt. Clinton, Rockingham co., Va.
JAMES C. HETZEL.
feb. 22-4

LEWIS,

#2-BANK ROW
I want all kinds of PRODUCE for cash or in ex-
change for Groceries. I am selling Boots, Shoes, Lamps and Queensware
at cost.
Call and see me and be convinced that I sell goods
as cheap and pay as much as any one.

BANK ROW,

Respectfully, J. NO. S. LEWIS,
march15

A LARGE assortment of the Great American cross
cut and Mill Saw kept constantly on hand at
MAYO, SPRINKLE & CO'S.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, TRUSSERS,
Supporters, Surgical Instruments, and Patent
Medicines of all kinds, at L. H. OTT'S Drug Store.
Address me at Mt. Clinton, Rockingham co., Va.
WATER COOLERS.—A large assortment of Wa-
ter Coolers just received and for sale at
MAYO, SPRINKLE & CO'S.
march15

(For the Commonwealth.) THE DAY OF LIBERTY.

BY EDWARD MARSHALL.

The loud pealing of cannon,
O'er South, East, West and North,
Proclaims to the Nation
The "glorious Fourth."

The voices of freedom
Are heard in the land;
All hail! all hail!
Liberty's day is at hand!

The chiming of music
Is wafted on high—
Rejoice, freemen, rejoice!
The Fourth of July.

Hilarious voices are heard
On mountains and lea—
The homes of the happy,
The brave and the free.

Our forefathers freed it;
Then let us celebrate
Our National Birth-day,
Which they have made great.

The letters of tyrants
Are broken at last;
Then let us honor the heroes
That lived in the past.

Behold! to the zephyrs
Freedom's flag is unfurled,
Inviting the nations
And Kings of the world.

As the ages roll onward
Let the cry ever be:
"Long live the Republic,
The land of the free!"
HARRISONBURG, VA., July 4th, 1877.

What Became of Her?

In a little village church in a small
American country place, a small con-
gregation gathered together one Sun-
day to hear the old minister preach
one of his old sermons. Every pew
held people well known to each other,
and who knew each other's business.
Nobody there but had heard that
Thomas Benton had courted Annie
Redwood, and how all was going on
well, when the two grandfathers quar-
relled about an acre of ground in a
stony, unproductive spot, and a feud
commenced, and they were separated.
Annie was six-and-twenty now, and
had never had another suitor—and
Thomas had left home for good. And
there the obstinate old grandfathers
sat, not caring a whit for all the trouble
they had caused, and never forgiv-
ing each other's trespasses, despite the
fact that they repeated the Lord's
prayer together every Sunday.

Sometimes in summer the would
be strange boarders from the city in
church, but now it was winter, and
every one wondered to see a large old
woman in a great plaid, old-world
looking cloak, and a fur hood, and a
deep cap border, come into church,
and seat herself in a back pew. Who
she was no one could guess, and why
she came to church with such a cold
as she seemed to have, was a wonder
to all. She coughed loud and long, in-
terrupting the sermon and the prayers,
and at last was seized with such a fit
of choking, that every body was turned
wondered to try to rise, but found
herself unable to do so. Then Annie
Redwood, leaning toward her mother,
whispered:

"It's a shame. People ought to be
more Christian-like in their conduct.
I'll go and help her out."

Then she arose and went softly
down the aisle, and bent over the old
lady and whispered something, on
which the poor old soul arose and took
her arm, and they went out of church
together. The coughing was heard
outside for a moment or two, but the
services went on as before, and no one
did not return.

The family expected to find her
when they reached home, of course;
but she was not there. She did not
come into dinner, nor did she come to
tea. By evening much alarm was felt,
and inquiries were made, but without
avail. No one had seen the girl since
she left the church doors.

There was a Sunday train to a large
city, and a man kept watch at the sta-
tion all the day. He seeing fewer pas-
sengers on Sunday than any other
time, had noticed them all.

The old woman in the plaid cloak
had come to the station, but Miss Red-
wood was not with her.

A young man spoke to the old lady
—nay, she had his arm—but he might
have been a stranger who was assist-
ing her. No one could tell.

The old lady could not be traced af-
ter that; and nothing more was heard
of Annie Redwood.

Many thought the old woman was
some dreadful person in disguise, who
had murdered the handsome Annie
Redwood, and then, in the night, had
come to the station and ringed her. Then,
too, she had quite a little sum in her
pocket; for she had money left her
by an aunt, and was not dependent on
her father's gifts of pocket money as
the other girls were.

The woods were searched, the ponds
dragged, but in vain; and the poor
girl was at last given up for lost.

The old people had been very cruel
to her about Thomas; now they shed
bitter and unavailing tears. How much
better would it have been to let Annie
marry and have her still with them!
The old grandfathers shook hands
for the first time for years. The fami-
lies were reconciled; but Annie was
gone, and Thomas was gone, and what
was the use?

"If only I knew what became of my
girl," sighed Mrs. Redwood.

"Ah, yes, and if I knew my boy was
alive," said Mrs. Benton.

They were all very sad, but good
country people never stay away from
church for that.

Sunday after Sunday they met with
their sad faces, and the black garments
they had put on.

And a year passed; and it was the
day Annie had disappeared; and they
had all gone as usual, and were going
homeward.

Mrs. Redwood was in tears.

"I think of Annie all day to-day,"

she said. "Oh! it is more than I can
bear. Who was that old woman?
What did she do with my girl?"

"Oh! mother, there she is!" cried
one of the daughters.

All looked. Before them on the road
loitered a large figure in a plaid cloak,
coughing violently. The same old wo-
man, no doubt. But who supported
her? Who—

"Good Heavens! is it a ghost?"
screamed Mrs. Redwood. "What is
it? Oh! what is it?"

"Annie!" screamed the girls togeth-
er; and screaming, sobbing, regardless
of what any might think of them, they
surrounded the pair.

It was Annie, alive, and biding
fast to the old woman who had helped
out of the church just a year before.

"Don't question me on the road,"
she said. "Let us go home."

And glad and angry, and a little ter-
rified, the Bentons and the Redwoods
entered the Redwood homestead, and
closed the door on intruders.

"We thought you dead, Annie!" sob-
bed the mother. "Oh, you have been
cruel!"

"But I see my death has re-united
you all," said Annie, returning the em-
brace. "All are here but Tom."

"Oh, poor Tom!" said his mother.
"If he were only here too!"

"But I must have an explanation,"
cried Mr. Redwood, turning upon the
old woman. "Who are you, madam?
And what life has my daughter led
with you?"

"A happy one, I hope, sir," said the
old woman, tossing off her bonnet and
throwing away her cloak; and before
them stood a tall young man—Thomas
Benton, and no other, who said:

"In this disguise I ran away with
Annie a year ago. We changed our
names. The church porch, and so got
safely off. Now we are here again
ready for your blessing, if you will
give it to us. Are we forgiven?"

It was Annie's mother who said
"Yes" first, but the others followed in
chorus.

THE QUAKER'S REVENGE.

Obadiah Lawson and Watt Dood
were neighbors. Dood was the oldest
settler, and from his youth up had en-
tertained a singular hatred against
Quakers. Therefore when he was in-
formed that Lawson, a regular disciple
of that class of people, had purchased
the next farm to his, he declared he
would make him move away again.

Accordingly a system of petty annoy-
ances were commenced by him, and
every time one of Lawson's hogs
chanced to stray upon Dood's place,
he was beset by men and dogs, and
most vigorously abused. Things went
on thus for nearly a year, but the Qu-
aker, a man of decidedly peace prin-
ciples, appeared in no way to resent
the injuries received at the hands of his
neighbor.

Matters, however, were
drawing to crisis, for Dood, more
enraged than ever at the quiet of Ob-
adiah, made oath that he would do
something to wake up Lawson's spirit.
Chance favored his design. The Qu-
aker had a high-blooded filly, just four
years old, which he had been very
careful in raising. Lawson took great
pride in this animal, and had refused
a large sum of money for her.

One evening, a little after sundown, as
Watt was passing around his cornfield,
he discovered the filly feeding in the
little strip of prairie land that separ-
ated the two farms, and he conceived
the fiendish design of throwing two or
three rails off his fence, that the horse
might get into his corn during the
night. He did so; and the next morn-
ing bright and early, he shouldered
his rifle and left the house. Not long
after his absence a hired man whom
he had recently employed heard the
echo of his gun, and in a few minutes
Dood, considerably excited and out
of breath, came hurrying to the house
where he stated that he had shot and
wounded a buck, the head had attack-
ed him, and that he hardly escaped
with his life. The story was credited
by all but the newly employed hand
who had a dislike to Watt, and from
his manner suspected that something
was wrong. He therefore slipped qui-
etly away from the house and going in
the direction of the shot, he suddenly
came upon Lawson's filly stretched out
on the earth, with a bullet hole through
its head, from which the blood was
oozing. The animal was still warm,
and could not have been killed an
hour. He hastened back to the dwell-
ing, where he met him in the yard,
demanded somewhat roughly where he
had been. "I've been to see if your
bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's
filly," was the instant rejoinder. Watt
paled for a moment, but recollecting
himself, fiercely shouted "Do you dare
to say that I killed her?" "How do
you know that she is dead?" replied
the man. Dood bit his lips, hesitated
a moment, then walked into the house.

A couple of days passed by and the
morning of the third day had broken,
as the hired man met Lawson riding
in search of his filly. A few words of
explanation ensued, when with a heavy
heart, the Quaker turned his horse
and rode home, where he informed the
people of the fate of his filly. No threat
of retribution escaped him; he did not
even go to law to recover damages,
but calmly waited his plan and hour
of revenge.

Watt Dood had a Durham heifer for
which he paid a heavy price, and upon
which he counted to make great gains.
One morning, just as Obadiah was sit-
ting down to breakfast, his eldest son
came in with information that neigh-
bor Watt Dood's heifer had broken
down the fence, entered the yard, and
after eating most of the cabbage, had
trampled the well made beds and the
vegetables they contained out of all
shape—a mischief impossible to repair.

"And what did thee do with her, Ja-
cob?" quietly asked Obadiah. "I put

her in the farm yard." "Did thee beat
her?" "I never struck her a blow,"
replied Jacob, right. Sit down to thy
breakfast, and when done eating I will
attend to the heifer."

Shortly after he had finished his re-
past Lawson mounted a horse and rode
over to Dood's, who was sitting on the
porch in front of his house, and who,
as he beheld the Quaker dismount,
supposed he was coming to demand
pay for his filly, and secretly swore he
would have to go to law for it if he did.

"Good morning, neighbor Dood, how
is thy family?" asked Obadiah, as he
mounted the steps and seated himself
in a chair.

"Well, I believe," was the reply.
"I have a small affair to settle with
thee this morning, and I came rather
early."

"So I suppose," growled Watt.
"This morning my son found thy
Durham heifer in my garden, where
she destroyed a great deal."

"And what did he do with her?" de-
manded Dood, his brow darkening.
"And what would thee have done
with her had she been my heifer in
your garden?" asked Obadiah.

"I'd have shot her," retorted Watt,
madly, "as I suppose you have done
with me; and we are even now; heifer for filly is
only tit for tat."

"Neighbor Dood, thou knowest me
not if thou thinkest I would harm a
hair on thy heifer's back. She is in my
farm yard, and not even a blow has
been struck her, where thee can get
her at any time. I know thee shot my
filly, but the evil one prompted thee to
do it, and I lay no evil to my heart
against my neighbor. I came to tell
thee where thy heifer is, and now I'll
go home."

Obadiah rose from the chair and was
about to descend the steps, when he
was stopped by Watt, who hastily as-
ked:

"What was your filly worth?"

"A hundred dollars is what I asked
for her," replied Obadiah.

"Wait" and Dood rushed into the
house whence he soon returned with
some gold. "Here's the price of your
filly, and hereafter let there be pleasant-
ness between us."

Obadiah mounted his horse and rode
home with a lighter heart, and from
that day to this Dood has been as good
a neighbor as one could wish to have,
being completely reformed by the re-
turning of good for evil.

(For the Commonwealth.) A MOAN.

Red and weary, sad and weary,
With a heart that's full of care;
With a future dark and dreary;
With a burden hard to bear.

Oh, this crushing weight of sorrow!
Oh, this loneliness, wasting woe!
Oh, this longing for the morrow!
Oh, this mourning and low!

Still my heart is full of care;
Still my life seems sad and dreary;
Still my burden hard to bear.
For now 't is full of sorrow.

The power of thought, the wild regret,
For what it lives my heart must ache—
I strive in vain to set it free.
It feels, it weeps, but will not break.

HARRISONBURG, 1877.

(For the Commonwealth.) THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

DEDICATED TO F. H. V. M. L. L.

BY DR. STEEN.

"Woman's beauty sunneth him, as with a smile from
heaven."

"O beauty, thou art noble; yes, though Father be an
elf."

Of the many numberless attributes
showered by God upon an undeserving
mortal, the one most highly valued by
woman-kind, is the great gift of beauty.

What an irresistible power is contained
in the one word, beauty, in all ages
and in all climes. Monarchs have been
ruled, thrones shaken, powers over-
thrown by that invincible power. From
the days of the Trojan war the magi-
cal charm of beauty has been felt.

Would Paris have stolen the wife of
Menelaus had she been an ugly wo-
man? Far from it. Had she pos-
sessed all the virtues and all the intel-
lect instead of beauty, the dreadful
Trojan war would have never taken
place. Thus, by the irrepressible beau-
ty of a single woman, cities were top-
pled, thousands of human beings lost
their valued lives, and the splendor
and opulence of cities wasted.

Look at its terrible power over Marc
Antony, that scared and bronzed
hero of so many battles, the conqueror
of so many kingdoms, was in turn con-
quered by the little Egyptian, scarce
four feet high. Her dark thrilling
beauty, her entrancing form, the flash
of her brilliant eyes, changed his de-
sire from being a strong, daring man.
With the mighty courage of a Hercules,
he became, under her fascinating
spell, an effeminate Sybarite, chained
to her side, with no wish or desire to
return to Rome. Held by an over-
powering magnetism until the glori-
ous future he had pictured in his mind
had dwindled to those huge dimen-
sions, till his great power was lost, till
his magnificent genius had subsided;
with all his splendid changes wasted,
with every hope shattered, he fell a
victim to a passion for a woman's
beauty.

Thus we perceive that its power is
invincible. Here is a strong military
genius who had passed through innum-
erable campaigns, at last, in the ze-
lous of his glory, had his fame tar-
nished by the power of beauty.

I am quite sure that Elizabeth would
never have been imprisoned and tortured,
and at last sent to the block, the lovely
"Mary, Queen of Scots," had she
possessed a *nez retousse*, or a pair of
dim, unmeaning eyes. It was the
beautiful, young and graceful Queen,
and not the erring woman, whom she
sent to her death. If all of these wo-
men, with their extraordinary beauty,
had not exerted it to influence others
to wicked endeavors, with its magical
power, what good could they have
rendered to the world, had they so
desired. So that on looking back, a fu-
ture generation might have discerned
a bright era, thus showing that beauty
was not entirely valueless, that it had
many properties of doing great and
good deeds, of elevating mankind, and
of influencing the scholar still to cry
Eureka, with the fair face of woman as
his guiding star. With all that, old
and ugly persons may speak of "beauty
being only skin deep." There is no wo-
man who does not long for the power
that she knows beauty exerts over man-
kind, from the little child even up to
the gray haired philosopher.

Where do we need for a more pow-
erful example than Madame De Stael,
who exclaimed in the height of her ge-
nius, "Oh take all my knowledge, all my
brilliant attainments for a little of the
beauty that could charm and control the
Court of Napoleon. Had God but given
me fine eyes, I could have done the
rest." (And being a French woman,
we can well believe her.)

It appears that in all climates beauty
exerts its most powerful influence. In
the Koran the Mohammedans are
promised a heaven that contains flow-
ing waters, luscious fruits and beauti-
ful women.

Victorious generals, brilliant schol-
ars, in the strength of their united
powers, may succumb at love-sick boys,
as they term them. Scholars, deep in
erudition, and who burn the midnight
oil over abstruse sciences, may not
know the meaning of the word passion;
but let them be thrown into the com-
panionship of a truly beautiful woman
—I mean the beauty of the mind com-
bined with the beauty of the face. Now
what has become of our vain glorious
soldier and our absent-minded schol-
ar? Our general is pouring passion-
ate sentiments into the ear of some
beautiful belle; our scholar is translat-
ing sonnets of Anacreon to his mis-
tress' eye brows, and so it is to the end
of the chapter.

The Talmud somewhere says that
"an ugly woman needs no guardian,"
but with all that, I prefer a woman
blessed with beauty, even if they do
require guardians.

I do not blame a woman for being
vain of her personal charms. We val-
ue Raphael's pictures, which are mere-
ly beauty imparted by human hands;
how much more valuable is that beau-
ty imparted by God's hand. With-
out it

"Life would be dreary, weary, blank."

(For the Commonwealth.) Edward C. Marshall, Esq.

Mr. Editor.—Any one who is fami-
liar with the history of the Manassas
Gap Railroad can not hear it mentioned
without the memory of this good, pure,
modest and perfectly unselfish man—
the last surviving member of the large
and interesting family of the great
Chief Justice of the United States, Joo.
Marshall. In passing Markan, on this
road, on the 2nd instant, we hoped we
might have had the pleasure once more
of taking him by the hand and of ex-
changing salutations with him. From
the day he came before the Legislature
with the petition for the incorporation
of this road, of which he may justly be
styled the father, to the present mo-
ment, he has commanded our unquali-
fied respect and esteem. His worthy
brother, James Marshall, his senior,
and at the time the only surviving
brother, was a member of the State
Senate from the Fauquier district.—
Hiram Martz, of Rockingham, in the
House, and George E. Deneale, in the
Senate, Philip Pittman, of this county,
Robert L. Scott, of Fauquier, head and
shoulders the ablest man in that House,
Judge Thomas, of Fairfax, Benoni Har-
rison, of Prince William, and Lewis
McKenzie, of Alexandria, were among
the zealous and most active patrons
of the bill. We take great pleasure in
remembering we were included in the
list of its friends; gave our affirmative
vote for it when first introduced, and at
its passage two or three sessions after.

It develops a most interesting region
of country, and but for the results of
the war, and its having ever since been
made a mere appendage of our friend
Edwards' road, of the long and unre-
memorable name, it ought now, a vil-

