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MARSHALL STORIES.

GLIMPSES OF THE UNWRITTEN LIFE OF THE JURIST.

LOVED WIFE, HOME, AND CHILDREN.

Anecdotes Illustrating His Sympathy and Kindness for Young Folk—Extracts from Private Letters—Tribute to the Memory of His Wife.

The 100th anniversary of John Marshall's elevation to be Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, now almost at hand, has stimulated interest in all that pertains to the great Virginian. Here in Richmond the evidences of his simple grandeur, in his private life, are abundant, and the recounting of some of his domestic and neighborly virtues and characteristics cannot but be of deep interest to all who revere the memory of the Chief Justice and delight to hold him up as an example worthy of emulation in the present and in all generations.

Richmond once treasured within her limits a host of ancient houses, squarely built and stately within their wide enclosures. Now the restless sea of modernity has swept over the city, and comparatively few remain to tell the tale of old-time southern life.

MARSHALL'S HOME.

But among those few one stands preeminent—a square, battered, hoary brick mansion, in which lived John Marshall, the greatest of all the American chief-justices. It still preserves an air of quaint dignity at the corner of a row of newer, modern buildings. The spirit of its great owner seems to cling to it still, and one is impressed with its air of staunchness and strength.

Long ago a simple cottage stood beside the spot where the house is now, in the shadow of a cluster of trees. The yard and garden took in most of the block and vegetables, as well as flowers, flourished there. The great Judge lived in the cottage and watched with pride the brick mansion grow.

Outside the house is plain and solid, but within all is elegance and comfort. The hall, small and square, leads into large drawing- and dining-rooms, with many windows, carved mantels, and massive woodwork.

STILL IN THE FAMILY.

In this house still dwell two of the granddaughters of the Chief Justice—Misses Anne and Emily Harvie. They live in a world of their own, with simplicity and dignity, carrying on with courtesy and warm hospitality the ideal life of Virginia gentlewomen. Their sister, who married one of Virginia's most brilliant lawyers, Mr. Frank Ruffin, followed him to the grave a year or two ago. She, too, bore the same strength and sweetness which characterize her sisters.

Two others, great-granddaughters of the Chief Justice also live in this city, though not in the Marshall house. They are Miss Ellen Wade and Miss Lizzie Archer. As one talks to the granddaughters of Chief-Justice Marshall, in the stately drawing-room in which the very furniture was his own, it seems as if he and his day are brought subtly close. The very walls, with their proud ancestral portraits, seem to whisper of him, and the very breath of the old house is imbued with his personality.

HIS GREATNESS ONCE QUESTIONED.

It has not been very long ago that a number of exceedingly wise and great men gathered around a dinner table in the city of Washington. Among them was a lawyer from Massachusetts—the wisest of them all. One of the gentlemen proposed a toast to John Marshall, "the greatest Judge," he said, "who ever spoke the English language." The gentleman from Massachusetts interrupted him. "My friend," he said, "are you not speaking extravagantly?"

"Name one greater," said the first speaker; "one greater who spoke the English language."

The gentleman from Massachusetts was silent for a moment, and then he answered, "I don't believe I can."

This great man lived at the corner of Ninth and Marshall streets, and came and went in his "stick gig." He bought his own marketing, and mingled with the people. All that can be gleaned about him which has not been published and republished may be told in a few minutes.

FOND OF CHILDREN.

Dr. Crouch, of Richmond, when a little boy, lived just opposite Judge Marshall's, and he tells some delightful tales of him. Indeed, the Judge was his father's landlord, and the doctor and his little brothers called him Grandpa by the Judge's special invitation.

When they first moved into their new home they were afraid of the gaunt gentleman opposite, who walked around with such a serious mien, but one or two interviews made the Judge and his little friends great chums.

"You're my little grandchildren now, boys," he said, "and I am grandpa. Remember that!"

A few pennies around sealed the bond of friendship, which was never broken. And to these little people always Chief Justice Marshall was "grandpa."

The boys knew well when he was back from his judicial trips, and gave him a hearty welcome, the heartier, perhaps, from his never-failing custom to hand around pennies.

One day, absorbed in thought, he stepped from his yard to the street, and when he saw the boys, unconsciously began to fumble for pennies. To the white boys he gave a few, but the ever-present negro boy with whom they played got none, though he had skirmished around with keen hope. When, however, no money came to him, he resorted to subterfuge.

"Grandpa!" he cried, "I ain't got no pennies!"

Judge Marshall, without looking, and with great good-nature, fished out some more money and gave it to the little negro, who rushed back gleefully to his companions.

BOUGHT OFF BAD BOY.

One of these little boys was fond of making whips, which he would crack continuously, to the great annoyance of Mrs. Marshall, who was an invalid. When this had gone on until it could not be endured, "Jim Actor," the fat, black, dining-room servant, would go to the little boy and hand him a quarter.

"Master say he'd like to buy your whip," he would very gravely announce, and the deal would be promptly made, to the child's great satisfaction.

Among cherished memories is a picture of Mrs. Marshall, pale and sweet, wearing a green "calash" bonnet, and being lifted into the carriage by the strong arms of her husband.

HIS SERVANTS.

"Jim" Actor was a great character in his day, being the ever-present and obsequious butler; but his position in the Marshall family was eclipsed by "Robin Spurlock," the Chief's body servant, who wore a livery and long, fine stockings, and travelled around with his master. His appearance was so unique that once, in Philadelphia, when he was walking the streets alone, a mob threatened him with violence; a black and liveried valet being unusual in those parts. But no more faithful body servant ever lived than "Spurlock." At the death of the Chief Justice there was a bequest in his will for this trusty servant. He was to have a room in the office, which stood in the yard on Marshall street, west of the house. A woman was ordered to wait upon him when he became old and feeble.

The daughter of "Robin Spurlock," Agnes Spurlock Helton, died on January the 25th—hardly a week ago—at Upper Weyanoke, on James river. At the age of 18 Mr. Marshall sent her to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Marshall, of Fauquier county. There, as a faithful, trusted, devoted servant and friend, she lived until the marriage of her young mistress, Mary Willis Marshall, to Mr. Fielding Lewis Douthat, who brought her with her to Weyanoke. There as the beloved "mammy" of Mrs. Douthat and her children she passed her long, eventful life, having seen five generations of the family in whose service she was born.

INCIDENT OF LONG AGO.

A very good anecdote of Mr. Marshall is told by Mrs. Burton Harrison in one of her charming articles. It runs thus:

"I am told by a great-grandson of the Chief Justice of a scene between Washington and Marshall in 1798, to which the date—that of the year before Washington's death—lends emphatic interest. Marshall was summoned to Mt. Vernon, and arrived there late one evening to find the General greatly determined that he should enter Congress, a move to which, for many reasons, Marshall was opposed. For hours the argument went, neither yielding his strong will to the other. At last, in some heat, Washington ended the conference by wishing his guest an abrupt good-night. At sunrise next morning Marshall arose, intending to make his way to the stables and ride off, trusting to time to heal the breach between two tried and trusted friends. In the grounds he encountered the General, who, suspecting his purpose, had risen earlier. Extending his hand, Washington asked this young friend's pardon for the expressions he had used the night before, then smilingly inquired what he was now about to do.

"Do?" said Marshall, moved to the heart, as he gripped the General's hand, "why, sir, I am going to Congress!"

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Some insight into the character of the great Chief Justice may be gained from his letters, extracts from two of which are published below. The first is dated at Richmond, March 27, 1794, and is addressed to Archibald Stuart, at Staunton. In the course of the communication, which, in the first paragraphs, is of a business nature, Mr. Marshall says:

"I wish very much to see you. I want to observe how much honester men you and I are. Seriously, there appears to me every day to be more folly, envy, malice, and damned rascality in the world than there was the day before, and I do verily begin to think that plain, downright honesty and unintriguing integrity will be kicked out of doors. We fear, and not without reason, a war. The man does not live who wishes for peace more than I do, but the outrages committed upon us are beyond human bearing. Farewell! Pray Heaven we may weather the storm. Yours, J. MARSHALL.

"To Archibald Stuart, Staunton."

CONCERNING LIBEL.

Another letter addressed to Mr. Stuart, who was an attorney at law, deals with the law and practice in relation to libel. Mr. Marshall wrote as follows:

"Richmond, May 28, '94.

"My Dear Sir,—I have considered the record brought me by Mr. Clay, and am really apprehensive that he is totally routed, and has not a single rallying point left.

"With respect to the errors in arrest of judgment, they would be sufficient, according to the great mass of authority collected in the books, but the principle which seems now to prevail, tho' it is scarcely to be found in print, is that where words are laid to be maliciously spoken and to be injurious to the plaintiff, and the verdict has established them to be so, they are to be considered as actionable unless it is plain that they could not be slanderous.

"On the other point, you would certainly be right, according to the law of England. The two terms, 'not guilty' and 'justifiable,' are certainly inconsistent, and in England a court would not permit them, but I have ever supposed the law to be otherwise here, and this difference arises from the difference in expression of the act of Assembly and act of Parliament. By the act of Parliament the second plea is to be put in by the leave of the Court, and, therefore, the Court may exercise a discretion concerning it; in the exercise of which they have determined not to allow contradictory pleas, but under our act it is not necessary to ask the leave of the Court, but the defendant has a positive right to plead whatever he may think proper. Whether the truth of a libel may be justified or not is a perfectly unsettled question. It, in that respect, the law here varies from the law of England, it must be, and because such is the will of their Honors, for I know of no legislative act to vary it. It will, however, be right to appeal, were it only to secure a compromise.

"We have some letters from Philadelphia, which wear a very ugly aspect. It is said that Simcoe, the Governor of Upper Canada, has entered the Territory of the United States at the head of about 500 men, and has possessed himself of Presque Isle. As this is in Pennsylvania, I hope the Democratic Society of Philadelphia will at once demolish him, and if they should fail, I still trust that some of our brethen will at one stride place themselves by him and prostrate his post. But seriously, if this be true, we must bid adieu to all hope of peace and prepare for serious war. My only hope is that it is a mere speculative story. Farewell.

"I am affectionately yours,
"J. MARSHALL.

"To Archibald Stuart, Attorney at Law, Staunton."

DEVOTION TO INVALID WIFE.

The Chief Justice and his family always attended Monumental church, and his granddaughters are regular attendants there, and sit always in his pew. The Chief's wife was an invalid, and could not go to church, so on Sunday mornings before he went to church he read the service to her. After her death he continued this, seated in his chair near the one she always occupied. In a paper folded in his will was the most touching eulogy upon his wife, in which he says: "From the hour of our union to that of our separation I never ceased to thank Heaven for this, its best gift"; and "I have lost her, and with her have lost the solace of my life. Yet she still remains the companion of my retired hours; still occupies my inmost bosom. When alone and unemployed my mind still recurs to her. More than a thousand times since the 25th of December, 1831, have I repeated to myself the beautiful lines written by General Burgoyne under a similar affliction, substituting 'Mary' for 'Anne'—

"'Encompassed in an angel's face
An angel's virtues lay;
Too soon did Heaven assert its claim
And take its own away!
My Mary's worth, my Mary's charms
Can never more return!
What now shall fill those widowed arms?
Ah! me! My Mary's urn!
Ah! me! Ah! me! My Mary's urn.'"

This devotion was given to one who could in no way but by patient suffering contribute to the joy of her husband's life. Her life was spent in her chamber, mostly on her couch. When she rode her husband bore her in his arms up and down the stairs, to and from the carriage.

OF DOMESTIC TASTES.

The Chief Justice loved home. He was glad, after tedious overland trips, to drive up in his stick gig to Ninth and Marshall streets. He loved his books—scattered in dining-room, drawing-room, hall, and chamber. He loved to wander about his garden and pluck his flowers, and make them into a fragrant nosegay for his wife, or for his friends. And he loved to gather the fruit which ripened on the trees planted by his own hands, and to send baskets of it to his neighbors.

The gnarled trees and the square porches of his old home, with the wooden benches on each side, still speak of him. In summer evenings, with the shadows creeping over them, they tell of the ripe scholar, with bare head resting when the day's work was done. The artistic beauty of the interior of his dwelling must have been designed by him. Probably the easy curve of the stairway was born of his desire to make ascent easy to his frail wife. Never must the vandal touch this spot. Rugged and severe, it must ever mark an epoch and a man to whom the United States, for the safety of its law, must yield grateful homage.

ALL AGES IN BONDAGE TO CHRONIC CATARRH.

All Classes and Conditions of People Have Chronic Catarrh.

Old Men Have It, Young Men and Young Women Have It.

MOTHERS AND GRANDMOTHERS HAVE IT

Winter Weather Produces New Cases and Aggravates Old Cases of Catarrh.

PERUNA FREES MANKIND FROM THE CHAINS OF CATARRH.

CATARRH spares neither strong nor weak, old or young, sick or well. All ranks of people have chronic catarrh: rich men, poor men, beggar men, thieves, lawyers, doctors, merchants, priests. Not only catarrh of the head, but catarrh of the throat, catarrh of the lungs, catarrh of the stomach, catarrh of the liver, catarrh of the kidneys, catarrh of the bowels, and a multitude of women are afflicted with catarrh of the pelvic organs.

Catarrh is a word which includes a multitude of diseases. Nearly one-half of the diseases to which the human flesh is liable, are in reality, nothing more nor less than catarrh in some phase or location.

When it is said, therefore, that Peruna cures catarrh wherever located, a much larger fact is stated than at first appears. If it be true that Peruna really does cure catarrh wherever located, what a multitude of diseases Peruna will cure.

Who is it that says Peruna will cure catarrh wherever located? Doctors say it, lawyers say it, preachers say it, a vast army of men and women say it who have tried it. The old and the young say it. They say it in the East, in the West; they say it in the North and the South.

All these say that Peruna will cure catarrh wherever located, and they say it, too, without any solicitation, hesitation, or remuneration. Never was a greater assertion crowded into fewer words, Peruna cures catarrh wherever located.

Catarrh Patients Lately Cured by Dr. Hartman.

Thousands of people who know of Peruna as a catarrh cure get it and begin treatment. Some of these people write to Dr. Hartman. Hundreds of letters are received by the doctor every day. These letters are all promptly answered free. The cures are numerous. These testimonials are not solicited and never published except by the wish of the ones writing them. Here are a few of them:

A Housewife Cured of Pelvic Catarrh.

Mrs. A. E. Stouffer, of Sabetha, Kan., was troubled with headache, palpitation of the heart, pain in the side, and female weakness (pelvic catarrh). When she wrote Dr. Hartman she had given up all hopes of ever being cured. She took a course of Peruna, and says:

"Peruna has given me health and strength; it is the best medicine that was ever made for women. My friends say they never saw such a change in a woman. I talk to every one about Peruna. I cannot say too much for it."—Mrs. A. E. Stouffer.

A Young Man Saved from Life-Long Catarrh of the Nose.

Mrs. Regina Roller, 315 St. Joseph street, Rochester, N. Y., had a son who was afflicted with catarrh for six years. He was treated by a Rochester doctor for catarrh of the throat; but his catarrh remained.

He got so bad finally that he could not breathe through his nose at all, caught cold easily, was always hawking and spitting, had ulcerated sore throat, poor appetite, and never felt well. He followed Dr. Hartman's advice, took Peruna, and now says he feels better than he ever did.

A Venerable Gentleman Recommends Peruna for Catarrh of the Kidneys.

Hon. Moses B. Crane, secretary of the Odin Lodge, No. 123, Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, in a letter written from the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Tacoma, Wash., says: "As an honest medicine that does all that it is claimed to do, I am glad to endorse Peruna. I have had occasion to observe the satisfactory results obtained from its use among the members of our order and others, especially in kidney and bladder troubles, and diseases of the pelvic organs.

"It affords speedy relief and satisfactory results, and the patient is not simply cured, but stays cured. Peruna recuperates the entire system, and makes you feel young and strong and in full vigor. Try it, and you will never regret it. It will not disappoint you."—Moses B. Crane.

A Bright Boy cured of Catarrh of the Throat.

Mr. Hoffa Frankenfield, of Williamsport, Pa., was troubled with catarrh of the throat. He could not sleep at night, and finally got so weak that he gave up trying doctors, and began to use Peruna. He is now entirely well.

Peruna Cured This Beautiful Young Girl of Catarrh of the Stomach—Read Her Letter.

Miss Dollie B. Edens, Charleston, Mo., writes:

"Before I began your treatment my stomach was bloated up all the time. I could only eat boiled milk and cracker, and was even then most distressed after eating. Was hungry all the time, but did not dare eat enough to satisfy my appetite. The doctor treated me for indigestion, I took so much medicine, but nothing did me any good.

"It is with a happy heart I now write you that I am almost well, and Peruna has done the work. I think it is the best medicine on earth. Had it not been for Peruna and your kind advice, which I followed to the letter, I should have been in a lunatic's grave long ago.

"I took medicine for a year and nothing helped me until I took Peruna. It was certainly a god-send. Our doctor bill amounted to a small fortune of itself.

"My mother and grandmother are now taking Peruna, and it is helping them. I talk Peruna to everybody. The druggist tells me he sells more of it than any other medicine. It is grand."

How a Mother Saved a Baby Daughter.

Mrs. J. M. Brown, Dunnegan Springs, Mo., writes:

"My little daughter 3 years old was troubled with a very bad cough, which remained after an attack of catarrhal fever, which was a great deal worse at night. She would wake up out of her sleep and cough until I feared she could not stand it. Nothing that we gave her seemed to do her any good.

"I then concluded to send for Dr. Hartman's book, entitled "The Ills of Life," which I promptly received. I at the same time commenced giving her Peruna. She has taken one bottle in all, through which she has obtained a complete cure.

"She also since her birth was troubled with indigestion, but since she has taken Peruna, she can eat almost any kind of food without any bad results.

"She is now as well and happy as any little girl can be. When our friends say how well she looks, I tell them Peruna did it. I shall always be a friend of Peruna, as I consider it the best medicine for coughs and indigestion we have ever tried, and will recommend it to any one similarly afflicted."

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, president of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

He Cures Himself of Serious Stomach Trouble Down to First Principles.

A man of large affairs in one of our prominent eastern cities, by too close attention to business, too little exercise, and too many club dinners, finally began to pay Nature's tax, levied in the form of chronic stomach trouble; the failure of his digestion brought about a nervous irritability, making it impossible to apply himself to his daily business, and finally deranging the kidneys and heart.

In his own words he says: "I consulted one physician after another, and each one seemed to understand my case, but all the same they each failed to bring about the return of my former digestion, appetite, and vigor. For two years I went from pillar to post, from one sanitarium to another, I gave up smoking, I quit coffee, and even renounced my daily glass or two of beer, but without any marked improvement.

"Friends had often advised me to try a well-known proprietary medicine, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and I had often perused the newspaper advertisements of the remedy, but never took any stock in advertised medicines, nor could believe a fifty-cent patent medicine would touch my case.

"To make a long story short, I finally bought a couple of packages at the nearest drugstore, and took two or three tablets after each meal, and occasionally a tablet between meals, when I felt any feeling of nausea or discomfort.

"I was surprised at the end of the first week to note a marked improvement in my appetite and general health, and before the two packages were gone I was certain that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets was going to cure completely, and they did not disappoint me. I can eat and sleep and enjoy my coffee and cigar, and no one would suppose I had ever known the horrors of dyspepsia.

"Out of friendly curiosity I wrote to the proprietors of the remedy, asking for information as to what the tablets contained, and they replied that the principal ingredients were aseptic pepsin (government test), malt, diastase, and other natural digestives, which digest food regardless of the condition of the stomach."

The root of the matter is this, the digestive elements contained in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest the food, give the overworked stomach a chance to recuperate, and the nerves and whole system receive the nourishment which can only come from food; stimulants and nerve tonics never give real strength, they give a fictitious strength, invariably followed by reaction. Every drop of blood, every nerve and tissue is manufactured from our daily food, and if you can insure its prompt action and complete digestion by the regular use of so good and wholesome a remedy as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, you will have no need of nerve tonics and sanitariums.

Although Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have been in the market only a few years, yet probably every druggist in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain now sells them, and considers them the most popular and successful of any preparation for stomach troubles.

(oc 21-Sun,Tu&Th-1c,nr)

The Rules of the Grammaticasters.

(New York Independent.)

The pseudo-grammarians, who would crucify the English language on a hundred of their wooden rules, get a good drubbing from Brander Matthews in Harper's. The subject, perhaps, has less interest for the younger generation that studies "language" in the present-day school than it had for the earlier one that really studied grammar; but, perhaps through the surival of so many who "parsed" after the elder manner, questions of grammatical propriety still interest a multitude of people, both of those who imagine that rules must govern language, and of those who know that rules are the elastic expression of the custom of language. In the year 1851 was printed, by order of the Massachusetts Legislature, Goold Brown's "Grammar of English Grammars," a copy of which, one of those distributed to the members of the Legislature, rests, except for occasional reference, in our book-case. It is a big octavo of 1,147 pages; and, but for its reprehensible lack of an index, we are inclined to approve the appropriation, for it is a fine compilation of strict rules and multitudinous exceptions and violations. This ponderous volume and Brander Matthews's little essay illustrate the real fluidity of the English language, a fluidity not like that of a river, but rather like that of a glacier, the movement of which is noted by years or generations rather than by days. Our grammar is very far from being that of the English Bible.

Mr. Matthews recalls the hubbub of newspaper grammarians over Kipling's line:

"The shouting and the tumult dies," where a singular verb is used with two nominatives. But Kipling was right, however the rule may be formulated, for the "shouting" and the "tumult" were all one noise. And even if it were not, the languages that are more given to inflection than the English—Greek, Latin, German, French—allow considerable freedom in such a case. But the tendency in English is to reduce inflection, with no sacrifice of intelligibility, and a good tendency it is, even tho' we may regret the rapid loss of our subjunctive mood, which we now seldom use except with the verb be, A careful writer will still say:

"If I be I, which I think I be,
I have a dog at home, and he'll know me,"

but the common man will say, "If I am I."

We still try, in editorial writing, to avoid the "split infinitive," altho' we cannot shut it out from the pages given to contributions. But the violation of the rule against it often helps perspicuity, and is sometimes almost necessary, as in the clause quoted by Mr. Matthews from Professor Lounsbury, "to more than counterbalance."

We take considerable editorial pains to say two first, three last, in defiance of the dictum of grammaticasters that there can be but one first and one last. We not only remember that Goold Brown tells us it is proper for a painter to compare his "first pictures" (pl) with his last pictures, and that it is awkward to speak of a first three when there may be no second three, but that in every inflecting language the words for first and last can be pluralized, and that we are told in Scripture that "there are first that shall be last, and last shall be first," the words all plural in Greek. Those who say first three are less correct logically, but the tendency of language is their way, and so it may become right, when the ignorance of the multitude suppresses the wisdom of the few.

The purrist bids us say, "come to see me," while the people properly enough say, "Come and see me." King James's Version says, "Her eldest son, Esau," and sticklers for exactness would require us to say elder. We all say "more universal," "more perfect," "more complete," altho' we are told that these adjectives do not allow of degrees of comparison. Well, what of it? Even so binding a rule as that which places only next to the word modified may admit of exception for mere rhythm's sake, as in this sentence from Daniel Webster's Second Bunker Hill Oration:

"It did not, indeed, put an end to the war; but, in the then existing hostile state of feeling, the difficulties could only be referred to the arbitration of the sword."

These laxities of speech we not only condone, we approve them. They may be warily allowed, because English is not a dead language; it grows from roots in lower soil. And so we are not of those who are the obedient slaves of relentless grammatical rules, but of those whose usage, barring slips, makes or mends them.

The Power of the Press

is a common expression, but few realize its actual power. Great as is the influence of the press, it cannot begin to equal the power of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters over disease. The Bitters strengthen the stomach, purifies the blood, and cures dyspepsia, indigestion, and constipation. It will tone up the nerves, stimulate inactive kidneys, and as an appetizer it is unequalled. If you want to get well, and keep well, use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

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