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JOHN MARSHALL

AND HIS HOME

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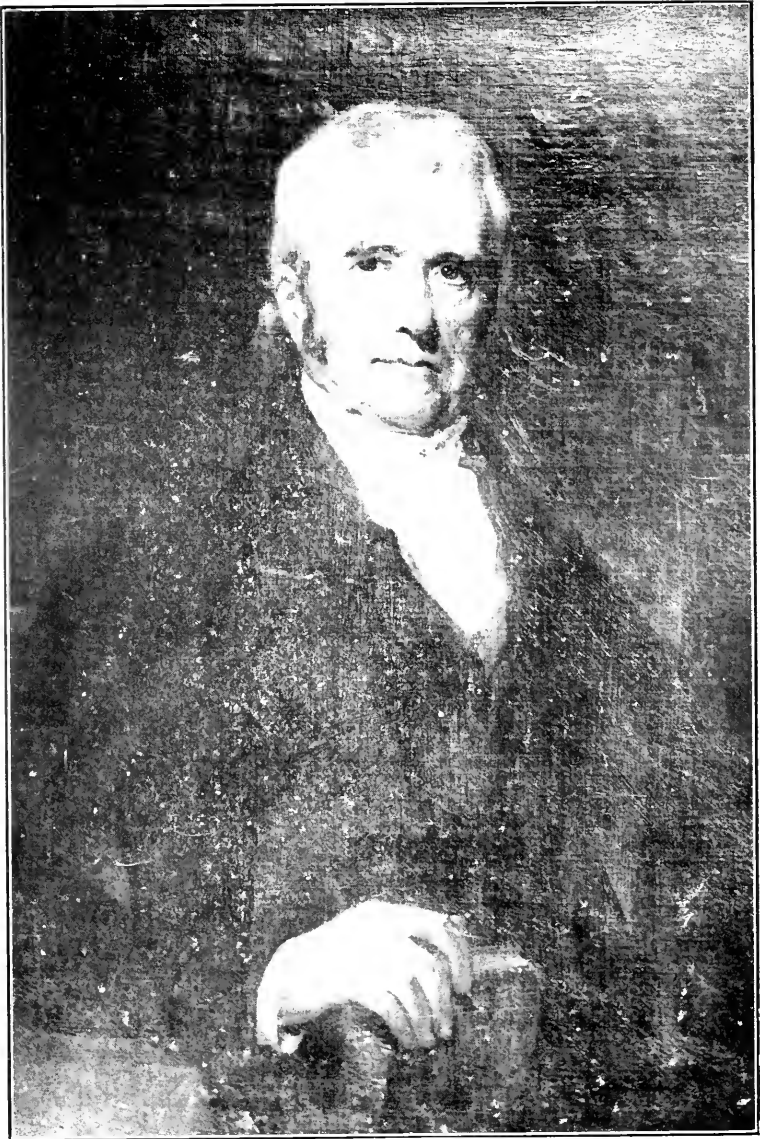
MARY NEWTON STANARD

A. P. V. A.

PUBLISHED BY THE
**Association for the Preservation of
Virginia Antiquities.**

FOR SALE AT THE
JOHN MARSHALL HOUSE,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Price Fifty Cents



JOHN MARSHALL.
From the Inman portrait

JOHN MARSHALL

AN ADDRESS

BY

Mary Newton
MARY NEWTON STANARD

READ BEFORE THE

ASSOCIATION FOR THE PRESERVATION
OF VIRGINIA ANTIQUITIES

AT THE

Opening of the John Marshall House, March 27, 1913

TOGETHER WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE
HOUSE AND ITS CONTENTS

RICHMOND
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JOHN MARSHALL

Upon Thursday afternoon, March the twenty-seventh, nineteen hundred and thirteen, the home of Chief Justice John Marshall, in Richmond, Va., which had been given by the city of Richmond to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, to be preserved as a perpetual memorial, was formally opened to the public. The guests were received by the President of the Association assisted by the officers and Board and the John Marshall House and Reception Committees.

Judge James Keith, President of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, and a kinsman of Chief Justice Marshall, presided over the exercises. In few but choice words he paid fitting tribute to the life and character of the great Chief Justice and then introduced Mrs. William G. Stanard, the Historian of the Association, who read the following

ADDRESS

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It seems hard upon Westmoreland, the county of the Washingtons and Lees, that John Marshall was not born in it. His father, Thomas Marshall, was born there, at "The Forest," and went to school with George Washington at the "Classical Academy," in the neighborhood, taught by Mr. Campbell, who, by the way, was an uncle of the English poet, Thomas Campbell.

Later on, Thomas Marshall, like Washington, was employed as a surveyor of the great estates of Lord Fairfax. In the upper country he met, loved and married beautiful Mary Isham Keith, daughter of a Scotch parson of what is now

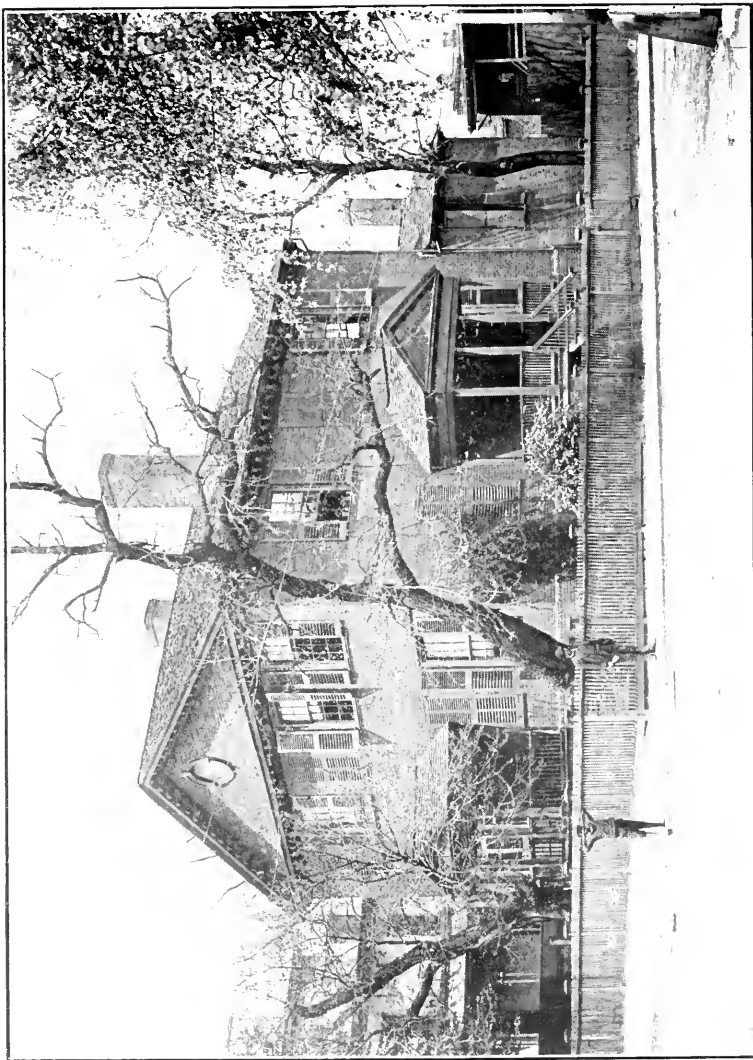
Fauquier county, and on her mother's side a descendant of William Randolph, of "Turkey Island," and cousin of Thomas Jefferson. And so, as he made her country his country, Thomas Marshall and his famous son were lost to the county of the Washingtons and the Lees.

He and his bride planted their first roof-tree at Germantown, in Fauquier, but later moved higher up the county near the Blue Ridge, and set up a second on a farm which they named "Oakhill." They served their country loyally in the good old Virginia fashion by adding to its sparse population fifteen little Marshalls. Sturdy little Marshalls they must have been, for in spite of blissful unconsciousness of the existence of germs, in spite of the hardships of frontier life, all fifteen grew up.

The eldest of them and the most liberally endowed by nature, was a son, John. He was born, on September 24, 1755, in the earlier nest, which has long since disappeared; "Oakhill," enlarged and improved, still stands, and claims our interest as the home in which he was bred. It was no stately mansion, but a typical Colonial Virginia frontier home. Colonial Virginia had her mansions, of course, and some of her illustrious sons were bred in them; but they were the exceptions. More numerous, more typical, were the simple farm houses where a larger number grew great in soul and mind as they grew in stature.

John Marshall was exceptional, but "Oakhill" was the average home of the time and place. It is worth while to call to mind a picture of this house and its surroundings, for here the structure of that strong, simple, brilliant personality we classify as John Marshall quietly had its building.

A modest frame cottage was "Oakhill," scantily supplied with every luxury, save children. There were only the necessary pieces of furniture, we may be sure, and if some of them were mahogany, others were home-made of home-grown timbers. The walls were innocent of decoration save white-wash, the floors for the most part bare. If there were bed and window curtains some of them may have been white, others



THE MARSHALL HOUSE
From a photograph made in 1888

were certainly calico, gay with shawl figures or other old-fashioned designs, for satisfaction in homely comfort had not then given way to competitive exhibitions of house decoration.

Calico, linsey-woolsey and homespun played a large and proud part in the family clothing; though there were best suits for Sundays and State occasions of finer stuffs. Mary Keith Marshall, mother of the fifteen, even had a gown of skyblue brocade. Whether it was the one in which she captivated Thomas Marshall, of Westmoreland, or a part of her trousseau as a bride, or whether she acquired it later on, to wear in Richmond while on a visit to son John, we do not know. But she owned such a gown, for the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities has a piece of it.

Scarcely as luxuries were there were books—English classics whose presence would place the hall-mark of culture upon more ambitious homes today. And bare as it seems, "Oak-hill" was not a home of want. It was surrounded by rich fields, tilled by slave labor, and it was situated on high ground overlooking charming scenery. Field and stream and mountain afforded physical exercise and communion with nature to the growing youth surfeited with reading or wearied of the chatter in the crowded cottage. For John Marshall, boy and man, was exceptional, among other ways in this, that he had a passion for both mental and physical exercises—for books and country tramps, meditation and athletics. He was like Richmond's other world famous citizen, Edgar Poe, in this, if in naught else. No doubt these diverse tastes acted happily upon each other in the development of his character.

At "Oakhill" he had a bracing climate, as well as all outdoors in which to run and tramp and fish and hunt and play the games of boys of his time. He had the companionship and guidance of educated parents and of a capable tutor, Rev. James Thompson, rector of the parish, who lived at "Oak-hill" and taught the Marshall boys. Under such influences John early developed his love of books. At twelve he knew much Pope by heart, and was familiar with Dryden, Shakespeare and Milton. At fourteen he was sent for one year to

Westmoreland to the "Classical Academy" where his father and Washington had gone (and where he himself had Monroe for a schoolmate) and afterward resumed the study of Latin with his old tutor with whom he had read Horace and Livy. When he was eighteen the first American edition of Blackstone made its appearance, and among the subscribers was Captain Thomas Marshall. With the addition of this book to the bit of library at "Oakhill," began John's interest in the study of law.

But Blackstone soon had a too formidable rival for even so legal a mind as that of John Marshall. There were rumors of war for independence, and patriotism and dreams of military glory fired the soul of the boy. At the sound of the first alarm father and son entered the army—Thomas as major, John as lieutenant in a company of volunteers.

A contemporary has left us a pleasant picture of young John setting forth from "Oakhill" for a tramp of ten miles over hill and dale to the musterfield on which his company was to assemble. See him, as he swings along, with brisk, eager step and expectant eye. He is six feet tall, as yet slender as youths that have shot up rapidly are apt to be, and straight, but a bit gawky. His complexion is a healthy brown. His hair is thick and black, his brow straight and rather low, but well developed about the temples; his eyes not large, but dark, strong, penetrating and beaming with intelligence and humor. His face is round and features strong and at the same time amiable. He wears a hunting shirt of purplish blue homespun and baggy knee-trousers of the same material, brave with white fringe. His stockings are of blue homespun yarn, knitted by his mother, and his shoes, made doubtless by a black shoemaker, are stout and serviceable, we may depend. He has stuck a buck's tail—trophy of his last day's hunting—in his round, black hat for a cockade.

Thus John Marshall, aged nineteen, went a-soldiering across the greening Fauquier hills on a spring morning of 1775. Just an overgrown country boy, keen for trying his strength in the world, but having about him something—call it charm, call

it force, call it individuality, call it genius, call it what you will, but *something* that marks him as different—that compels attention. He found a little band of country boys eager, like himself, for the adventures of war, and anxious for instruction; for they had seen no newspapers and knew little of the war-cloud beyond vague and conflicting rumors. Imagine their disappointment when no captain put in appearance!

Young John came to the rescue. Mounting a stump, he made his maiden speech. He told the boys he had been appointed lieutenant instead of a better. He had come to meet them as fellow soldiers likely to be called on to defend their country's and their own rights and liberties, invaded by the British. He told them of a battle in Lexington, in Massachusetts, in which the Americans had been victorious, but more fighting was expected. Soldiers were called for and it was time to brighten up their firearms and learn to use them in the field. He said he would show them the new manual exercise, for which purpose he had brought his gun. He illustrated by bringing the gun to his shoulder. The sergeants then put the men in line and the young lieutenant presented himself in front, to the right. He had been studying and practicing rifle-drill at home ever since the war-talk began. He now went through it by word and motion before requiring the men to imitate him and then drilled them "with the most perfect temper" for as long as he thought proper for a first lesson. This over, he told them that if they wished to hear more of the war, and would form a circle around him, he would tell them all he knew.

The circle formed, he addressed them for an hour, closing with the announcement that a minute battalion was about to be raised and that he was going in it and expected to be joined by many of his hearers. He then challenged an acquaintance to a game of quoits and closed the day with foot-races and other athletic sports before walking the ten miles back to "Oakhill," where he arrived a little after sunset.

This glimpse of the boy soldier-orator is more than picturesque—it is important. It shows us the boy as father of the

man. It shows him simply, naturally, without ostentation, yet without hesitation, taking the place for which nature formed him—a leader among his fellows, compelling by the power that lay in his tongue and in the force of his will, dominating without irritating. It shows him making a serious business of the drilling lesson—working while he worked—then turning with a like degree of spirit to play. And the game was the one he played from childhood to old age with a zest that never flagged. John Marshall quoit-thrower is as familiar a figure to the mind's eye as John Marshall presiding judge.

The regiment of minute men he spoke of was made up of some three hundred and fifty volunteers of Fauquier, Orange and Culpeper counties. Thomas Marshall was major of infantry and his son John lieutenant. They were the first minute men raised for the Revolution in Virginia. Their uniform was much the same as that in which we have seen young John—hunting-shirts, "homespun, homewoven and home-made," with Henry's words, "Liberty or Death," in white letters on their bosoms. Their flag bore a coiled rattlesnake with the legend, "Don't tread on me." Buck tails furnished plumes for their hats, and they wore tomahawks and scalping knives in their belts. Their crudely war-like equipment raises a smile today; it struck terror to the heart of the beholder as they marched through the country to Williamsburg, and Lord Dunmore told his troops that if they fell into the hands of these "shirt-men" they would be scalped.

In the battle of "Great Bridge"—the first fighting in Virginia—the "shirt-men" showed that the awe they inspired was justified, though there is no record of any scalping. "In this battle," says Judge Story, "Lieutenant Marshall took an active part and had a full share of the honors of the day." This was in the autumn of 1775. In July, 1776, young John was made first lieutenant in the Eleventh Regiment, in the Continental Line, and in May, 1777, was promoted to the rank of captain. He was constantly in service till 1779, and fought in the battles of Iron Hill, Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth.

He was often called upon to serve as judge-advocate, which

brought him intimacy with Washington and Hamilton, both of whom won his devoted admiration. He suffered with Washington and the exhausted troops the horrors of the winter at Valley Forge, and some of his fellow soldiers have left testimony concerning the manner in which he bore his own trials and heartened the men to bear theirs. Lieutenant Philip Slaughter, one of his mess-mates, describes him as the best-tempered man he ever knew—"idolized by the soldiers and other officers, whom he encouraged by his own exuberance of spirits and entertained by his inexhaustible fund of anecdotes." We see him forgetting discomforts in matches of his favorite game—throwing a quoit further than any other man—foot-racing, and with a running jump clearing a stick laid on the heads of two men as tall as himself.

One day he ran a stocking-foot race, in stockings knitted of blue yarn with white heels, and was dubbed "silver-heels."

In 1779, when part of the Virginia line was sent to the defense of South Carolina, he was one of the officers left with the troops with Washington. The term of enlistment of these men soon ended and Captain Marshall was left without a command. He was ordered to return to Virginia and take charge of such new troops as the Legislature should raise for him, and he set out at once for Williamsburg, where the Legislature was in session.

We have now a new picture of our young hero. We have had John Marshall the soldier; here is John Marshall the beau. His father, Colonel Thomas Marshall, was in command of a garrison at Yorktown, a few miles from Williamsburg. Young John seized the opportunity to visit his family. Next door to the house occupied by Colonel Marshall and his suite lived Mr. Jacqueline Ambler, longtime Treasurer of Virginia, with his bevy of charming daughters. The Ambler girls had become intimate with the young Marshalls, who constantly sang the praises of their war hero, Brother John. When the girls heard that Brother John was coming and was to be at a ball to which they were going, their interest ran high. One of them, Elizabeth, afterward the wife of Colonel Edward

Carrington of the Revolution, described it in a letter which has been preserved. She says:

"Perhaps no officer that had been introduced to us excited so much interest. We had heard him spoken of as a perfect paragon. . . . Our expectations were raised to the highest pitch and the little circle at York was on tip-toe on his arrival. Our girls were particularly emulous who should be first introduced."

While the older girls accustomed to the attentions of the young officers chatted about the new beau their little sister Mary, or "Polly" as they called her, who was not yet "out," listened and heard the first call of romance. The letter continues:

"My sister, then only fourteen years old and diffident beyond all others, declared that we were giving ourselves useless trouble, for that she, for the first time, had made up her mind to go to the ball, though she had not even been to dancing school, and was resolved to set her cap for him and eclipse us all. This in the end proved true and at the first introduction he became devoted to her. I, expecting an Adonis, lost all desire of becoming agreeable in his eyes when I beheld his awkward figure, unpolished manners and total neglect of person."

The writer soon found that John Marshall was no ordinary country bumpkin, and acknowledges the discovery, adding:

"Under the slouched hat there beamed an eye that penetrated at one glance the inmost recesses of human character and beneath the careless garb there dwelt a heart replete with every virtue."

The Ambler girls had been educated by their father, who set them copies in "the fairest hand, containing a lesson of piety or an elegant moral quotation," introduced them to arithmetic with "figures encircled with flowers" and proved himself a proper disciplinarian by frequent use of the rod. Little Mary's beau added substantially to this elementary foundation for, to quote the older sister again, "Whatever taste I may have for



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THE STAIRWAY

reading was entirely gained from him, who read to us from the best authors, particularly the poets, with so much taste and sublimity, without which I should never have had an idea of."

So pleasant an episode in a soldier's life could not last long. He went on to Williamsburg to await recruits, but the Legislature was slow in furnishing them, so he made use of the time by attending the law lectures of Mr. (afterward Chancellor) Wythe, and the lectures on philosophy of Dr. James Madison, President of William and Mary College, and afterward first Bishop of Virginia.

There is in existence an old note-book used by John Marshall while attending these classes. It shows that his thoughts sometimes strayed beyond the class-room after the manner of college boys in love today and always. Underscored with many flourishes of the pen we find, at intervals, on the yellowed pages the name "Polly Ambler." Sometimes it is just "Polly," while lower down on the same page appears "John Marshall."

At the close of the college for summer vacation, and the only college term John Marshall ever enjoyed, he was given a license to practice law; but duty to his country drew him back into the army. Despairing of receiving a command, he set out alone and on foot to make his way back to headquarters, reaching Philadelphia in such dishevelled condition that the hotel keeper refused to admit him. He rejoined the army, however, and remained in active service until January, 1781—nine months before the surrender of Cornwallis—when, seeing no hope of obtaining a command, he resigned his commission.

As soon as the Virginia courts of law, which were suspended until after the siege of Yorktown, were reopened, John Marshall offered for practice. He was now twenty-five years old. Little conventional training for his profession he had had, but army life is a good school for the development of manhood and the study of human nature, and at the bar his powers of mind and character met instant recognition.

But life was not all plain sailing to John Marshall or any other citizen of the new Republic. After war comes peace in

name only, for after war comes hard times. "The tumult and the shouting dies" leaving even the flushed victor flat in the depths of reaction and dismayed at the chaos out of which order must be painfully established if the benefits of victory are to be secured. Disbanded troops clamored in vain for pay; there was no money with which to pay them. Agriculture and trade were crippled; manufacture at a standstill. The complaining of the unemployed was heard in the land; the distress was appalling. So long as hunger and cold are among the ills, human flesh is heir to will the empty purse be man's ghastliest, most unbearable woe. And when not only today's and tomorrow's need, but yesterday's debts are crying to the empty purse, desperate indeed is the situation.

Such was the plight of numbers of ablebodied and industrious men in all of the newly freed states. The people looked to the state legislatures for relief and demanded ruinous measures for adjustment of debts. It was a time that not only tried men's souls, but tried the abilities of those upon whose counsel the very life of the states depended. To make their part more difficult, popular leaders and men of desperate fortune went about inflaming the public mind against the wiser heads who opposed granting license for violation of private contracts. Each state harrassed by its own problems, distracted by the distress of its citizens, yet each regarding all the others with jealous eye, managed its affairs in its own way—all pulling for self and against each other with a result that was confusion worse confounded.

John Marshall was one of those who, to use his own words, became "convinced that no safe and permanent remedy could be found but in a more efficient and better organized general government."

Two great and bitterly antagonistic parties sprang into being. The Federalist, of whose principles General Washington was the acknowledged head and supporter—bent upon perfecting and enlarging the powers of the National government; the Republican (the forerunner of the present Democratic party)—bent on preserving the sovereignty of the states.

It was at such a time that the young lawyer, John Marshall, late captain in the Revolutionary Army, was called to enter the political arena, and such was the crucible fate or fortune had prepared for the testing of his talents; for in the spring after he began practicing law in his native county, Fauquier, that county sent him to the Legislature. He found party feeling running high there, as elsewhere. Madison was leader of the Federalists in the Virginia Legislature, and Marshall promptly became his most ardent supporter. In a letter to a friend written later in life he says: "I had grown up at a time when a love of the Union and the resistance to the claims of Great Britain were the inseparable inmates of the same bosom; when patriotism and a strong fellow-feeling with our suffering fellow citizens of Boston, were identical; when the maxim 'United we stand; divided we fall,' was the maxim of every orthodox American. And I had imbibed these sentiments so thoroughly that they constituted a part of my being. I carried them into the army where I found myself associated with brave men from different states, who were risking life and everything valuable in a common cause, believed by all to be most precious; and where I was confirmed in the habit of considering America as my country and Congress as my government."

There was in Virginia at this time a Council of State, composed of eight men, chosen by the Legislature to advise with the Governor. In the autumn of 1782 following the spring of John Marshall's election to the Legislature, Judge Edmund Pendleton, President of the Virginia Court of Appeals, wrote to Mr. Madison: "Young Mr. Marshall is elected a Councilor. . . . He is clever, but I think, too young for that department, which he should rather have earned as a retirement and reward, by ten or twelve years of hard service." That his confreres in the Legislature deemed him worthy of so high an honor after only six months' service shows the impression for wisdom and trustworthiness he had made in that short time.

But deep in public affairs as John Marshall already found himself, service of his country did not absorb all his thoughts. Perhaps he would not have been so brave a soldier, so warm a patriot, so pure a statesman, had he been less devoted a lover. Polly Ambler, the girl who at fourteen had captured his heart at the Yorktown ball, still held it fast. When the war was over fortune favored the sweethearts, for Jacqueline Ambler, too, was elected to the Council of State, and moved, with his family, to Richmond. Doubtless the young lawyer and member of the Assembly found time for frequent visits to the pleasant cottage in its large lawn on Tenth Street between Clay and Marshall Streets, where the Amblers lived, and for strolls, with the charming Polly on his arm, up the river bank to "the falls"—a lover's lane of the day. His sister-in-law, Mrs. Carrington, calls him "an enthusiast in love," and quotes him as saying in after years that he "looked with astonishment at the present race of lovers, so totally unlike himself."

I might show him as the jealous lover and describe his feelings when "Major Dick" came courting Polly, but I forbear. He and his Polly were married in January, 1783, when she was—after the three years' courtship—only seventeen and he twenty-eight.

Mrs. Carrington says: "After paying the parson he had but one solitary guinea left" upon which to begin married life.

After the wedding he settled in Richmond. The single guinea in his pocket was not lonesome long, for in the same year he bought the block, or "square" as he would have called it, between Clay and Marshall and Eighth and Ninth Streets. This property was in the fashionable section of the city, but probably did not cost more than a thirty-foot lot in an equally fashionable quarter would today. Upon it stood, on a site now covered by the John Marshall High School, a two-story, dormer-windowed frame cottage, in which the young couple set up housekeeping and lived the six years they waited to build and make ready the substantial and commodious brick homestead on the corner of their lot.

The old note-book already quoted is many-leaved. When John Marshall became a house-holder and family man he used its blank pages for keeping accounts, and many interesting items appear in it. I only give one:

“Polly’s bonnet, fifteen dollars.”

Richmond was but a small town when John Marshall came to live in it; a mere village with homes varying from smallest cottage to dignified mansion—not many of any type, but each having something in the way of yard and garden—straggling over the older part of Church Hill and lower Main Street and Broad, Marshall and Clay Streets, below Fifth. Just an old-fashioned village it was, but it had become the capital of Virginia and drawn to itself many of the most talented and promising of Virginia’s sons, and these had made a little Athens of Richmond on the James. It is as foolish to ask why Virginia past produced so many of what the world calls great men as it is to ask why England has never had but one Shakespeare. Some would say it is a question of atmosphere—that the distance which clothes the mountain in its azure blue has made these men loom unduly large as we look back upon them across the years. But their recorded words and deeds force us to believe that there really were giants in those days. Maybe it was because intellectual gifts and accomplishments won more respect then, because modest incomes earned in the learned professions carried more prestige than riches made in business, because men cared more for distinction than for material display. It must be remembered, of course, that there was not so much for money to buy then. Had the American of Revolutionary times known modern luxuries, from bath tubs to automobiles, perhaps he would not have contented himself with the gentle toil of compounding state papers of thoughts that breathe and words that burn, generously spiced with Latin quotations, nor with the gentle recreation of reading poetry to the ladies. And when there were not only no bath tubs, no automobiles, but no organizations for reforming the world and promoting everything under the sun—with their in-

numerable committees and constant meetings—no servant problem, no telephone and almost no newspaper, perhaps there was time for thought and study. The fact stands that insignificant as Virginia's capital was in population or wealth, when and long after John Marshall became one of her citizens, the talent, character and personality of her acknowledged leaders of thought and of manners, gave her an influence which was felt throughout the new Republic then, and a stamp of greatness which every student of her history and biography must recognize now.

Among the leaders John Marshall at once found a place, and he and his girl-bride were admitted to the inner circles of the elite. Of course he was no stranger in Richmond, where his services as a member of the Legislature had given him both reputation and social acquaintance. After his marriage he resigned the Council to devote himself to his profession and his home, and the law reports of the time show him in nearly all the most important cases in the Richmond courts. But he could not keep out of office. In spite of his removal to Richmond, Fauquier re-elected him to the Legislature—thus showing him the confidence of those that had known him longest. He accepted, for he knew his country's need. Four years later, in 1787, he was chosen to represent his adopted county, Henrico.

Excited and bitter discussions between the advocates of the sovereignty of the States and of the Union still absorbed the legislatures of all the states. In Virginia, John Marshall remained steadfast to the Federalist party and its leader, James Madison. Finally, to settle matters, the famous Convention of 1787 was called at Philadelphia and the Constitution of the United States framed and presented to the people for consideration. The various states now called conventions to decide upon the acceptance or rejection of the Constitution. John Marshall was (to use his own words) "a determined advocate for its adoption," and in order to work for it, became a candidate for the convention. A majority of the voters of Henrico county were opposed to it and told him they would



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THE DRAWING ROOM

support him if he would promise to vote against it, otherwise they would oppose his election. He frankly declared that on the contrary he would vote for it. But (to use his own words again) "Parties had not yet become so bitter as to extinguish private affection." He was chosen by a good majority.

The Virginia Convention met in the "Academy," which stood on Twelfth Street, on a lot now occupied in part by "The Retreat for the Sick." The country watched anxiously to see what Virginia would do with the Constitution, for many believed that her vote would influence other states. The members of the Convention were serious-minded men come together with a solemn sense of their responsibility. The chief debates were led by James Madison (for the Constitution), supported by George Nicholas, Governor Edmund Randolph, Edmund Pendleton and John Marshall; and Patrick Henry (opposed to the Constitution), supported by Grayson and George Mason. The clashing of intellects and of party feeling must have shaken not only the little Academy building, but the whole town. Day after day, for twenty-five days the battle of words raged. At last the Constitution won by ten votes. Nine states had already adopted it, settling its fate without Virginia's aid. John Marshall had contented himself for the most part with supporting Madison, but had made three notable speeches; one on the power of taxation, one on the power over the militia and one on the power of the judiciary. An eyewitness describes him as "rising after Monroe had spoken, a tall young man, slovenly dressed in loose summer apparel."

John Marshall was an enthusiast always—in work and in play, in reading and study, and in love, in war and in politics, but when he rose to debate he never let his heart run away with his head. Nor had this eldest of fifteen children, reared in frugality on a frontier farm, any taste for the ornate in dress, manners or speech. His debates were colored with no flowers of rhetoric, but were spoken straight to the judgment, for the single purpose of convincing. Says William Wirt, his eloquence consisted in "deep self-conviction, emphatic earnestness and the close and logical connection of his thoughts."

Another witness likens him to "some great bird which flounders on the earth for a while before it acquires impetus to sustain its soaring flight."

The fight for the Constitution won, John Marshall—now thirty-three years old—made a determined effort to retire from politics. He was building his house, his family was growing, the beloved young wife had become an invalid. He needed time for home duties and pleasures and he needed the money strict attention to his profession would bring. But the Constitution still had its enemies, who now showed their antagonism by opposing its measures. Strong support in the Legislature was essential. John Marshall was chosen again, and again, at sacrifice of private interest, he obeyed the call to service and for four years, from 1788 to 1792, "the rights, duties and powers of the National Government were defended by his clear and convincing logic."

In 1792 he actually withdrew to private life.

In 1789 General, then President, Washington had offered him the office of District Attorney of the United States at Richmond, but he had declined it. In 1795 Washington offered him the office of Attorney General of the United States, and in 1796 that of Minister to France. Marshall declined these, also, in turn, but in 1795 was persuaded to return to the Virginia Legislature.

In the meantime the French Revolution had broken out. The world looked on with interest and the new American Republic, so lately itself freed from oppression, threw up its hat in youthful enthusiasm for the success of France, its late friend and ally. Even the wild excesses of the Revolution were no damper on the sympathy of the American masses.

The wiser heads scented danger. To take the part of France would mean to arouse the enmity of Great Britain and our country already suffering from the effects of one war with England was ill prepared to embark upon another. President Washington made up his mind to preserve the peace he and his soldiers had suffered to win, and issued a proclamation of neutrality. The country was at once in an uproar—Republi-

cans denouncing Washington and the proclamation, Federalists supporting them. John Marshall, who had been the devoted supporter of Washington in everything, used all his powers of argument and eloquence for the proclamation, though his old leader, Madison, as well as Jefferson and Monroe was against it. Marshall was bitterly attacked by newspaper writers and by the Republican orators. Indeed it was a time of violence of emotion and speech, in midst of which the calm, cool determination of Washington, supported by the strong, unwavering logic of John Marshall, saved the country.

At length Washington sent Chief Justice John Jay to England to negotiate a treaty of peace. Jay succeeded in arranging a treaty, but it was a compromise and did not please anybody, though it was the best he could do. It was loudly denounced in Virginia, as throughout America, and caused harsh criticism of Washington. John Marshall's friends advised him against supporting it, for they feared for his own popularity. But he believed the treaty indispensable to peace and urged its ratification in a speech which has been pronounced "one of the noblest efforts of his genius," and which increased his fame throughout the country.

In spite of the treaty, relations with France became more strained, and, in May, 1797, the new President, John Adams, called a special session of Congress. Hoping for an honorable settlement, President Adams sent Marshall (Federalist) and Gerry (Republican) as Envoys Extraordinary to France. Referring to the appointment of Marshall, Adams describes him as "a plain man, very sensible, cautious, guarded and learned in the law of nations." The mission of the envoys accomplished little but the increase of Marshall's reputation. His dispatches to the French Government, though unavailing, were most able state papers, and upon his return to America he was received in Philadelphia with applause. Thomas Jefferson, who was his political enemy, spoke contemptuously of the envoys in letters written at the time, but was one of those who called to pay his respects to Marshall when he came back from France.

John Marshall now tried once more to settle down at home, practice his profession, enjoy his books, his friends and his favorite game and live in peace. But fate willed not so. Mrs. Burton Harrison tells how Washington summoned him to Mt. Vernon to urge him to run for Congress. The two friends argued till far into the night, neither yielding, and parted for their beds in some heat. Next morning John Marshall rose early to slip away without seeing his host; but Washington was up and out ahead of him, and holding out his hand, begged forgiveness for his language of the night before. Then, smiling, asked his guest what he intended to do. "Do?" exclaimed John Marshall, as he gripped the general's hand. "Why, sir, I'm going to Congress!" He took his seat in December, 1798—the month in which Washington died.

A lively account of Marshall's election to Congress is given in George Wythe Munford's quaint book, "The Two Parsons." A Republican, John Clopton, had been in Congress two years. Marshall was, of course, the Federalist candidate. Each party believed that the salvation of the country depended upon the election of its man. Says Munford: "Sick men were taken in their beds to the polls. The halt, the lame and the blind were hunted up and every mode of conveyance was ushered into service." In accordance with the custom of the day, all the voters of the county gathered at the courthouse to vote. The candidates sat side by side on the justice's bench. As the voters were brought in the sheriff asked each, in turn, for whom he voted, and the candidate named would express thanks. All day long the court green, on lower Main Street, was thronged with those taking part in or watching the fight. The election was close and therefore the more exciting. In the late afternoon a count of the votes showed a tie and party feeling rose to its highest pitch. More diligently, desperately than ever the country was scoured for votes, but the racers were kept neck and neck, for no sooner was a vote cast for Marshall than it was cancelled by one for Clopton.

There were two men of mark, friends of John Marshall, Parson Blair of the Presbyterian, and Parson Buchanan of

the Episcopal Church, who had not voted. They believed that the clergy should take no part in politics and were spending a quiet day at Parson Blair's. In the extremity at the courthouse some of the Federalists remembered the parsons, and jumping in a carriage drove post-haste to the Manse and succeeded in getting them into the carriage and to the courthouse. As they made their way through the surging, noisy mob to the polls, a voice called out:

"Here comes two preachers dead shot for Marshall."

Both candidates recognizing them rose from their seats in respect, and a terrific shout went up from the crowd. The sheriff put the question to Mr. Blair, who declared himself for "John Marshall," who replied:

"Your vote is appreciated, Mr. Blair."

Then Mr. Buchanan's vote was asked for. To the astonishment of all present he replied, "For John Clopton."

Mr. Clopton, as much surprised as anybody, said:

"Mr. Buchanan, I shall treasure that vote in my memory. It will be regarded as a feather in my cap forever."

There were hurrahs for both Marshall and Clopton, and in the midst of the din the parsons departed—Parson Buchanan explaining to his companion, "Brother Blair, when I was forced against my will to go, I simply determined to balance your vote, and now we shall hear no more complaint of the clergy interfering with elections."

John Marshall distinguished himself in Congress, as elsewhere, and the following year President Adams appointed him to his cabinet as Secretary of State.

On January 31, 1801, Adams appointed him Chief Justice of the United States. Mainly, of course, upon the ability and integrity with which for thirty-four years—until his death—he discharged the duties of this highest office in the gift of the President, rests the national fame of John Marshall and the righteous pride of Virginia in claiming him as her son.

It is hard for us, citizens of a State which once seceded from the Union, for us whose entire loyalty to that Union is still looked upon with suspicion in some quarters, though it is not in the least doubtful to our own minds, it is hard to realize that *our* John Marshall practically made these United States. But he did, for he took the Constitution for which he had striven, and during the third part of a century he was Chief Justice, expounded and interpreted it for the people until it became not merely an immortal state paper, but a living practical instrument for a great government to take form and live by.

During these years of gigantic responsibility and intellectual achievement, his labors were lightened by one of those rare friendships, or comradeships, which bless those to whom they are given and strengthen the belief in human nature of those who witness them. I mean his intimacy with the brilliant Supreme Court Justice from Massachusetts, Joseph Story. Would that time permitted liberal quotation from his noble address on the life and services of John Marshall. I will only give one picture.

"He seemed," says Judge Story, "the very personification of Justice itself as he ministered at its altars—in the presence of the Nation. . . . Enter but that hall and you saw him listening with a quiet, easy dignity to the discussions at the bar; silent, serious, searching; with a keenness of thought which sophistry could not mislead, or error confuse, or ingenuity delude; with a benignity of aspect which invited the modest to move on with confidence, with a conscious firmness of purpose which repressed arrogance and overawed declamation. You heard him pronounce the opinion of the court in a low, but modulated voice, unfolding in luminous order every type of argument; trying its strength and measuring its value, until you felt yourself in the presence of the very oracle of the law." Judge Story adds:

"His peculiar triumph was in the exposition of Constitutional law. It was here that he stood confessedly without a rival. . . . His proudest epitaph may be written in a single



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THE DINING ROOM

line—'Here lies the expounder of the Constitution of the United States.'"

So much for an outline, slight and rough, of John Marshall, public servant. We are gathered today in the house that he built and made his home. We are here, but he and his invalid wife, his children, his servants and the friends that came to visit him intimately here are gone. It is well that we consider, in this place, John Marshall, the man, and so, if we can, induce his spirit to come back and inhabit, in some sort, these sacred old rooms. "Whatever may be his fame in the eyes of the world," says Judge Story, his highest glory was the purity, affectionateness, liberality and devotedness of his domestic life. Home, home, was the scene of his real triumphs!"

The house is characteristic of its creator—sturdy and square and dignified; impressive in its simple outlines and ample proportions, well-bred in its sufficient but chaste ornament. The original entrance was through the porch on the Ninth Street side. Judge Marshall meant to have a square reception hall, but through a mistake the plan only provided a narrow entry, so the family used the room to the right of this entry as a hall. The room to the left, with windows on both Ninth and Marshall Streets, was the drawing-room and the room adjoining and connecting with it the dining-room. Over the drawing-room was the bedchamber of Judge and Mrs. Marshall.

The rooms were simply furnished with good mahogany. Between the drawing-room windows hung a mirror in a gilt frame with a colored picture in the upper part of it, and after a while there were family portraits in oils and a "St. Memin" of John Marshall himself, made some seven years after he became Chief Justice, and one of his son Thomas. In the dining-room was a large bookcase filled with works of general literature. The law-books were, after the custom of the day, in the office building in the yard. Upstairs were four-post beds covered with heavy, hand-made counterpanes—the housewife's pride—and protected from draughts by curtain and valance. There were a few chairs covered with chintz and a

rug or two on the dry-rubbed floors and white dimity window curtains drawn back at each side under a deep valance of the same material, and beside Mrs. Marshall's bed was a stand on which stood the light by which her husband read aloud to her.

There was no straining after effect in these rooms, but they were restful bedchambers and they illustrated the simplicity that all of the biographers of John Marshall insist upon as his most striking characteristic. One of the last living persons to leave testimony concerning him was an aged grocer of his neighborhood. He said a common saying of parents whose children craved finery was, "What's good enough for Judge Marshall is good enough for us."

It is through such bits of tradition that John Marshall ceases to be a bronze figure and becomes flesh and blood like ourselves—human. In his queue tide with black ribbon, his voluminous stock, his shorts and buckles and cocked hat, he would seem to us quite a dashing figure. Not so to his familiars, from whom we have it that though six feet tall and erect, he was ungainly and loose-jointed and that through his own indifference to appearance or indifference of his tailor, his clothes, though neat, were badly fitted and gave him a careless appearance.

Judge Story, writing of John Marshall the year the St. Memin was made, mentioned his black hair, his small, twinkling eyes, his conversation, precise, but "occasionally embarrassed by a hesitancy and drawling," his laugh ("I love his laugh—it is too hearty for an intriguer") and his good temper.

"Meet him in a stage coach as a stranger and travel with him a whole day," says Judge Story, "and you would only be struck with his readiness to administer to the accommodation of others and his anxiety to appropriate least to himself. Be with him the unknown guest at an inn, and he seemed adjusted to the very scene; partaking of the warm welcome of its comforts, whenever found, and if not found, resigning himself without complaint to its meanest arrangement. . . . He had great simplicity and yet with a natural dignity that suppressed impertinence and silenced rudeness. His simplicity

had an exquisite naiveté which charmed every one, and gave a sweetness to his familiar conversation approaching to fascination."

Bishop Meade says: "It was my privilege more than once to travel with him between Fauquier and Fredericksburg. . . . Although myself never much given to dress or equipage, yet I was not at all ashamed to compare with him. . . . Whether as to clothing, horse, saddle or bridle. Servant he had none. Federalist he was in his politics, in his manners and habits he was truly Republican." The good bishop fervently adds: "Would that all Republicans were like him in this respect!"

John Marshall's contemporaries evidently forgave him for not being stylish; we may go further, and thank him for carrying the virtue of simplicity to an extreme that made it a fault, and thus saving a sufficiently perfect picture from the monotony of over-perfection.

There is one little item on record which shows that he was not always regardless of dress. Writing to his wife a few days after the inauguration of President John Quincy Adams, he says: "I administered the oath to the President. . . . in my new suit of domestic manufacture. He, too, was dressed in the same manner, though his clothes were made at a different establishment. The cloth is very fine and smooth."

Judge Marshall's biographers lay great stress on his bringing his marketing home. It was the custom in Richmond and other Virginia towns then, and long afterwards, for the master of the house to go to market, often with basket on arm, and the picture Judge Marshall made walking home with a turkey in one hand and basket of vegetables in the other was not so amazing to his neighbors as it seems to us.

Another familiar picture shows him taking a spring morning stroll, dressed in a plain linen roundabout and shorts, bare-headed and eating cherries from his hat, which he carried under his arm. He stopped in the porch of the Eagle Hotel to chat with the landlord, who afterward recommended him to a stranger looking for a lawyer, who happened to be present.

The stranger preferred to employ a venerable looking gentleman in powdered wig and black cloth, but in a case called before his own his lawyer and John Marshall were on opposite sides. When the stranger heard their arguments he saw his mistake and asked Marshall's assistance in his case, though he only had five dollars left of the hundred he had brought to town for a lawyer's fee. With characteristic good nature John Marshall accepted the explanation and the fee.

His unaffected manners were doubtless largely due to his country breeding. He never lost his love for the country. Bishop Meade met him riding through Richmond on horseback one morning at daybreak with a bag of clover seed he was carrying to his farm near the city, lying before him. As long as he lived he made holiday trips to "Oakhill." In a letter to Judge Peters of Philadelphia just after the trial of Aaron Burr for treason—the most sensational trial over which Judge Marshall ever presided—he writes that the day after the commitment of Burr he "galloped to the mountains."

Among John Marshall's leading traits was tenderness to women and children. To the children of his neighborhood he was known as "Grandpa." To his invalid wife he was lover as long as she lived. One of his contemporaries has left a little picture of her that slight as it is sticks in the memory—just a glimpse of "a face, pale and sweet, looking from a quaint calash bonnet as her big tender husband lifted her into her carriage."

Judge Story says that John Marshall regarded women as "the friends, the companions, the equals of men." Speaking to them "when present as he spoke to them when absent in language of just appeal to their understandings, their tastes and their duties."

John Marshall's religious belief has been a subject of controversy. He was a man of pious habits, and though not a communicant, was a regular attendant of and a liberal contributor to the Episcopal Church. He was one of the earliest members of the Monumental Church, built on the site of the theatre that was destroyed by fire, and owned a pew there, on the

middle aisle, near the chancel. It was the custom then to turn around and kneel in the pew, and Bishop Meade thus describes the devout manner in which the Chief Justice conformed to this custom, both in the neighborhood of "Oakhill" and in Richmond: "I can never forget how he would prostrate his tall form before the rude benches, without backs, at Cool Spring Meeting House, in the midst of his children and grandchildren and his old neighbors. * * * At the building of the Monumental Church he was much incommoded by the narrowness of the pews, which partook too much of the modern fashion. Not finding room enough for his whole body within the pew, he used to take his seat nearest the door of his pew, and, throwing it open, let his legs stretch a little into the aisle. This I have seen with my own eyes."

Judge Marshall told his daughter, Mrs. Harvie, near the end of his life that he had always believed in the Christian revelation, but not in the divinity of Christ; but that he had lately become "convinced of the supreme divinity of the Saviour and had resolved to make a public confession of his faith." "While waiting improved health to enable him to go to church for that purpose," said Mrs. Harvie, "he grew worse and died." In a eulogy of his wife, written Christmas day, 1832, one year after her death and four years before his own, he says: "Hers was the religion taught by the Saviour of men." He told Mrs. Harvie that he always concluded his prayers on going to bed with those learned at his mother's knee, the "Lord's Prayer" and "Now I lay me down to sleep."

John Marshall's greatness of heart and breadth of mind are illustrated by his varied interests. He was president of the first Virginia Agricultural Society. He believed slavery to be a great evil, and was president of the Virginia Colonization Society, whose object was to send negroes to Africa. In 1773 he was made Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Virginia Masons, and in 1831 was elected first president of the Virginia Historical Society. If there had been an Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities in his time, I have not a doubt he would have been on its advisory board.

He never made but one adventure in the realm of authorship—his "Life of Washington," published first in five volumes and afterward revised and shortened to three. It was a book to make his enemies rejoice, for though a mass of valuable data it was put together hastily and without literary art at a time when his powers were being tremendously taxed by his duties as Chief Justice. Jefferson, the political enemy of both Washington and Marshall, was offended by the book's laudation of Washington, and called it "a five volume libel." Judge Marshall himself said of it: "I have written no book except the 'Life of Washington,' which was executed with so much precipitation as to require much correction."

John Marshall was one of a delightful circle of friends and neighbors of old Richmond. Among them were those two benevolent and lovable figures already mentioned, Parson Blair and Parson Buchanan. Life in any town would have been sweeter and more wholesome for the presence of "the two Parsons." Then there were Hon. William Wirt, Judge Philip N. Nicholas, Thomas Ritchie, Daniel Call, John Wickham, Dr. William Foushee, Dr. John Brockenbrough, Thomas Rutherford, Charles Ellis, Major James Gibbon, William Munford, Dr. Peter Lyons, Colonel John Ambler, Colonel John Harvie, and other gentlemen of parts, who, with their families, composed Society with a capital S in Richmond.

These gentlemen and more, to the number of thirty, had a charming country club, though they did not know it by that name. They called it the "Barbecue Club." It met on Saturdays, at Buchanan Spring, in a beautiful grove on Parson Buchanan's farm, back of where the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac freight depot now stands. There was always a dinner, at which julep, punch and toddy were allowed, though wine was prohibited except on special occasions. After dinner a match at quoits was played with as much zest as golf would be today. The human side of John Marshall is seen to better advantage in this game than anywhere else. Most of the gentlemen played with handsome brass quoits, kept polished by the negro servant, Jasper Crouch. Judge Marshall



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JUDGE AND MRS. MARSHALL'S BEDROOM

had a set of rough iron quoits twice as large as any others, which few of the club could throw. "Yet," said John Wickham, "it flies from his arm as flew the iron ball at the Grecian games when thrown by the robust arm of Telemonian Ajax."

Munford's book describes a certain meeting of the club, when Judge Marshall and Mr. Wickham were appointed to provide the feast with the aid of Robin Spurlock and Jasper Crouch. "A better dinner of the substantial of life," says Mr. Munford, "was never seen." The "dessert" was "a juicy mutton chop, cooked to a turn, and deviled ham, highly seasoned with mustard, cayenne pepper, and a slight flavoring of Worcester sauce." Judge Marshall sat at the head of the table and Mr. Wickham at the foot. "The two parsons," who were honorary members of the club, were there, and Parson Blair had answered his invitation with a rhymed eulogy of the club and its favorite sport. This was read and applauded.

Judge Marshall then announced that "it was known to the club that two of the members at the last meeting had, contrary to the constitution, introduced the subject of politics. * * * They had been fined a basket of champagne for the benefit of the club. They had submitted to the imposition like worthy members, and the champagne was now produced as a warning to evil-doers. It was so seldom the club indulged in such beverages they had no champagne glasses, and must therefore drink it in tumblers."

Mr. Wickham begged leave to add, "As nobody objects to the tumblers, we will drink to the health and happiness of our two honorary members" (the parsons).

Parson Buchanan responded that "for himself he had no objection to a little wine for his many infirmities," but he hoped those who indulged in tumblers at the table would not prove to be tumblers under the table.

With these and other pleasantries "the table was set in a roar."

After the feast the quoit-throwers left those who did not care to play to wear the time away with "jest and story and song." Judge Marshall challenged Parson Blair to make up

the game, and each chose four partners. The match was played with spirit. Judge Marshall's play is thus described:

"With his long arms hanging loosely by his side, a quoit in each hand, leaning slightly to the right, he carried his right hand and right foot to the rear; then, as he gave the quoit the impetus of his full strength, brought his leg up, throwing the force of the body upon it, struck the meg near the ground, driving it in at the bottom, so as to incline its head forward, his quoit being forced back two or three inches by the recoil. Without changing his position, he shifted the remaining quoit to his right hand, and fixing the impression of the meg on the optic nerve by his keen look, again threw, striking his first quoit and gliding his last directly over the head of the meg. There arose a shout of exulting merriment."

The first clear picture of John Marshall, as the nineteen-year-old soldier, shows him playing this game. An entry in the diary of Thomas Green shows him still playing it—aged seventy-two: "July 28, 1827. Received a note from Mr. Stanard urging me to accept an invitation to the club. His gig was sent down and I took John Scott with me. It was a most agreeable party, but I was sorry to see the 'Old Chief' pitch so feebly. He who two years ago was one of the best of the old club with the quoit is now very ordinary owing to his increasing feebleness."

Chester Harding, the artist who painted the full length portrait of John Marshall in the Boston Athenaeum, has left an account of a visit to the Quoit Club in 1829, when the Chief Justice was seventy-four. Says he:

"I watched for the coming of the old Chief. He soon approached with his coat on his arm and his hat in his hand, which he was using as a fan. He walked directly up to a large bowl of mint julep, which had been prepared, and drank off a tumbler of the liquid, smacking his lips, and then turned to the company with a cheerful 'How are you, gentlemen?' * * * The game began with great animation. There were several ties; and before long I saw the great Chief Justice of the United

States down on his knees measuring the contested distance with a straw, with as much earnestness as if it had been a point of law; and if he proved to be in the right, the woods would ring with his triumphant shout."

This great old man with the heart of youth died in Philadelphia July 6, 1835, and was brought home and buried in Shockoe Hill Cemetery. He had lived eighty years, sixty of which were spent in active service of his country. I have not attempted anything so futile as the crowding of eighty such years into a paper for an afternoon's reading, but only by a few sketchy pictures to aid your imaginations a little in making, for yourselves, a likeness of John Marshall.

The benediction was pronounced by the Right Rev. Robert A. Gibson, and the house was then inspected by the visitors.

THE HOUSE AND ITS CONTENTS.

In the year 1909 the City of Richmond acquired as a site for a new High School the block at a corner of which stands the John Marshall House. Soon afterward plans for securing custody of this historic home and saving it from destruction were begun by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. These plans were brought to a happy conclusion on July 20, 1911, when the Mayor of the city approved

"AN ORDINANCE

To provide for the dedication of the John Marshall Residence at the northwest corner of Ninth and Marshall Streets to the memory of Chief Justice Marshall, and to provide for its perpetual preservation by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities.

Be it ordained by the Council of the City of Richmond:

1. That the house owned and occupied by the Honorable John Marshall while he presided as Chief Justice of the United States of America, located on the lot of land at the northwest corner of Marshall and Ninth Streets in the city of Richmond, Virginia, be and the same is hereby dedicated to the memory of its distinguished owner, and the same shall be so preserved as a memorial of his unsurpassed service to his State and to the Nation as soldier, statesman and jurist, and to that end, the City School Board of the city of Richmond, who now have under their care and custody the said building, be, and they are hereby requested and directed to turn over to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, a corporation created under an Act of the General Assembly of Virginia

approved March 3, 1892, entitled, 'An Act incorporating the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities,' (Acts 1891-1892, pp. 103-105), the said building, together with free and unobstructed access to and from the said building by the said Association, its officers and agents, and other persons who may be authorized by the said Association to have access to and from said building, the same to be held in trust by the said Association for the sole purpose aforesaid and not to be liable to the debts or contracts of said Association, but the said Association shall not be entitled to the possession or occupancy of said building until they have, in writing, duly authorized in the mode prescribed by law, satisfactory to the City Attorney of the city of Richmond, executed and filed with the City Clerk an acceptance of the dedication hereby authorized and shall, in said writing, have agreed to assume the sacred duty of perpetually caring for and maintaining the said house in good repair, in which acceptance it shall also be provided that upon the dissolution of the said Association for any cause whatsoever, or, upon its ceasing to be a corporation under the laws of the State of Virginia, or upon its failure properly to maintain and care for the said house, the custody and care of the same shall *ipso facto* revert to the city of Richmond.

2. This ordinance shall be in force from its passage."

The John Marshall House with or without a "collection" makes a strong appeal to the eye and interest.

It is the expression of a great man's idea of a home and was his home for forty-six years, from its completion to his death, when it passed to his descendants, who owned it until it was bought by the city of Richmond. The quiet dignity of its exterior and the beauty of its interior; its charming mantels, cornices, stairway and doors (with their fluted frames, arches and fan-lights and great brass locks) do credit to the taste of the time and place, as well as to the builder himself.

The house is, indeed, its own chief attraction, but in the few months during which the Committee, with the untiring

aid of the President of the Association has been at work, a good beginning of what promises to be a valuable collection has been made.

RECEPTION HALL.

In Case Number 1:

Silver knee-buckles worn by Judge Marshall. Loaned by his great-granddaughter, Miss Nannie Norton.

Mrs. Marshall's hair-bracelet and charm containing her husband's hair. Loaned by their great-granddaughter, Miss Agnes Marshall Taliaferro Maupin.

Piece of blue brocade dress of Mrs. Mary Keith Marshall, the mother of the Chief Justice. Presented by Miss Bessie P. Johnson, a descendant.

Autograph letter of Judge Marshall to his son Thomas. Presented by his great-granddaughter, Miss Lizzie Archer.

Autograph letter of Judge Marshall to his nephew, Thomas G. Marshall. Loaned by Mrs. E. A. Robinson.

Judge Marshall's cribbage-board. Loaned by S. F. Chenery.

Judge Marshall's tortoise-shell spectacles. Loaned by his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Harry Lee.

Manuscript book containing notes made by Judge Marshall when a law student at William and Mary College and accounts when he was practicing law in Richmond. Loaned by his great-granddaughter, Mrs. John K. Mason.

Bed-curtain and valance used in one of rooms in John Marshall House during Judge Marshall's lifetime. Presented by his granddaughter, Miss Lizzie Marshall.

Judge Marshall's carpet-bag. Loaned by his granddaughter, Mrs. Elliot M. Braxton.

Damask table cloth bought by Judge Marshall in Paris. Loaned by his granddaughter, Mrs. Elliot M. Braxton.

In Case Number 2:

Judge Marshall's black satin robe of office as Chief Justice of the United States. Loaned by his granddaughter, Miss Anne L. Harvie.

"Buchanan Spring Quoit Club."

A meeting of the Club will be held on
this Saturday ~~at~~ July 12th -----

Richmond, 1856

His Excellency Gov. Wise.

Dear Sir

By the By-Laws of the above
named club, it is made my duty & I will
add my pleasure, to inform you that you
~~are~~ are Honorary members of it.

I have been negligent in my duty, which
I trust - you will excuse, & meet us today
at 3¹/₂ o'clock, at the above named Spring.

Yours Very Respectfully
Thos. P. S.

In Case Number 3 (mahogany secretary of the period):

"Dodsley Poems. A collection of poems in six volumes by several hands." London, 1775.

One volume, with autograph, presented by Judge Marshall's great-granddaughter, Mrs. Alexander Sands.

Wood's Bible Dictionary. New York, 1813. Presented by a great-granddaughter, Miss A. M. Braxton.

"Danver's Abridgement." London, 1725. Loaned by a great-great-grandson, Richard Henry Lee IV.

"British Poets." Fifty volumes. Philadelphia, 1819. Two volumes presented by a great-granddaughter, Miss Mary Morris Ambler.

"Graeca Majora." Boston, 1831. Presented by a great-granddaughter, Miss Maria Newton Marshall.

"Juvenal's Satires." Philadelphia, 1814 (with autograph). Presented by same.

"The Evidences of Christianity." Daniel Wilson, A. M. Boston, 1830. With autograph. Presented by same.

Bonnycastle's Geometry. Philadelphia, 1827. Presented by same.

All of the above mentioned books were in Judge Marshall's library. The case also contains volumes I and II of "Marshall's Life of Washington," presented by Mr. Fielding Lewis Marshall, and the collected and bound addresses delivered in various cities of the United States on "Marshall Day," 1901, presented by Mr. Howard R. Bayne. Also a photograph of Leeds Church, Fauquier county, which many of the Marshalls and Amblers attended. Presented by Miss Anna M. Braxton, great-granddaughter of Judge Marshall.

On small stand:

Mahogany writing desk of John Brown, used while Secretary of Legation under Judge Marshall when he was Minister to France. Loaned by Mr. L. T. Christian.

On mantel-piece:

Hand-painted glass candle-shade. Loaned by Judge Marshall's great-granddaughter, Mrs. John K. Mason.

On wall:

Photograph of "Liberty Bell" which cracked while being tolled for Judge Marshall's funeral. Presented by Mr. Joseph Leidy.

Photograph from portrait of Judge Marshall. Presented by Mrs. Sally Nelson Robins.

"Indian Crown," a silver ornament given by the English Government to the Queen of Pamunkey, in 1677, as an acknowledgment of the superiority of her tribe over other Indians in Virginia. It remained in possession of the Pamunkey Indians until a short time before the Civil War, when it was given by them to a gentleman who had befriended them, from whose estate it was purchased by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. An exceedingly valuable and unique relic.

In ante-room:

Invalid chair of Benjamin Harrison, signer of the Declaration. Bequeathed to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities by Dr. James B. McCaw.

In the rear hall:

Engraving of Judge Marshall. Presented by Mrs. John A. Coke.

Photograph of Marshall statue in Washington. Presented by Clinedinst.

In drawing-room:

Eighteenth century furniture, purchased by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, including two original "John Marshall" chairs.

One eighteenth century chair. Presented by Miss Frances B. Scott.

Facsimile of portrait of Judge Marshall by St. Memin. Purchased by Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. (Very beautiful.)

Photograph of "St. Memin" of Thomas Marshall, eldest son of Judge Marshall. Presented by Mrs. Nelly Marshall Taliaferro.

Silhouette from "St. Memin" of Thomas Marshall. Presented by Miss Maria Marshall.

Oil portrait of Washington, by John Elder, after miniature by Peale. Presented by Mrs. Charles B. Ball.

Photograph of portrait of Judge Marshall's sister, Mrs. Colston. Presented by Mrs. Sally Nelson Robins.

In dining-room:

Eighteenth century furniture purchased by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, with a gift in memory of Mrs. Joseph Bryan.

Engraving from Inman portrait of Judge Marshall. Presented by Mrs. James Lyons.

Photograph of "Oakhill"—Marshall home in Fauquier county. Presented by Homier and Clark.

In china-press:

China owned by Judge Marshall and used in this house. Presented by his granddaughters, Misses Anne and Emily Harvie, as follows: One large, blue Canton platter. One tureen, four cups and saucers, one chocolate pot, one pitcher, one egg-cup, one gravy stand, two dishes of quaint design—all from same set, with decoration of small flowers. One cake-stand, one fruit-basket of white and gold.

One plate from set owned by Washington. Presented by Miss Nannie Randolph Heth.

One Chinese punch bowl owned by Patrick Henry. Loaned by the Virginia Historical Society.

In bed-chamber of Judge and Mrs. Marshall:

Eighteenth century furniture, purchased by Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities.

Candle-stand which held the light by which Judge Marshall read to his invalid wife. Presented by his granddaughters, Misses Anne and Emily Harvie.

One chair owned by Judge Marshall. Presented by his great-grandson, Mr. John N. Marshall.

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THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PRESERVATION
OF VIRGINIA ANTIQUITIES was organized in
1888 to "acquire, restore and preserve the ancient his-
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It is supported mainly by the dues of its annual
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