

# MONTICELLO.

## INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF THE HOME OF JEFFERSON.

The Historic Mansion Even to the Interior and Furnishings Preserved Almost as the Great Statesman Left It.

MONTICELLO is three miles from the town of Charlottesville, Va., and is situated upon the top of what is known as Southwest Mountain, an



THE MANSION OF MONTICELLO.

appendage of Carter's Mountain. The road from Charlottesville begins to wind around the base of the mountain at the crossing of Moore's Creek. The ascent is long and somewhat tedious, for, though the mountain is only 550 feet high, its sides are steep and the making of a roadway a century ago was no easy task. The climb is at least a mile and a half long and the whole distance through a dense wood. The present owner of Monticello has built a wall on the outer edge of most of the roadway, which renders it safe for travel even at night. But in the days gone by it must have been a somewhat risky business to make the ascent after sundown. During Mr. Jefferson's sixty years of residence at Monticello he was visited by perhaps half of the European Presidents and climbed the steep ascent. German Baron called it, in honor of the American

Monticello is its own name. It is a name which has been given to the mountain. The name of his original estate was away below the mountain, stretching for miles below its base, but he chose this strange and at that time almost inaccessible spot for his home. Undoubtedly it was because of the glorious view from the summit of the hill. Mr. Jefferson inherited the Monticello estate from his father, Peter Jefferson, who was one of the first to settle in Albemarle County. William Randolph and Peter Jefferson were the first white



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

men to inhabit that region. Both took up enormous tracts of land and there founded two of the most distinguished families in Virginia. Mr. Jefferson's boyhood was spent at Shadwell, his birthplace, but upon his return from William and Mary College, which was about the time he reached his majority and came into the possession of his estate, he began the construction of the present Monticello mansion, which was about the year 1764. The first steps were necessary, to wit, the construction of a road to the summit and leveling off the summit to find standing room for the house and outbuildings. In this way a space of two or three acres was cleared and graded and the work of construction begun.

Monticello was not built in a day; on the contrary, it was the work of many years. At the time of his coming into his inheritance Mr. Jefferson was the owner of about 200 slaves. Among these were artisans of all kinds, as was the fashion of those times. There were carpenters and iron workers, stone and brick masons and brick makers among the lot, and the big mansion was almost all the work of Mr. Jefferson's slaves. They quarried the stone for the foundations and the surrounding wall, they hewed the timber for the frame, they dug the clay and burned the brick on the premises, step by step the great mansion reached its completion. It is gratifying to the visitor to know that with few exceptions Monticello is precisely as Mr. Jefferson built it and left it. There is yet about it an air of old grandeur which neither time nor ownership and surroundings have been able to destroy. The interior of the mansion is in almost the same condition as when the great

city of Monticello is had when the visitor reaches the top of the mountain and discovers the porter's lodge. This brick structure and brick and iron gateway is of modern origin, but it occupies the site of the original entrance to the grounds. After the visitor has driven in he closes the gate and straightway rings the old plantation bell which announces to the people at the mansion that guests are coming. The same bell did duty in Jefferson's day. A few hundred yards from the gate, the road winding through a dense shrubbery, we come to the family burial ground, where lie the several generations of the Jeffersons who died while the estate was in the possession of the family. The tomb of Jefferson—that is to say the tomb that now exists—is comparatively modern. It was erected by Commodore Levy to replace the original tomb, clipped and practically destroyed by vandals and relic hunters. It is an exact copy of the original and is a solid granite cenotaph about eight feet high from its foundation stone. Inscribed on one of the faces of the tomb is the following, written by Jefferson himself, as his epitaph, and found among his papers after his death:

Here was Buried  
THOMAS JEFFERSON,  
SIGNER OF  
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,  
OF THE  
STATUTE OF VIRGINIA FOR RELIGIOUS  
FREEDOM  
and  
FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.  
Born Feb. 2, 1743.  
Died July 4, 1826.

Near the tomb, with plain, flat slabs marking the respective graves, are those of the wife, Martha Skelton, who died in 1782; the daughter, Maria Wayles Randolph, who survived her father, and another daughter, Martha Epes, who died in early life. In the same plot is also buried the mother of Jefferson, Jane Randolph, who died in 1776. There are other members of the family, but the inscriptions on their monuments are partially obliterated. The burial plot used to be surrounded by a brick wall, but of late years the Levy family have enclosed it with a heavy, high iron fence and elaborated gateway, which is religiously kept locked. The burial plot is 1500 feet from the mansion, the same winding road leading to the main entrance. The old elliptical stone coping which surrounded the mansion is kept in good repair and is a striking feature of the grounds. The mansion and grounds are in charge of a superintendent, who occupies the old overseer's house, a substantial stone structure just opposite the entrance to the great lawn. The superintendent is assisted in his care of the estate by several colored people, one or two of them claiming to be descendants of Jefferson's servants.

By the time one has reached the stone steps reaching to the lawn the visitor's presence, already announced by the bell, is known, and one or two servants of the place are there to greet him. It has long been the custom to make every visitor to Monticello feel at home. Something of that old spirit of hospitality which was so abused in the last century, and led to the ruin of the proprietor, still hovers about the place. The lawns and shrubbery are admirably kept, the stone walls and fences are radiant with new whitewash, the old quarters of the house servants are as clean and white as paint can make them, and the mansion itself is carefully watched and the least evidence of decay repaired at once. The lawns are even more beautiful now than they must have been in days gone by, for so much attention is bestowed upon them. The great Lombardy poplars which Jefferson planted with his own hand are nurtured and trimmed and kept as free from insects as though they were the choicest of fruit trees.

The Levy family, present owners of the place, are in no way related to the Jeffersons. The present proprietor's uncle, Commodore Ulrich P. Levy, of the navy, bought Monticello soon after Jefferson's death, and did so because of his great admiration for Mr. Jefferson, who while President had assisted him in his naval career, and also because of his desire to help the Jefferson heirs. Commodore Levy was a very rich man, and paid a good deal more for Monticello than any other purchaser would have paid. The interior of the mansion has never been disturbed in its arrangement by any of the Levy family. On the contrary, so far as possible they have endeavored to preserve, even in the furnishing of the house, as much of a similarity to the old furniture as possible.

The chief entrance to Monticello is on the east, although it is a building with really two fronts, but the eastern entrance was the one Mr. Jefferson regarded as the principal one, because it looked out upon the magnificent view of the valley below. A flight of granite steps leads to this entrance, which is across a porch of stone supported by heavy stone pillars. Mr. Jefferson was a great lover of glass,

and the result is that every door about the place is of glass. The porches are covered with glass, and so with this eastern entrance is had through enormous double glass doors. Over the glass doors is a great clock more than a century old. The clock was one manufactured at Mr. Jefferson's order and after a design of his own. It has two faces, one outward, so that people may see the time from the lawn, and one inward, for the benefit of those within the large hall. Two heavy cannon balls were the weights that gave the clock its motive power, and as the weights descended each day they, by an ingenious contrivance, touched a lever, which in turn threw out a tablet, upon which was inscribed the day of the month and the day of the week. This contrivance was made by Mr. Jefferson's own hand. On passing through the double glass doors the visitor comes into a wide hall, surrounded by a gallery on three sides. The ceiling of this hall is thirty feet high, and from it depends an enormous chandelier, brought from France in the last century. The floor of the hall is of solid oak, polished, and the wainscoting, door casings, balustrades of the staircase and galleries are all of carved mahogany. It should be said here that the chandelier referred to, in the hall, is of gilt bronze and was formerly in the palace of the Empress Josephine at Malmaison. In the olden days this great hallway was a veritable museum. It contained cases of geological, mineralogical and zoological specimens, collected by Mr. Jefferson throughout a long series of years. These have long since been scattered, but there yet remain on the walls some family portraits which are of great interest and value, being originals of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Anthony Van Dyke. Jefferson had also a number of fine busts of both bronze and marble, but the only one of these left now is that of Voltaire. There are also set in the wall of this vast hall two large mirrors of the time of Louis XIV., brought by Mr. Jefferson from France. At the end of the large hall, separated from it by more glass doors, and extending to the other front of the house, is the grand salon, which was the

reception hall of the old days. This, also, is thirty feet high, and at one time its walls were covered with articles of interest and value which have long since disappeared. The ceiling of the entrance hall is magnificently decorated with an eagle in low relief, surrounded by eighteen stars, which was the number of States in 1812 when the ceiling was constructed. The floor of the grand salon is tessellated, being inlaid with stonewood and rosewood at a cost of \$2000. To the right and left of the main hallway are entered the various rooms of the mansion. Here is the great dining room, the ceiling of which is also thirty feet high, with an alcove arched off

for a large sideboard. The huge mantelpiece is decorated with paintings on china and is surmounted with a heavy gilt bronze clock, presented by the King of Spain to Napoleon I. Over this is an original portrait of Jefferson by Stuart. Leaving this room you pass, through glass doors again, into the tea room. These doors can be removed at will and the two rooms thrown into one for State occasions. Opposite the dining room across the entrance hall was the room of Mr. Jefferson. This room is also thirty feet high. Mr. Jefferson's bed was built in a recess between this and a smaller room, which he used as a study. This study was half circular in shape, with a much lower ceiling. The bed was simply a frame which stood as it might be in the space occupied by folding doors. It was a peculiar freak of Mr. Jefferson, and every biographer of the great statesman has made humorous references to it. When Mr. Jefferson was alive she used the larger

room for her boudoir and dressing room, while Mr. Jefferson wrote and studied and lived in the smaller room. There was no connection between the rooms except over the bed. When Mrs. Jefferson prepared to retire she did so in her own apartment and Mr. Jefferson did the same in his, and then they both crawled into bed from their respective rooms. Adjoining this set of rooms and on the same side of the hall are the library and reception rooms, and on the same floor are two smaller rooms known as the Monroe and Madison rooms. They are so called because the two Presidents always occupied them on their visits to Monticello. There are many other guest chambers, as there needed to be in the days of Mr. Jefferson's hospitality. So commodious was the house in fact that Mrs. Randolph, Jefferson's daughter, has in her letters frequently stated that on many an occasion she provided beds for fifty to sixty guests.

The second story of the mansion, if it may be called such, is a curious architectural hodge-podge. In that portion of the building are located the various guest chambers, and it was Mr. Jefferson's hobby to have them all open out upon balustraded pavilions, which extended clear around the house. This was because of the magnificent view to be obtained from these pavilions. Over the main salon a dome was built, and in this dome was a large circular room designed for a ladies' parlor and reception room, but instead it was always used as a billiard room. Then again Mr. Jefferson was a great lover of flowers, and in the angles formed by the four wings of his house he had built little glass inclosures for flowers. These are still in existence.

But, after all, the elegance of the interior does not convey to the visitor as much interest as do the exterior and grounds of the mansion. A very important feature of the latter was the servants' quarters. Mr. Jefferson's house servants numbered thirty-seven, and they were quartered in what resembles a military barracks, built of bricks, in the slope of one of the terraces of the lawn. Thus, from the mansion the quarters were not visible, for their roof was converted into a platform upon which people would go out and sit. Connected with these quarters and leading from the cellar of the mansion was an underground passage or covered way, the roof of which furnished a walk from the house to the pavilion. The object of this passageway was that the servants could get from their quarters to their duties in the house without having to cross the lawn. But nothing could be more comfortable than were these quarters. They were built of brick, each compartment having two rooms, and the whole front was composed of a series of archways and pillars, forming an arched portico. The same idea was carried out on the other side of the mansion, for under or into the opposite terrace was built a big brick icehouse, a huge storehouse and a fuel room, and this, too, was connected with the cellars of the mansions by an underground passage or covered way, forming a walk to another pavilion with seats, which was the roof of the ice and storehouses. This last pavilion is covered in the summer with an awning and provided with chairs and settees, where guests may sit and enjoy the magnificent scenery which has so added to the fame of Monticello.



JEFFERSON'S TOMB.

With all the glories of Monticello, historical and material, it must ever be a source of regret that its construction, its improvement, its possession for nearly half a century, should have impoverished its great owner; for, in spite of all the magnificence with which he was surrounded, notwithstanding the wealth he was supposed to possess, notwithstanding the emoluments of his public career, he died, as the world knows, a poor man, and worse than poor, for he was hopelessly in debt. When he left the Presidency



JEFFERSON'S STUDY AT MONTICELLO.

in 1809 he found his big estate encumbered with a floating debt of over \$10,000. This was added to a few years later by the failure of a friend for whom he had endorsed for over \$20,000. This last blow plunged him into the depths of poverty, and he was rescued from bankruptcy by his death. Congress afterward came to the relief of the family by appropriating \$20,000 for the purchase of Mr. Jefferson's library and public papers, which are now a very important feature of the Congressional library. The only land now left of Monticello is the mansion grounds and 425 acres at the base of the mountain.

The number of criminals condemned in the courts of the German Empire in the eleven years ending with 1892 was 3,973,667. The Chinese National Anthem is so long that people take half a day to listen to it.

# Children's Column



BEGINNINGS.

A tiny seed dropped on the waiting land In future years may rise a great elm tree grand.

A noble thought uttered with careless art May kindle deeds that thrill a nation's heart.

Naught is too small in God's eternal plan To make or mar the excellence of man.

And who to ranks of honor would belong Must watch beginnings of the right and wrong.

—Anna M. Pratt in Sunbeams.

## FISHING FOR RATS.

The prize fishing story has just come to light, as related by one of the keepers at the "Zoo." He declares that on several occasions during the past month the lion house at the "Zoo" has been utilized as a fishing ground by a number of youngsters who were equipped with hooks, lines and bait. "What do you suppose they fish for?" asked the keeper. "The game is rats. There are lots of them around here, and the boys sit on the benches just in front of the cages, bait their hooks with cheese or a bit of meat, cast the line under one of the cages and wait for a bite. They don't usually have to wait long, and I have seen many a rat caught in this way. Sometimes they are as gamy as trout. The boys always bring a tin kettle along to put the catch in, and those that are hooked are turned over to us; we give them to the snakes."—Philadelphia Record.

## THE BEAVER'S TRAITS.

The beaver is found in the northern part of Europe and Asia, but more of them are found now in the northern part of North America. It has two layers of fur. The under hair is gray and very short, the outer hair is chestnut in color and is long and thick. Jackets and cloaks are made of it because of its warmth.

The hind feet of the beaver are webbed. Its tail is like the rudder of a boat. It does not have fur on it, but is covered with scales. The beaver is a gnawing animal. Its food is the bark of trees. It is two feet from the nose to the root of the tail. The tail is over one foot in length.

When they build a dam they find a suitable spot where there are trees on the side of the stream so that they can gnaw them. The beaver gnaws a tree so that it will fall across the stream. If it is not large enough they will gnaw another one. This is the foundation for the dam. They gnaw more trees so that they can float them down the stream. When they reach the other trees they are caught among the branches and packed with mud and stones. It goes on this way until it is high enough. They do this because in very cold countries the shallow streams freeze to the ground and in the short hot summers they dry up.

Their houses, which are near the dams, are made of branches of trees, moss and mud. Two or three beavers can live in one of these houses. They dig deep ditches so that they can go into the stream without going over the land. Beavers cut a number of small logs and fasten them near their houses so that when they are hungry, they dive for one of these logs and strip off a piece of the bark and eat it.—Trenton, N. J. American.

## TRICKS PLAYED BY PLANTS.

Dr. Lundstrom has recently described some cases of alleged plant mimicry. The cultivated plant known as calendula may, in different conditions, produce at least three different kinds of fruit. Some have sails and are suited for transportation by the wind, while others have hooks and catch hold of passing animals, but the third kind exhibits a more desperate dodge, for it becomes like a caterpillar. Not that the fruit knows anything about it, but if it be sufficiently like a caterpillar, a bird may eat it by mistake, the indigestible seeds will be subsequently dropped, and so the trick succeeds.

The next case is more marvellous. There is a very graceful wild plant with beautiful delicate flowers known to man as the cow wheat. Ants are fond of visiting the cow wheat to feast on a sweet substance spread out upon the leaves. Dr. Lundstrom has observed one of these

ants, and was surprised to see it making off with one of the seeds from an open fruit. The ant took the seed home with it. On exploring some ant nests, the explorer soon saw that this was not the first cow wheat seed which had been similarly treated.

Many seeds were found in the ant nurseries. The ants did not eat them or destroy them; in fact, when the nest was disturbed the ants saved the seeds along with their brood, for in size, form, color and weight, even in minute particulars, the seeds in question resemble ant cocoons. Once placed among the cocoons, it requires a better than an ant to distinguish the tares from the wheat. In the excitement of fitting, when the nest is disturbed, the mistake is repeated, and the seeds are also saved. The trick is found out some day; for the seeds like the cocoons, awake out of sleep. The awakening displays the fraud. The seeds are thus supposed to be scattered; they germinate and seem to thrive in the ant nests.

## A SLAVE MADE A BISHOP.

American travelers in England, as a rule, make a pilgrimage to the ancient cathedral of Canterbury, which is filled with associations of moment to the historian and the Christian. Here the Crusaders kept vigil before departing to the Holy Land. Here Becket was murdered. The stone steps are still here, worn in deep hollows by the knees of countless pilgrims in past centuries. Every stately pillar and carved stone has its record of dim, far-off days in English history.

One scene, however, which has been witnessed in this great minster, more significant to Americans, yet as they are with their race problem than any murder or coronation.

Here before the high altar, with the solemn splendor of the ceremony of the English church, a poor slave, with a skin as black as coal consecrated the first bishop of Niger.

Adjai, a Yoruba boy of twelve, taken prisoner with his mother Foua's tribe and sold to slave-traders. His mother was Africa. An English man-of-war at down the slave-ship, and before from the hold the wretched slaves frantically with terror at the blue eyes of their rescuer mistook the cannon-balls of the skulls, and the carcass of and cook's cabin for a human posed tried to escape from the cannibals by jumping in to the sea.

The boy, Adjai, was taken to the mission school at Sierra Leone, and he was taught the Christian faith. He was trained to be a carpenter. Samuel Crowther, but kept his own name Adjai, saying proudly: "I am Christian."

He proved to be a faithful and practical, both as a Christian and as a man. He was sent to England to make known the Christian faith and to give his people, who were given him, white clothing and much sagacity for his part. The queen sent him a Bible, a pair of steel corn-mills and other useful implements, which Adjai taught his people how to use.

On his first visit he was made bishop. He had to his own tribe, and after a search found his mother. He took her to his home and she became a devout servant of Christ, and lived to a great age. But she persisted in wearing always the Yoruba name, and in speaking that language, swearing all arguments by saying:

"I am African. Jesus will know me in my skin and in my blanket." No man in Africa served the Master more faithfully than Bishop Adjai Crowther. The thoughtful reader of the life of this man can find a lesson in the right way of using his own. Youth's Companion.

## A Roentgen

At Athisson, in which prominent in the cathedral poeketh heart vane ho