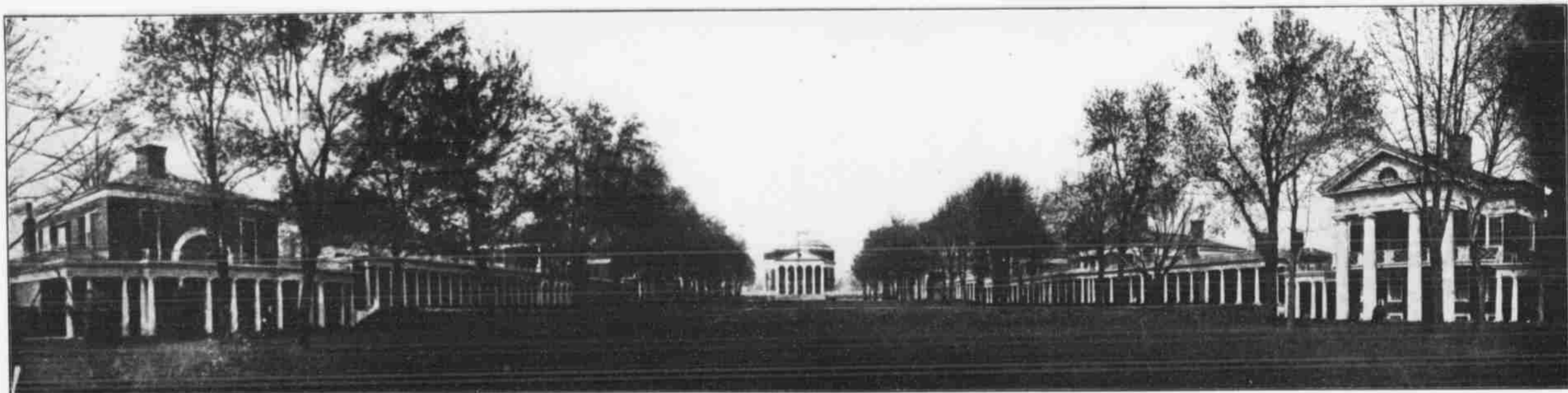


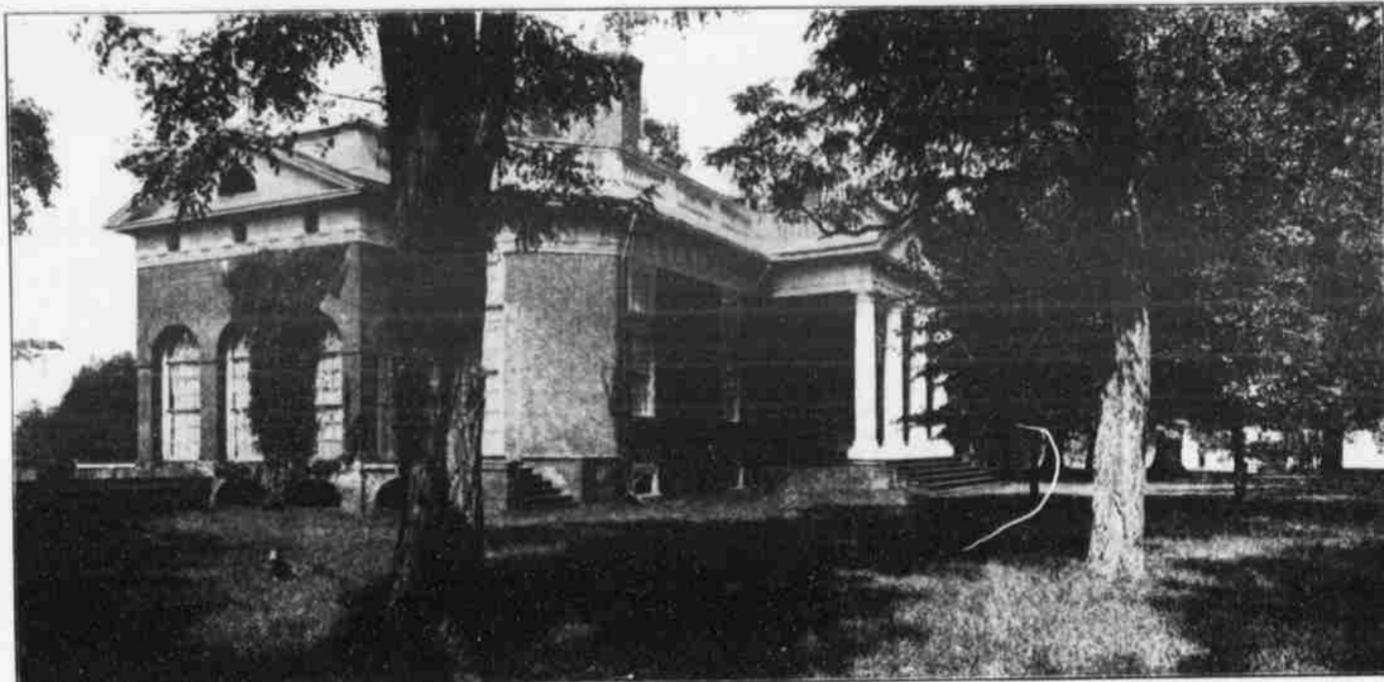
# Historic Monticello and Its Surroundings



VIEW OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, DESIGNED AND BUILT BY THOMAS JEFFERSON.



RESIDENCE OF LIEUTENANT CHARLES P. SHAW, SECRETARY OF JEFFERSON MEMORIAL ROAD ASSOCIATION.



MONTICELLO, THE HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

**A**BOUT 100 miles southwest of Washington, in Albemarle county, central Virginia, at the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains, is situated the historic village-city of Charlottesville. Its principal street is a sinuous highway leading from the Jefferson road to the busy entrance to the grounds of the University of Virginia. The town strung along this serpentine route suggests "Strington-on-the-Pike." Narrow old-fashioned byways cross the main street at intervals. On the west side are pretty avenues lined with comfortable, spacious and attractive homes, old-fashioned and modern.

The historic interest of the old town clusters around the quaint eighteenth century court house, with its comfortable office apartments, open fireplaces, old-fashioned court room, with elevated jury box and high picket railings and curiously constructed boxes for the court bailiff and crier. The walls are hung with rich old oil paintings of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and other distinguished jurists once members of that time-honored bar. The lawyers maintain their offices in the ancient-looking brick buildings adjacent to the court house and seem perfectly content with about the same furnishings and surroundings of 100 and more years ago. The central feature, and perhaps the all-important one to this village city, is the University of Virginia, founded by the illustrious Jefferson. It is located in the southwest part of the city. Its buildings and grounds cover several hundred acres of undulating land, with a general slope toward the city. The plan of the buildings was made by Jefferson and he superintended their construction. The original buildings are placed around three sides of a hollow square, or court, and

connected by colonades. Many new buildings and departments have been added to the university, but its original design is still preserved.

This great institution was the crowning work of Jefferson's life and is called his "pet." It is said that he watched every detail of its construction with intense interest, and when prevented by bad weather or ill-health from riding from his home to direct the force at work each day, he would watch the movements of the workmen from his elevated retreat, four miles away, through a telescope, and dispatch messengers with his directions when necessary. He regarded the founding of this university, upon his cherished principle of free education, as among the great achievements of his life, and on his tombstone requested to have inscribed: "Here lies buried Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of American Independence, the author of the Statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and the founder of the University of Virginia."

You would not be satisfied to visit Charlottesville without making a pilgrimage to Monticello, (pronounced Montichello), the home of this great man. The road winds around the rolling lands to find the easiest grades, crosses Moore's creek over an old-fashioned bridge, or by the ford, and then follows the gradual ascent of a spur of the Blue Ridge to the summit of Little Mountain, where is situated the grand old homestead. About half way from the entrance, on the side of the rugged mountain, is the family graveyard. It is about fifty feet square, surrounded by a brick wall with an iron gate as its entrance. Within, towering above the lesser grave-stones and monuments, is the shaft that marks the tomb of him, who, from this



MONUMENT TO THOMAS JEFFERSON IN FAMILY BURYING GROUND.

mountain's top kept burning brightly the torch of liberty for all mankind.

By a circuitous route you climb the mountain, passing terraced gardens and a few old timey buildings, which were used for servants' quarters. The apex of the mountain was leveled off leaving a space, covering approximately a thousand feet square, for the grounds and site of the stately home. Something of a thrill possesses you

as you reach the portals of that splendid mansion and from it look out upon the broadest and grandest horizon that ever mortal eyelids behold. The sight is inspiring.

To the eastward and south are the beautiful rolling lands threaded by the silver stream of the Ravana. To the north and west is the rude and rugged glory of the Blue Ridge mountains. At your feet is the quiet capital of Albemarle, and in the background the classic beauty Jefferson's pet, the University of Virginia. It is soul inspiring to stand upon this mount of beauty and contemplate the grandeur of the scene. To the north and east is Montpelier, the home of President Madison; to the south and west is Indian camp, the home of President Monroe. Within close range are the homes of Merewether Louis and William Clark, known better as Lewis and Clark, the great American explorers, and that of George Rodgers Clark, to whose daring spirit and foresight we are indebted, for the northwest territory, embracing the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. Farther to the west is Still House mountain, at the foot of which camped Burgoyne's army, when led captive through the colonies.

The architectural plan of Monticello was an innovation upon the severe English designs of that day. It combines the Grecian and Italian with the practical American model of its designer, and exhibited a striking contrast with the prevalent architecture of the country. Its main entrance is toward the east. You mount broad steps and pass through a portico of heavy stone columns into a broad square hall or room, from which connect the various other apartments on the first floor of the building. It would take more than the limit of space

to attempt a description of the interior of this mansion.

An effort has been made to preserve, as far as possible, its original design and furnishings. Many of the old family pieces of furniture still remain, among them a curiously designed bedstead with curved rolling foot and headpieces richly carved. The ground of the sides and ends are bright blue coloring, ornamented in gold, the whole having the appearance of the band wagon of a circus. It was suggested by one of the visiting party that it might have been "Jefferson's political band wagon," and that it might be well for the democratic party to get into it once more.

Jefferson had a goodly share of inventive genius, which he put to practical use, and many things about the place exhibit his handiwork in this direction. Among them an attachment to an old-fashioned clock, that hangs in the big hall room, by which the days of the week were indicated; another commonplace and useful invention to be seen is the three-legged stool. You would be attracted by the curious worm fence, four or five feet high, built with single brick piled one upon the other, following the principle of the old time rail fence. Grand and imposing old trees adorn the grounds, many of which were transplanted from across the water.

It is designed to connect this historic home with the city of Charlottesville by an electric car line, which will follow the grade of the new Jefferson Memorial road now in course of construction. When this is accomplished a new inspiration will be given to the glory of the sacred spot, pilgrimages will become more frequent, and from this soul-filling eminence will ever flow the inspiring patriotism of a pure democracy.

R. W. RICHARDSON.

## Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

**F**OR ALL he is a royal ruler, King Christian of Denmark is exceedingly democratic in manner and habit. This octogenarian monarch begins his day's work regularly at 8 o'clock, having already breakfasted on coffee and a roll. Never by any chance does he allow a valet to help dress him. Not long ago he said quaintly to his body servant: "When I have grown old you may help me, but thank heaven, I can dress myself yet." On horseback his majesty presents a fine, soldierly appearance.

In his recent volume of "Reminiscences," covering sixty years of public life, George S. Boutwell has many entertaining anecdotes to relate concerning his old associates in politics and government. Mr. Boutwell admired General Grant in all his capacities and considered him far superior in military affairs to Sheridan or Sherman. He ranks Sheridan above Sherman as a commander, and assures us that Sheridan, in spite of his denials, did say, after his return from Europe at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, that "either of our

armies at the close of the war (civil war) could have marched over the country in defiance of both the French and German forces combined."

M. Rouvier, the present French minister of finance and far and away the most powerful individuality of the present cabinet at Paris, with the exception of M. Deleasse, commenced life as a book agent and as drummer for a book dealer who sold on the installment plan voluminous works of the kind given as prizes to lads in the lycee schools. Subsequently he entered the service of a Greek merchant named Zafopoulo established at Marseilles, and while in his employ took charge in turn of the various branches of the business at Constantinople, Alexandria, Odessa and Smyrna, acquiring in that way an amount of knowledge of the conditions of the Levant and of the Mediterranean which is possessed by no other French statesman of the present day. He is a past master in the art of finance, and although, like all men of strong character, he has many enemies, yet it is pretty gen-

erally acknowledged, alike by friend and by foe, that he is pre-eminently the expert needed at the present moment at the head of the treasury of France.

"Tom" Ochiltree snorts contemptuously when he hears extravagant yarns about the marksmanship of cowboys. By way of emphasizing his opinion on this subject he tells of a fellow down in Texas who held a silver half dollar between his fingers for a cowboy to shoot at, "and he never did it again," says the colonel, always pausing at this point. "Hand shot off, I suppose," some hearer usually ventures, "Sh' say not," ejaculates Tom. "The cowboy hit him in the leg, and served him right, too."

Rather a determined looking man appeared in Pierpont Morgan's New York office not long ago and said he wished to see the great financier. "Mr. Morgan is busy just now," said an attendant. "Well, I'll wait, for I must see him if it takes a year." In a few minutes Mr. Morgan appeared and said: "I cannot see you. It's

out of the question." "But I have a letter from General Blank of St. Louis—a letter of introduction," said the visitor. "Yes, I know," answered Mr. Morgan in matter-of-fact tones. "The general informs me by wire that he gave you the letter to get rid of you. Good morning." And the financier disappeared into his private office. Exit the St. Louis party in a slightly dazed condition.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia has the reputation among his patients of being somewhat dictatorial in his way of giving advice. He certainly expects his commands to be followed with unquestioning obedience.

Some years ago, relates the Saturday Evening Post, Dr. Mitchell had among his patients a lady who had been suffering for a long time from nervous prostration. She was greatly debilitated by disease and was too weak to rouse herself to any physical effort. Dr. Mitchell's first advice was: "Get out in the fresh air. Take a walk."

The doctor's medicines were taken faithfully, but his advice was ignored. Again and again was his advice given and just as often it fell on unheeding ears. Finally the doctor one day invited the invalid to drive with him and after much persuasion she was assisted into the carriage and doctor and patient drove off together. The horses were turned down a side street where there were no street cars and after two or three blocks had been passed the carriage stopped, the doctor jumped out and invited the lady to descend, and before she could inquire the reason for this the doctor had jumped into his carriage and driven off, leaving the invalid standing on the sidewalk. She must perforce walk home.

The friends of Dr. Mitchell who fell the story do not say whether the patient's subsequent improvement in health was such as to compel her forgiveness for this high-handed treatment from the brusque old doctor, but it is safe to assume that her state of mind at the time was anything but amiable.