

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.

No. 5.

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S HOME.



DESK ON WHICH THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS WRITTEN.
FROM A DRAWING BY THOMAS JEFFERSON.

OF the many American multitudes who assembled on the Centennial Fourth of July to hear the reading of the Declaration of Independence, every individual knew that it was written by Thomas Jefferson. Scarcely one in a million, however, was aware that that occasion was also very near the centennial anniversary of his first occupation of his once famous homestead of Monticello. While the date and the authorship of the Declaration have become fixed stars in historical fame, in one hundred years after the signing, and in fifty years after the death of the illustrious author, the popular knowledge concerning Jefferson's place of birth and Jefferson's home had shrunk to the dimensions and substance of a dim tradition. To a brief attempt at reviving that tradition, the following pages are devoted.

Peter Jefferson, the father of the author of our Declaration, married into the Dungeness branch of the Randolph family, and he and young William Randolph of Tuckahoe, in the year 1735, feeling that they had their fortunes to make, concluded to "go West"; that is, they left the old tide-water settlements on the James River, and went to join two or three other pioneers as first settlers in the country now forming the county of Albemarle, Virginia. It would not be considered much of a "move" in our day, as it was less than a hundred miles of a bee-line, and took them only to the first outlying chain of the Allegha-

nies, known at that point as the South-west Mountains, some twenty odd miles eastward of the Blue Ridge. Nevertheless, they found here a comparative wilderness, and what was essential, plenty of unoccupied land. Of this circumstance they took immediate advantage; their natural highway had led them up the Rivanna, an affluent of the James River flowing from the North-west; and probably hesitating to put the barrier of even a low mountain chain permanently between themselves and the old settlements, they determined to locate on the eastern slope of this chain. Young Randolph "patented" a tract of 2400 acres lying on the Rivanna; and young Peter Jefferson, a few days later, like him "patented" a tract of about 1000 acres, lying just west of his friend's. Both tradition and documents record that when Peter Jefferson came to examine his new estate he failed to find a situation to his liking whereon to build his cabin, which should, according to his hopes and the fashion of the period, in due time grow into a manorial hall of baronial amplitude and aspect. He mentioned his difficulty to his friend Randolph, who furnished a ready expedient to cure it. Land being abundant, building sites ought not to be scarce; so reasoning, he quickly supplied the want by giving Peter a deed to four hundred acres of his own tract, the purchase-money, or consideration, being "Henry Weatherbourne's biggest bowl of arrack punch."

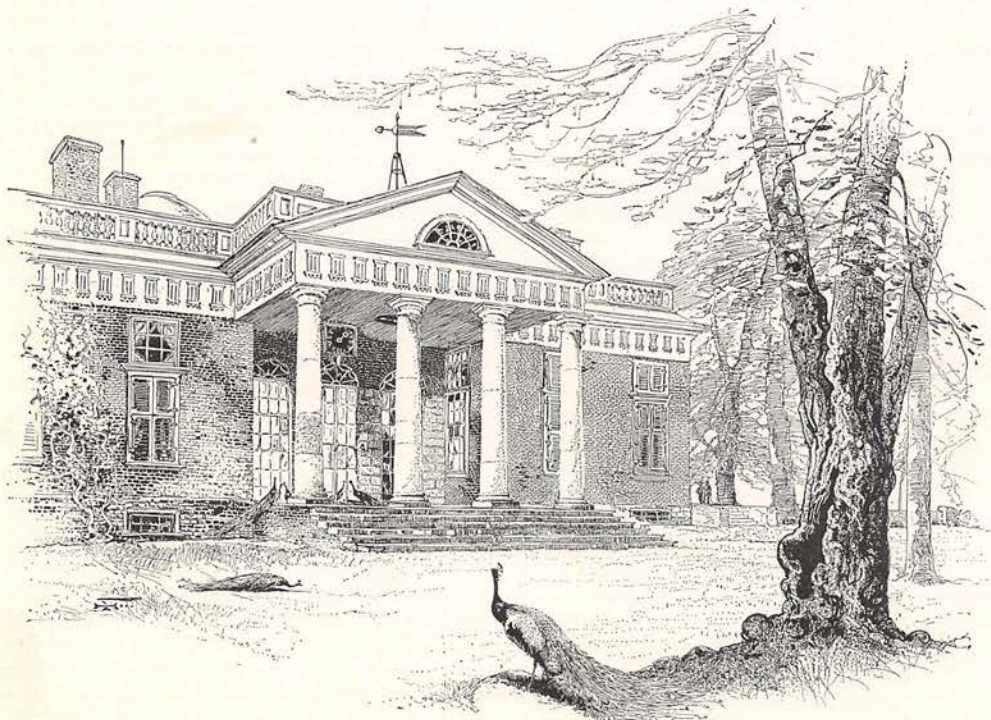
This additional four-hundred-acre tract seems to have furnished the coveted building lot; though, looking at the landscape from an elevation, the spot finally chosen has nothing specially to recommend it over a dozen other points of ridges which run down toward the river. On one of these points he built a story-and-a-half weather-boarded house, with central hall, four square rooms, garret chambers

above them, and huge outside chimneys at each end. As the custom of that day required that every ambitious homestead should have a distinctive name, Peter Jefferson christened his estate "Shadwell," after Shadwell street, London, where his wife's mother was born. On this place and in this house was born, one of a family of eight children, Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, and third President of the United States. Here he lived as a child, boy, and man, with but temporary interruptions, twenty-seven years. When he left it, it was to move to Monticello, the home of his own special choice, preparation, and care, within an evening stroll of his birthplace, where, with occasional absence, for more than half a century, as congressman, author, governor, diplomate, cabinet minister, politician, Vice-President, President, philosopher, and octogenarian, he found his highest delight in that most engrossing of human occupations, the ever-beginning and never-ending task of creating an ideal home.

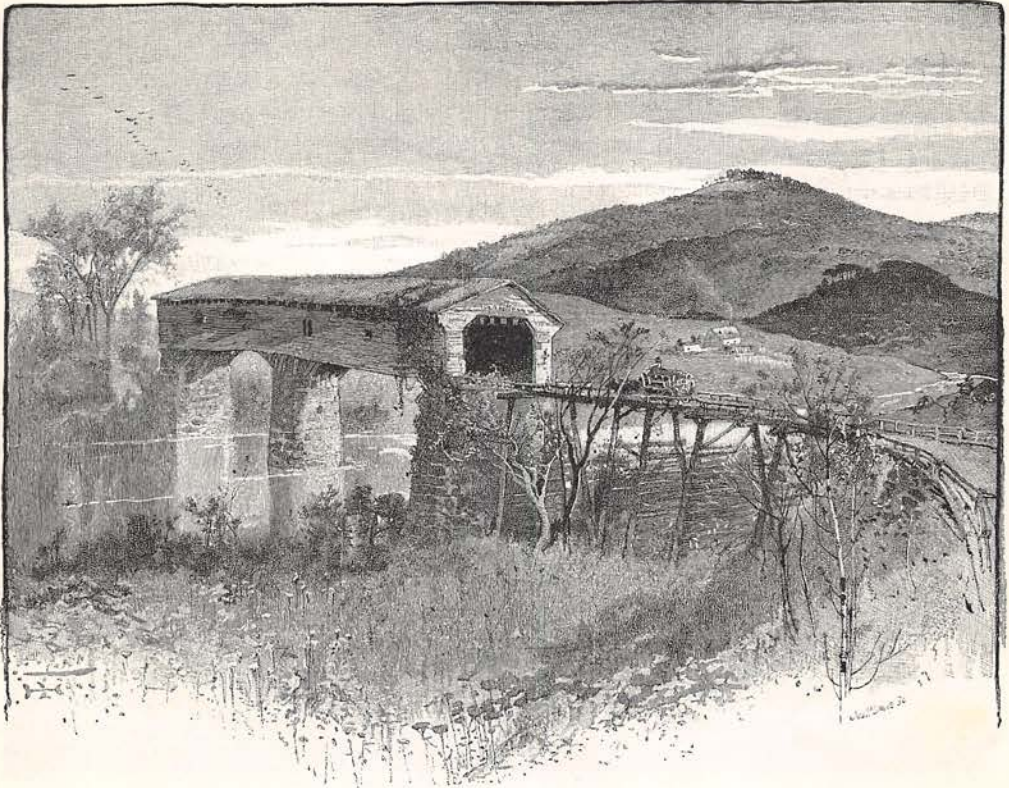
For a boy born in a wilderness, Jefferson enjoyed remarkable advantages in early youth, growing out of the fact that the frontier was as yet so near the parent colony. Good English tuition at five, Latin, Greek, and French at nine, regular classical studies at fourteen, and a college course at seventeen, fall to the lot of few American backwoods boys. Trap-

ping quails and shooting wild turkeys, deer-stalking, fox-hunting, and horse-racing, do not figure to any extent as his biographical exploits. Jefferson the boy is a book-worm — Jefferson the youth is the petted member of an exclusive coterie, social, aristocratic, and literary. The accomplishments and courtly habits of the town efface all the strong characteristics of the country lad, or rather, soften them down and leave them but two in number,—the keen zest of horsemanship and a true love of nature — the pure and passionate admiration of plant and blossom, of rock and stream, of fresh air and blue sky. These are the legacy of the forest; all else he learns from books and the social traditions which drift from the Old World to the New. Yet such is the strength of Nature's influences that by these two slender threads she held this nursing of society and made him the apostle and bulwark of that primitive equality he abandoned, against the pretensions and claims of caste and privilege to the favors of which he largely owed the development, if not the awakening, of his genius.

But if Jefferson enjoyed early advantages he was also burdened with early cares. The death of his father, when he was but fourteen, left him head of the family. Out of the practical needs of the home at Shadwell probably grew the dream, no less than the actual real-



MONTICELLO, THE EAST PORTICO.



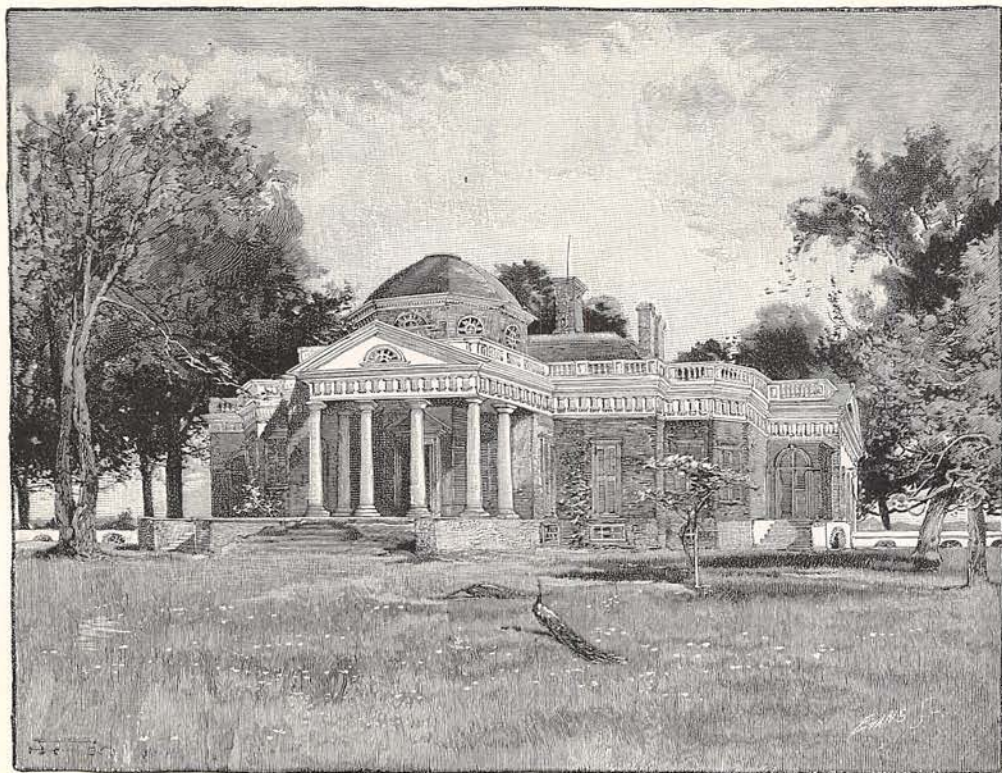
MONTICELLO, FROM THE RIVANNA RIVER.

ization, of the future home on Monticello. It is of course impossible to guess how and where his plans began; we only know that their gradual development covered a period of some seventeen years, and note the circumstances which rendered their accomplishment possible.

At his father's death Jefferson inherited the home farm of Shadwell, and so much of the other farms and lands originally patented by Peter Jefferson,—and now respectively named "Monticello, Tufton, Pantops, Pouncey's," etc.,—as amounted in the aggregate to about nineteen hundred acres. He also inherited about thirty slaves, as a working force to till such portion of these lands as were under cultivation. Aristocratic families and manorial estates were the fashion and the pride of the Virginia gentry. But, fashion aside, the care of the family, the lands, and especially the slaves, of itself necessarily required some considerable "homestead" establishment. The old, square, weather-boarded house at Shadwell, though quite sufficient for Peter Jefferson and his bride of nineteen, with perhaps a neighborhood of a dozen settlers, was probably deemed both too small and too antiquated for a large family, comprising marriageable sons

and daughters, among a greatly increased population of neighbors.

Shadwell stood on a hill or point rising from the north bank of the Rivanna. Some two miles beyond the stream to the south-west lay the "Little Mountain," Italianized by Jefferson into "Monticello," with probably his earliest studies in that language. Seeing this Little Mountain so constantly the chief object in the homestead landscape, it is no wonder that it became to him successively, first the boy's wonderland of exploration, then the youth's haunt of recreation and study, and lastly the inviting and propitious locality of early manhood's domestic ambitions. It must be remembered of Jefferson, that though he stood six feet two inches high, and possessed a strong physical vitality, yet he was cast in the feminine rather than in the masculine mold. Instead of the athletic sports of hunting and horse-racing, the harsh excitement of cards and personal broils, he shrank away to the more solitary and quiet pursuits of books and music, the writing of rhymes and dancing with village belles. The poetic and artistic temperament dominated not only his youth, but his entire life.



MONTICELLO, WEST FRONT.

He seems from the beginning to have appropriated the Little Mountain to himself for his own uses. Probably this feeling of personal ownership came to him even in boyhood, as by right of discovery and exploration. Tradition makes it the scene of his first and closest friendship. He and his college friend, afterwards his brother-in-law, Dabney Carr, found here a favorite oak, whose inviting shade they made a resort for pastime and study. They finally became so attached to this spot that they made a mutual promise, the survivor should bury the other at the foot of this tree; and upon Dabney Carr's early death Jefferson fulfilled the romantic pledge. This incident is said to have originated the little cemetery on the slope of Monticello, where the dust of Thomas Jefferson now lies in its last repose.

Jefferson's biographies give no concise information when the idea of planting a homestead on the Little Mountain first took definite form or entered upon practical execution. In his earliest published letter, written at seventeen to his guardian, he gives as a reason in favor of going to college: "In the first place as long as I stay at the Mountain, the loss of one-fourth of my Time is inevitable, by Company's coming here and detaining me from School.

And likewise my Absence will in a measure put a Stop to so much Company, and by that means lessen the Expenses of the Estate in House-keeping." At this date Shadwell was still the homestead; and whether by the phrase "the Mountain" he referred to Monticello or to the range of which it formed a part is not clear. To college he went, for the period of two years, and after college to a course of five years' law study, making together a seven years' sojourn at Williamsburg, the colonial capital and metropolis. But during these seven years he habitually spent his vacations — the summer months — at Shadwell. That he gave near the close of this period his individual attention to the minutest details of domestic management is evidenced by his beginning in 1766, his twenty-third year, to keep a garden-book, which with unavoidable interruptions was continued by him until within two years of his death, a total record of *fifty-eight years*, stored, among other things, with farming and gardening memoranda,—an overwhelming proof of his extraordinary interest in and devotion to his "home" life. During this college period he had his first love affair — his unsuccessful courtship of Rebecca Burwell — an experience which, judging from his letters,

stirred his sympathetic nature to its profoundest depths. What airy shapes and radiant possibilities his "Spanish Castle" on Monticello may have assumed during the pendency of this grand question, may well be left to the imagination of any aspiring, sentimental wooer. His biographer mentions, too, that during these vacations a gallop on horseback during the day and a twilight walk to the top of Monticello at evening were the habitual recreations with which he relieved the constraint of his twelve to fifteen hours of daily study.

It must have been about the time of his entering upon the serious work of his life, the beginning of his actual law practice in 1767, at twenty-four years of age, that he also began the serious task of preparing his Little Mountain for his future homestead. His proper period of expansion, ideally and practically, had now come. More than all, the expenses of the college and law student were ended, and his labors as a practitioner began to bring an available compensation. Shadwell was but a little hill or ridge on the north bank of the River Rivanna: Monticello was in reality as well as in name a little mountain, nearly six hundred feet high, lying just south of the Rivanna, which at this point (near Charlottesville, Albemarle County, Virginia) cuts its channel through the outlying range of the Alleghenies known as the South-west Mountains. On the north-east, Monticello has a steep rocky base, washed by the Rivanna; on the south-west it is joined, by a gap of perhaps two-thirds its height, to Carter's Mountain, a somewhat higher and sharper peak; on the other sides the ascent is more gradual. It is yet covered, in the main, by a dense growth of timber, mainly of hard-wood deciduous trees. The top of the mountain is gently rounded, appearing at a little distance as regular as the large end of an egg. It is more than probable that the spare hands among Jefferson's thirty slaves employed the leisure days of several years, first in clearing a road to the summit; secondly in making the summit perfectly level; and lastly in preparing the place and the foundations for the buildings, and as an essential prerequisite, in digging a well, which still, except in times of drought, furnishes good water in abundance.

The "garden-book" already mentioned furnishes the record that in the spring of the year 1769 he caused a

variety of fruit trees to be planted on the south-east slope of the mountain. This was not on the level or building spot; and the necessary clearing must have been made before that year. "Towards fall," says his biographer, "he erected a brick story-and-a-half building containing one good-sized single room—the same structure which now forms the south-eastern 'pavilion' at the extremity of the south terrace of the mansion." Elsewhere we find that this story-and-a-half brick "pavilion" was twenty feet square in size.

An untoward accident hastened the work on the new homestead. On the first day of February, 1770, the family house at Shadwell was burned. Nearly all its contents were also destroyed, the principal loss in Jefferson's eyes being his papers and books, which latter he estimated at \$1000 cost value. Not only his law books, but his records and notes of cases he had prepared for court, everything in the shape of written memoranda, except the "garden-book," the preservation of which was long unknown, went up in flame. The servant who brought him the news in breathless haste had but one consoling item of information—"they had saved his fiddle." And here at this point of time we find the only moment of wavering in his affection for his Little Mountain. He says in a letter to his friend Page: "If this conflagration, by which I am burned out of a home, had come before I had advanced so far in preparing another, I do not know but I might have cherished some treasonable thoughts of leaving these my native hills."

However unpromising Monticello may have seemed about this time, its further improvement was probably crowded with all possible speed, and not without an object. A second courtship was crowned with success; and on the first day of January, 1772, Jefferson was



THE TOMB OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

married to a beautiful, accomplished, and wealthy widow, Mrs. Martha Skelton. One of the curious incidents in the life of this curious man was the termination of the bridal tour,—a winter trip of a hundred miles through the snow, over country roads, ending in a horseback ride up the steep mountain side of Monticello, their arrival at the single-roomed story-and-a-half brick pavilion, the only part of the house yet finished, late at night, tired, cold, and hungry, to find the fires all out, and family and servants locked in profound sleep. A chance half-bottle of wine found behind some books on a shelf was the only good cheer at hand to add to their own overflowing gayety and happiness.

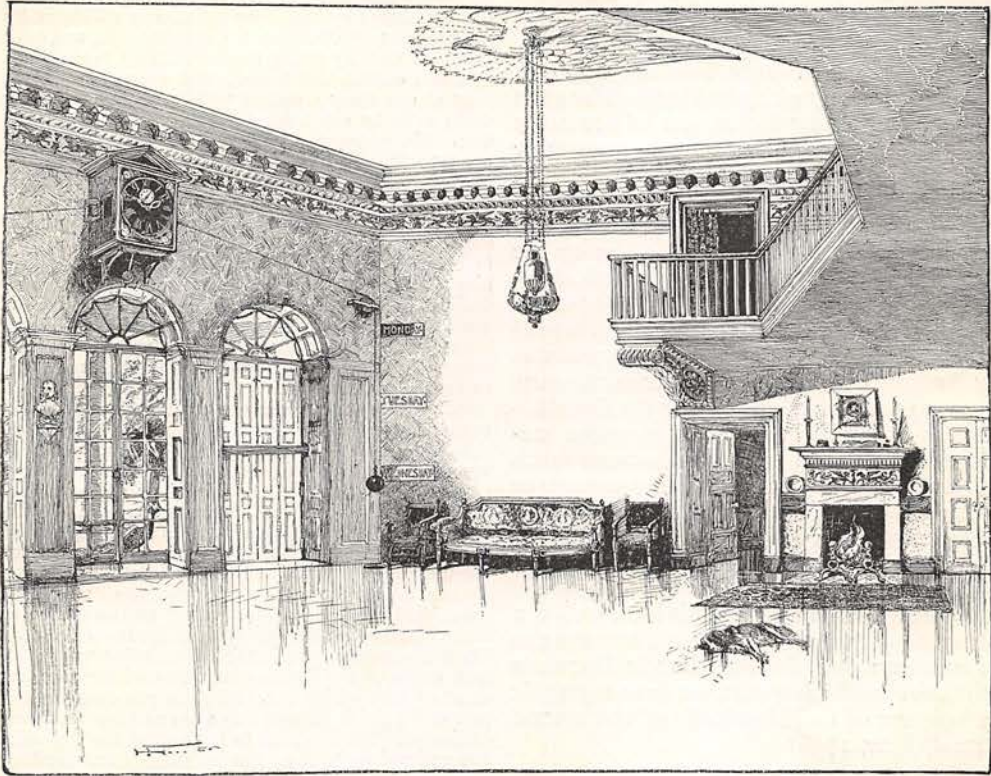
There was pressing need now that the new



THE MAIN STAIRWAY.

home should grow and improve; but the new need also brought new resources. The bride's inheritance, a year later, doubled the family possessions. Of prime importance was the fact, that as the number of slaves was now nearly two hundred the homestead might draw an ample supply of laborers. It is estimated that during this period of his life Jefferson's income amounted altogether to about \$5000 per annum—\$2000 from his farms and the labor of his slaves, and \$3000 from his law practice, so that the wherewith for prosecuting his manorial schemes on his Little Mountain probably for the time seemed ample and secure. It is perhaps not to be wondered at that under all these stimulating influences, his projects should become somewhat too elaborate and visionary. Some fragmentary notes published by his biographer show that he meditated a small cemetery, with wall, evergreens, antique gothic temple, pedestals with urns, pyramid of rough rockstone; the spring on the north side of the park to be embellished by a cascade, a temple, or a grotto, with a statue, inscriptions, a concealed æolian harp, moss couch, and other devices. For the general grounds, ornamental trees, vines, and flowers, with ornamental domestic animals, no less than a preserve or, rather, an asylum for wild animals—with a buck-elk or a buffalo to be "monarch of the wood." Very practical is his list of native shrubs, trees, and flowers, designed to ornament the lawn and immediate surroundings of the house. It did not require much time or experience to bring even an enthusiastic innovator like Jefferson to simple and economical theories. "Gardens are peculiarly worth the attention of an American," he writes afterwards, "because it is the country of all others where the noblest gardens may be made without expense. We have only to cut out the superabundant plants."

Whatever his theories of the beautiful may have been at that time, he did not permit them to usurp and exclude the useful. The published pages from his "garden book" for 1772 and 1774 would satisfy the most rigid market gardener. They include also many items of fruit trees and grapes, not neglecting some native vines transplanted for experiment from the woods of Monticello itself. An ill wind, too, had just now blown him good luck. An organized effort to introduce extensive wine culture, undertaken by some Italian gardeners for a Virginia company of which Jefferson was a member, had failed and been abandoned, and he was now able to obtain the skilled labor of these Italians for the improvement of Monticello. Under their management, as the "garden book" shows, seeds



MONTICELLO, THE HALL.

not only went into the ground, but, what was more to the point, vegetables came to the table. All this shows that the work of preparing, building, and finishing the Little Mountain homestead was going on with vigor at this time, though its progress in detail cannot be traced. The stormy days of the Revolution here intervene, and we see only that memorable picture of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and hear the solemn peals of the old bell "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land."

It is not until the labor and care of twelve years had brought it to its first period of completion that we obtain a short description of Monticello. Mr. Jefferson first moved there in 1770. In 1782 the Marquis de Chastellux paid Jefferson a visit, and in his book of travels thus mentions the home of his distinguished host:

"After ascending by a tolerably commodious road for more than half an hour, we arrived at Monticello. This house, of which Mr. Jefferson was the architect, and often one of the workmen, is rather elegant, and in the Italian taste, though not without fault: it consists of one large square pavilion, the entrance of which is by two porticoes ornamented with pillars. The ground-floor consists of a very lofty saloon, which is to be decorated entirely in the antique style; above it is a library of the same form; two small wings, with only a

ground-floor and attic story, are joined to this pavilion, and communicate with the kitchen, offices, etc., which will form a kind of basement story over which runs a terrace. . . . We may safely aver that Mr. Jefferson is the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather."

Then the delighted marquis goes off into an enthusiastic description of his host, his remarkable political career, and his amiable family, giving us also the results of Jefferson's project of an animal park:

"Mr. Jefferson amused himself by raising a score of these animals (deer) in his park; they are become very familiar, which happens to all the animals of America; for they are in general much easier to tame than those of Europe. He amuses himself by feeding them with Indian corn, of which they are very fond, and which they eat out of his hand."

But Monticello was now for a long period deprived of the fostering care of its master. A heavy affliction fell upon him in the death of his wife; and being for the third time tendered an appointment to Europe by Congress, he accepted it. Various delays prevented his sailing until 1784, when he left the homestead to the charge of overseers and servants. Five years later, on the 23d of December, 1789, these servants enjoyed a great gala-day,

following a carriage in a sort of triumphal procession from Shadwell up the mountain road to the top of Monticello, almost bearing the owner in their arms into the dear old home, and looking with admiring wonder upon the two tall young ladies, one of seventeen and one of eleven, who had gone away mere children and playmates.

Jefferson's note-book of his European travels was full of observations, suggestions, and diagrams, doubtless intended for use on the homestead on his return. Their practical application was, however, destined to be yet deferred for some years. Hardly had he landed on his return from France, when he was met by President Washington's letter summoning him into the first cabinet under the Constitution, as Secretary of State. This public employment kept him away from home so much of his time that no essential improvements or changes were begun until after his resignation in January, 1794.

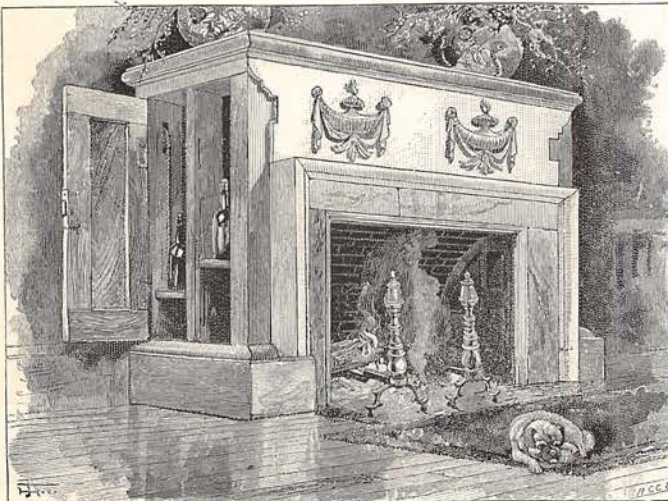
Once more, now, bent on retirement from public life, Jefferson took up his broken and unfinished task of spinning his ideal web of a home life of tranquil happiness. From the pen of another visitor, the French exile Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, we have a graphic pen-picture of the Monticello of the second period, June, 1796:

"The house stands on the summit of the mountain, and the taste and arts of Europe have been consulted in the formation of its plan. Mr. Jefferson had commenced its construction before the American revolution; since that epocha his life has been constantly engaged in public affairs, and he has not been able to complete the execution of the whole extent of the project which it seems he had at first conceived. That part of the building which was finished, has suffered from the suspension of the work, and Mr. Jefferson, who two years since resumed the habits and leisure

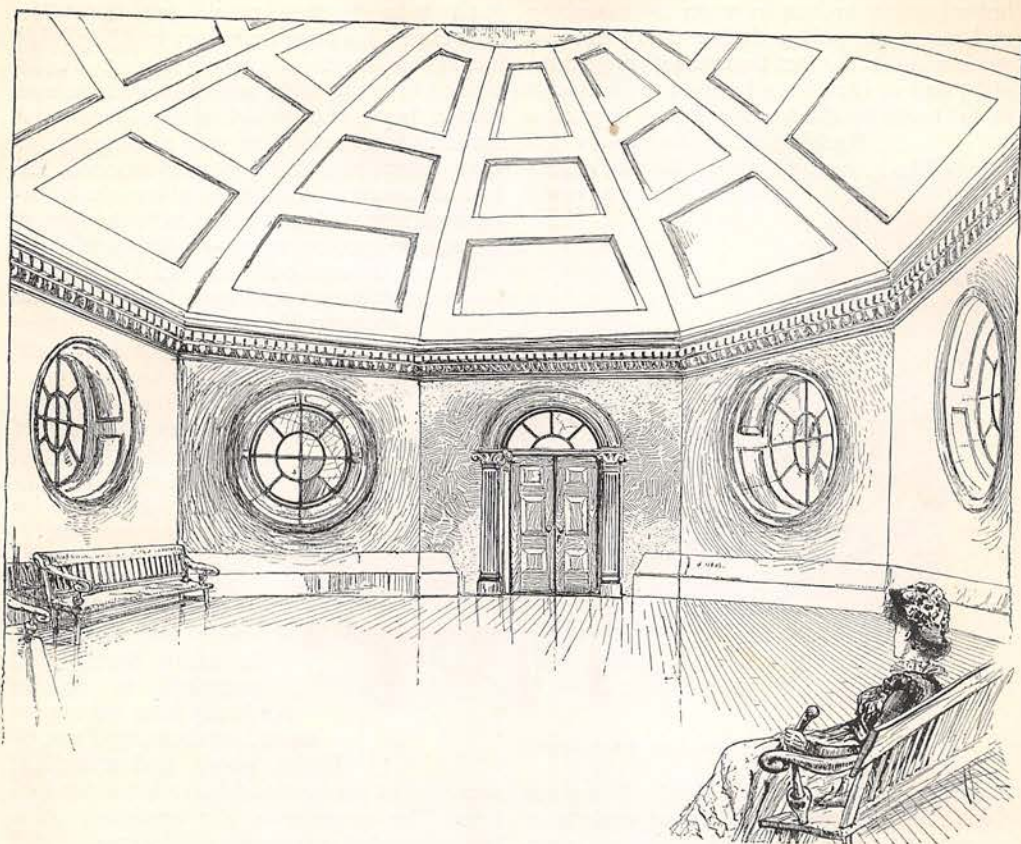
of private life, is now employed in repairing the damage occasioned by this interruption, and still more by his absence; he continues his original plan, and even improves on it by giving to his buildings more elevation and extent. He intends that they shall consist only of one story crowned with balustrades; and a dome is to be constructed in the center of the structure. The apartments will be large and convenient; the decoration both outside and inside simple, yet regular and elegant. Monticello, according to its first plan, was infinitely superior to all other houses in America in point of taste and convenience; but at that time Mr. Jefferson had studied taste and the fine arts in books only. His travels in Europe have supplied him with models; he has appropriated them to his design; and his new plan, the execution of which is already much advanced, will be accomplished before the end of next year, and then his home will certainly deserve to be ranked with the most pleasant mansions in France and England.

"Mr. Jefferson's house commands one of the most extensive prospects you can meet with. On the east side, the front of the building, the eye is not checked by any object, since the mountain on which the house is seated commands all the neighboring heights. On the right and left the eye commands the extensive valley that separates the Green, South, and West mountains from the Blue Ridge, and has no other bounds but these high mountains of which on a clear day you discern the chain on the right upwards of a hundred miles, far beyond the James River; and on the left as far as Maryland on the other side of the Potomac. . . . On this mountain and in the surrounding valleys on both banks of the Rivanna, are situated five thousand acres of land which Mr. Jefferson possesses in this part of Virginia. Eleven hundred and twenty only are cultivated. The land, left to the care of the stewards, has suffered as well as the buildings from the long absence of the master; according to the custom of the country it has been exhausted by successive culture. . . . At present he is employed with activity and perseverance in the management of his farms and buildings; and he orders, directs, and pursues in the minutest details every branch of business relative to them. I found him in the midst of the harvest from which the scorching heat of the sun does not prevent his attendance. His negroes are nourished, clothed, and treated as well as white servants could be. As he cannot expect any assistance from the two small neighboring towns every article is made on his farm; his negroes are cabinet-makers, carpenters, masons, bricklayers, smiths, etc. The children he employs in a nail factory, which yields already a considerable profit."

We have thus seen how Monticello gradually grew up, following perhaps a general and undefined project from the beginning, and yet modified from time to time by the increased means, knowledge, experience, taste, and observation of its founder. It was a simple story-and-a-half brick house when he brought his bride to it that dreary winter's night in 1772. Since then he had been congress-



MONTICELLO, FIREPLACE AND DUMB-WAITER.



MONTICELLO, THE BALL-ROOM IN THE DOME.

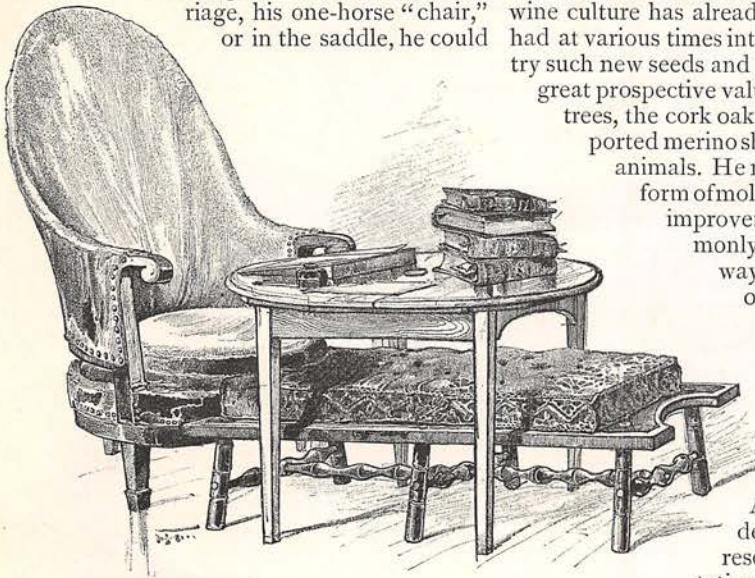
man, governor, minister plenipotentiary, and Secretary of State, had traveled at home and abroad, had reared his children, and was now confronted with the care and protection of the second generation. In the interim Monticello had become, first a plain Italian villa with a library on the second floor, and now again with a new transformation, a network of buildings dominated by a spreading country mansion of twenty rooms, with two Greek porticoes, and an octagonal dome, with very solid brick walls, strong frame-work, good floors, a great profusion of elaborate trimmings, and full of the quaint and strongly original devices and inventions of his own. Designed by no architect, unless he could be called one, no order or style could exclusively claim it, nor is it probable that any architect of that or our day would willingly make it a model, in either general design or curious details. But to Jefferson it must have been not only a castle, stronghold, refuge, but a very temple of art; in short, his own peculiar world, in a certain sense created by and for himself. He considered himself now once more master of his time and his inclinations, the owner of five

thousand acres of land and one hundred and fifty slaves. He was already over fifty years old, a principal figure in the history of his epoch, the cherished member of a wide circle of friends, the authoritative head and center of a numerous family group. Above all, Monticello had been triply sanctified by the domestic events of birth, death, and marriage. If he had given the tender and constant solicitude of a quarter of a century to this dream of an ideal home, it must have seemed to be on the point of practical realization as nearly as human hopes ever reach fruition.

Some such feelings doubtless prompted a vigorous administration of his estates and urgent efforts for the final completion of his house during the two years from 1794 to 1796. Once more drawn, however, into the resistless and swelling stream of national politics, he became Vice-President of the United States from 1797 to 1801, and finally President from 1801 to 1809.

No doubt delighted by this final and crowning mark of his country's esteem, it must nevertheless have cost him a pang to find once more his busy personal work of household

improvement broken in upon by absorbing and vexatious public duties. But there was some relief in the fact that the seat of government had in 1800 been brought much nearer to his home by the transfer of the capital to Washington. Either in his carriage, his one-horse "chair," or in the saddle, he could



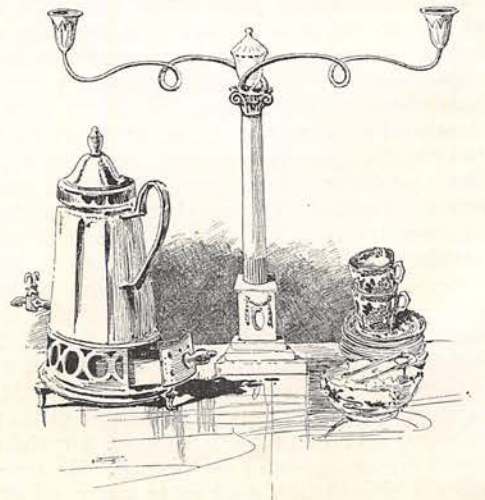
JEFFERSON'S CHAIR AND WRITING-TABLE.

make the journey to or from Monticello in three days. As compared with former periods of absence, this was almost like living at home. With similar facility he could send seeds, cuttings, or plants, or transmit personal directions to the family or his overseers. He now adopted the habit of making each year one or two prolonged visits to Monticello, and these coming in the spring and fall,—the farmer's working seasons,—the homestead may, notwithstanding his general absence, be said to have been practically under its master's supervision.

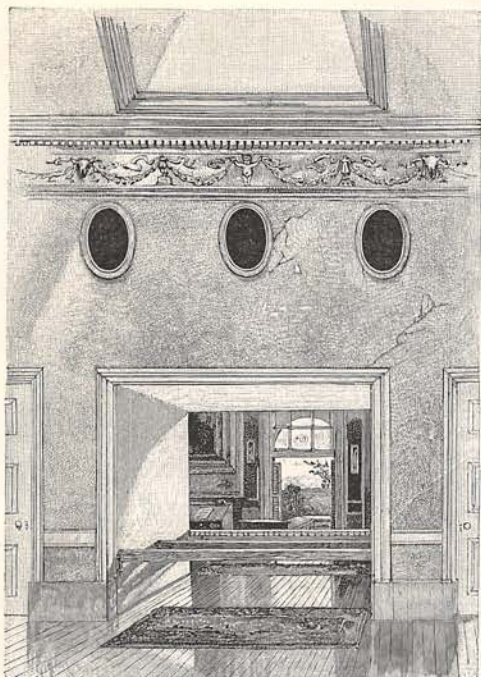
Had he now been content to pursue merely the completion of his plans and work, he would probably have fared better in the end. But in this situation, instead of curtailing them, Jefferson seems rather to have extended and multiplied the labors and business of his homestead and estates. The published reminiscences of his overseer state that it was now that he improved the terraced garden on the side of the mountain some two acres in area. There was a small grist-mill on the Rivanna, but the neighborhood became ambitious and wanted a larger one. In the eyes of the country people, a President of the United States, receiving a salary of \$25,000, was a Croesus and Aladdin combined. Jefferson, with his fondness for mechanical improvement and his proclivity for economical enterprise, did not

in all probability need much persuasion. He built the mill, a large four-story building, with four runs of stones, at a heavy expense. It was a point of great pride with him that he had always been, and would always remain, a farmer. His connection with a company for wine culture has already been mentioned. He had at various times introduced into the country such new seeds and plants as he thought of great prospective value,—upland rice, olive-trees, the cork oak, etc., etc. He now imported merino sheep and other domestic animals. He not only invented a new form of mold-board, making a great improvement in the then commonly used plow, but led the way in the employment of other improved farming implements, notably a seed-drill and a threshing machine.

At the beginning of the Revolution, many patriots in Virginia and others of the American States had determined to abstain resolutely from the importation, purchase, and use of British goods and manufactures, and to practice and foster home production. The seven-years war continued as a necessity what was begun as a virtue. Amid these and succeeding events, the intelligence and mechanical and inventive genius of Jefferson himself made his homestead and estates probably more than ordinarily self-dependent. It was in this way that he gathered about himself, among his slaves and servants, the skilled laborers, out of whose combined



SOME OF THE OLD SILVER.



JEFFERSON'S BEDROOM.

handiwork rose the fair structure of Monticello. It almost grew out of the soil. From the bricks which yet compose its walls, to the nails which yet unite its wood-work, including much of its furniture, and even that characteristic appendage of the period, the state carriage, Monticello was in its essential components an honest and genuine article of home manufacture. Not alone for the master and master's family; for to this combination and coöperation of farm and forge, of manor and mill, of architect and artisan, of land-owner and land-tiller, between one and two hundred human beings looked with right and reliance for daily work and daily bread, during at least two generations.

After having served the eight years of his presidential office, Jefferson retired to this his chosen refuge, the creation of his own thought and industry, of much of his own personal handiwork, and spent yet seventeen long years in what with wise forethought and manful persistence he had indeed made "the dearest spot on earth." Under his own vine

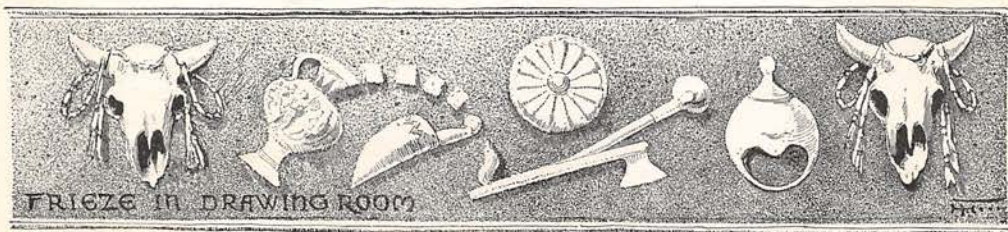
and fig-tree, in his own house and his own garden, sitting in the refreshing shade of the trees he had himself planted, plucking the flowers and fruits he had himself reared, he talked wisdom to his gray-headed neighbors and contemporaries, gave kindly instruction and admonition to inquiring youths and students, or led his joyous and romping grandchildren through their juvenile games. American annals can present few pictures of so long enjoyed and so perfect a fruition of a labor of love.

Bright and alluring as it is, the picture also presents painful shadows. He plucked his own domestic roses with bleeding fingers. The wounds of a bitter partisan conflict galled him; the persecutions of visitors and letter-writers worried him; and at last a hopeless bankruptcy brought him to the humiliating knowledge that the bread he ate was no longer that of his own earning.

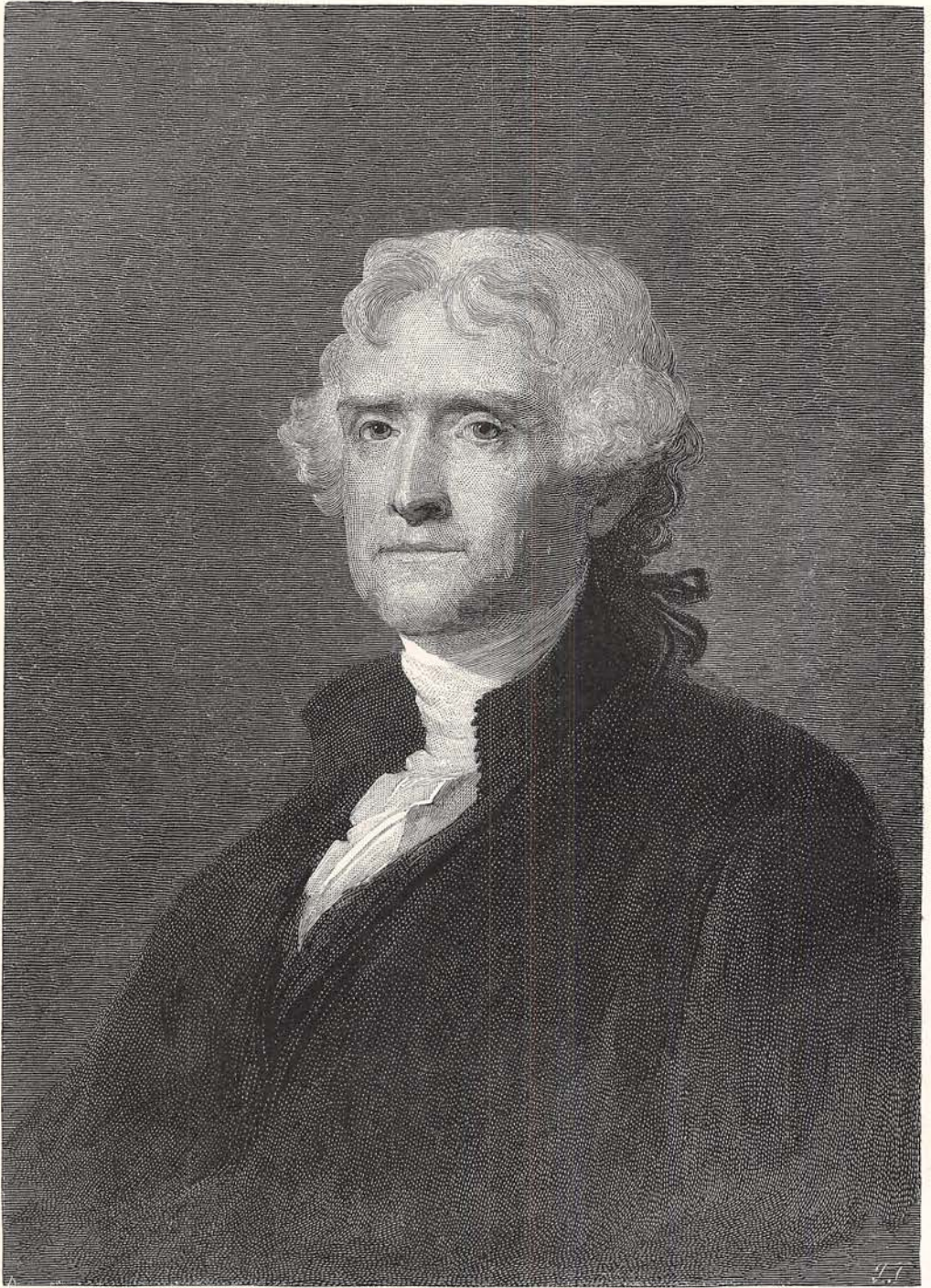
Driven to extremities by the necessity of paying a security-debt of \$20,000 which he had indorsed, he applied to the legislature of Virginia in the last year of his life, to be allowed to dispose of his property by lottery. "If it is permitted in my case," he writes, "my lands here alone, with the mills, etc., will pay everything, and will leave me Monticello and a farm free. If refused, I must sell everything here, perhaps considerably in Bedford, move thither with my family, where I have not even a log hut to put my head into." The privilege asked was finally granted, but so tardily that it wrung from him, like a groan of anguish, the sentence, "I count on nothing now. I am taught to know my standard."

As so often happens, the lottery scheme failed through popular apathy. But the public sympathy was to some extent aroused, and citizens of New York, of Philadelphia, and of Baltimore sent him contributions amounting in the aggregate to \$16,500. This relief, though inadequate, was yet sufficient to justify his belief that Monticello would be saved to his daughter. In this hope he died July 4th, 1826, having occupied Monticello as a home just six years more than half a century and was buried in the little graveyard he had planned nearly three-quarters of a century before.

J. G. Nicolay.



FRIZE IN DRAWING ROOM



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, AFTER THE PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART, IN POSSESSION OF EDWARD COLES, ESQ.

Th. Jefferson