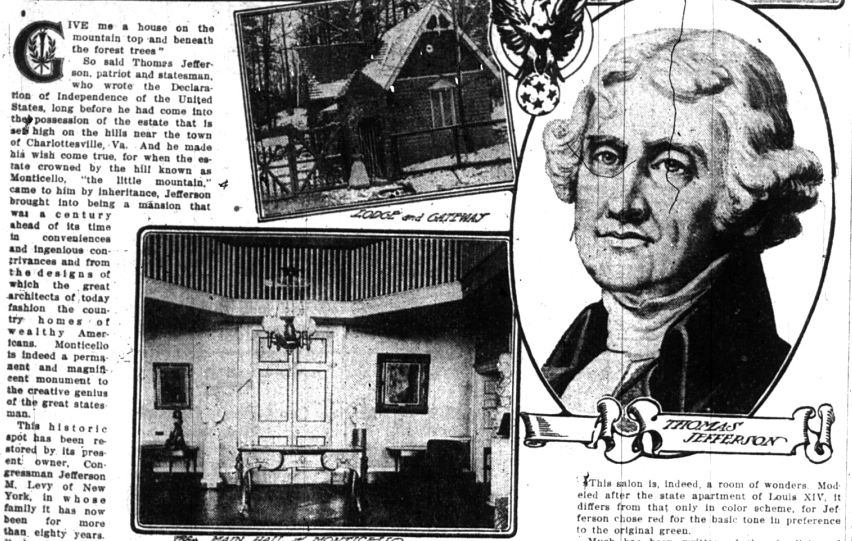
MONTICELLO RESTORED



GIVE me a house on the mountain top and beneath the forest trees"

So said Thomas Jefferson, patriot and statesman, who wrote the Declaration of Independence of the United States, long before he had come into the possession of the estate that is set high on the hills near the town of Charlottesville, Va. And he made his wish come true, for when the estate crowned by the hill known as Monticello, "the little mountain," came to him by inheritance, Jefferson brought into being a mansion that was a century ahead of its time in conveniences and ingenious contrivances and from the designs of which the great architects of today fashion the country homes of wealthy Americans. Monticello is indeed a permanent and magnificent monument to the creative genius of the great statesman.

This historic spot has been restored by its present owner, Congressman Jefferson M. Levy of New York, in whose family it has now been for more than eighty years. It is now in as nearly the same condition it was in Jefferson's day. This is the result of years of search for its original furnishings, and a visit to this great mansion is replete with memories of him who fashioned it and brought for its decoration the works of the greatest artisans of France.

Timely interest attaches to Monticello because of the active efforts of Mrs. Martin W. Littleton and others to prevail upon congress to buy the estate, while Mr. Levy is determined to retain it, both because of the loving care bestowed upon the property by his family and the fact that the public enjoys admission to it as fully and freely as though it were owned by the nation.

Down at Shadwell, which lies in the valley of the Rivana river, two miles from the foot of the little mountain, where Jefferson lived when a lad, they still relate the story of the boy's ambition to some day build a beautiful home on the top of the mountain that overshadowed the lowland wherein was his parental home, and how, finally, he came into possession of Monticello and realized one of his boyish dreams.

The great dome of the mountain did not offer sufficient room for the mansion he had conceived, and ten years of labor with head, heart and hands elapsed before the crest of the hill had been leveled. Seven years more it took to crown this man-made plateau with the magnificent mansion to which presidents, princes and the people have made common pilgrimage to pay homage to the memory of the man whose wonderful mind and tireless energy found time from the affairs of state to evolve one of the most remarkable specimens of Colonial architecture in existence.

Monticello lies about two miles south and five miles west of the busy little town of Charlottesville, and it is upgrade every inch of the way.

Through a typical Virginia town you soon strike into a road barren of houses on either side and you learn from this the first lesson of what the present owner has done to preserve the sanctity of the Jefferson home and estate. From close to the town boundary hundreds of acres on both sides of the road have been bought by Mr. Levy, "to prevent," as he puts it, "the building of any shacks on the approach to Monticello."

Soon you drop to the level of a rippling creek that skirts the base of Monticello to reach the Rivana river, and then begins the climb—winding, turning, twisting around the face of the hill under overarching trees growing so closely together that the sky is visible only in patches.

For three miles this road, which was surveyed and laid out by Jefferson, rises steeply toward Monticello until a sharp turn brings the visitor to the wrought-iron entrance gates that hang between massive brick pillars at the gatekeeper's lodge.

When the visitor has passed into the inclosed grounds the gatekeeper follows up the road a few yards where, to the right, hangs a big brass bell that Jefferson placed there to announce the arrival of guests. Neither by day nor by night has any one ever passed through those gates whose presence has not been announced to those in "the big house above" by the ringing of this bell, a quaint custom that has survived a century and a half.

A turn of road brings into view the old burial grounds of the Jefferson family where lie the mortal remains of Thomas Jefferson, his wife, mother, sisters and other members of the Jefferson and Randolph families. In loving tribute, too, the remains of many of the artisans Jefferson brought from Europe to help build his mansion are interred in this plot.

Leaving the grave to the majestic solitude of the forest which surrounds it, the visitor follows the winding road still upward through a magnificent park of oaks, maples and pines until an abrupt turn in the path brings him to the main entrance to the Monticello mansion. To the right, on a lower terrace, is a quaint old mansard roofed house, built by Jefferson before the mansion was completed, and it was the loom house, where the cotton, linen and woolen cloths for the Jefferson household were woven and spun.

Turning to the left, the first view of Monticello shows the "President's walk," a causeway of imposing simplicity in which several sets of marble steps break the slight incline to the plateau above. On one of these are placed two massive marble lions that guard the immediate approach to the house.

Passing up the "President's walk," flanked by neatly trimmed bay trees, the visitor is brought to the main grounds, the plateau that took ten years to level on the mountain top.

A spacious veranda with tesselated floor leads to the reception hall, a cool, stately room where formal tranquillity is evident in the unusual height of the ceiling, an air of spaciousness and general atmosphere of refinement. The hall is so large and the door of such generous size that a coach and four might be driven through. Just at the entrance, deeply cut into the floor, there is the print of a horse's hoof that was made when the British General Tarleton raided Monticello and rode up the marble staircase, through the magnificent hall and out through the salon on his fruitless search for Jefferson.

To fully describe the curios and relics that are unfolded to the gaze of the visitor would fill a volume. There are so many and each has its story of historic association, all deeply interesting and in all forming a collection that would stock a good-sized museum.

Standing in the entrance one faces the gallery which half encircles the hall—a gallery so gracefully proportioned that Stanford White, the noted architect, declared "the beauty of that gallery may never be reproduced, especially the railing, for every portion of it was made by hands whose art is nearly lost in the modern machine era."

In one corner of this hall is Jefferson's old music stand. Made of walnut, it is almost black from age, and there is pasted under the music shelf a bit of paper upon which Jefferson signed his name.

Next to this rack is a column and capital, the original casts of the model designed by Jefferson from which the pillars of the Capitol were fashioned.

In this corner is the coffee urn Jefferson used during his administration at the White House and in Paris when he was ambassador to France.

Stepping between double glass doors, that have an ingenious mechanism for opening that would be a credit to modern housebuilding craft, the visitor enters the grand salon, an octagonal room with six French windows that reach from floor to ceiling. Here the impression is felt at once of delicate but luxurious refinement. Priceless treasures of art, relics of Jefferson and heirlooms of the Levy family, are stored in this high-ceilinged room.

This salon is, indeed, a room of wonders. Modeled after the state apartment of Louis XIV, it differs from that only in color scheme, for Jefferson chose red for the basic tone in preference to the original green.

Much has been written of the simplicity of Jefferson. To many Monticello signifies only a fine example of Colonial America roominess and comfort. In fact, Jefferson furnished his mansion not with crude manufactures of the Colonies, but fitted his home with all the ornate richness of the finest palaces of continental Europe. And, as in the decorating and furnishing of the building, he was equally esthetic in his care for the creature comfort of his guests.

Most of the things that were in Jefferson's study have been lost track of, but Mr. Levy still has a few, and on one corner of the floor there remain thousands of ink stains made by Jefferson flipping off the superfluous ink from his quill.

Of the original articles there remain a flat writing table made by Jefferson, upon which it is said he made the first draft of the Declaration of Independence.

When Jefferson died his relatives and heirs decided they could not afford the great expense of keeping open the house as it then stood. Much of the furniture and furnishings were distributed by will, gift or purchase. Mrs. Martha Jefferson Randolph, daughter of the statesman and executrix of his will, decided to continue her home at Edge Hill, the Randolph estate, and was anxious to dispose of Monticello. The place was sold to James T. Barclay, a missionary, who held it but a short time and then offered it for sale.

Commodore Uriah Phillips Levy, then a lieutenant in the navy, drove from New York city to Monticello to inspect the property and concluded a deal by which he acquired from Barclay the Jefferson mansion and 218 acres of the original estate. It was run down from lack of attention and there was little or the original inside furnishings left. Sentimental reasons prompted the commodore to get back the things that had belonged to the man who built the wonderful house, and for years he sought to regain the articles that had been scattered about the country.

Then came the war of the states, and the commodore, continuing his allegiance to the Union, was declared an "alien enemy" by the Confederacy, the estate was confiscated and the contents advertised for sale at public auction. Again the mansion was partly stripped of its furnishings, and many pieces of furniture were sold at the confiscation sale to families residing in the neighborhood. Some of the articles were returned after the war.

After the war, however, when legal adjustment of the estate of Commodore Levy was had and Jefferson M. Levy inherited the property, Mr. Levy continued the labors of the commodore in restoring the home as Jefferson had planned and left it.

A majority of the articles were recovered, but those pieces that had been taken from the country were beyond reach and few of them were traced. With this as his nucleus, however, Jefferson M. Levy made thorough search of family records and documents, as well as getting information from living friends and relatives who had known the home when Jefferson lived, and from that list he has since attempted to get in his many trips abroad exact duplicates of the works of art, furniture and ornaments originally brought from France by Jefferson. In this Mr. Levy has succeeded with considerable accuracy, fitting up Monticello so exactly as it was originally that Thomas Jefferson might step into the home in spirit and find it familiar with objects intimate with his earthly residence.

FOUND SAFETY ON THE SEA

About the Only Way Governor Wilson Could Escape From Importuning Politicians.

When Gov. Woodrow Wilson wanted to sidestep the Democratic politicians long enough to write his speech accepting the presidential nomination he accepted the offer of his old friend, Cleveland Dodge and went to sea upon the latter's yacht. No reporter could get at him; no emissary from Tammany could win near enough to ask a question, and his good nature gradually recovered from the weeks of continual worry. When he landed he first wanted to play golf and then to talk politics.

"One of the first men I ever played golf with was Cleveland Dodge," said Mr. Wilson. "We told each other stories of those early days upon the yacht the other night. Neither Mr. Dodge nor myself had any more than a theoretical knowledge of the game and our first performances were unique.

"'The trouble is,' said Dodge,' that we haven't the right sort of clubs. I'll import some.'

"So he sent to Scotland and got an favelce on the finest golf clubs that money could buy. There was an instrument for every possible golfing contingency. When they reached the custom house the officials did not know how to classify them. They knew almost as little about golf as Dodge and myself, and there had been no provision made in the law for an import duty on golf clubs. Finally they levied on them as agricultural implements.

"'That,' said Dodge, 'is a deliberate insult.'

"The next day he went on the links with his new clubs. When he returned that night he had changed his mind.

"'Those customs officers knew more about the game I play than I did,' said he."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

WOLVERINE NEWS BREVITIES

Monroe.—George Mainzinger, a retired farmer of this city, is dead from the effects of a stroke of paralysis. He was seventy-nine years old and leaves a widow and ten children.

Muskegon.—W. J. Barbour, city recorder of Muskegon Heights, was elected chairman of the board of supervisors at a special meeting following the resignation of Treasurer-elect John G. Westover. Elmer Thomas of Casnovia was elected to fill the vacancy on the road commission caused by the death of Fred Hoogstraat of Ravenna.

Jackson.—W. D. Riley, the colored life convict, who on the night of July 18 walked away from Jackson prison, has been captured at Bakersfield, Cal., according to a telegram received by the prison officials, and an officer from the prison is now en route to California to bring the prisoner back to the penitentiary.

Grand Ledge.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Loomis returned from New York and started their coal stove. The chimney has become clogged during the summer, and the gas backed up and filled the house. When Mrs. Loomis was awakened she was barely able to attract the attention of a neighbor, who threw open the windows and summoned medical aid. Mr. Loomis is still very ill.

Grand Rapids.—At a meeting of the Western Michigan Development bureau the Michigan Land and Apple show directors reported on the show just closed here. The attendance records revealed a decided decrease, only 11,000 paid admissions compared with 23,000 one year ago. Financially the show just broke even.

Lapeer.—Arthur Jarvis, sixty years old, lost his life in a fire which destroyed a barn owned by Mrs. L. J. Richards. A horse owned by Jarvis and valued at $500 was also cremated. Jarvis occupied a portion of the barn as a living apartment. Neighbors say a loud report was heard and in a few moments afterward the barn was discovered to be in flames. It is supposed to have been the explosion of a gasoline stove which Jarvis used for cooking purposes.

Saginaw.—Delay in securing medical aid probably cost the life of Joseph Seibt, thirty-three years old, when he died at St. Mary's hospital from the result of gunshot wounds inflicted by the accidental discharge of his brother's gun, while the two men were hunting near Coleman, a short distance from their home. They were going through some underbrush and Jacob says the hammers of his gun were caught by some branches, causing the discharge. The shot took effect in Joseph's arm and side.

Jackson.—Convicts suspected of having incendiary tendencies will be placed at work in the fireproof brick manufacturing plant at Jackson prison, the machinery for the manufacture of brick and tile arrives at the prison. It is believed that this action will, in a measure, check any further plans for the destruction of prison property by the fire route. It is planned to commence the manufacture of brick and tile within the next few weeks. The machinery necessary for the new industry has been ordered and is expected to arrive within a month.

Flint.—Roy Mead of Clio, occupies a cell in the county jail with a charge of attempted murder opposite his name on the blotter. He shot his wife at the home of her sister, Mrs. Arnold Farr, in Thetford county. The shooting was done with a rifle through the window, two shots being fired. When the first bullet came crashing through the glass, Mrs. Mead went to the telephone to summon help, and while standing with the receiver in her hand the second bullet passed through the fleshy part of her right cheek and grazed the wrist of her uplifted arm before burying itself in the wall.

Ann Arbor.—Prof. Francis W. Kelsey, professor of Greek in the university, has received for circulation in this country an appeal from the central committee of Greece for help for the Greek soldiers and the families they have left without support, while the last paragraph of the appeal says: "Though this appeal is addressed above all to Greeks, at home and abroad, the central committee will be deeply grateful for any help which may come from those, of whatever nation, who feel an interest in the classic land of Greece, and for those who realise that the Greek soldier in this struggle is not fighting for his country alone, but for the Christian faith and for the cause of progress and of enlightened civilisation."

Kalamazoo.—Nearly the entire amount asked by the Kalamazoo State hospital board will be spent in repairs on the buildings and in the erection of a new place for the male attendants to sleep. The cottage for the attendants will be built large enough to accommodate nearly 100. At present the attendants are occupying rooms that should be given to the patients, so crowded is the institution. It is believed that the erection of the new cottage will prevent temporary congestion at the institution.

Alma.—Frank Sparks of Alma, who has been on trial in circuit court in Ithaca, charged with a serious statutory offense, was found not guilty, the court directing the jury to find such a verdict. After being discharged the man was rearrested upon another charge.

Kalamazoo.—Miss Bessie Gardner, one of the women who aided in putting out the flames which so severely burned Mrs. Anna Mason, was removed to a hospital suffering from severe

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Landlady—They don't worry some people I know, half as much as board bills.

A Bit Candid.

First Tripper (after lengthy survey of second ditto)—You 'as got a hugly face, 'ast't you, mate?

Second Tripper—Corn't do nuffin' abaht it.

First Tripper—You might 'ave stopped at 'ome.—Punch (London).

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething, Disorders, move and regulate the bowels, and Destroy Worms. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by mothers for 22 years. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. Adv.

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Miss C. Mahoney, of 2708 M. St., W. Washington, D. C., writes: "I suffered with rheumatism for five years and I have just got hold of your Liniment, and it has done me so much good. My knees do not pain and the swelling has gone."

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Mrs. A. Weidman, of 403 Thompson St., Marrville, Mo., writes: — "The nerve in my leg was destroyed five years ago and left me with a jerking at night so that I could not sleep. A friend told me to try your Liniment and now I could not do without it. I find after its use I can sleep."

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