Saint Mary's Beacon.

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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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JAMES S. DOWNS.

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All communications for publication must be accompanied with the real name of the author, or no attention will be paid to them. The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

Professional Cards.

THE undersigned, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have this 3rd day of July, 1866, formed a Copartnership in the practice of their profession, under the name and style of Combs & Downs. They will practice in the County of Saint Mary's and the adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals.

Especial attention will be paid to the collection of claims against individuals, the State, or the Government.

References given, when required. Address Combs & Downs, Leonardtown, P. O., St Mary's County, Maryland.

ROBERT C. COMBS
JAS. S. DOWNS.

July 5, 1866—1y.

Law Co-Partnership

The undersigned, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have this 1st day of December, 1869, associated themselves to practice their profession under the name and style of

BLAKISTONE & MORGAN.

They will practice in St. Mary's and the adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special and prompt attention will be paid to the collection of claims. One or both can always be found at their office in Leonard Town. Address, Blakistone & Morgan, Leonard Town P. O., St. Mary's County, Md.

JAMES T. BLAKISTONE,
JOSEPH F. MORGAN,

Dec. 2, 1869—tf.

J. PARRAN CRANE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEONARDTOWN,

Jan 26, 1871—tf. MD.

JAS H. WILSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEONARDTOWN,
MD.

Feb 10, 1870—tf.

J. F. MATTHEWS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
LEONARDTOWN.

Will practice in the Courts of St. Mary's, Charles and Prince Georges.
Sept. 12th, 1867—6m.

DANIEL C. HAMMETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Leonardtown, St. Mary's County, Maryland
Oct 3, 1867—tf.

Quick Sales! Small Profits!

MISS IRENE FURCK, having removed her store to the building formerly occupied by Messrs. Wile & Ford, respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she is provided with a full and carefully selected stock of

New Millinery, Fancy and Dress Goods, Cloaks, Toys, etc.,

which she is prepared to sell at a very small advance for cash. Her entire stock, having been purchased under favorable circumstances and at prices approaching gold rates, she believes that the ladies of St. Mary's will find it to their interest to give her a call before purchasing elsewhere. Deeply grateful to her friends and the public for the encouragement she has received in her business heretofore, her chief study and solicitude in the future will be to obtain and deserve its continuance.

Nov 24, 1870—tf.

JAS. H. S. GIBBONS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
for the sale of
TOBACCO,
GRAIN,
&c.,
No. 80 Light Street Wharf, Baltimore,
Gives personal attention to the inspection of Tobacco. Will make prompt returns, and fill orders with dispatch.
march 19, 1868—1y.

HORNE & GREENWELL,

Builders and Contractors.

THE undersigned have entered into Co-partnership as Builders and Contractors, and are prepared to execute all demands in their line of business that may be made upon them with promptness, at reasonable rates and in workmanlike manner.

GEORGE HORNE,
THOS. G. GREENWELL,
Leonard Town, Md.

March 31 1870—tf.

Air! that we may not breathe
Our mutual infection, but may gain
Some breezy waft of health from God's champaign,
Purging the vapors pestilent that seethe
In Man's too choked domain.

Light! that we may not grope
In darkness self-created, seeking ends
Ignoble could we see them—trusting friends
Who blind themselves can but betray our hopes
Lost, as our path descends.

Peace! that we once may hear
Thy whispering in our hearts' unfevered rest,
And, through the jangling noises of the street
May know that One is waiting ever near
To guide the uncertain feet.

Strength! that the jostling crowd
May have no might to drive us from the way;
That none have power to hinder or dismay
While, with firm stride, and shoulders onward bow'd,
We strive towards Thy day.

Hope! that when heart shall fail,
When steps shall swerve or weary, we may know
That though our course be crooked, toilsome, slow,
Nought, if our will keep faithful, can avail
To make our steps misgo.

Faith! that we may behold
Our goal and our reward, beyond the cloud—
Far o'er the miry ways, the market loud—
As down some clattering street the sunset gold
Strikes o'er the heedless crowd.

Love! that we may not scorn
Who see not as we see, seek what we seek,
That we may help the fallen, cheer the weak,
Caress the loving loveless—till a morn
Of warmer life shall break.

Life! that we may have time
To do some work for Thee; to leave some mark
Whereby a brother, stumbling through the dark,
May catch the signal for his soul to climb
Straight, Heavenward, like the lark.

Death! if it be Thy will,
For all the sad and weary—Death and rest
For all whose work is over. Death, thou best,
Last, longed-for friend as all fordone with ill,
Lead the worn pilgrims through thy region still
To where the dead are blest.

(Written for the Beacon.)

HOME.

BY J. D. T.

Reader, have you a home, a place where peace and harmony dwelleth? A private shelter to cover in two hearts dearer to each other than all the world beside, with high walls to exclude the profane eyes of every human being, a place of seclusion where children can feel that the name of mother is holy and love sustaining—that is home; and here is the birth-place of every loving heart. Oh, spare our homes! The loving wife, the tender mother make our homes happy and beautiful. The love we experience there gives us our faith in an infinite goodness, the purity and disinterestedness are our foretaste of a better world. In relations there established and fostered do we find through life the chief solace and joy of our existence. What is home without a mother, a sister, or a true and loving wife, who can sustain her husband in the day of adversity, who, when the world's great frown makes his heart chill with anguish, grows brighter and more beautiful and loves him dearer as misfortunes crowd around his pathway? Such is home. Our mother is worth a thousand friends, our sister twenty intimate companions and a true wife dearer than all the world. We who have stood by the same hearth, who have basked in the sunshine of the same smile, who date back to the same scene and season of innocence and hope, in whose veins runs the same blood, do we not find that years only make more sacred and more important the tie that binds us to home? Home is where the heart is—where a loving mother teaches her little children to lisp a prayer in praise of God, and a true and loving wife always wears a cheerful smile of welcome for her loved one, and trys by happy little inventions, to lift from his sensitive spirit the sad burden of thought.

St. Clement's Bay, March, 2nd, 1871.

TOO BASHFUL.

"Hang it all, what can a poor fellow do?"

A great, handsome, good-natured, honest-hearted fellow was Charlie Winter, but so very bashful, that in the presence of the gentler sex he never could have told whether he was standing on his feet or on his head. Just now his failing was immensely aggravated by the fact that he was over head and ears in love with Clarice Wilmer, the sweetest, prettiest, most bewildering little beauty in all the region round about

"O dear, I wish I knew a way to tell my love and not be there myself. Deuce take the girls! they bother you on purpose, I believe, and always manage so your courage oozes out of your fingers ends before you are quite ready to ask the fateful question!"

"Why don't you write?"

"Write! I shouldn't know a word to say; and then I'd never dare to look her in the face again."

"O, what a spoony! Simply say you love her, and ask her if she will make you happy. Then face the music like a man, and meet her next time as if nothing had happened—unless she answers yes, and then, of course, you'll act as if something had happened."

Charley groaned dispairingly.

"Easy enough for you to talk," he muttered, dubiously. "You who have been married seven years—with me the case is different. I tell you, Tom, you don't know anything about it."

"Yes I do. Didn't I have to do my courting just the way you've got yours? Didn't Nell act just as Clarice does, bewitching me at one moment, and driving me almost to suicide the next? You're a lunatic, you are, and I hope Clarice will give you the mitten."

"I'm afraid she will."

"'Faint heart never won fair lady,'" quoted Tom Ridgely, indignantly as he arose to take his leave. "Seriously, however, Charley, I advise you to pour your heart on paper, and [illegible] it [illegible] by the post.

Charley thought about it after he was gone. The more he thought the better pleased with it he was.

"It's terrible but I suppose I must!" he groaned, seating himself at his writing desk, and clutching wildly at paper, pens and ink.

An hour of torture. Charley began a dozen billet-doux and tore them up.

"It's utterly useless," he moaned, at last; and then the great booby laid his head upon the desk and fairly sobbed.

"I'll write and ask her to go to the opera with me to-morrow night, anyway, and then, perhaps——" he dared to think no further.

"My dear—no, that never'll do—was ever a mortal so perplexed as I am? I wish the girls were all at the bottom of the ocean, and Eve had never been created. Well, I'll begin again."

This time he was successful. His note was short enough, and some young ladies might take umbrage at such an invitation, but Clarice knew his bashfulness. It read as follows, and was not dated at all:

"Will you be kind enough to honor me by the acceptance of my escort to the opera to-morrow eve?"

And that was all beside the signature.

"Well, there," said Charley, as he got it done. "I promised sister Minnie I would write to her this week, so I will do it now while my hand is in." And tossing the note one side, he soon began his letter.

"SISTER MINE:" (it read) "Yours of the 17th came to hand, and I have meant to answer it before. The fact is, I am deep in love with a young lady—Clarice Wilmer, of whom you have heard me speak, and am afraid she don't return it. You know that I am so confounded bashful I daren't speak a word to her about it, and neither can I write. Sometimes I think I've got the necessary courage, but when I meet her it vanishes like dew before the sun, and I'm a bigger fool than ever. I know she thinks that I'm a fool, but I can't help it—I'd rather face a battery of mitrailleuses, or any other engine of destruction than a pretty woman, any time, and Clarice is the fairest, sweetest and most beautiful young lady I ever saw."

Here followed three whole pages of lover's rhapsody, interspersed with wailings of despair, and then the letter would up thus:

"I've asked her to the opera to-morrow night, and if she goes, 'tis possible that I may learn my fate."

"Three o'clock—can it be possible?" cried Charley, glancing at the clock, and stuffing his letters into two envelops, which he backed in awful haste. "The mail goes out in half an hour—I shall be late as sure as fate."

And paying no heed to the rhyme, and little to the letters, he grasped his hat and started for the post office.

Clarice smiled her brightest when Charley called for her next night, but he fancied there was mischief in her eyes, which perhaps was not quite all a fancy. At the opera she talked and laughed between the scenes in such a way that he was quite bewildered. He did not learn his fate, and after he got home felt worse than ever.

Next day he got a letter from his sister.

"I am very sorry," wrote she, "but I could not well come on two hundred miles, simply to attend an opera. I suppose, however, the invitation was intended for another person, and if—"

"O Jove, I am undone!" said Charley, dropping the missive to the floor, and breaking out in a cold perspiration. "I sent the letters wrong, and now I've done it brown. What will Clarice think of me?"

Driven to desperation at last, he plucked up courage and hurried to Clarice's residence.

"Is Miss Wilmer in?" he asked the servant who answered the bell.

"Yes;" and he speedily found himself in the parlor, and face to face with his inamorata.

"I—I—did you receive—a note from me the other day, Miss Clarice?" he stammered, wishing the floor would give way and precipitate him into the cellar.

"I received a letter, Mr. Winter," said Clarice, with a laugh like the tinkling of silver bells.

"Ah! yes—I ask your pardon, Miss Wilmer, for the inadvertency—I meant—"

"Oh, you need not apologize, Mr. Winter. I rather liked it, I assure you. You did not try your fate at the opera, though. Why didn't you?"

How mischievous her eyes were sparkling! A faint crimson dyed her cheek, and, altogether, Charley, looking at her slyly, thought he never saw her look so pretty.

"But the annoyance——"

"It wasn't an annoyance. I was pleased."

Charley's heart thrilled suddenly with hope. He took one step forward.

"You say that it was no annoyance.—Dare I believe you care for me?"

The faint glow deepened suddenly.—"You may," she said.

If Charley's friend, Tom Ridgely, had dropped in five minutes later, he would have thought Charley's bashfulness was all a sham. It never troubled him again.

LOUIS ADOLPH THI[illegible]

The new "chief executive [illegible] French nation is well known in [illegible] ties and literature of France. [illegible] a native of Marseilles, of [illegible] age. Thirty-five year[illegible] was appointed Prem[illegible] the portfolio of Fore[illegible] the political agitation [illegible] France he has t[illegible]ential part. [illegible] law a[illegible] tance of [illegible] bar in 1820, [illegible] was not destined [illegible] lawyer, and he shortl[illegible] reer for letters and poli[illegible] played profound ability [illegible] his discussion of political [illegible] fairs, and a distinguished ca[illegible] before him. He wrote on art, a [illegible]ume of travels, and on various other subjects with the same success that marked his writings on public affairs. At the same time he was making rapid advances in political circles. He was admitted to the friendship of men like Lafitte and to the society of Talleyrand. He had long before this conceived his famous "History of the French Revolution." The first two volumes of this great work appeared in 1823. Recognizing his own imperfect knowledge he devoted himself to study with great resolution, taking Baron Louis as his instructor in finances and General Foy and Jomini in tactics and strategy. He sought every source of accurate information, and, with the fullest knowledge that he could acquire, set to work at the third and succeeding volumes. This famous book has had an extensive sale in France, and was received with great popularity, especially after the revolution of 1830. When Polignac became minister in August, 1829, Thiers left the *Constitutionel*, and in conjunction with Carrel and Mignet, founded the *National*, which did much to bring about the revolution of 1830. Having proposed the Duke of Orleans for regent he had the satisfaction of seeing him placed on the throne in one week later. He became Under-Secretary in the Department of Finance under Baron Louis and Lafitte. In the Chamber of Deputies he made an unsuccessful appearance at first, his voice and manner provoking the ridicule of the members.—He retired from office in March, 1831.—While out of office he advocated many measures, which were unpalatable to the people, and after the insurrection of [illegible], 1832, he recommended severe treatment for the republicans and legitimists. On the death of Casimir Perier he became Minister of the Interior, October 11. He arrested the Duchess of Berri, by which he prevented the Vendean war, and on his recommendation the Citadel of Antwerp was taken possession of by a French expedition, which saved Belgium from the designs of her enemies. Transferred to the Ministry of Commerce and Public Works he did much to develop internal improvements. One of his acts was to restore the statue of Napoleon to the top of the Column of Vendome. In 1834, domestic troubles being anticipated, he was again placed in the Ministry of the Interior, and was prompt in repressing the insurrection of April 12 and 13. On November 11 he resigned his portfolio, but after a week he again accepted office under Marshal Mortier, who, himself, resigned in a few days. There was then great difficulty in reconciling the rival claims of Guizot and Thiers, but both accepted office under the Duke de Broglie. His narrow escape from death by the explosion of Fiesche's machine, which killed at his side Marshal Mortier, induced him to advocate urgently the "laws of September," regulating the press and trial by jury. In December, 1834, he was elected a member of the Academy and made a remarkable discourse on the occasion of his reception. In February, 1836, he was appointed Prime Minister, with the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, but, unable to bring over the king to his views, he resigned in the August of that [illegible]

In the general election of 18[illegible] was an opposition candid[illegible] ond Circumscription of [illegible] warmly though unsucce[illegible] the Minister of the In[illegible] signy. He took [illegible] discussions, [illegible] the Roman qu[illegible] etc. In a cele[illegible] he declared that in [illegible] France had no chan[illegible] making another mistak[illegible] before July, 1870. On th[illegible] tion he was a strong advocate o[illegible] dependence of the Pope. In May, 1869, his re-election to the Legislative Body was opposed by an official candidate and Count d'Alton Shea, the candidate of the socialists. He was re-elected by a large majority. He strongly opposed the war of July, 1870, on the ground that France was not prepared for it. After the disaster of Sedan he was sent on a mission to all the courts of Europe to seek recognition for the new republic and aid against Prussia. In both he was unsuccessful. A writer in the *British Quarterly Review* says of him:

"As to physical appearance it is impossible to conceive a more ignoble little being than Adolph Thiers. He has neither figure nor shape, nor grace, nor mien; and truly, to use the most unsavory description of Cormenin ("Timon,") looks like one of those provincial barbers who, with brush and razor in hand, go from door to door offering their savonnette.—His voice is thin, harsh, and reedy; his aspect sinister, deceitful, and tricky; a sardonic smile plays about his insincere and mocking mouth; and at first view you are disposed to distrust so ill-favored [illegible] successful, as a histo[illegible] as a critic, [illegible] was [illegible]al to a co[illegible] ex[illegible] doubt, many talents [illegible]ects, but his successes in life [illegible] owing to his worst vices than to [illegible]gative virtues. He is probably the [illegible] intelligent man in Europe, if a per[illegible]tion of the wants and wishes of the [illegible]illion indicate intelligence; but some think him also one of the most insincere, mocking and corrupt of public men, and at the bottom one of the shallowest in all sound knowledge. "Give me a quarter of an hour," he wrote to Spring Rice, in 1864, "to explain the financial system of Great Britain."

AN EXTINCT FAMILY.—It is a curious fact that there are no known descendants of Christopher Columbus. He had two sons, one of whom, San Diego, rose to the distinction of an Admiral, and the other, Fernando, as a scholar. Fernando was a great traveler. He not only thrice visited America, but subsequently traversed the whole of Europe, and every accessible portion of Asia and Africa. He appeared to have been a profound scholar and a thoroughly good man. In his will he stipulated that his library, containing twenty thousand volumes, which he gave to the Cathedral of Seville, should be free to the people, and it is, to this day.

From books in this collection, the late Washington Irving obtained a considerable portion of the information on which his "Life of Columbus," was founded.—The following quaint epitaph, almost obliterated by time, appears on the tablet which marks the site of his tomb:—"What doth it profit to have sprinkled the whole world with my sweat: to have three times crossed the New World discovered by my father: to have embellished the shores of tranquil Guadalquivir, and preferred by simple tastes rather than riches, or that I have assembled around the divinities from the source of Castalia, and offer to the riches gathered by Ptolemy, if passing in silence over this stone, thou shouldst fail to address a single salutation to my father's memory."

DEATH BY DROWNING AND COLD.—The phenomena of death by drowning and cold formed the subject of Dr. Richardson's experimental and practical lecture recently. He showed, amongst other experiments, that fish which would be presumed to be dead from what he called "glacial death" were recoverable. His view as to the suddenness of the collapse of the body in water at freezing-point is that the exhaustion follows on peripheral nervous shock, due to the cold, and quick succeeding exhaustion of the nervous centers. Thus the temperature of the brain was reduced to 56 degrees F. in an animal drowned in freezing water, while the temperature of the chest and abdomen was at 79 degrees F. Death from drowning under ice is, Dr. Richardson states, one of the most rapid of deaths, and is completed, he believes, with so quick an extinction of consciousness as to be actually painless. The heart retains its power of action, the muscles keep up their irritability for a long time after apparent dissolution; and so favorable are all the conditions for renewal of living action, even for two hours, that a considerable advance in the practice of resuscitation must follow upon further careful and laborious experimental research.

A SCHOOLMASTER STILL ABROAD.—The Williamsport, Penn., Fire Insurance Company have received an application from [illegible]oil regions which is certainly a "stun[illegible]" on N. Webster, Esq. The ortho[illegible]al applicant says he keeps a "hole [illegible] Store;" that his store is located [illegible]ain Hotell;" that there is a [illegible] back end of his lot; that [illegible] "It Aley" in the rear of his [illegible] he has access to the roof of [illegible] by a "lader" on the outside; that [illegible]kes stock twise a yere," and so on [illegible] is that he is left-handed, and also a trifle hard of hearing.

UNBELIEF.—Were we to believe nothing but what we could perfectly comprehend, not only our stock of knowledge in all the branches of learning would be shrunk up to nothing, but even the affairs of common life could not be carried on.

It may not be generally known that editors get one important item of subsistence at a low price—they get *lored* for nothing.

A Cincinnati boy kicked a mule twice. The long-suffering beast at last kicked back, and the boy handed in his chips.

When you have anything to sell, advertise it. If anyone wants your wares they will be sure to call on you.

"I have very little respect for the titles of this world," as the chap said when the rope was put around his neck.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Constantinople, or Stamboul, as the Turks call it, occupies one of the finest natural situations in the world. It is built upon a tongue of land, of triangular shape which lies upon the west side of the southern entrance of the Bosphorous. On the northern side of the city is a branch or offset of the Bosphorous, called the Golden Horn, which forms a magnificent harbor; Galata, and Tophana, the two former of which are the principal seats of trade, and the residence of nearly all classes of foreigners. The ground upon which Constantinople is built rises gradually from the sea, and commands a magnificent prospect over the opposite coasts of Asia. The general aspect of the city, when approached by water, is of the most striking and beautiful description, exhibiting to view a crowd of domes and minarets, backed by the dark foilage of the cypress and other trees which shade the extensive cemeteries beyond the walls. But the interior is a perfect labyrinth of narrow, winding, steep, and dirty streets, without plan of any kind, and in which houses are, for the most part, built of wood, and present dead walls to the street, light and air being—as in all Oriental towns—derived from the interior court-yards

The most striking of the public buildings are the Seraglio, or Imperial Palace, situated at the eastern extremity of the city, and bathed on either side by the waters of the Bosphorous and the Golden Horn; and the Church of St. Sophia, erected by the Emperor Justinian, in the sixth century, as a Christian temple, but converted into a Mohammedan mosque.—There are likewise a vast number of other mosques, amounting in all, it is said, to three hundred, many of which display great architectual beauty.

The internal trade of Constantinople is carried on in covered bazaars in which a great variety of splendid and gaudy articles of attire are displayed. Different bazaars are appropriated to the sale of particular articles. Baths are numerous, and are extensively used by all classes of the inhabitants—as is uniformly the case with Mohammedan populations. The place of the gondola of Venice is supplied by the "light caique," a kind of wherry, of which not fewer than eighty thousand are estimated to ply on the waters of Stamboul and its suburbs.

The whole circuit of Constantinople, not including the suburbs on the north side of the harbor, is about twelve miles. The population of the city and its suburbs has been estimated at seven hundred thousand. The principal inhabitants of the city within the walls are the Turks, together with the Amenians, Greeks, and Jews, who have particular quarters allotted to them; the Franks reside in Pera and Galata, on the opposite side of the harbor, or in the numerous adjacent villages. There are also a great number of Jews among the inhabitants of the suburban districts, as well as within the walls of the city. The Turks, however, are the ruling people, although they only constitute a small fraction of the population of European Turkey.

The capital of the Sultan's dominions is of ancient date, and its history has in all ages been eventful. Under the name of Byzantium, it was founded in the middle of the seventh century, before the Christian era. Constantine the Great, A. D. 328 rebuilt and greatly extended the city, bestowing his own name upon it—Constantinoplis, *i. e.*, the city of Constantine—and making it the capital of the Roman world. In the division of the Roman territories it remained the capital of the Eastern Empire, and continued such through the long series of the Byzantine annals, often besieged both by land and sea, and undergoing numerous vicissitudes of rule, in so far as its immediate masters were concerned. It was, however, only once taken during this lengthened period, in 1261, by the Latin crusaders, who retained possession of it for more than half a century. In 1453, it fell before the arms of a Mohammedan invader, and the symbol of the Crescent has ever since—notwithstanding in recent times the ill-concealed desires and aggressive movements of Russia—been reared triumphant above its walls.

The trade carried on between Turkey and England is very considerable, and Constantinople serves as a sort of station through which the manufactures of Britain are supplied to the different provinces of the Turkish empire, and also to the various countries of Western Asia. The principal agents in carrying on the foreign trade of Turkey are English, French, Armenian, and Greek merchants; the more wealthy Armenians generally act as bankers, money-changers, jewelers, physicians, &c., while the lower classes of the same people are engaged as laborers. The quantity of British shipping which annually enters the ports of Turkey is very considerable; Austrian, Russian, and Greek vessels are also largely engaged in the same traffic; those of the latter nation being, however, generally of small tonnage. Constantinople is the chief seat of the foreign trade of Turkey, and next to it in commercial importance is Saloniki.

The condition of the female sex in Turkey is an anomalous one, and the seclusion in which women are retained in Turkish cities constitutes one of the many points of difference between the usages of Eastern and Western nations. A condition of society in which polygamy is a recognized institution, and in which the harem forms an ordinary and indispensable portion of the households of the wealthier classes, is necessarily attended by habits of domestic life very different from those familiar to our experiences. The Mohammedan religion allows every true believer to have four wives; but polygamy is now quite out of fashion at Constantinople, though still practised in the provinces.

THE HOME OF JEFFERSON.

Monticello, the seat of Thomas Jefferson, is three miles southeast of Charlottesville, Va. The name, in Italian, signifies "Little Mountain." The mansion house, in a condition bordering upon ruin, stands in the center of an artificial plain formed by cutting down the apex of the mountain. Approaching the house from the town, the visitor passes along winding, picturesque avenues, flanked with stout locusts and shadowed over with trees. A broad road of easy grade leads to the summit of Monticello. The immediate approach to the mansion is by a tortuous, ill-conditioned way through the woods.

A feature which here attracted my attention, writes a recent visitor, was the verdure springing everywhere, as it were, out of the breast of the snow. Scotch broom, an evergreen shrub, is abundantly scattered through the the thin woods which crown the summit of the mountain. My companion informed me that the seeds of it were brought from the mother country and sown here by the hand of Jefferson himself. On the roadside, a little ere we came in sight of the house, is the small burying ground where the remains of the great patriot rest in the midst of a grove. A granite obelisk marks his tomb. Next to it is the grave of his wife, and over against the wall is the unmarked resting place of a poor watchmaker, whom Jefferson caused to be buried here. Four generations of the family are interred within the inclosure. Only a few days ago the earth was freshly opened to receive the remains of a great grandson, Lewis Randolph, a brave and noble soul, who, conscious that his end was near, came from the far South to die in the home of his fathers.

The old mansion house, built of brick, was the work of no common architect.—Externally, it is a rough, irregular structure, approaching the old Gothic form, and perfectly in harmony with the wild sublimity of the surrounding scenery.—Four columns, resting upon bases of sandstone, support the arched roof of the vestibule. Before entering the house we instinctively pause to cast one thrilling glance around the glorious landscape of the west.

The Blue Ridge stretching away to the north and south for one hundred and fifty mile, forms one of the boldest and most beautiful horizons in the world. Beneath us, in striking contrast with the rude grandeur of the mountains by which it is literally surrounded, is the peaceful valley of the Rivanna. Every element of an enchanting landscape enters into the view, nor is it any the less beautiful now, for the fleecy mantle of snow which covers all. Charlottesville, famous for its scholars, rich in its associations with the glorious past, enviable for its beautiful women, nestles in the midst of the valley, and the shining river runs beside it.

"Do you see yonder the buildings of the university?" my companion asked, pointing westward.

"Mr. Jefferson," my companion remarked, "was accustomed to come to the brow of this hill every morning with his telescope and gaze long in that direction." From the vestibule we passed into a hall. A gallery runs half round the hall, from which his musicians were wont to discourse sweet sounds of welcome to his assembling guests, when he gave those splendid entertainments so well befitting his rank and fortune.

Carracci's exquisite bust of Jefferson is still in the hall, and although stained and soiled, is perfect in all its parts. A chandelier with receptacles for oil lamps hangs from the hall ceiling. The center piece of the ceiling is an American eagle in relief surrounded with eighteen stars. The cornices in all the lower apartments are exquisitely ornamented with allegorical figures in relief depicting the Grecian sacrifice. The immense clock which Mr. Jefferson brought from Paris is still over the hall door.

In the days of its usefulness, three men were required to wind it. A remarkable instance of Mr. Jefferson's mechanical ingenuity is the folding ladder, made with his own hands. Until my companion opened it and showed me a perfect ladder, I took it to be a flag-pole standing in the corner of the hall. It was used by Mr. Jefferson to ascend to the clock. The floor of the saloon is inlaid with cherry and beach in diamond shape. It is very smooth and firm, and susceptible of a beautiful polish. Two full length mirrors, fastened to the walls in Jefferson's time, are still intact.

The ball-room is a large and handsome apartment situated over the saloon. The ceiling is a spacious dome. The floor is like that of the saloon, and was always waxed preparatory to dancing. A flight of steps leads down into the ladies' dressing-room, with its rows of shelves and compartments, where our Democratic grandmothers were accustomed to change their dresses some half a dozen times in the course of a night.

The Monticello mansion has twice changed hands since the time of Jefferson. After his death it was bought, together with two hundred acres of land, by Dr. James Barclay. The doctor was an erratic individual, a traveler in the Holy Lands, and an author of some repute, having written a creditable book called the "City of the Great King." He paid for the estate $4,000 cash, and subsequently in the wreck of his own affairs, sold it to the noted Commodore Levy for $2,500 in gold. The latter occupied it for a length of years, with his mother and sister. A model of his flagship Vandalia is among the relics of the mansion. He married his own niece, and thereby placed himself under the social ban. He died in the North, and made an eccentric will, which is now the subject of litigation.