

# THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER,  
Editor & Proprietor.

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RULES.

DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE.  
Gen'l Garrison.

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*The Great Conversationists.*  
JEFFERSON—THE SAGE OF MONTECCHIO.

*Editor of the New York Daily Times:*  
In my last, I painted Chief Justice Marshall at the full length of his public career, but in the miniature of private life, for such is the whole scope which I propose to myself, in these limnings of remarkable individuals. Were I to aim at each of these sketches would swell, a picture of me, to a biography. Next to great light of our law comes, in my recollections he who did more than others to subvert, or at least, to confirm it; I mean the author of the documents of Nullification, of debt and charred regulation, of that general system of political gibberish which has now obtained the name of Virginia Abstractions; and is, after all, quite as little abstruse and altogether as practical as many a fat kink of other regions, which I will now more directly specify, lest I should end on toes that I must respect; your for instance.

almost from infancy I was accustomed

to Mr. Jefferson.

It was with rever-

ence; for I was a son of those men of all

genuses, the very impersonation of

statesmanship; but it was

without affection. For, though possessed

extraordinary degree of the extro-

version which conciliate the mature, he had

of that naturalness, those unstudied

qualities, which please children;

to

the instinctive judgment, wily people,

less on their guard, usually be-

ing the most their lack of tact. A child

the breasted would have nestled to the

arms of Judge Marshall; I have seen

Ralph, when at the height of his

peculiar fame in Congress, the favorite

of my next elder brother, seat-

himself by him on the floor at his call,

entering with delight into all his child

sports; but nobody, I imagine, ever

Mr. Jefferson or Mr. Calhoun pay

greatest attention to a child. Their

actions were a matter of the head, not

the heart. They had brains, I think, but no

I doubt if they ever felt any strong

toward their own offspring, save

of their idea—the fantastic procrea-

tion of their wits, when in a vagary po-

ral illumination.

A little later, as the pupil of Mr. Je-

fferson's favorite nephew, Peter Carr, and

as youthful visitor at Monticello,

had opportunity enough to admire

to study him. Captivated at once by

a boundless reputation among those

on whom my early opinions were de-

pend, and by the remarkable charm of

an incessant conversation, I heard and

observed him with not less of reverence

and curiosity. My last and best oc-

casion for doing so occurred in 1823, dur-

ing a stay of two days which I then, in

company with an elder friend, made

in the mansion on the mountain top, from

which he seemed (so wide was the pros-

pect) to look down from his abdicated

throne of Virginia, a philosophic monarch,

as had, like Charles V. and Dioclesian

changed the crown for cloister and cab-

ins. In its shades, its singu-

larity of design, its exclusion, the charac-

ter of its grounds, and every thing but pi-

ety and fasts within its walls, Monticello

had no little the monastery; and as to

abbages, in the culture of which the

sun-kinged Roman placed his consola-

tion, they were supplied to the sage by

the modern fancies of husbandry, which

caused not only him, but all his neigh-

bor; at one while upon some new con-

ception of profit, he laid down all his

station in Irish potatoes; at another,

sowed it in black-eyed peas,—making

ways excellent crops which he could

not sell nor consume. Meantime he

was obliged to buy bread corn for his ne-

ighbors, while his oxless horses were, by

a laughing farmers around, affirmed to

be led with philosophy. I cannot aver

that such was their provender, though

their usual condition did not manifest any

significance of virtue. It could not be

but of him, however, as by Dryden of

other State reformer,

"God was his kitchen, though his brain was hot,"

there was much good entertainment

Monticello, for man, if not for horse.—

In hospitality there was almost perpet-

ual the cheer elegant, but rather skilful

profuse. Their table was never one

which dainties seemed to have been

selected, as if they were the master's

private soliloquy; but it was made up of

good things, and looked (as one would

see it) unstudied though refined, as if

it was result of taste and habit, out of a par-

cular effort or expense. In that realm

of good living, where, on many of the old

states it is an incessant feast, I have seen

few more lavish and luxurious than

the sage's; but few, on the whole, that

bore the mark of what just sufficient

ministers to the palate. His learning

and other matters, to which (classical

and scientific) he made pretensions, might

be questioned but in eating he was cer-

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