

there. Indeed, at the time of his wedding, last November, at St. Thomas' in New York, it was observed that he probably knew more about the United States at large,

and the marvelous facts of our country's development, than did many of the social luminaries who participated in that elaborate ceremony.

BESIDE THE WINTER SEA.



As one who sleeps, and hears across his dream
 The cry of battles ended long ago,
 Inland I hear the calling of the sea.
 I hear its hollow voices, though between
 My wind worn dwelling and thy wave worn strand
 How many miles, how many mountains are !
 And thou beside the winter sea alone
 Art walking with thy cloak about thy face.
 Bleak, bleak the tide, and evening coming on;
 And gray the pale, pale light that wans thy face.
 Solemnly breaks the long wave at thy feet;
 And sullenly in patches clings the snow
 Upon the low, red rocks worn round with years.
 I see thine eyes, I see their grave desire,
 Unsatisfied and lonely as the sea's—
 Yet how unlike the wintry sea's regret !
 For could my feet but follow thine, my hands
 But reach for thy warm hands beneath thy cloak,
 What summer joy would lighten in thy face,
 What sunshine warm thine eyes, and thy sad mouth
 Laugh to a dewy rose for my delight !

Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE CRADLE OF THE WASHINGTONS.

An unknown spot that should be famous—The little English village that was the home of George Washington's ancestors, and from which his great grandfather emigrated to Virginia.

“THE cradle of the Washingtons? Only two hours' journey from London? Impossible!”

“Are you certain? Why, we never even heard of it!”

“Very likely, gentlemen. You're not the only American tourists who have told me the same story. Indeed, the majority of your countrymen display a singular lack of knowledge respecting the origin and ancestry of the 'father' of your great republic. I am vain enough to think that this humble effort at enlightenment will for that very reason prove interesting reading to thousands of patriotic Americans. It may also help to elevate a comparatively neglected 'shrine' from its present position of obscurity to a premier place in the long list of English sights which Americans are wont to 'do' when visiting the home of their forefathers.”

The above conversation took place, one day last autumn, in the smoking room of

the Hotel Victoria in London, whither I had repaired for the purpose of “sounding” a few of my American friends on the subject of this article. The evident interest manifested by the small circle of representative Americans more than justified the judgment which prompted its conception. I can only hope that my readers will indorse that opinion.

The distance from Euston station to the town of Northampton, by rail, is sixty six miles. At Northampton a branch line diverges to Althorp, half a dozen miles further. The whole distance, including stoppage for transference at Northampton, is covered within two hours. The return fare, available for a month, is about five dollars, first class, or three dollars and a half, second class. From Althorp to the villages of Great and Little Brington—the ancient home of the Washingtons—is but a little more than a mile. Two glorious drives, through picturesque rural scenery, lead to



Althorp House, the Residence of Earl Spencer.

The Spencers and the Washingtons Were Neighbors and Friends in the Sixteenth Century.