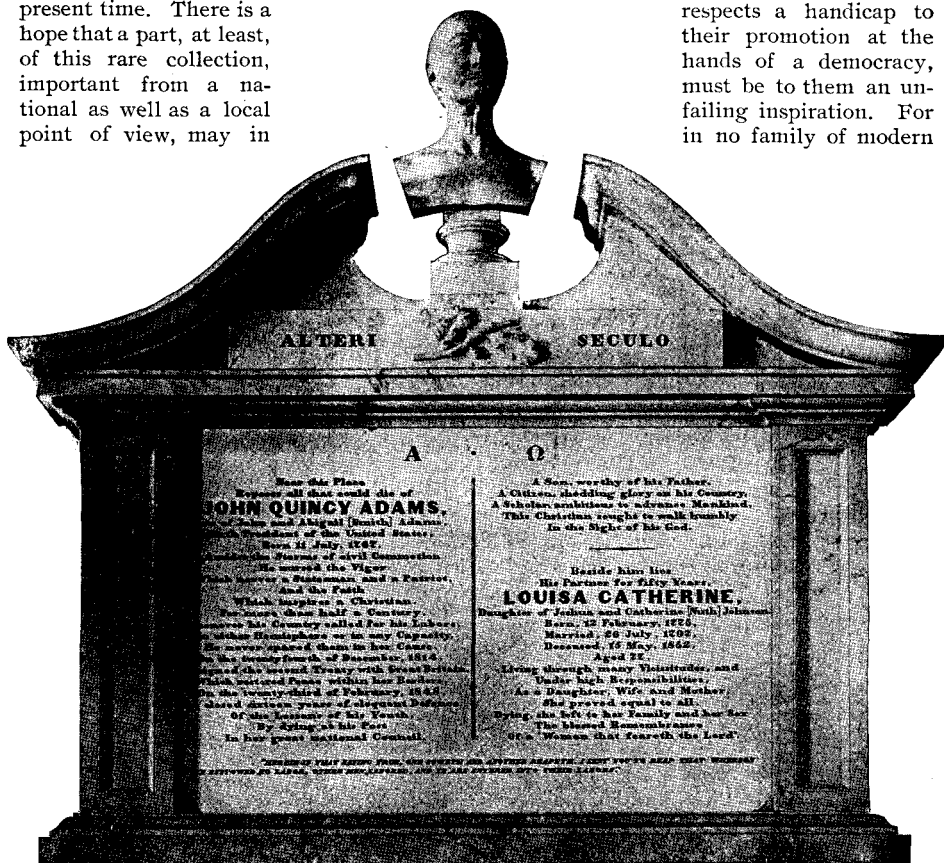


is, by inheritance, the possessor of much that is of great historic value, connecting its members by the closest of ties and associations with the history of the nation from its inception to the present time. There is a hope that a part, at least, of this rare collection, important from a national as well as a local point of view, may in

At present, it seems if the Adamses have dropped out of public life; yet it may be that destiny has further political honors in store for them. The prestige of their historic record, if in some respects a handicap to their promotion at the hands of a democracy, must be to them an un-failing inspiration. For in no family of modern



Monument of John Quincy Adams and His Wife in the Old Church at Quincy.

time find a permanent resting place in what was once the home of two of the early Presidents of the United States, and the birthplace of one of them."

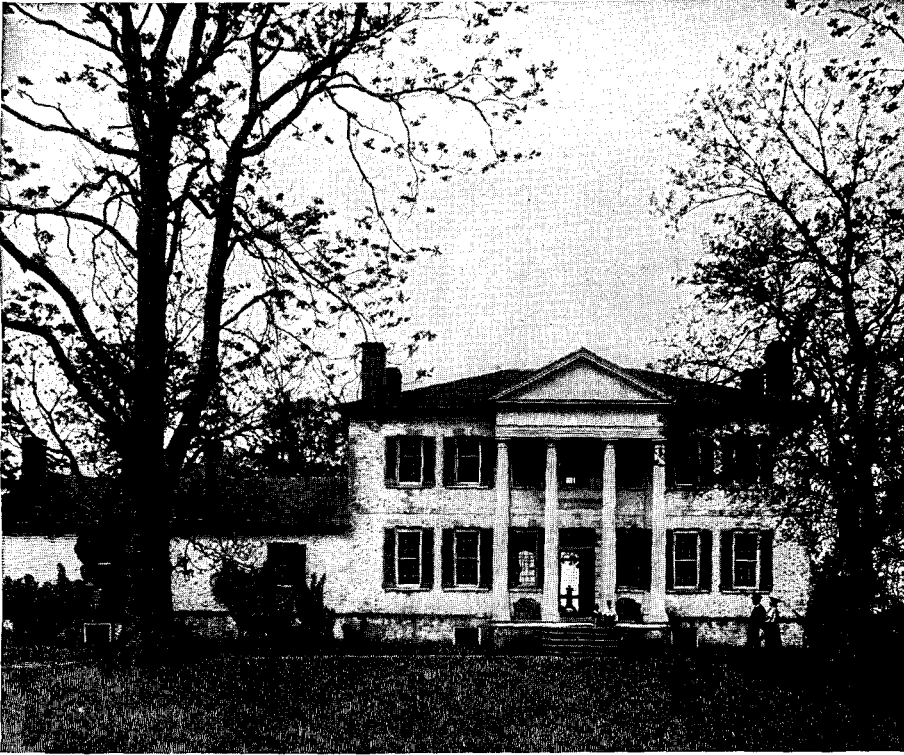
times, probably, has there been so unbroken a succession of men who have risen not only above the level of mediocrity but to the rank of greatness.

John Alden Torrington.

IMMORTAL LOVE.

THE frost of years
May blanch the gold from out thine hair;
Life's griefs and fears
May rob thy cheeks of roses fair;
The violets' blue
May fade from out thine eyes, dear one;
The morning dew
May cease to sparkle in the sun;
Roads meet and part,
And golden clouds soon turn to gray,
But, love, thine heart
Will keep its loveliness for aye!

William H. Gardner.



Sabine Hall, Built by Landon Carter in 1730.

OLD VIRGINIA HOMES.

Some of the picturesque and historic houses of the Old Dominion—The homes of four Presidents, and the seats of the Carters, the Custises, the Lees, the Byrds, and other "F. F. V's."



IN the biographies of Thomas Jefferson it is recorded that one of the happiest periods of the great Virginian's life was that of his residence in Paris as the representative of the new born American republic. Yet Jefferson wrote to a friend at home: "I am savage enough to prefer the woods, the wilds, and the independence of Monticello to all the brilliant pleasures of the gay metropolis of France."

Monticello crowns the "little mountain" from which it takes its name, and overlooks the University of Virginia and the town of Charlottesville. Broad wings spread out on either side of the portico, and an old fashioned balustrade runs round the sloping

roof. From the windows, with their tiny panes of glass, one looks out on a superb view of the distant Blue Ridge Mountains. The building of the fine old house was one of the chief tasks of Jefferson's life, and for years he devoted to it all the time and thought he could spare from his stirring and eventful public career. He was less than thirty years old, and was winning his first successes at the bar and in politics, when his hand drew the plans for its construction. His birthplace at Shadwell, a few miles away, had been burned to the ground. "Were none of my books saved?" Jefferson asked of the slave who was sent to inform him of the disaster. "No, master," was the answer, "but"—with a look of pride—"we saved your fiddle." Mr. Jefferson always kept this fiddle in the library at Monticello.

After the fire he moved into a little brick