

Mount Vernon.

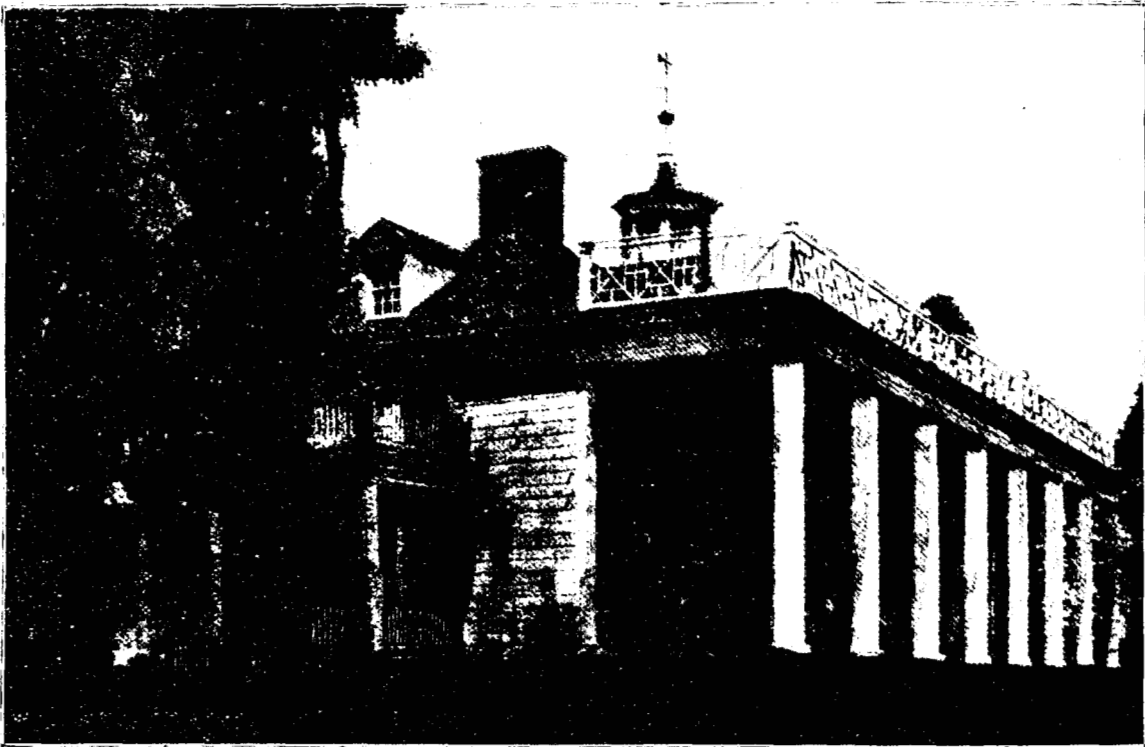
A SHRINE OF PATRIOTISM.

It is a materialistic age. Granted; yet all the nations have their shrines, and it is towards these sacred spots the stranger within the gates should turn his steps if he is in search of the inspiration of what is great and lovely in a people. Here in England we have Stratford-on-Avon; we bred Shakespeare the incomparable, and, anomalous as it may appear, we, the most prosaic of peoples, have crowned Literature, and Drama, and Fantasy as King. We are a dominant race, with red blood running

are of his people, and our heritage from generation to generation, for all sentient time, is a share in his supremacy and greatness—greatness so inestimable that pride has no part in our triumph; we are conscious only of a marvellous elation of spirit and thankfulness of heart that he is ours, and we are his, for ever and for ever.

"Why are we supreme amongst the nations?" queried a bellicose governess to a ruffy-tuffy-headed little girl of six.

"'Cos of Shakespeare," was the prompt reply. It is immaterial that the child's knuckles were smartly rapped for making "a foolish reply"; the



THE MANSION HOUSE, MOUNT VERNON.

hot, and we lust mightily after conquest and gold; and yet deep down in the national consciousness we revere the memory of this immortal man beyond and above all the glory of a thousand warriors, or even the burnished gold from a thousand years of conquest.

A little Elizabethan cottage—a simple place—Shakespeare's home, we love it, that is the secret. Love is good.

We make pilgrimage to Stratford; we go delicately, chastened in spirit; we visit the birthplace and the tomb, and we experience the thrill and throb of emotion in the realisation that, whatever in the future we may win or lose, the genius of Shakespeare is ours, we are of his blood, we

woman, after a lapse of forty years, still thinks the little lass was right.

So in every State of the Union. What is the influence which dominates the whole American people for good? No research is necessary; it is in the air. Washington! North, south, east, and west, go where you will, the power of this one brave man is paramount and undying. Washington stands for courage, for freedom, for success—an irresistible force with which to enchant the imagination of a generous people. That the dust of George Washington and his Lares and Penates were gathered together and enshrined in his old Virginian home at Mount Vernon was wisely done. One day spent at Mount Vernon—and let

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