

WESTMORELAND REVISITED.

SUMMERS and summers have come, and gone with the flight of the swallow;
 Sunshine and thunder have been, storm, and winter and frost;
 Many and many a sorrow has all but died from remembrance,
 Many a dream of joy fallen in the shadow of pain.
 Hands of chance and change have marred or moulded or broken,
 Busy with spirit or flesh, all I most have adored;
 Even the bosom of earth is strewn with heavier shadows—
 Only in these green hills, aslant to the sea, no change!
 Here where the road that has climbed from the inland valleys and wood-
 lands
 Dips from the hill-tops down straight to the base of the hills,—
 Here, from my vantage-ground, I see the scattering houses,
 Stained with time, set warm in orchards, meadows, and wheat,
 Dotting the broad bright slopes outspread to southward and eastward,
 Wind-swept all day long, blown by the south-east wind.

Skirting the sun-bright uplands stretches a riband of meadow,
 Shorn of the labouring grass, bulwarked well from the sea,
 Fenced on its sea-ward border with long clay dykes from the turbid
 Surge and flow of the tides vexing the Westmoreland shores.
 Yonder toward the left lie broad the Westmoreland marshes,—
 Miles on miles they extend, level, and grassy and dim,
 Clear from the long red sweep of flats to the sky in the distance,
 Save for the outlying heights, green-rampired Cumberland Point;
 Miles and miles out-rolled, and the river channels divide them;—
 Miles on miles of green, barred by the hurtling gusts.

Miles on miles beyond the tawny Bay is Minudie,—
 There are the low blue hills, villages gleam at their feet;
 Nearer a white sail shines across the water, and nearer
 Still are the slim grey masts of fishing boats dry on the flats.
 Ah, how well I remember those wide red flats, above tide-mark
 Pale with scurf of the salt, seamed and baked in the sun;
 Well I remember the piles of blocks and ropes, and the net reels
 Wound with the beaded nets, dripping and dark from the sea!

Now at this season the nets are unwound; they hang from the rafters
 Over the fresh-stowed hay in upland barns, and the wind
 Blows all day through the chinks, with the streaks of sunlight, and sways
 them
 Softly at will; or they lie heaped in the gloom of a loft.
 Now at this season the reels are empty and idle; I see them
 Over the lines of the dykes, over the gossiping grass.
 Now at this season they swing in the long strong wind, thro' the lonesome
 Golden afternoon, shunned by the foraging gulls.
 Near about sunset the crane will journey homeward above them;
 Round them, under the moon, all the calm night long,
 Winnowing soft grey wings of marsh owls wander and wander,
 Now to the broad lit marsh, now to the dusk of the dyke.
 Soon thro' their dew-wet frames, in the live keen freshness of morning,
 Out of the teeth of the dawn blows back the awakening wind;
 Then, as the blue day mounts, and the low-shot shafts of the sunlight
 Glance from the tide to the shore, gossamers jewelled with dew
 Sparkle and wave where late sea-spoiling fathoms of drift-net
 Myriad-meshed, uploomed sombrely over the land.

Well I remember it all; the salt raw scent of the margin,
 While with men at the windlass, groaned each reel, and the net,
 Surging in ponderous lengths, uprose and coiled in its station;
 Then each man to his home;—well I remember it all!

Yet as I sit and watch, this present peace of the landscape—
 Stranded boats, these reels empty and idle, the hush,
 One grey hawk slow-wheeling above yon cluster of hay stacks—
 More than the old-time stir this stillness welcomes me home.
 All the old-time stir, how once it stung me with rapture,
 Old-time sweetness, the wind freighted with honey and salt!—
 Yet will I stay my steps, and not go down to the marsh-lands,
 Muse and recall far off,—rather remember than see—
 Lest on too close sight I miss the darling illusion,
 Spy at their task even here the hands of chance and change.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case,"
 "An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

II.—Continued.

"I really must move out of this dreadful Bond Street," she said to Courtlandt, rather early in the conversation which took place between them on the day of their first meeting. "I think I could endure it for some time longer, if that immense tailor-shop had not gone up there at the Broadway corner, where such a lovely, drowsy old mansion used to stand. Yes, I must let myself be compliantly swept further up town. There is a kind of Franco-German tavern just across the way that advertises a

'regular dinner' (whatever that is) from twelve o'clock till three, every day, at twenty-five cents."

"I see you haven't forgotten our national currency," said Courtlandt, with one of his inscrutable dispositions of countenance.

Pauline tossed her head, in a somewhat French way. "I have forgotten very little about my own country," she said.

"You are glad to get back to it, then?"

"Yes, very. I want to take a new view of it with my new eyes."

"You got a new pair of eyes in Europe?"

"I got an older pair." She looked at him earnestly for a moment.

"Tell me, Court," she went on, "how is it that I still find you unmarried?"

He shifted in his chair, crossing his legs. "Oh," he said, "no nice girl has made me an offer."

Pauline laughed. "As if she'd be nice if she had! Do you remember how they used to say you would marry in the other set? Is there another set now?"

"There is a number of fresh ones. New York is getting bigger every day, you know. Young men are being graduated from college, young girls from seminaries. I forget just what special set you mean that you expected me to marry into."

"No, you don't!" cried Pauline, with soft positiveness. She somehow felt herself getting quietly back into the old easy terms with Courtlandt. His sobriety, that never echoed her gay moods, yet always seemed to follow and enjoy them, had re-addressed her like a familiar though alienated friend. "You recollect perfectly how Aunt Cynthia Poughkeepsie used to lift that Roman nose of hers and declare that she would never allow her Sallie to know those fast Briggs and Snowe girls, who had got out because society had been neglected by all the real gentry in town for a space of at least five years?"

Courtlandt gave one of his slow nods. "Oh, yes, I recollect. Aunt Cynthia was quite wrong. She's pulled in her horns since then. The Briggses and the Snowes were quite too clever for her. They were always awfully well-mannered girls, too, besides being so jolly. They needed her, and they coolly made use of her, and of a good many revived leaders like her, besides. Most of the good men liked them; that was their strong point. It was all very well to say they hadn't had ancestors who knew Canal Street when it was a canal, and shot deer on Twenty-Third Street; but that wouldn't do at all. No matter how their parents had made their money, they knew how to spend it like swells, and they had pushed themselves into power and were not to be elbowed out. The whole fight soon died a natural death. They and their supporters are nearly all married now, and married pretty well."

"And you didn't marry one of them, Court!"

Courtlandt gave a slight, dry cough. "I'm under the impression, Pauline," he said, "that I did not."

"How long ago it all seems!" she murmured, drooping her blonde head and fingering with one hand at a button on the front of her black dress. "It's only four years, and yet I fancy it to be a century." She raised her head. "Then the knicker-bockers, as we used to call them, no longer rule?"

Courtlandt laughed gravely. "I don't know that they ever did," he answered.

"Well, they used to give those dancing-classes, you know, where nobody was ever admitted unless he or she had some sort of patrician claim. Don't you recollect how Mrs. Schenectady, when she gave Lillie a Delmonico Blue-Room party (do they have Delmonico Blue-Room parties, now?), instructed old Grace Church Brown to challenge at the Fourteenth Street entrance (where he would always wait as a stern horror for the coachmen of the arriving and departing carriages) anybody who did not present a certain mysterious little card at the sacred threshold?"

"Oh, yes," returned Courtlandt, ruminatively.

"And how," continued Pauline, "that democratic Mrs. Vanderhoff happened to bring, on this same evening, some foreign gentleman who had dined with her, and whom she meant to present with an apologetic flourish to the Schenectadys, when suddenly the corpulent sentinel, Brown, desired from her escort the mysterious card, and finding it not to be forthcoming, sent a messenger upstairs? And how Mr. Schenectady presently appeared and informed Mrs. Vanderhoff, with a cool snobbery which had something sublime about it, that he was exceedingly sorry, but the rule had been passed regarding the admission of any non-invited guest to his entertainment?"

"Oh, yes; I remember it all," said Courtlandt. "Schenectady behaved like a cad. Nobody is half so strict, now-a-days, nor half so grossly uncivil. You'll find society very much changed, if you go out. You'll see people whose names you never heard before. I sometimes think there's