

PROGRESS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS, (contract) \$15 an inch a year. The edition of Progress is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on Thursday, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsuited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building)

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 17.

CIRCULATION, 6,000.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

SHARPERS TO BE AVOIDED.

The Globe, commenting upon an article in the Monetary Times, which deals with dishonest mercantile failures, says:

Seasons injury, it is pointed out, is done to honest traders by the facilities given to dishonest ones, who are thus enabled to resume business and to pursue their old courses.

Meaning thereby the facilities which business rogues seem to have for unloading their ill-gotten gains, and subjecting their creditors to ruinous loss and untold annoyances. There is a case now pending in this province which, when it becomes public property, and is detailed in the columns of PROGRESS at full length, as it shall be, will exhibit a condition of things and a species of rascality which will astonish honest men. And yet, while the law takes cognizance of wretches within its grasp, and consigns its breakers to the penitentiary for years, it fails to reach persons equally, if not far more, guilty, and, as the Globe says, whose conduct does not prevent them from pursuing "their old courses."

MARRIAGE AND LOVE.

Now-a-days the world is all upside down about the laws of marriage and divorce. We profess to have lifted woman far above being the mere play toy of man; and there is some truth in the assertion when we find her taking lead in all the professions. But is it not the practice of the pros of prey to pounce on their victims, lift them high in the air, and dash them suddenly to earth again in the very wantonness of cruel destruction. We profess not to know exactly how woman's heart is speedily won, but it does seem to us that there is a little cruelty in marriage in these latter days. It is very refined indeed as our civilization is, and so it takes shelter between the rampart of legal embankments. A man dons his best apparel, oils his moustache, flourishes a walking cane, smiles like a blandishing brazen, pays court to some fair angel of brief acquaintance, in a few days leads her to the altar and they are husband and wife. He protests that she has won his heart and all that is his, forever. With some we see this fashionable love reach its climax a day or two after the golden knot is tied, or in the midst of the honeymoon, with others perhaps a few months later. And then comes the change which surprises us all. We wonder and ask ourselves how it is that they who, a few months ago, were made one, who could not bear to be apart, and seemed fitted in every way for life-long companionship, seem now as if they were bound by an iron chain to an inexorable and cruel fate. And with very many it is and must be so; for in many cases it is not men and women who marry men and women. No; it is a fine house, or a long bank-account, a government billet, a brass helmet or a fresh diploma. They do not want to unite with each other, but with something else, and we should not get angry with the legislators that would decline to call such a deception marriage, no matter what custom, fashion or civilization may protest to the contrary. Great Nature is there to contradict the mockery, and if we class such an union under the sacred name of marriage, we may as well say that man is married to his dinner because he enjoys it, or to his Waterbury because it hums a solo for him, or to his overcoat because it shakes off the storm, or that a woman is married to her mantilla because her friends enjoy it, or to her poodle because he kisses her hand and delights her mind with his matchless sagacity. Is not a natural and happy union clearly impossible where there is no similarity of mind or feeling, no natural adaptability of soul, or in a word nothing whatever to mutually harmonize? Can a registrar's certificate or a wedding dinner overthrow the laws of nature, blindfold a man and woman for life, give them nature's friends never had, or unite in affection and love two that are ajar in everything else? An unnatural marriage of this kind must necessarily be an unhappy one, and an unhappy one is the hottest Gehenna on this planet, a Gehenna where thousands of men are roasted and millions of women are grilled. There is one universal law encircling creation which tells us that things having no sympathy, affinity, or similarity, can never unite or harmonize, and if ever brought in close proximity it is only to suffer or separate. In the realms of nature

we find this principle unbending and true. The little perching wanderer of the wing that a year or two was not and in a year or two will be forgotten, forever sings and chants in its strange, wild song of gladness, around every glen and city, every village and homestead, and from every tree and fountain of the wide world. Only alone in his folly or madness seems the man violator of this law and to suffer the consequences thereof.

Marriage to be natural ought to rest on the basis of a supreme affection, that necessarily implies similarity of natures, kindred mental and physical adaptations. Whoever looks at the world through the eyes of sense or science will find it, and all it contains, made of a piece, with similarity of part with part, with no half joints or contradictions, and cannot help inferring that God Himself has planted in the human heart mutual affection as the foundation on which every union in the human race should rest. Truer to the dictates of nature and the sacredness of nature than our more enlightened century, the pagans of the darker ages of iron rule and rougher destiny lived. The only basis on which a matrimonial union rested true and just with them, was the basis of a supreme affection. This is the lesson old VALERIUS MAXIMUS would have us remember when he tells us how CORNELIA, the wife of TRITUS GRACIUS refused the hand of PROLEMY, king of Egypt. "The buried ashes," he says, "of her husband seemed to lie so cold on her heart that the splendor of a diadem and all the pomp of a rich kingdom were not able to warm it so as to make it capable of receiving the impression of a new love." It is the same principle that PLINY, the younger, evidently followed, since writing of his wife, he says, "She loves me, that is the surest pledge of her virtue. She has a wonderful disposition for learning which she has acquired from her affection for me. She is constantly reading my writings, constantly studying them and getting them by heart; from these instances I take the most certain omens of our perpetual and increasing happiness, since her affection is not founded on my youth or person, which must gradually decay, but she is in love with the immortal part of me."

In the debris and rubbish of fallen Rome we find many such noble proofs of Pagan faith in the necessity of supreme affection. We find there in the smouldering ashes of the long forgotten past, gems that sparkle still, and sparks that shed lustre and excite admiration wherever they fall. But there is no century or land that cannot furnish noble examples of the existence of supreme affection and its indomitable power; no matter where or how we turn our face we will see some striking proofs of its magnificence. Every city and town, village and homestead, graveyard and ruin, prison and hospital can tell us tales of affection's power, strong enough to excite the admiration of every feeling being.

No wonder CARLYLE, stern Scotchman, wept over GUERET DEMERY'S letter to his wife. When the bastille fell by the thunders of the French revolution, strange secrets came to light, and long buried despair found expression. Amid the ruins of this tower of tyranny we find a tattered piece of flimsy paper, and written carefully written on it.

If for my consolation monseigneur would grant me for the sake of God and the most Blessed Trinity, that I could have news of my dear wife, were it only her name on a card to show that she is alive, it were the greatest consolation I could receive and I should for ever bless the greatness of monseigneur. "Poor prisoner," says CARLYLE, "who namest thyself GUERET DEMERY and hast no other history; she is dead, and thou art dead. It's 50 years since thy breaking heart put this question to be heard now first and long heard in the hearts of men."

The perplexing problem has never been quite so domestic as it has this summer. The best of housekeepers mourn the loss of favorite domestics, and the task of replacing them has conquered them. Some husbands, with a more than ordinary amount of compassion, have also joined in the hunt, but the evidence goes to show that they were not over-scrupulous. "References," that much abused word, never entered their masculine brains, and anybody who wore petticoats and could build a coal fire was engaged on the spot.

One gentleman has lapsed into poetry on the subject. The strain was too great:

We hired her, but she could not cook; She knew not how to make a bed, And I will swear upon the book She could not bake a loaf of bread. She into corners swept the dust— A dust-pan she had never seen, The range took on a coat of rust, Pots, pans and kettles were unclear. Till it was black she boiled the tea, The pan in which she boiled the fish She used unclear for frieze. At every meal she broke a dish. Although of splendid health and strong, Of work she seemed to be afraid. She never cleaned the lamps so long As she could see without their aid. About her rights she had no doubt, And did not fear of them to speak. She wanted every Sunday out And three nights also every week. My wife to her becoming cool, She left us, sulky, black as ink. She is now instructing in a school, Training servant girls, I think. This strikes the situation.

The only difference between a policeman and a citizen getting drunk in Montreal is that the former is fined \$3 and the latter \$6.

Advertisement for IDEAL SOAP. Features an illustration of a man in a bed and a rooster. Text: 'THIS IS THE COCK THAT ROSE IN THE MORN THE DAY THAT IDEAL SOAP WAS BORN HE HAD RISEN EARLY TO TELL TO MANKIND THAT WONDERFUL SOAP TO SEEK AND TO FIND. USE IDEAL SOAP. All grocers sell it. THE WORLD IS WAKING UP TO THE VALUE OF IDEAL SOAP. Made only by Wm. Luggan St. John N.B.'

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

When a play as well known as Shaughraun is presented, it invites comparisons with previous performances of the same piece by other people. If one calls to mind the roguish, brougish, rattling Conn of W. H. Lytell, and the finished, well-defined Harry Duff of J. M. Francoeur, the verdict cannot be favorable to the gentlemen who appeared in these roles on Friday and Saturday last. Even the scenery was poor, the round tower being faked into a square one, and the ruins of St. Bridget's a conglomeration of stately arches and wood foliage. If the management wanted to give us a good Irish drama, they should have produced Arrah-na-Pogue, which is unknown to the present generation of amusement seekers in this city, and not one with which they have an A B C acquaintance.

In Conn. Bonenfant gave to the stage a picture of the dare-devil, militant, loving Hibernian peasant as no dramatist ever before succeeded in doing. It is all light and shade. One moment he is like a prism focusing the rays of the sun and lighting up the scene with rainbow colors, while in the next his pulses well up tears to the eyelids only to brush them off with that effervescent wit which is the result of a buoyant nature exerting itself in spite of every adversity. The programme said that Mr. McDowell had played this part over 600 times, and if this be the result of his labors, or a fair criterion of his ability in this line, then he had better leave Irish comedy severely alone. Much allowance has to be made for hasty rehearsals and the burden of management, still he has neither the brogue, accent, idiom, expression, or appearance of any Irishman that I have ever seen.

Mr. Bunny's dialect was a decided improvement on his Myles Na-Coppelen—though he still says in-fer for meet—but he did not do fully outrage; the former base, mean and capable of any conceit; one who had sent innocent men to the gallows, exile and penal servitude; one who lives in fear and dread, always haunted with the consciousness of his own wrong doing, and shadowed by the awful Nemesis that dogs his footsteps; concealing his identity and never talking above a whisper for fear that he will be discovered, and in this respect his Harvey Duff was a failure.

Really the best brogue on the stage was Mr. Whipple's; he has a voice and style particularly suited to such characters as Kinchella and Corrigan.

Whatever Mr. Hight does he does well, and his Father Dolan was no exception.

Beyond doubt the gem of the piece was Mr. Frawley's Captain Molnoux, which was easy, graceful and full of force when force was required. He looked and acted every inch of the cool, brave, manly British soldier, who could love, fight and perform his duty under the most trying circumstances.

Miss Reeves' Claire Ffoliot was exquisite, fully equalling her Rosa Leigh, in Rosedale, which, to my mind, was her best work of this season.

Mrs. Jamieson's Mrs. O'Kelly was the same old Irishwoman that you and I have seen a hundred times, and under a many different circumstances. And if you know anything better that I could say about it, please tell me at once for I would like to say it.

Miss Mowat, who took Miss Haswell's place, gave an acceptable rendition of Moya, but she suffered from having to follow such an excellent actress as the latter little lady, who was unquestionably the best leading lady in the company. However, I owe Miss Mowat a compliment for her Mrs. Candour, in The School for Scandal, a part which she took at a moment's notice.

The improvement in Miss Hampton since the beginning of the season has been very marked. As Arte O'Neale, she added to a reputation that grows in popular favor.

Saving and excepting certain litches caused by an insufficient knowledge of the text and incident to a first night performance I think Claire and the Forgemaster was really the best thing the company has yet presented, both the play and the acting being above the ordinary. Two gentlemen particularly distinguished themselves, Messrs. Bunny and Edson, while Miss Reeves gave a spirit and depth to the title role which reminded me of the days when she was our favorite actress. This version of Le Maitre De Forges is very much better, because it lacks the bombast and maintains the interest, than the one by Buchanan produced here several years ago by the Harkins, Whitecar, Morris combination.

The management paid the company the very highest compliment when they engaged every one of them, without distinction or reservation for next season; and they deserved it.

The souvenir, in the shape of a cabinet picture containing the photographs of the local manager and performers, will be a pleasant reminder of a pleasant engagement; and in passing, Mr. Climo need not blush for his work no matter what part of the continent it may go. The only fault I had to find was the select and conservative manner in which they were distributed. Every lady in the house should have received one, no matter what chair she occupied.

Mr. McDowell made a great hit as Talbot in that old yet very fresh comedy, Our Boys. His performance was thoroughly artistic, and as he quietly yet distinctly brought out its many fine points, I regretted that he did not always find it convenient to stick to those roles for which he is not only adapted but a perfect master. Mr. Frawley's different style made Charles an excellent foil to Talbot and proved that he could do light comedy as well as heroic parts.

The first time I remember seeing Mr. Bunny was in a "Cokney" part, and the good impression

he then made upon me was renewed last evening. With just a little time for study, what a great character he would make Perky Middlewick?

If I do not enter into an analysis of the ladies' acting, it is because I found no fault with it, excepting that the piece did not afford them greater opportunities. What there was I admired and sighed for more.

The farewell performance consisted of the one act comedy, Mr. Uncle's Will, and the three act comedy (3) Engaged. In the former Messrs McDowell and Steiner and Miss Reeves did a really choice and enjoyable piece of work. About the latter comedy—I would call it a travesty—a great deal has been written and said; very much of it rubbish. "It's Gilbert's best," is the verdict of one; "It's the funniest comedy of the age," exclaims another; "It's 20 years ahead of its time," profoundly remarks some one else; but if, as given on Thursday evening, it is anything near like what it ought to be, then I venture the opinion that it is the quintessence of all that is wearisome, tiresome and irksome. It has some splendid humor, but it is overweighed with much that is ridiculous and nonsensical—with stuff that we might laugh at in a burlesque, but find extremely distasteful in a comedy.

Miss Reeves scored another hit as Belinda and so would have Mr. McDowell as Cheviot if he did not appear at times to be forced and unnatural; and these, with the exception of Mrs. Goddard, who appeared at her best, are the only ones in the cast worthy of mention.

Those who spoke the Scotch dialect were very far off the mark, especially Mr. Bunny, whose south of Ireland tongue would crop out in spite of all his efforts.

All the ladies in the company were honored with a bouquet each; but if floral offerings be the reward of merit then Mrs. Jamieson should have received three of them.

"A hunting we will go." Chestnut.

During the regular winter season the members of the company will be placed as follows: Miss Reeves has a six weeks starring engagement with a stock company at Winnipeg. Miss Haswell will appear in Hands Across the Sea. Mrs. Jamieson and Mr. Hagan join Arthur Rhean's Comedy Co. Miss Hampton is under contract to William Gillette for Held by the Enemy, or his new piece. Mr. Steiner goes back to the Elmoreans. Mr. McDowell will support Clara Morris. Mr. Edson will do the legitimate with Frederick Ward. Mr. Frawley has closed with The Spider's Web company. Miss Mowat, Master Mowat and Miss Bainbridge will go on the road with one of Hoyt and Thomas' attractions.

Messrs. Fawcett, Hight, Bunny and Whipple and Mrs. Goddard and Miss Hunter are still disengaged.

Now that the very successful season at the Lansdowne has closed it is but fitting that a few remarks should be made upon an enterprise that has done so much to amuse, instruct, and entertain us, and almost to revolutionize theatricals in this city. To the members of the company, ladies and gentlemen, as they are every one of them, the public has said good-bye with more than ordinary feelings of regret, tempered only with the thought that the memories of their excellent performances will rise up to cheer and delight many a dreamer under our winter hearts. Most of them came to us as strangers but left as friends, carrying with them the assurance and conviction that whenever they return, either individually or collectively, their names and the remembrance of their abilities will secure for them crowded houses.

Personally I take this opportunity of subscribing my appreciation of the admirable manner in which they presented and acted an extensive repertoire of diverse and difficult plays—to express the hope that each and all of them may to the full measure of success in their chosen profession which their acknowledged merit deserves—to wish them bon voyage and speedy return—and to apologize if at any time, in what I conceived to be the interests of good art and themselves, I have wounded their feelings by passing an honest judgement upon their efforts.

The house bills, some few weeks ago, announced Mr. F. R. Fairweather as lessee and manager, instead of the Micawber club. This is as it ought to be, for Mr. Fairweather was the responsible party of the Micawber club, and without him it could never have existed. And Mr. Fairweather is to be congratulated on having been able to procure the services of such an excellent director of amusements and all-round actor as Mr. McDowell, to whom very much of the prosperity of the theatre is due.

I am not one of those who admit that St. John is a poor show town; on the contrary, I assert that it is not, and point to the Lansdowne as an uncontrovertible proof of my contention. Nay, I go even further, and claim that, for its population, it will patronize the play-house better than any Canadian city east of Montreal—that our people are extremely critical, and know a good thing when they see it, and if some really meritorious entertainments have not received the patronage they deserved, it was because, as I have heretofore remarked in another connection, they have so often been deceived by false promises, and made suspicious by injudicious praise that they involuntarily acquired the habit of indiscriminately rejecting everything on the black list. We, and I mean by this all who are interested in theatricals, managers as well as others, have to thank Mr. McDowell and his support for not only whetting the appetite of the old play-goers, but for educating an entirely new class, and if the dose is but repeated at reasonable intervals, and in palatable qualities, you will find that this institution, which many at first ridiculed as wild and chimerical, has been a regular boon to theatricals here.

They have taught us, inter alia, as the lawyers say, the following things:

New Fall Goods!

WE HAVE OPENED THIS WEEK:

TWO CASES OF ULSTER and JACKET CLOTHS for Fall wear.

—ALSO—

New Gimps in Black and Colored.

BARNES & MURRAY,

17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

THE KEystone EGG BEATER AND CREAM WHIP.

WE HAVE IT IN TWO SIZES.

THE SELF-WRINGING MOP.

We are the Sole Agents for this, and are now prepared to sell it Wholesale and Retail.

We wish to draw attention to the above articles as two of the

Best Labor and Time-Saving Articles ever Invented,

and every Housekeeper should possess them.

If you have not seen them call and examine.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE,

(Sole Agents for the "JEWEL" RANGE),

38 KING STREET, --- Opp. Royal Hotel.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

AMHERST, N. S.

AUG. 14.—A number of our young people got up a driving party one evening last week and visited the Fort Laurence dock, to view the working of the same at night, which works are carried on the same as the day, being brilliantly illuminated with an oil expressly imported for that purpose, a barrel being used in a light.

F. Stewart Dickey left on Friday for his present home in Toronto.

Rev. Robert and Mrs. Sommerville, of New York, are in town, the guests of Mrs. Sommerville's sister, Mrs. Thomas Dunlap.

The ladies of Christ church held a sale of aprons and a tea on Tuesday which was well patronized.

Mrs. Albert J. Hickman, of Dorchester, and son, were in town this week.

Mr. R. H. Tremaine, druggist, of this town, was united in marriage on Wednesday to Miss May Crane, at Baie Verte. The ceremony was performed in the Methodist church. The happy couple left for a short trip before settling down to housekeeping.

Miss Tremaine is well and favorably known here and her friends wish her every happiness.

Mrs. Forsythe, of Toronto, at present visiting in Dorchester, was in town this week.

Miss Page, of Boston is spending a few weeks here, accompanied by her son Joe.

Mrs. Dr. Morse gave a very pleasant party on Wednesday for her daughter Marie.

Mrs. Douglas had a party of young people on Monday evening for her son Joe.

Rev. D. McGregor has returned from a visit to Cape Breton to see his friends.

Mr. Atkins, of Truro, was here last week on very important business.

Mrs. David Robb had a 5 o'clock tea on Wednesday.

The Misses Webster, of Shelburne, were in town Tuesday, on their return from Halifax.

Mrs. Thorne, of St. John, is in town, visiting her parents, Capt. and Mrs. Towerson. OSCAR.

CALAIS, MAINE.

AUG. 14.—A perfect moonlight night and the flash and gleam of the myriads of colored lanterns and other illuminations, which spread far and wide over the handsome grounds of "Dover Hill," whose grounds slope to the water's edge, the fine music, the pretty girls and charming women, made the festivities on Tuesday exceptionally brilliant and enjoyable. Dawn was breaking as the last of the guests reluctantly bade Mr. and Mrs. Young good night.

From Calais, I caught a glimpse of Mr. Moore and daughter, Dr. Moore, Dr. and Mrs. Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Skillings, Mrs. Albert Neill, Mrs. Ernest Lee, the Misses Washburn, Miss Julia Kelley, Miss Foster, Mr. S. H. Haycock, Mrs. Downes, Mr. Charles White, Mr. and Mrs. Lord, Miss Trivett, Miss Bigley, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Downes, Mr. King, Mrs. Boutelle, Mr. Fred Lowell, Miss Nellie Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Eaton, Miss Lambert, the Misses King, Miss Kimball, Mrs. Charles King, Mr. Anderson, Miss Eaton, Miss Harris, Miss Fowler, Mr. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Corey, Mr. Thomas, Mr. James Thomas, Mr. Lyman Washburn, Mr. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. W. Boardman, and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Skillings, of Winchester, Mass., are the guests of Mrs. Levi Lowell.

Miss Lambert, of Gardner, Me., is visiting Mrs. W. Cole.

Mr. Ernest T. Lee has gone to Portland on a business trip.

The consul, Mrs. Patch and son, will soon take up their residence in Bangor, much to the regret of their Calais friends.

Mrs. William Engel, who has been the guest of Mrs. A. E. Neill, has returned to Bangor.

Miss Nettie Walker, who has been making a short stay at Mrs. George King's, returned home Wednesday.

Miss Mila Whitney, who has been visiting Mrs. Albion Eaton, left for her home in Worcester on Monday.

Mr. Charles T. Copeland, of Boston, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Copeland.

Miss Noyes, of Portland, Me., is the guest of Mrs. Geo. King.

Mr. James Thomas is the guest of his brother, Mr. J. L. Thomas, at the Border City.

Miss Helen Brewer, of Chicago, Ill., is the guest of her cousin, Miss Alice Pike.

Miss Mina Kelley will leave St. Andrew's for Boston next Monday.

The Misses King have returned from St. John, accompanied by their cousin, Miss Kimble, of Houlton, Me.

Mrs. Ansel Lambert, of Houlton, Me., is expected on Friday and will visit Mrs. A. E. Neill.

Miss Florence Sawyer, of Cambridge, Mass., is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. W. Durest, at the St. Croix Exchange.

Miss Helen Foster and Miss Agnes Lowell have returned from St. Andrew's.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT AT SUNSET.

After a burning day, when even came, I climbed a cliff which looked across the bay, And glanced to where St. Michael's Mountain lay, Discovered by a mirrored shaft of flame,—

As ruddy as a maiden's blush of shame,— And a hood-tied with evening shadows grey From Marazion. There I mused away On Tristram's early praise and later blame, And how upon this very rock once stood The gleaming castle called through Lyonesse

In Tristram's day, "The White Tower in the Wood." While forest, meadows, towns and palaces Were bowered from here to Scilly's utmost bound, Where long the ocean hath usurped the ground.

I gazed upon the castle of today, At first beheld a halo amber-dyed, Which half concealed it and half fairified Until no mortal pencil could convey The glory of the picture—fit for fay

Or Knight of old romance. I turned aside, Forgetful that a vision might not bide, And, when I looked again, the pageant gay Had vanished and a sorcerer's fastness rose Black from the precipice—no aperture

For door or window,—such as Dore shows With his grim brush, till the sun grew obscure; And every point of tower and crag did leave In bold relief with the clear light of eve.

The bay around was placid as a lake, And locked with land on every side save one; The pilchard boats with the setting sun, Launched out their nightly task to undertake; Some few small feathered songsters were awake; Their evening song of thanksgiving scarce done; And to their pastures with their udders run The cows slow way were wending through the brake.

Bathed in warm sunset, sat we there until The first bleak breeze of even warned us home, Fain on the fairy scene to linger still But fearful to be caught, while we might roam, By the cold outstretched fingers of the night— Stripping its iris-vesture "from the sight,"

—Dropping Sladen, in "In Cornwall and Across the Sea."