

THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1877.

\$1.00 per annum in Advance

Volume III, No. 13—Whole No. 118

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MAN'S BEAUTY.

The following beautiful poem is justly considered a poetical gem of the highest order. The original is found in an Irish M.S. in Trinity College, Dublin. There is reason to think that the poem was written by one of those primitive Christian poets in the reign of King Diarmid, about the year 554, and was sung or chanted at the last grand national assembly of kings, chieftains, and lords, ever held in the famous Halls of Tara. The translation is by the learned Dr. O'Donovan.

Like a Danak rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like the misty flower in May,
Or like the morning in the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the joy that comes by day,
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Brown out and out, and so is done,
The rose withers, the blossom fades,
The flower falls, the morning fades,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gold consumes, the man—like gold.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shadow in a man's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of a stream,
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Brown out and out, and so is done,
The bubble bursts, the look is gone,
The shadow fades, the writing is done,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water's gone, man's life is done.

Like to an arrow from the bow,
Or like a swift course of water flow,
Or like that time when a flood and ebb,
Or like the spout of a water spout,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a die,
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Brown out and out, and so is done,
The arrow flies, the water flows,
The spout is up, the race is done,
The die is cast, the goal is won,
The die is cast, the goal is won.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that speaks both day,
Or like a post that speaks three days long,
Or like a journey when summer's done,
Or like the year, or like the plow,
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Brown out and out, and so is done,
The lightning flashes, the post is done,
The journey is long, the plow is done,
The year is done, the plow is done,
The year is done, the plow is done.

Knowing this, Jack and I anxiously counted the days which must elapse before the arrival of our much-coveted shooting material.

"If our blessed gun were only here," said Jack, ruefully, "we might have gone after a tiger that killed one of our unfortunate grasscutters the other day. Bad scar to him! I dare say we shall get him some day, but unluckily we shall never know it."

At last my baggage made its appearance unharmed.

Jack praised my choice of weapons, and was entranced with the prospect of Derringers which I presented to him.

These little pistols are small enough to slip with ease into an ordinary coat-pocket, although they carry a full-sized cartridge, and are deadly at anything like close quarters.

Jack and I were like two children over my new toys, and could scarcely persuade ourselves to lay them down, much less trust them out of sight.

They were exhibited as mementoes, and duly admired. Everyone was eager to try them; and so highly were they appreciated that the outgoing mail took home orders for a pair for each officer in the regiment.

We now set to work in earnest to find a tiger, which in that neighborhood was a matter of small difficulty.

Word was soon brought that a huge beast, supposed to be the identical brute that had killed our poor grasscutter, could be heard of in a certain ravine.

The intelligence rejoiced our hearts.

At the time of which I wrote the Irregular Cavalry were allowed, to do irregular things occasionally, and our fellows at that period thought it expedient to keep a hunting elephant.

Old Luchme—such was its name—was instantly ordered to prepare for action, and, having arranged everything with the foresight of old stagers, and ordered a harness goat to be tied out as a decoy, we retired to rest one evening, fully confident of meeting our deadly foe in a few hours.

We started about 2.30 a.m., intending to reach our rendezvous with his royal highness a little before daybreak, and force him to atone for his depredations as he went down to drink after gorging on the luscious grass.

We, each pocketed one small pistol, handing its fellow to the fiercer who accompanied us. They were our commanding officer, Colonel Meredith, and—don't be shocked—his daughter.

THE JAWS OF DEATH.

Dooharpore is a quaint, isolated little place, situated in that portion of Her Britannic Majesty's Eastern dominions known as Bengal proper.

It is Garrisoned by a solitary regiment of Irregular Cavalry, possessing also a civil surgeon, a collector or junior magistrate, and a missionary.

Being quite out of the beaten track, it is naturally the quintessence of dullness, and the abode of the foul fiend enuui.

Three years in this benighted spot are almost equivalent to sojourning for the same period on a desert island, and any regiment under such a ban is always cordially commiserated.

To this blessed region it was my bad fortune to return after two years' furlough. My leave had been spent in the very heart of civilization, partly on the continent and partly in our own tight little island.

The contrast between the life I had led and that in prospect nearly drove me to despair. There was but one faint gleam of hope.

My friend, Jack Carrington, an enthusiastic sportsman, wrote that it was a splendid shooting country.

Jack, who was the laziest beggar himself, would never have troubled himself to put pen to paper but for that potent lever which rarely fails to move men's minds—to wit, self-interest.

He wanted a rifle and a supply of ammunition, which he asked me to buy and bring out. I did as requested, taking care to stock my rifle pretty completely at the same time.

We never talked of winter in the plains of India; but, luckily, it was the middle of the cold weather when I arrived, so my journey was pleasantly cool.

The last eight miles were traversed in a doolie—a palanquin.

I reached the outskirts of Dooharpore at about 5 a.m.

My first impressions of the place were decidedly favorable.

Instead of an arid waste, with nothing to break its blank monotony save here and there a stunted tree or sickly briar, and occasionally the whitewashed grave of an ancient Mussulman, with perchance a few mango trees, I found myself jogging steadily along the banks

THE SHIKAREE.

of a wide river, the crystal waters of which, especially inviting to one weary and travel-stained, tempted me to bathe in their cool depths.

The pearly heavens welcomed the rising sun with a faint blush.

A soft blue haze in the far distance presently resolved itself in a low range of hills. Trees full of birds and blossoms were planted at regular intervals by the wayside, affording pleasant shade, and scenting the air with their sweetness.

Amongst them in abundance was the babool—acacia—the fragrant flowers of which resemble a tiny ball of golden wax, and are so faithfully and untiringly copied by the jewelers of famous Delhi.

The path was carpeted with thick soft turf, and from amidst its rich green peeped timidly myriads of small wild flowers.

"Come," said I, "give a dog a bad name and hang him. Dooharpore is belied. At all events, I shall find some pretty bits for my sketch book. Hi!"—to the doolie bearers, "how far are we from the station now?"

"About three miles," was the response, of course in the vernacular.

In about half an hour I was landed at the door of our mess, where I met with a cordial greeting from my old brothers-in-arms.

Travelers by the ancient and honorable method of palanquin ride—post—are obliged to content themselves with assiduous luggage as possible. What they do take is packed in tin boxes of various shapes and sizes, which are placed in wooden frames to avoid breakage, and called *pitras*. These are slung one to each end of a long pole, and carried across a man's shoulder, after the fashion of milk-pails, and are called *banghys*.

Bound by these restrictions, I was forced to leave my heavy baggage at the nearest line of rail, to be forwarded by hooch-coat.

New Indian bullock—albeit very useful animals in their way—will not, for any consideration whatever, perform more than a stony distance per day. They may be tempted with the choicest food, beaten and tricked, but lean or fat, they will not budge when once they have performed their usual task.

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