

HUNTING FROM BOATS DURING INUNDATION IN BURMAH.

DURING the monsoon large tracts of country get inundated both in Assam and Burmah; and the inhabitants then indulge in a Grande Chasse. Numerous boats are collected, manned according to their size, a medium sized boat holding eight paddlers, a steersman, and a spearman. The former stands upright in the stern and guides the barque by means of a long light oar. The latter stands on the prow and despatches such animals as are encountered. These may consist of from a rhinoceros to a hog-deer. On this occasion there were about twenty boats out.

The Chief asked me to go with him, and being a novice I was permitted to take a gun. I chose the oldest rifle I had, as I was told upsets were frequent; nor was I overburdened with a superfluity of clothes—my costume would not have exactly suited a lounge down the "shady side of Pall Mall" consisting as it did of a pair of bathing drawers and a jersey. The Burmese had even less on—some were as naked as on the day they were born. Whilst in deep water there is little or no danger to the hunters, but the depth of the water is very uncertain, and going as they do full pelt, the boat very often gets aground, and then a wounded beast is apt to turn round and charge—not the men—but the boat!

The word being given, off we went, two and two, spreading out over the vast expanse of water. The Chief, standing upright in *paris naturabilis*, looked the very model of a pocket Hercules, and had killed in his day, it was asserted, over a hundred tigers. Although no longer young, he was still possessed of his full vigour and strength. I sat immediately behind him. The boats used are very light, they are made out of a solid trunk, and are called dugouts, because the centre of the log being scooped out, and opened by means of fire, thwarters are inserted, which not only form seats, but keep the boats in shape. Although light, they are very strong at the same time.

Soon a whoop here and a whoop there told us some of the boats had found and gone away. Our own trunk soon followed. Out of a patch of reeds rushed a couple of does and a magnificent stag of the marsh deer species. Following in chase, and despising the does, we soon overtook the stag, and with one blow of his dhau, the Chief separated the vertebre of the neck of the noble quarry, who rolled over dead, dyeing the surrounding water crimson with his life's blood. Further on, we rushed a couple of rhinoceros. The water being shallow, the beasts got a good start, but our men cheered lustily and followed at racing pace, and within twenty minutes the female was speared to death and left stranded, but the bull, taking advantage of the shallow, forged ahead again, but had to take to the deep water ere long. "We have him now" said the Chief, "for he cannot touch land again for the next three or four miles." Sure enough we gained on the ungainly pachyderm, and when the Chief was within striking distance, he thrust forth his keen blade, intending to hit the animal behind the ear—a mortal spot—but he struck a little to the right, the shaft broke in two, and over he went, pitching on to the broad back of the rhinoceros, who resented the liberty by squealing unmercifully and by spinning round and round in the vain endeavour of getting at the incubus on his back; but the Chief clung manfully on to the long ears and yelled to me to shoot the beast or he would be drowned; and as in one of its gyrations the animal came close to me, I terminated the struggle by putting a ball through its head. The Chief scrambled back not over pleased with his mishap before a stranger, but thanking me all the same for having slain the monster. A fresh spear was procured, and on we went again for fully an hour. We met with only deer, and killed several. At last a splendid tiger took to the water, swimming very strongly and we after him. "Be careful," said the Chief, "this part of the Bheel is full of shallows, and avoid getting aground, for a tiger is a nasty customer on land." But our men were too eager to listen, and paddled away at their best pace; for their object was to pump the tiger and to overtake him before he got his second wind. It took us some time to get near enough. The Chief thrust his spear well through the body, and withdrawing it was just in time to meet the beast as he turned fiercely upon us. He was sent under water by the second blow, but rose close to us, muttering unearthly growls, shaking the water from his face and whiskers, and showing a set of ivories with which none of us were anxious to be closely acquainted. In the third thrust the spear struck some bone and glanced off, and the brute was just about to seize the side of the boat, when the Chief drew his dhau and with a blow cut open his head, but not mortally. We had been moving all the time and so intent on the sport, that the tiger was aground and we hard and fast on the soft mud before we suspected any danger. Well it was for us that the blow across the face had dazed the royal brute, for instead of seizing any of us he caught the prow of the boat in his powerful jaws and worried it much as a dog might a cat. The Chief all this time was within three feet of the feline's formidable fangs, and could make no use of his weapons, owing to the oscillation of the boat. The men, using their utmost strength, pushed our barque back into deep water, and our foe still holding on like a bull-dog, the Burman with one tremendous blow nearly severed the head from the body.

It was getting on towards the evening, and I had given up all ideas of further sport, when two buffaloes were started. The cow was soon despatched, and the bull slightly wounded, when once more we were aground, this time so firmly that we could not back into deep water again; the Buffalo charged us suddenly and viciously in the flank, and inserting his horns under the bottom of the boat, and exerting his enormous strength, he tossed us all up into the air. Fortunately we fell into deep water clear of the dugout, and were comparatively safe. My rifle disappeared for ever. The bull contented himself with wrecking our boat, and beat a retreat; and as no other canoe was near, got off. We righted our bark, emptied it of mud and water, and paddled back to camp.

TIMOTHY PIPECLAY.

PICTURESQUE LONDON.

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

It has been truly said that its parks and gardens are the lungs of the metropolis. It may also be said that they form a gigantic out-door nursery for its "young idea." For the purpose of studying the character and physique of our budding "childhood," there is no part of our great city which affords such facilities as Kensington Gardens. The "Nursemaid's Walk"—most appropriately so-called—the ornamental water and fountains at the Bayswater end of the Serpentine and the "Round Pond," are each and severally frequented on fine days by distinct sections of this great class of the community. A medley of almost every class, and not confined alone to the "Bourgeoisie." Aristocratic, professional, artistic, and æsthetic children here disport themselves under the charge of their governesses and nurses. At no time within the present century has children's dress been so pretty and tasteful as now; and by this I do not mean the extreme æsthetic form of garment, pretty as that undoubtedly is, though hardly suitable for so variable a climate as ours. But generally, I think, children, that is young children, up to about nine or ten years old, are dressed more becomingly and in better taste at the

present time than at any time I can remember, and certainly, judging by the photographic recollections of my own childhood, in much prettier garments than fell to my lot in that "long, long ago;" when I too bowled a hoop, and fed the ducks, and fell down and was picked up and slapped in Kensington Gardens. I have before me now, in the family album, a terrible record of the manner in which my poor little degraded body was apparelled.

A round straw sailor hat—not the "man of war's" hat now worn with the sailor suit, and which makes so charming a dress for boys at the present time—but a limp smooth yellow straw of a basin shape, edged with a pale blue ribbon, and fastened under the chin with an elastic band. An open lace collar and tartan bow, a black velvet tunic fastened from the right shoulder obliquely to the bottom of the skirt with large flat pearl buttons, and banded round the waist with a tartan plaid of a design and colour that "mock the power of words." To say that that sash was bright conveys no idea of the blinding glare that radiated from the centre of my wretched little body when swathed in this appalling combination of "positive" colours—red, blue, and green. Oh, ye gods! that red and that green. From beneath the skirt of my tunic peeped—no, rather stared, several inches of embroidered linen or calico; and my legs in cold weather were clad in long white worsted leggings, the scruffiness of which I even now remember with a shudder of horror, and which, at the time, were calculated to permanently sour the disposition of the sweetest and most long-suffering child. As far as my recollection and the family album may be taken as a guide, there seems to have been no great distinction made in the dress of the children of either sex at this time; and this, combined with the fact that both sexes wore their hair long and curled, must doubtless have led to serious complications when two parties of children played together and the nurses had to sort out their respective charges. It was not, I should say, an original period as far as costume was concerned. The question of taste and beauty did not apparently vex the parental mind. Parents in those days seem to have accepted velvet tunics, pearl buttons, and tartan plaids as especially designed by Providence for the clothing and adornment of their offspring, and hence the question of fitness didn't come in.

But if our characters are formed and our minds take their impressions from their surroundings in childhood's happy days, it says much for the strength of the national character that an incessant association with and contemplation of pearl buttons and tartan plaids has not produced a race of "Bumbles." Contrast it with the present dress. The loose, easy, sailor dress with its pretty blue shirt and open collar, sailor's knot and white jersey showing round the throat; and, for the other sex, a plaited and puckered "Mother Hubbard" bonnet, a little plush or cloth cape edged with fur over a frock made of some soft material and of a delicately-toned colour with dainty lace ruffles at the throat and wrists, short-skirted and high-waisted, and showing the long, slender, black-stockinged legs to the knee. Surely association with such a costume is calculated to give a very much higher idea of the beautiful to the infant mind than with such as I have before described. By the ornamental water at the Bayswater end of the gardens we met with a different phase of child life altogether. Here we may study our infant "bourgeoisie" in its fullest and most perfect development. We recognise here the offspring of our City magnates and wealthy commercial class. At the Round Pond again we meet "all sorts and conditions" of childhood, not the least curious amongst which are those elderly grey-headed children who are always to be seen on a fine day armed with boat hooks and sailing toy yachts with the gravity and purpose of men engaged in some serious undertaking. It has always been a source of much speculation to me as to where these elderly gentlemen live and what they do when not sailing their boats in the gardens, but I fail to picture them in any other spot or engaged in any other occupation. Whence they come and where they betake themselves when their play is done is wrapped in impenetrable mystery. Do they vanish into the "Ewigkeit"? I cannot say. I never saw one of them arrive or leave. Whenever I have approached the Round Pond, morning or afternoon, I have come upon a small group of these weird "children of an older growth" squatting down at the edge of the water and holding on to the stems of their different little yachts, while another ghoul-like old gentleman, with a watch in his hand, stands somewhat apart, apparently lost in gloomy reverie. "Now," says the old gentleman, suddenly looking up and closing his watch, and the other old men, gently propelling their boats into the water by the aid of their boat-hooks, rise to their feet and move slowly away round the pond to the opposite side to await the arrival of their respective yachts. Sometimes their boats will lock in the middle of the pond and drift about for some hours before they come within reach of their boat-hooks, but the old gentlemen betray no signs of impatience or irritation: they simply wait with the manner of men who are dead to all the hopes and joys and fears of this world, who have a task to perform and a duty to carry out, with no thought of pleasure or hope of reward in its performance. They are seldom heard to speak, with the exception of the old gentleman who, apparently, acts as starter, umpire, and referee, and his conversation is confined to the use of the word "Now," when the other old gentlemen have collected their boats and are ready for a further start. He is never appealed to nor his decision asked on any question arising out of the race. Nobody apparently wins. Nobody apparently cares to win. Directly a start has been effected all interest in the race ceases, and those weird, joyless, hopeless old men wander listlessly round the pond like the unquiet souls of the departed on the banks of the Styx. Stay—this may perhaps be the solution to the riddle, the unravelling of the mystery which surrounds them; these are no doubt the shades of defunct park-keepers doomed for their tyranny and cruelty to the youth of the metropolis during their lives to wander among the scenes of their crimes, and to sail boats through all eternity in company with the children and dogs whose lives they rendered so miserable while they were in the flesh. But no, this cannot be; the old gentlemen smoke, all without exception; park-keepers must not smoke on duty: it is a habit they would hardly have acquired in another world. No; it must still remain a mystery, profound and impenetrable.

The spot I have chosen for my sketch is just at the end of the Serpentine, which is bounded here by the stone work which surrounds the ornamental water and fountains, and backed on the opposite side to that from which I have taken my picture by a rising ground, covered with trees; and here you may generally come upon a group of ladies and children feeding the swans and geese. Very amusing it is to see the swans pursuing the "dog in the manger" principle, common to all humanity, and verifying the venerable maxim—that "might is right"—by driving the geese away from the bread which they do not want themselves; and very edifying also is it to see how these same geese give the lie to the saying that "unity is strength;" for, there being some nine geese and only two swans, it is evident that, by dividing their forces and attacking from different points, some of them would be able to elude the vigilance of their enemies, and carry off the spoil. But, by pursuing a policy of "follow my leader," they play into the enemies' hands, and, in consequence, it takes only one swan to hold their entire force in check. Remarkably like a fleet of

lumbering Dutch galliots were these same geese when afloat. They are, I believe, of foreign extraction, Egypt being their native land, and have a marked nationality of their own, and are in many respects unlike our own geese, the distinction being chiefly in the curious shape of their bills and heads. These bills, which are very high, give them a pompous, important, and aggressive look, common to a good many patriots who seek a temporary shelter in a foreign land; and at times, when they waddle out of the water, and, assembling on the bank, stretch out their necks and shriek, all at the same time, in a peculiarly blatant and idiotic manner, till the meeting breaks up by several personal encounters, and they flounder back in confusion into the water, evidently satisfied with the noise they have succeeded in making, one is irresistibly reminded of the unity that reigns, and the liberty of speech and tolerance that is displayed at a similar gathering of the human race who are met to advocate the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

But I was obliged to cut short my pictorial notes and observations of the manners and customs of these Egyptian birds, as I found that several of the little gamins, who frequent this part of the gardens, gathering confidence from my guileless appearance and harmless occupation, bethought themselves of a plan to further their enjoyment of their outing, which plan, to my extreme discomfort, took the form of wheeling their perambulator up to the bench on which I was seated, and after pulling out a gigantic milk bottle with a long indiarubber tube attached from under the seat and giving it to the child inside to suck, leaving perambulator and child under my protection and scampering off to the water's edge to dabble in the mud and enjoy themselves.

The stolid gaze of that child's pale blue eyes, as it guzzled its milk and blocked my view of the spot I wished to sketch, was too much for me, and taking advantage of a favourable opportunity when it was seized with a fit of choking by some of the contents of the bottle going the wrong way, I collected my sketching apparatus and sneaked off. C. R. H.

FIRST OF APRIL.

WELCOME, dear Folly, with thy bells of brass  
All in a jingle!  
If before noon I'm "written down an ass"  
No ears shall tingle!  
You see in Folly's wisdom nowadays  
No stint or measure.  
To meet her frolicking in harmless ways  
Is quite a pleasure!  
So greet dear April with a quip and jest;  
If tears come after,  
The bravest hearts who learn to meet them best  
Are vested in laughter!

C. E. W.

ACROSTICS.

- 1. A Prize of Five Guineas will be given to the person who scores most correct guesses in the course of the half-year ending June 30th; and prizes of Three Guineas will be given to the second and of Two Guineas to the third in order of merit.
- 2. Answers must be received, in envelopes marked "Acrostic" in the corner, not later than the Thursday morning following the date of publication.
- 3. If two or more correspondents "tie" for one of the prizes, Special Acrostics will be given for guessing-off the "tie"; or the sum of the prize or prizes may be divided amongst the competitors who have "tied," as the Acrostic Editor may determine.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—No. 13.

Along the country road  
He takes his merry load.

I.  
That "thought is deeper than all speech," he taught;  
And likewise "feeling deeper than all thought."

II.  
A noble duke was he, and he adored  
A countess, who refused him for her lord.

III.  
A Trojan general, made of sternest stuff;  
He'd "a shrewd wit"; was "a man good enough."

IV.  
An ancient teacher, "Father," Horace says,  
Who studied Zenó and preached wisdom's ways.

V.  
She dwelt upon a beautiful southern isle;  
A ship-wrecked lover won her sweetest smile.

RAP.

ANSWER TO No. 12.

O A N I C  
P H A R A  
L E O N T E S  
L I G H T S  
Y G E R N E

CORRECT.—Anchor, Abhyop, Authores, Archimedes, A. J. A., Bobbs, Berlin, Bowser, Beagle, Beau Brummel, Blowpipe, Beacon, Buckthorn, Bechuana, Chile, Choctaw, Chippy, Carlowitz, Guevroul, Geteway, Duncin, Doncaster, Diera, Dvrc, Dalketh, Dennis, Dunce, Duplex, Electra, Esmeralda, Du Avant, Earthquake, Ernest, E. T. S. E., Essex, Forlorn Hope, Fuchsis, Fritz, Friar, Forget-me-not, Fulstaff, Firefly, Gunner, Guy, Gretchen, Goldfinch, Gypsy, Giraffe, Ghorkin, The Hornwinks, Hermit, Harbelle, Hermione, Highdyer, Herne, Highlander, Idonthe, Jacko, Josie, Jacques, Jonville, Kyds, Kappa, Kingsclere, Keapske, Kondal Green, Kathleen, Keelrow, Lambda, Lapwing, Lizette, Lancer, Longshot, Larissa, Maude, Mauvette, Margherita, Mascareille, Maitenance, Mainsail, Maid Marian, Na-na-na, Napolitaine, Norfolk, Neville, Nick, Nimrod, Natalie, Onyx, Orrie, Ossian, Oscar, Oolah, Philostrate, Quorn, Quins, Rex, Rokeby, Rossignol, Rufus, Rumynede, Royalist, Roxana, Smashjavalin, Snuddles, Stonebroke, Somerset, Snilloc, St. Olave, Stonebridge, Spark, Souvenir, Susan, Speculation, Selah.—Titanis, Troubadour, Tristan, Tramp, Topsy, Topail, Trumper, Tourist, Transatlantic, Thistle, Uxbridge, Usk, Vixen, Verona, Violet, Winchelsea, Wallace, Wheatear, With, Whi ebat, War-whoop, Xerxes, Ygerne, Yorkshire Grey, Zeus, Zero, Zoroaster.

INCORRECT.—Ajax, Hampton Courtier, Tom Dick and Harry, Fen-follet, Ape, E. A. F., Emilia, Banks of Clyde, Benedict, Delia, Diderin, Tramps, Olexander, Prian, Whipcord, Spark, Peniclan, Edd, Myosotis, Blue Rock, Etare, Cavaliero, Vignanter, Haymeile, Chasticeier, Lady Jane, Curacao, Kennet, Quail, Anthony, X-nophon, Bagatelle, Azalea, Wye Jay, Artaxerxes, Czarina, Six to four, Eau de Vie. Correct, 142; incorrect, 98.

NO MEDICINE FOR THE CURE OF ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, COUGH AND BRONCHITIS was ever attended with such speedy and unfailing success as DR. LOCKER'S PULMONIC WAFERS. In every pratical may be seen testimonials of their wonderful efficacy. Nothing else gives such a sound, refreshing night's rest. They taste pleasantly. Price 1s. 1d., per box.—[ADV.]

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Making a start

Our first victim

Tossed by a Buffalo

Wally with a Rhinoceros

Too near to be pleasant

W.S. Oliver  
93