

From Household Words.

TRAVELLERS' CONTRIVANCES.

THE art of travel, wherever gold and silver are current coin, consists chiefly in having plenty of both. With these, and the small change of a civil tongue, a skin indifferent to entomological attacks, a spare shirt, and a cube of soap, a man may travel comfortably for thousands of miles, buying his experience and his baggage as he goes along; here laying in a cold fowl and bread for a Spanish expedition; there purchasing a sheepskin cloak, or a thin pair of breeches, according to the climate; but the moment that the traveller, more adventurous, turns his steps into those savage regions where towns, roads, banks, pumps, and butchers' shops are unknown, he must prepare to uncivilize himself, and relearn the arts of his ancestors before they were corrupted into living in houses, and spinning the wool of innocent sheep into broadcloth.

The difference between civilized and savage life is between dependence and independence. Civilization grows and expands by wants. The savage wants nothing: he can find for himself; and therefore cares nothing for nobody; and, of course, does nothing beyond the wants of the hour. As he owns nothing he improves nothing; he eats when he is hungry, or when he is not hungry, because he can't always make sure of a meal; drinks when he is dry; and goes to sleep when he has nothing else to do, without waiting for bed-time.

The more civilized we become, the more we rely on society to help us to our wants. We do not study landmarks; because roads and sign-posts save us the trouble of thinking. We do not know how to cook, or to make candles, or tan hides, or carve wooden bowls and horn spoons, because candles, shoes, crockery, and metal spoons can be bought cheaper than they can be made at home. When the savage walks out, there is one book he is always reading; and therefore he reads it fluently, for his existence depends upon it: the book of Nature. His eyes are constantly upon the ground; his nose sniffs the air, and detects the haunts of various animals; his ears are erect to catch the faintest sound. "There went a deer," he says to himself, "but a long time since. There went a bear; and he's not long gone. That gray tuft, afar off on the plain, is a sleeping fox." His living depends, not on his purse,

but his personal acuteness of eye, and ear, and smell. Without the full use of these organs he may soon starve, as old people actually do among many savage tribes. The white man relies on the water company, or, at any rate, on a well with a bucket, for drink, if out of reach of beer, mead, quass, wine, or brandy. He goes to the butcher for his joint, to the tailor for his jacket; and rather disdains the pot-hunter, who makes sure of hare with a cunning grayhound and a pointer, for the sake of a roast or a jug.

But the white man's faculties are only dormant, not dead. White children brought up in the bush, or on the prairie, are quite as sharp as savages. Even full-grown men attain by practice the power of performing many of the feats that astonish us so much among Indian and negro tribes. London pickpockets, before horses were common in New South Wales, ran down cattle, and flung them with a dextrous twitch of the tail. American backwoodsmen and Australian bushmen make their way through forests, and even deserts, trace cattle by their foot-prints, and find fire, and shelter, and game in a manner almost worthy of brown aborigines; while in feats of strength, in fleetness of foot, and sureness of aim, white hunters, well trained, are usually superior to savages.

Some critics and statesmen, who ought to know better, attribute the winter sufferings of our soldiers in the Crimea to the helpless character of the modern Englishman. It would seem that they had either never read, or have forgotten, the adventures and letters of our emigrants and travellers. The English soldier is taught—disciplined—to be helpless; but the English emigrant has proved himself, in every climate, equal to the situation. In the backwoods of America, the bush of Australia, and among the Klots of South Africa, he has settled and housed himself, and found means to live and thrive in spite of climate frigid or tropical, savages and wild beasts, without shops or police. As for English travellers, for endurance, patience, acuteness, resources under difficulties, and general ability to do the best under the most adverse circumstances, such men as Pallisser, Mansfield, Parkyns, Lieutenant Burton, the English Hadji, Francis Galton, and Gordon Cumming, may be matched against the hunters and travellers of any age or nation since the time of Marco Polo.

Francis Galton, the son, if we mistake not, of a respectable Birmingham banker of Quebec descent, after having rendered valuable services to geographical study by his explorations of an unknown region of Africa, in which he commenced for love of sport, but prosecuted for the benefit of science, has published the results of his experience and notes from his commonplace book in *The Art of Travel in Wild Countries*, for the benefit of emigrants, missionaries, soldiers, and all who have to rough it. In these times, when one half our adventurous young men are soldiers, and the other half sailors or emigrants, it may be useful to give an idea of its contents, with a few additional hints from other travellers, and our own experience in savage lands.

Water is one of the great wants in travelling, and water is scarce in every hot country where wells have not been made. Sometimes it must be dug for, sometimes gathered from the cup-like leaves of great plants. To find streams and pools, birds are the best guides, especially towards evening. Parrots are never far from water in hours of drought. Bathing in brackish or even salt-water will tend to allay thirst, and if a thunder-shower comes on it will be well to follow the plan of the West Indian negroes,—strip to the skin, by which the benefit of a refreshing shower-bath is obtained, while the clothes, rolled up tight, are dry and ready to put on when the shower ceases, and, as is not unfrequent in tropical countries, a cold breeze comes on. This was the plan of Mansfield Parkyns, a modern traveller in Abyssinia. In South Africa, after a long chase, the hunters will cut open the stomach of the white rhinoceros, and some other animals, and drink the store of water there to be found. But the traveller must beware of the black rhinoceros, which, like King Mithridates, according to classic stories, feeds and thrives on poison—the poisonous acacia-leaves. A bucket of turbid water may be cleared by three thimblefuls of alum, and a filter may be made impromptu of moss, grass, and gravel, if there be no charcoal at hand, but a few pounds of charcoal will filter a great deal of water. Mr. Galton gives useful advice for digging wells, for watering cattle, and for carrying water in kegs or leather bottles. For getting water out of a river or pool, with steep banks, we

have found a barrel, strongly hooped, fitted with an axle and rings, extremely useful. The barrel, with long traces attached, is sunk in the river; when filled, the bung is driven in, then one or more oxen attached to the traces, and, the barrel being round, rolls easily up a steep bank along the ground, however rough, to the camp. Two of the hoops should project an inch and a half from the barrel, so as in some degree to protect the staves from wear and tear. This plan is recommended to soldiers watering from a river. The Arabs carry their leathern water-flasks on the shady side of the camel.

Fire is as almost essential to the comfort of a traveller, as water even in tropical countries. The morning is usually intensely cold before daybreak. Nothing can be relied on but flint and steel, and a burning-glass. The invaluable lucifer may be lost, spoilt, or used up, but we learn from Galton that the wax-lucifers are the best; with these there should be a tin-saucer, or some other simple, safe contrivance for shading from the wind, as important. A dozen other modes of getting a light are enumerated. The crystalline lens of a dead animal's eye has been successfully used as a burning-glass. Fire sticks lighted by friction are used by savages, but we never heard of a European who acquired the knack. Tinder may be made of cotton or linen rags. Amadou is a fungus from trees dried, sliced, and boiled in saltpetre. The ashes of a cigar, or wet gunpowder, rubbed into paper will convert it into touch-paper. To keep anything dry, to light either a fire or a pipe, is very difficult when camping out during a week's rain. A Scotch shepherd taught us to tie a small packet of tinder under the armpit during the rainy season in the bush. This is the plan of Highland drovers coming south. To kindle a spark into flame, our plan was to have ready a handful of dry grass, wrap it loosely round the tinder, and then, taking it in one hand, whirl it round and round at the full length of the arm—first slowly, and then rapidly—windmill-fashion, until it bursts into a flame; this is a surer plan than blowing with the breath. Firewood should be looked for under bushes. Dry manure makes a fire, and is used for that purpose all over the world. The Canadians call it *bois de vache*. Bones make a good fire. In the Falkland Islands they cook a

bull with his own bones and a little turf or tussock-grass. Travellers in the east carry prepared charcoal slung in the form of large buttons, as a necklace. Mr. Galton's golden rule is: Always manage to have, if possible, a good fire towards morning.

To bivouac, or camp out, comfortably, as Bushmen say, is a great art.

"Study the form of a hare," says Galton. "In the flattest and most uncompromising of fields the creature will have availed herself of some little hollow to the lee of an insignificant tuft of grass, and there she will have nestled and fidgeted about till she has made a smooth, round grassy bed, compact and fitted to her shape, where she may curl herself snugly up, and cower down below the level of the cutting wind: follow her example. A man as he lies down is but a small object; and a screen eighteen inches high will guard him securely from the strength of a storm. A tree forms a roof, not a wall. What is wanted is a dense low screen, perfectly wind-tight, as high up as the knee above the ground. Thus, if a traveller has to encamp on a bare turf plain, he need only turn up a sod seven feet long, by two feet wide; and if he succeed in propping it up on its edge, it will form a sufficient shield against the wind."

The near neighborhood of water is objectionable for a sleeping camp in hot climates. One resource is to bury oneself in sand, all but the head. In this way Moffat, the South African missionary, passed a comfortable night when it was bitterly cold. The Laplanders carry bags of reindeer skin, into which they creep, and allow themselves to be buried in snow. Some friends of ours, including ladies, on a visit to the North Cape, passed twenty-four hours under the snow, enveloped like ferrets, without any serious inconvenience, and they all felt much warmer than when travelling.

"In making up a bed on the ground," Mr. Galton remarks, "the underside is as important or even more important than the covering. A mattress is useful not only for softness but for warmth. The earth is generally cold and often damp; therefore a strip of mackintosh and a large blanket or plaid are indispensable for camping out. Even in the dry climate of Australia, rheumatism punishes those who sleep out without great precautions for being warm the night through. Leaves, fern, heather, reeds, bundles of fagots, or even two trunks of trees rolled close together, are worth the trouble

of collecting and arranging rather than trusting to mother earth."

A blanket made into a bag large enough to hold you may also contain in the day a leather, or, still better, a mackintosh sheet, the most valuable of bivouacking inventions.

"Let the traveller (or soldier), when out in trying weather, work hard at making his sleeping place perfectly comfortable: he should not cease until he is convinced that it will withstand the chill of the early morning; when the heat of the last sun is exhausted, and that of the new sun has not begun to be felt. It is wretched beyond expression for a man to lie shivering, to feel the night air becoming hourly more raw, while the life-blood has less power to withstand it, and to think, self-reproachfully, how different would have been his situation if he had simply had forethought enough to cut and draw twice the quantity of wood, and spend another half-hour in making a snugger berth. The omission once made becomes irreparable; for, in the dark and cold of a pitiless night he lacks stamina, and has no means of coping with his difficulties."

Mansfield Parkyns says: "Some will ask, how did you manage to sleep on the sloppy bosom of a bog? Every night we made ourselves mattresses of pieces of wood, large stones, &c., laid together until of sufficient height to keep us well out of the wet. A tanned hide spread upon this formed our bed; and, when it came on to rain, our covering also. It is not altogether luxurious until you are used to it. It requires a little knack and turning round like a dog, to adapt the risings and hollows of your body to those of the bed; but with patience, a little management, and a hard day's work, a good night's rest is not a difficult thing to obtain under any circumstances."

A large dog in a cold country forms at once a companion by day and a blanket by night. Parkyns had his "maychál Boggo," a mastiff with long thick coarse hair; and Pallisser had his beautiful Ishmah, who drew a small sledge, with food and clothes, all day, and saved his master from being frozen to death at night.

The aboriginal natives of New South Wales, as well as the cattle that roam at large in its woods, invariably choose the top of a moderately-elevated hill to sleep on during the winter months; the hills of that country being always warmer than the valleys at that time of year, while in summer the valleys are sought both by men and

animals. "I have often been surprised," says a traveller, "at feeling a warm current of air on the top of a range of hills after ascending from valleys where the breeze was chilling. These breezes blow from the north-west."

As to tents, a circular tent is the worst of all, and a three-poled tent the easiest to improvise, with two stakes, driven into the ground, and a third, or a rope, at the top. A sheet, a lot of blankets, or a mackintosh thrown across, form no despicable tent for the want of a better. Always get off the ground a few inches if you can, to avoid cold, damp, or a snake for a bedfellow. Gordon Cumming in South Africa once, neglecting this precaution, slept in the hole of a cobra, and Mansfield Parkyns in Abyssinia in that of a deadly adder. Hints, in tent pitching, to obtain the morning sun or to secure the most shade may be gathered from gipseys: it is quite an art. If you are likely to make a rude hut, it is well to have a bag with nails, hooks, and strips of cloth or leather to put round the walls to hang on or stick in anything you like, to be handy.

To sleep on horseback is not difficult if you are well packed with blankets or skins, rolled before and behind a saddle.

"About midnight," says Mansfield Parkyns, "I thought I would take a nap, and so rested my hands, one on each side of the saddle, monkey-fashion, and soon closed my eyes. Re-opening them after what appeared to me a five minutes' doze, I found the caravan proceeding precisely in the same order as before—some talking, some nodding, some singing: but on looking round the sky, I perceived that the morning star was already a quarter of an hour above the horizon. Gradually the sky became bluer while I was wondering, and the sun rose in full splendor."

The importance of dress depends on the climate and the man. Galton lays stress on flannel next the skin—that is to say, flannel shirts for damp, windy, cold weather, and coarse calico shirts for fine, hot, dry weather. A poncho is a very useful garment—better for horseback than a plaid. A blanket with a hole in it makes a good poncho. A sheet of calico saturated in oil makes a waterproof poncho. Galton and Pellisser agree that a shooting costume of thick Tweed is the best for all except tropical countries. Leather, both breeches and coat, answers

well except in wet climates. Leather overalls, with a spring to fasten them at one motion, are better than jack boots, because they may be unfastened and hung to the saddle when the traveller wants to run on foot. Galton strongly recommends braces; why, we don't know; they are not agreeable in hunting. About stockings and shoes, Galton and Mansfield Parkyns differ entirely. Galton recommends thick woolen socks, and thinks nothing equal to European shoes, while Parkyns is all for bare feet; but all must depend upon the nature of the country to be trodden. Gordon Cumming wore a wide-awake hat, secured under his chin, a coarse linen shirt, sometimes a kilt, sometimes a pair of lambskin breeches and Cape farmers' made shoes. He discarded coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, and always hunted with bare arms. Galton wore leather breeches, jack boots, and a hunting cap. The late General Sir Charles Napier wore a white hunting cap, with muslin twisted turban-fashion to keep off the sun in Seinde. Mansfield Parkyns went even more bare than Gordon Cumming; and Parkyns, we must remember, is a Nottinghamshire gentleman and a Cantab, therefore early accustomed to comfort. The following is his own conception of life in the Abyssinian bush:

"I have more than once started off on an expedition into the wild woods without even saying where I was going, or even knowing myself. My dress on these occasions consisted of a short kilt of nicely-tanned antelope's hide, a piece of coarse cotton cloth wrapped round my waist as a belt by day, and a covering by night, and a small skin (a wild cat's or jackal's) thrown over my left shoulder. Add to these a kid's skin filled with flour, a little horn of Cayenne pepper and salt mixed, and a small piece of thin leather for a bed, and you have all necessary for a fortnight's outlying in Abyssinia of a frontier man. A flint and steel, slow match, an awl, nippers for extracting thorns, a rifle and ammunition! If a man cannot be happy in a dry climate, what would he wish for? Even if you have no sport with game, there are always small birds, snakes, fish, lizards, &c., to be had; so that you need never want."

As to feet-coverings, he observes:

"In a country abounding in rocks (like Abyssinia) it would be dangerous to attempt to pass many places excepting barefoot. I went four years barefoot, and know that it is by far more comfortable to go without shoes,

after a very short practice. But abstinence in these climates is always a good thing, and often necessary. During my long period of semi-starvation, I never felt lighter in my life. Wounds of all kinds healed like magic. Once, in running down a slimy and almost precipitous path, I struck my bare foot against the edge of a rock as sharp as a razor, and a bit of flesh, with the whole of the nail of my little toe except the root, was cut off. I could not stop longer than to polish off the bit that was hanging by the skin, for we were in chase of a party of Barea who had cut the throats of three of our friends the night before, but was obliged to go on running for about twenty miles that afternoon, the greater part of the way up to our ankles in burning sand. I scarcely suffered from it at all; the next day I forgot it, the day after, the nail grew again. Another day, in running after an antelope I had wounded, in my eagerness I jumped over a bush on to a jagged stump of a fallen tree, and one splinter of about the thickness of a tenpenny-nail entered the ball of my foot, passed so far through, that the point appeared like a black spot under the skin half-an-inch above the junction of the third and fourth toes towards the instep, and then broke short off. I got my game, cut it up, carried it home, some two miles, and then drew the splinter with a nail-wrench. My foot bled a good deal; but with the exception of a little stiffness for a day or two which in nowise prevented my walking, I suffered no pain at all. Under European diet in Europe, I should have been laid up with a bad foot for at least a fortnight."

Parkyn seems to have always taken the matter of dress very easy. When he decided on returning to civilized life, he says :

"My first efforts towards establishing a wardrobe consisted in the purchase of a few yards of coarse calico, which I obtained of an Egyptian pedlar, who was good enough to show us how he cut them into shirts, and we had two days' employment in stitching them. Most of our party were very good with an awl, but cobbling did not much assist us in hemming shirts. Our friend the hawker, in gratitude for my doctoring him, gave me a white skull-cap, and I set about having my head shaved, with our knives, without soap. After an hour and a half's exquisite torture, the scene closed with one-third unshorn, the rest in patches, bleeding from nineteen severe wounds. Not being presentable in this state, I made myself a turban of a pair of drawers! But the next morning the owner of the neighboring coffee-house brought me a friend who owned an old, country-made, iron razor, and soon finished me off. Two

Albanian irregulars, learning my want of clothes, told me that the wardrobe of one of their comrades was to be sold by auction. Accordingly, I bought for thirty-three piastres (about six shillings and ninepence), a greasy red-cloth waistcoat, a striped cotton ditto, and the remains of a red-and-yellow cotton sash, with a red cap, nearly black from age, knocked down at fourteen piastres; so, at a cheap rate, I was equipped like a Turkish soldier who had not received his pay for eighteen months."

And at another time in the desert, he says :

"I was dressed in the light costume of the Arabs: a pair of drawers, a *ferda* thrown over my shoulders, a heavy two-edged sword hung over my left arm, to which were also bound a heap of amulets and a knife. In dress I was a nigger; in color, a Turk."

After this, those who can follow our traveller may despise and abandon portmanteaus for the East.

For sporting excursions in cold climates, part of the hunting costume in use on the Carpathian Mountains is worth attention. Warm knitted stockings; and, over them, a pair of soft Russian leather boots, which can be turned down in folds below the knee, or, if needful, pulled up to the hip. To keep the hands warm in severe weather, so as to be able to handle the gun, in addition to thin gloves, a small fur muff may be slung from the neck, in which the hands may rest until wanted. The metal parts of the gun in hard frosts which the hands are likely to touch, should be bound with leather.

A good saddle is indispensable. Galton and Palliser both agree that there is nothing like an English hunting-saddle, and Galton found it as useful with an ox as with a horse. Saddles for foreign use must be much more stuffed than in England, as all half-wild horses are smaller, and often carry the saddle badly for want of fine shoulders. We consider the Yorkshire hunting saddle, with plain unstuffed flaps, the best for wear, as it is not spoiled by heavy rain. A blanket rolled and strapped over the pommel, in the Australian fashion, is handy when you camp, and forms a better support for the knees, in going down steep hills, or with a breaking half-broken brute, than stuffed flaps. In posting on horseback in France twenty years ago, we used to keep expressly for the purpose a demi-pique saddle, made wide between the cantle and the pommel, with a well-stuffed seat — one could sleep

in it. But in wild countries, with strange horses, especially in chasing deer or boar, your nag is sure to fall occasionally. A fall at a fast pace on a hunting-saddle, flat before and behind, is nothing to a good horseman, for he rolls out of the way; but, stuck fast in a high-piqued military saddle, it is very dangerous, as you are sure to be crushed when the horse rolls over. We are inclined to believe that a saddle invented by the late Captain Nolan, described in his *Cavalry Tactics*, is much the best for travelling or hunting, if altered a little from its military shape. This saddle, instead of stuffing pads, has a cover of serge into which three or more slips of felt are put, according to the size of the horse's back; if on a journey, he falls off in condition, an extra slip of felt makes it fit, and prevents a sore back. There are no leather flaps, but instead, a saddle-cloth of felt an inch thick. Such a saddle is as strong and much lighter than an ordinary saddle, and will fit any horse. You can saddle a restive horse with greater facility; while the seat of the rider is more firm, and the control more complete, in consequence of his legs pressing against the horses' side without a slippery leather flap between—this is an especial advantage after riding all day in the rain. A bridle should be made, that it may also be used as a headstall, with links and hooks, or that the bit can be slipped out of the horse's mouth for the purpose of feeding without taking the bridle off his head. By having a great number of hooks (D) strongly sewn to a travelling saddle, anything required can be fastened on with strings or straps. Cruppers we don't use in England, but they are essential for safety abroad as well as breastplates.

Food and cookery must be considered together. Galton advises the traveller to study the crops of birds in order to learn whether the berries or leaves of the country he is in are poisonous or not. This rule has exceptions, but is the only guide that can be suggested. Rank birds should be skinned, as the rankness generally lies in the skin. On the sea-coast cooks baste sea-birds, skinned, with salt water, on the probably correct idea, that it diminishes the fishy flavor. For kinds of food we refer to Galton. In Java they cook trout by wrapping them in rice-straw, and setting it on fire; when the straw is burned the fish is cooked. Scotchmen say that the fish is turned

into a capital imitation of a Loch Fyne had-dock. But, says Mansfield Parkyns:

“It does not do for a traveller to be particular about food—for instance, metah is the standing dish of Nubia, composed principally of barnya, a vegetable pod of a mucilaginous nature, with pounded meal and other ingredients, being about the consistency of hasty-pudding, but so sticky that when eating it with bread you are obliged to clean your fingers, which become webbed like a duck's foot. Nevertheless, I never tired of it.”

He also got quite into the way of eating raw beefsteak, after the Abyssinian fashion, cut in long strips, and then a convenient slice, fast held by the teeth, is divided by an upward blow of a sabre, just missing the eater's nose. He tried locusts fried on an iron griddle as dessert, and found them very dry, much like frizzled quill-ends. An iron pot, with the lid the size of a crown-piece, will cook enough for three at a time, and the lid makes a good frying-pan. We have known an instance of a kettle for tea with a wooden bottom doing duty in the bush. The plan was to bury it in the earth, and make the fire round it.

Galton gives an excellent chapter on guns, but we prefer quoting from Pallisser. Galton's plan for carrying a gun on horseback is the best that has ever been suggested. He says:

“Make a canvas or leathern bag large enough to admit the butt of the gun pretty freely, the straps that support it buckle through a ring in the pommel. The gun is perfectly safe, never comes below the armpit; even in taking a leap, it is pulled out in an instant by bringing the elbow in front of the gun and close to the side, so as to throw the gun outside of the arm; then lowering the hand, the gun is caught up—any sized gun can be carried in this fashion.”

Any plan for carrying a loaded gun muzzle downward is dangerous, as the ball is likely to slip down away from the charge and burst the gun when fired. A horse may soon be taught to stand still while the rider dismounts and fires, by pegging the bridle thrown over his head to the ground, fring, returning and rewarding him; eventually he will fancy that he is pegged fast whenever the bridle is thrown loose.

A double-barreled rifle is invaluable for deer shooting, but you must not reckon on accuracy

of execution beyond one hundred and fifty yards equal to a single barrel. As to calibre, I prefer from twenty-four to sixteen to the pound. The larger the ball the greater the necessity for superior powder.

“Gunpowder,” says Pallisser, “should be kept in air-tight packages. The best knife for hunting purposes is a good plain wooden-handled butcher’s knife, the handle long, the blade thin — thick-bladed illuminated knives of the German Jäger fashion are only fit to hang over a chimneypiece — a knife stuck in a sheath below the knee is handier than elsewhere. Do not burthen yourself by trying to forestall a thousand imaginary necessities. Beyond your guns, good horses, with their appurtenances, you will require nothing on the prairie but your knife, flint and steel, pipe, an iron ladle for melting lead, a tin mug, and two iron kettles — the covers will do to fry in.”

We shall not quote any more from Galton, because it is a cheap little book, and those who want to study the art of travel can buy it; but shall conclude with a few notices on this inexhaustible subject by returning to our own experience, and to the book of the Abyssinian denizen.

To cross rivers, you may make a raft, or swim. The Abyssinian way is to pack your watch and other small perishable things, and a few articles of clothing, into a goatskin bag, blow it out, secure the mouth with a string, and tie one end to the faggot; then mount on the faggots astride, and be towed across. But the best and simplest contrivance for swimming across broad dangerous water, or for teaching any one to swim, is the following, which we cut out of a country newspaper twenty years ago, and have tried and recommended since with the greatest success to both sexes. By this plan, in a fortnight, a timid lady became an excellent swimmer. Cut two pieces of cork into an oval shape, the length of the points of your shoulders, join the two pieces together with a hinge of leather or gutta-percha on one side and strings on the other; cut a hole in the centre large enough for your neck, but too small for your head to pass through. When put on, it should rest longwise on your shoulders, and project four or five inches before and behind your head. This cork collar will carry two persons easily; it leaves the arms quite free, does not raise you too high out of the water, or obstruct you in swimming; and when taken off, can be

doubled and carried easily on the head or back. It will also make, if needed, a very good trimmer for fishing, and a pillow at night. By the help of this slope of cork (which is not liable to be punctured like a Mackintosh belt) we have crossed rivers holding a gun over our hat, with powder in the hat; in fishing, by the same means, we have carried a dry shirt, stockings, and thin coat across wide flooded streams; and once in skating twenty miles on a river the cork collar saved us.

But, more important than outfit or arms, to carry a man through savage lands, are courage, temper, and tact, with a contented cheerful spirit. Of these qualities we have never met with better examples than in the travels of our Notts Cantabridgian Abyssinian. He recommends, above all things, civility. There is nothing like a civil tongue, and quiet unpretending manners, to get on not only in savage countries but everywhere and under nearly every emergency.

“Many travellers,” says Mansfield Parkyns, “take a soldier with them from the chief or king of the country where they may be travelling, and many affect a harsh demeanor to the natives, demanding lodging, food, &c., in the most peremptory manner. This is a plan not at all to be recommended, it often leads to a quarrel, and is not likely to obtain for the traveller, what he ought so much to court, if he wishes to study the manners and customs of the people — their good-will and confidence. Here I should very much dislike any one’s forcing himself into my house against my will, and am disposed to act generally on the principle of ‘Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.’ On my arrival in a village, I have found it the better plan to do as the native travellers would — wait under a tree until some one asks me in. A little patience is sometimes needed. People often gather round you to look at you, and occasionally make rather personal remarks; though, generally, they are very civil. Answer their questions good-naturedly, take pleasure in making yourself agreeable, you will find it will become a habit, and you will be welcome everywhere. I hope future travellers may agree with me, that it is not absolutely necessary to enter forcibly into other people’s houses, or to demand as a right the supper which one ought to receive with thanks, if voluntarily given.”

For instance, on one occasion he was taken prisoner by mistake, and the next day —

"I woke up quite in my usual state of philosophy, highly amused at my situation. The soldiers collected in numbers, to amuse themselves at my expense. After some little 'chaffing,' they began to dance about, going through their dounfátu or war-boast, slipping their lances at me, and catching them by the butt when the point was within an inch or two of my body. I knew I was in no danger, if I only kept my temper. So when the first man had performed his part, I took a piece of straw and gave it him, telling him that that was the sword he needed. This raised a laugh against him, and entering into the spirit of the thing, we went on famously. I acted the part of a chief: gave one man a straw coronet, to another a bracelet, to a third an imaginary mule, and so on; while, to make the matter more real, I invested a dollar, luckily hidden in the corner of my belt, in some drink, and each bringing

his share of dinner, we had a grand carnivorous feast. Thus, by a little management, I became a great favorite with the soldiery, instead of being bullied by them. Let this be a warning to hot-headed travellers. My greatest discomfort arose from my complaint. But this only served to draw out the good qualities of my comrades, who contrived for me all sorts of little necessary conveniences, and went about in search of medicines. They procured me a pungent root, which did me so much good, that on the third day of my imprisonment I was quite well!"

We think that while England, Scotland, and Ireland can produce such specimens of travellers as those we have quoted, no one need dread the enervation of our modern gentlemen, as long as they escape the influence of Generals Pipeclay, Martinet, and Routine.

LILLIESLEAF: being a concluding series of some Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside. Written by herself. 3 vols. Hurst & Blackett.

THE concluding series of "Some Passages" is to our thinking superior to the beginning, and this we take to be about the most satisfactory compliment we can pay the authoress. There is a vein of simple good sense and pious feeling running throughout, for which no reader can fail to be the better. The Scotch idiom in which the book is written is pleasant in its classical homeliness; for it is not the coarse common Scotch we generally meet with, but the dialect in which a well-bred elderly gentlewoman would naturally speak. As to the main incident of the story, we must be allowed to say, that we strongly doubt whether a rational being would ever set out systematically down the road to ruin, for the problematical chance of "a sharp pull up" at the bottom of the hill. We have most of us heard of the good wife who, finding that her husband would not leave the gin-shop at her entreaty, sat down and began to follow his example in the most spirited manner, treating everybody, and making herself "the life and soul of the company," as the phrase is, until her husband in dismay rushed home, "declaring that it would be ruin indeed to light the candle at both ends at once!" But the experiment of the heroine of "Lilliesleaf" was on a much larger scale, and for more desperate stakes. We cannot venture to hold her up as an example to anxious wives, unless they are very sure that they have husbands like Alan Elphinstone of Lilliesleaf. — *Athenæum*.

VENOM OF TOADS. — As the attention of the readers of "N. & Q." has recently been directed to the poisonous qualities of the toad, the following may not be without interest; I have extracted it from Thomas Lupton's *A Thousand Notable Things of Sundarie Sorts*, 1639, book i. art. 1:

"In the first beginning hereof, a rare and strange matter shall appeare, worthy to be marked, especially of such as loue or use sage. A certaine man being in a Garden with his Loue, did take (as he was walking) a few leaues of Sage, who rubbing his teeth and gumes therewith, immediately fell downe and died; whereupon his said Loue was examined how he died. She said she knew nothing that he ailed, but that he rubbed his teeth with Sage; and she went with the Judge and others into the Garden and place, where the same thing happened: and then she tooke of the same Sage to show them how hee did, and likewise rubbed her teeth and gumes therewith, and presently she died also, to the great maruell of all them that stood by; whereupon the Judge, suspecting the cause of their deaths to be in the Sage, caused the said bed of Sage to be plucked and digged up, and to be burned, lest others might have the like harme thereby. And at the rootes, or under the said Sage, there was a great Toad found, which infected the same Sage with his venomous breath. Anthonius Mizaldus hath written of this marvellous matter. This may be a warning to such as rashly use to eat raw and vnwasht Sage; therefore it is good to plant Rue round about Sage, for Toads by no meanes will come nigh vnto Rue (as it is thought of some)." — *Notes and Queries*.