

inside, and flashed red, green, and yellow signals in wild confusion. I knew this piece of finery would not last long, as it would insist upon running against everybody's head, its large size bringing it into constant collision; but it looked well, and ornamented the van. As it burnt several candles the lantern became hot, which somewhat warmed the cabin, and was a welcome increase of temperature, for although the floor was protected by oil-cloth, upon which were double layers of Scinde rugs, the extreme thinness of the walls made it unpleasantly cold with the thermometer outside at 40° . The servants were saved an immense amount of trouble by the presence of the gipsy-van, which at the time they hardly appreciated; they had no tent-pitching upon the halt, neither unpacking of boxes, nor arranging of beds, nor any of the usual work connected with a daily camp. It is impossible for the inexperienced to appreciate the comfort of such a vehicle where the roads are practicable, especially in bad weather, when you are perfectly certain that your home is weather-proof and your bed dry. Those who have experienced the misery of a halt in pouring rain, when everybody and everything has been sodden to the bone, when the ground is slush that will not hold a tent-peg; the night dark; the fuel will not burn; the matches expend themselves in vain phosphoric flashes, but will not ignite; the water that has run down your neck has formed reservoirs within your boots; the servants are reduced to the inactivity of sponges; and—the tents MUST be pitched. The heavy soaked canvas that can hardly flap in the strong wind is at length spread over the cold soft ground; the camp-beds, though wet as tripe, MUST be arranged; and down go the iron legs, sinking to an unknown depth into the sodden soil!