

WISE WORDS ON CAMPING, AND A SHORT WAY WITH SNORERS.

BY ONE WHO HATH ENJOYED THE ONE AND SUFFERED THE
OTHER.

To dwell awhile in a Tent upon some great Hill is a pleasant thing, so it be rightly gone about. For there shall the weary man forget his Cares and the sad man his Troubles, and he that is neither, remembereth not that he shall one day be both. Only take not with you one that is in Love. For if a man keep a Diary, he may be reprov'd; and even if he snore, he may be cured; but how shall he be made bearable to his friends if he be in Love? I say, beware of such.

In choosing ground whereon to pitch thy *Tabernaculum* or Tent, there is much Thought to be taken; for if it be too high it will be difficult to come at, and if it be too low it will be come at too easily by Those who are carried swiftly about from place to place in chariots. Moreover, there must be water to be come by, both for refreshment and for cleanliness; but beware of pitching too near any Stream, lest it overflow upon thee. Neither is it well to pitch upon a sheep-track, for the Sheep is but a foolish creature, and will turn neither to the right hand nor to the left from his path, but will disturb thy rest with his Lamentations. But choose you a soft, level *glebula* or turf (but if it slope gently it will do no harm) far removed from Highways, yet not too far, and hard by some rushing Brook, whose pure waters do leap over its rocky Bed, whereon no Weed may grow for the swiftness, and whose gentle Gurgling shall woo thee to sleep in spite of much Snoring. Such streams do often run forth into sweet, still Pools, where a man may bathe; and, look you, there is nought that doth refresh both Body and Mind in comparison with a Bath at dawn in a Waterfall on a mountain side, albeit there are many who choose rather to enjoy it later.

See well to it that there be no dead sheep in your

stream, for this unsavoury Beast delighteth so to order his End that you shall not be aware of him till after many days.

Though all this be observed, yet may your Camp be but a Spot and a Blemish on the face of the Earth, if it be not kept orderly and tidy withal. This is a little matter, but of great moment. Be not led astray by those who build great Inns on the top of a mountain so that much people do come together from the uttermost parts of the Earth to eat and to drink there, and consider not what manner of place it is which they have defiled.

In the cutting of Bread upon a camp table there is much spilling of Drink, and he who sitteth at the lower side thereof shall receive it in his Bosom. In observing this there is Wisdom.

A foul Pipe is a grievous Thing in a Tent, and they who use such are more to be avoided than many bad Drains. Dottels also are an abomination.

Take example by the patience of the Candle, and swear not when the Wind extinguisheth her. Surely she is the more put out of the twain, yet remaineth silent.

A Slug in the grass is a sweet Thing for contemplation while he gambolleth circumspectly; but when he leapeth into the Soup he is hardly to be borne.

Speak not vain words, saying, "To-morrow we will rise early and work hard till the evening." It were pity thou shouldest forswear thyself.

The Washing of Plates and Dishes is a Weariness, and if, by going forth to carry water from the stream, thou cause it to fall unto thy Friend: well. But do not so too often, lest, whilst thou art gone, he betake himself to his Journal, and thou, on thy return, be constrained to do the Washing also.

He who walketh upon the Ground-sheet with his climbing-boots is a mischievous Fellow, and, when Rain falleth, he shall repent him of his Error.

A *Rhynchissator* or Snorer is a pestilent Thing in a Tent, and there be few who can abide him, even among those of his own kind. It avails nothing to reproach him



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with his Trumpeting; for, look you, he will deny it—snore he never so rombusiously. Seek out, therefore, a stout, lusty Bull Frog—one much given to Chanting by Night—and tie him fast by the Leg at bed-time over against where thy Friend sleepeth. Your Amphibian shall presently begin to warble forth—for he hath a merry Soul—and if the Snorer be sleeping you must wake him lovingly; whereat he will be angry, for he is a selfish Beast and likes not to be kept from his Sleep. After he hath endured for a while, he will go forth from the tent in great anger to make an end of the Noise, and you shall lie at your ease while he tumbleth over Ropes and stumbleth over Stones and slippeth into Pools, and slideth down Steep Places—and all this while good Master Bull Frog shall keep him in heart with his Bellowing. It may chance that your Friend shall step upon him unawares in the darkness, and so make an end of him and his Song together; then must you have your two Frogs the next night, and, if so be these perish also, three or more the night after that. But he must be a Great Snorer indeed if two will not suffice to bring about his Healing. Or, being affrighted at the approach of Man (and this is the more likely) the Reptile shall peradventure hold his peace till your friend hath given up the search and returned to his Bed. Then he incontinently lifteth up his Voice again, so that the very hills do ring with it. Now this is a great Bitterness to your Snorer, for he can bear with no Noise save his own, so he shall go forth again in a Rage to put his rival to silence. Now, if all go well, and your frogs be in good voice, he shall certainly get him no sleep that night, nor will you either. Nevertheless, if he be brought to perceive, in some sort, what manner of a Plague he hath been to his bedfellow, your Loss will be Gain; for so shall you both return home from your Journey much refreshed, and fall to your Labours with a will, even as new men.