

PREFACE.

THE first thing a man who travels from London to Scotland wants to do is to describe to his friends at the end of his journey his experiences on the way—whether the train was crowded or not, what the weather was like, and how perfect or imperfect the arrangements of the railway company were. It is the same general instinct of wishing to tell out to others the experiences one has had that is now acting in me. To do this in conversation is, in my case, a hopeless task—because, for one thing, my experiences of travel have now accumulated so heavily; and, for another, I find insuperable difficulties in giving by word of mouth accounts of travels in strange lands unfamiliar to the hearer. At the same time I am, always experiencing the wish that my friends should be able to share with me, as much as it is possible to do so, the enjoyment I have felt in looking upon Nature in its aspects wild, in distant unfrequented parts of the earth, and in mixing with strange and little-known peoples, who, semi-barbarians though they may be, have often more interesting traits of character than others in a higher scale of civilization.

I have, therefore, been year by year impelled to write out my experiences in a collected form, and in such a way as may be accessible, not only to those with whom I am personally acquainted, but also, I hope, to many another kindred spirit, who shares with me that love for adventure and seeking out the