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XXV. I. REDUNCA CAPREOLUS: THE REEBBOK.
 II. TRAGULUS RUPESTRIS: THE STEENBOK.

PLATE XXV.

1. REDUNCA CAPREOLUS.—THE RHEEBOK.

Rheebok of the Cape Colonists. *Peeli* of the Bechuana and Matabili.

GENERIC CHARACTER.—Adult male two feet five inches high at the shoulder, and about five feet in length. Body very slender and long. Neck attenuated and light. Head small and ears pointed. A conspicuous black spot at the angle of the mouth. Horns about nine inches in length; straight, slender, vertical, and pointed; highly polished, with from ten to fifteen rings at the base. Hair very soft and villous, disposed in curls like the fleece of a lamb. General colour of the coat ashy grey, with a cast of buff in the older subjects; beneath white. Tail about five inches long, full and bushy like that of a rabbit; grey, lined and turned up with white. Muzzle naked and moist. Suborbital sinus low down, but distinct.

Female similar, though smaller, and without horns. Mammæ four. Found in small troops, chiefly among the hills and rocks of the colony.

2. TRAGULUS RUPESTRIS.—THE STEENBOK.*

Steenbok of the Cape Colonists. *Eoolah* of the Matabili.

GENERIC CHARACTER.—About twenty inches high at the shoulder, twenty-two at the croup, and thirty-five in length. Very high on the legs. Head short and oval; snout pointed; muzzle black, ending in an angular gusset upon the ridge of the nose. Eyes high in the head, with black eyelashes. Horns vertical, parallel, and nearly straight; four inches in length, slender, round, and pointed, with two or three rudiments of wrinkles at the base. From the root of each, a remarkable black horse-shoe passes backwards, and unites between the ears so as to form an obtuse angle on the occiput. Ears large, round, and open; of a pale fawn colour edged with black. Tail barely an inch long and almost imperceptible, being a mere stump or tubercle, beyond which the hair does not protrude. General colour tawny or rufous, with occasionally a cast of brown or crimson. Breast, belly, and buttocks white. Groin naked and black. Legs of a uniform fawn colour. Small callosity on the knees. No accessory or spurious hoofs. Pasterns very rigid. A small black detached suborbital sinus beneath the inner canthus of the eye.

Female similar, but without horns; the black horse-shoe on the occiput being however as conspicuous as in the male. Mammæ four. Monogamous or solitary among the stunted bushes of elevated tracts of ground. Common in the colony.

* The Vlaete Steenbok (*T. Rufescens*) and the Bleekbok (*T. Pediotragus*) appear to me simply varieties of this antelope, and not distinct species.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RHEEBOK AND THE STEENBOK.

"O'er the plains where the bright bulbs lie,
Through the kloofs where the zephyrs sigh,
O'er the heath whose flowery head
Trembles scarce beneath his tread,
Wildly bounds the Rheebok by,
In the love of liberty!"

ALTHOUGH both of the elegant species of Antelope here portrayed, are to be met with in many of the open and rugged portions of the interior that we visited, they are far better known to me as denizens of the Cape Colony, throughout even the better inhabited cantons of which, the Rheebok especially is extremely common. Never entering the forest, but residing chiefly among rocky glens and mountain passes, it haunts the vicinage of little stagnant pools that have been left by the winter torrents; and small families, comprising one old male and five or six females, with their fawns, may there frequently be seen grazing quietly on the bare hill-side, or gambolling amongst the dwarf trees and under-wood with which the lower declivities are scantily fringed. To guard against surprise, a vidette is on these occasions invariably on the alert; and should a human figure or other suspicious object be descried nearer than is judged to be safe, the wary sentinel forthwith extends her slender neck, and gives warning to her companions by a sharp sneeze. Away they all bound, lightly as the wind, tossing their graceful heads, whilst their dainty feet scarcely seem to touch the earth; and never slackening their pace until they have gained the summit of some distant eminence, they halt as if by word of command, and suddenly facing half round, reconnoitre the enemy. Exceedingly shy, and possessed of a keen scent and a hawk-like vision, it is difficult enough to approach within rifle-range; but the little herd, when thus in motion, usually winding round the base of a hill instead of taking directly up the acclivity, an opportunity is often presented to the pursuer to gallop across the path they have selected, and thus obtain an easy snap-shot. Of lighter proportions than almost any other African antelope, with long taper legs, and a singularly raking neck, the Rheebok moves with no less smoothness than velocity, keeping its graceful figure close to the ground, which it covers by long easy strides, with a motion so rapid and uniform, that it would seem rather to glide than gallop.

"Rough are those rocks, yet down their slope
The silvery-footed Antelope
More gracefully and gaily springs
Than in the marbled courts of kings."

In the woolly quality of the fleece, which resembles the fur of a wild rabbit, and is often beautifully curled and frizzled into distinct locks, consists one of the most remarkable features of this singular species. Nor is the position of the horns less eccentric. They are straight, set perpendicularly upon the cranium, and withal so slender and sharp at the tips, that the savage tribes employ them in lieu of awls and bodkins for piercing holes during the manufacture of their skin cloaks.

Another member of the Reduncine group, likewise a denizen of the colony but of which no figure will appear among these portraits, is the Oribi.* This antelope is most commonly found to the eastward, about Algoa bay, ranging over the more open tracts, and it may frequently be descried at the distance of a mile, grazing or diverting itself in the barren plain,

"Where stunted heath is patched with ruddy sand."

Without being positively gregarious, it is fond of the society of its fellows—ten or a dozen being sometimes detected together, although straggling so confusedly that they would appear to be in company rather by accident than by design. Neither, when alarmed, do the whole retreat together—each individual selecting its own line of country, and flying off in the direction which it deems to be the most secure. In point of colour and general appearance, this animal differs little from the Steenbok, but it may be readily distinguished by its superior stature, by conspicuous brushes on the knees, and by white arches above the orbits, neither of which latter peculiarities, it will be seen, have existence in the smaller of the annexed figures.

Often solitary, and never congregating even in small families, the delicate little Steenbok is common enough within the colonial limits, where it resides chiefly in pairs among stony plains and mountain valleys—uniformly eschewing very elevated or abrupt localities. Dry open flats, scantily strewn with large red rocks and boulder stones, shaded here and there by scraggy under-wood, or clumps of stunted thorn bushes, form its favourite haunt—this being indeed the prevailing character

* *Redunca Scoparia.*

of the tracts lying about the gorges of secondary hills within the colony. More timid than a hare, the tail-less Steenbok conceals its imperceptible figure among piles of stone and broken ravines, its colour and diminutive stature enabling it most successfully to elude observation so long as it remains upon its form. High on the legs in proportion to its length, its motions when aroused are swift, and if pursued it will bound without exertion over a space of ten or fifteen feet; but when closely pressed, or deprived of the hope of escape, it is wont to hide its diminutive head in the first hole or corner, where it patiently awaits its doom. 'Twas no uncommon event for the Bechuana of our party to knock these little bucks off their legs by *squaling* at them with knob-sticks or clubs of Rhinoceros horn; and we once fell in with a party of hunting Corannas who had 'doubled up' no fewer than seven in this fashion. Numbers are destroyed by vermin and by the larger birds of prey, and within the colony the species is greatly persecuted on account of the delicacy of its venison, which is as universally esteemed as the dry insipid flesh of the Rheebok is deservedly despised.

Colony of the Cape of Storms! how often during the cold bracing mornings of winter, with my good rifle across my shoulders, have I roamed over thy wild mountains. Fanned by thy elevating zephyrs how elastic and buoyant are our bodily sensations. The tip of each finger tingles to the warm current of our blood, and as the clustering heath-bell crisps beneath the tread from the white hoar wherewith its hair-like leaves are embossed, we feel as though we could leap forth out of ourselves.

"Come up the hill and smell the breath
Of the purple mountain heath,
Sweeter than the painted flowers
Reared in artificial bowers."

The sun is just rising from his slumbers, and the steaming slopes are enveloped in the grey filmy veil of the departing mist. Viewed from the higher altitudes, it rests on the bosom of the deep valleys like a vast inland lake, the reflection of surrounding objects so sleeping upon the mirror as to perfect the resemblance to a sheet of water. And at every step we take, what thousands and tens of thousands of gay flowers rear their lovely heads around us. Of a surety, the enthusiasm of the botanist has not painted the wonders of these regions in colours more brilliant than they deserve, for Afric is the mother of the most magnificent exotics that grace the greenhouses of Europe. Turn where we will, some new plant discovers itself to the admiring gaze, and every barren rock being decorated with some large and showy blossom, it can be no exaggeration to compare the country to "a botanical garden left in a state of nature." The regal Protea, for whose beauties we have from childhood entertained an almost instinctive respect, here blossoms spontaneously on every side—the buzzing host of bees, beetles, and other parasites, by which its choice sweets are surrounded, being often joined by the tiny humming-bird, herself scarcely larger than a butterfly, who perches on the edge of a broad flower, and darts her tubular tongue into the chalice. But the bulbous plants must be considered to form the most characteristic class, and in no region of the globe are they to be found so numerous, so varied, or so beautiful. To the brilliant and sweet-smelling *ivia*, and to the superb species of the *iris*, there is no end—the *moræa*, the cornflag, the *amaryllis*, the *hæmanthus*, and *pancratium*, being countless as the sands upon the sea-shore. After the autumnal rains, their gaudy flowers mixed with those of the brilliant *orchidæ*, impart life and beauty for a brief season to the most sandy wastes, and covering alike the meadows and the foot of the mountains, are succeeded by the *gnaphalium*, the *xeranthemum*, and a whole train of everlastings, which display their red, blue, or silky white flowers among a host of scented geraniums, flourishing like so many weeds. Even in the midst of stony deserts arise a variety of aloes and other fleshy plants—the *stapelia* or carrion-flower, with square succulent, leafless stems, and flowers resembling star-fish, forming a numerous and highly eccentric genus, in odour so nearly allied to putrescent animal matter, that insects are induced to deposit their larvæ thereon. The brilliant *mesembryanthemum*, or fig-marigold, comprising another genus almost peculiar to South Africa, extends to nearly three hundred species, and whilst they possess a magazine of juices which enables them to bear, without shrinking, a long privation of moisture, their roots are admirably calculated to fix the loose shifting sands which form the superficies of so large a portion of the soil. But amid this gay and motley assemblage, the heaths, whether in number or in beauty, stand confessedly unrivalled. Nature has extended that elegant shrub to almost every soil and situation—the marsh, the river-brink, the richest loam, and the barest mural cliff, being alike

"empurpled with the heather's dye."

Upwards of three hundred and fifty distinct species exist, nor is the form of their flowers less diversified than are their varied hues. Cup-shaped, globular, and bell-shaped, some exhibit the figure of a cone, others that of a cylinder; some are contracted at the base, others in the middle, and still more are bulged out like the mouth of a trumpet. Whilst many are smooth and glossy, some are covered with down, and others again are encrusted with mucilage. Red, in every variety and depth of shade, from blush to the brightest crimson, is their prevailing complexion; but green, yellow, and purple, are scarcely less abundant, and blue is almost the only colour whose absence can be remarked.

"In emerald tufts, flowers purple, pink, and white,
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee
Fairies use flowers for their charactery."

Flora may here indeed be said to hold her court, surrounded by all the gayest and most *élite* of her varied train, yet is she usually more imposing than beautiful. Her caprices are greatly in excess of her charms, and the rich treasures which she

has thus cast into the lap of rugged rocks and arid sands, thoroughly satisfy neither our eye nor our ideas. An isolated plant, how intrinsically beautiful soever it may be, is seen but to poor advantage on a mass of otherwise barren clay; and too often does it happen, that amid the rich tints and elegant structure which have been lavished on the vegetable kingdom of the Cape, we seek in vain for that perfume, whose aroma fills the gardens of our native lands.

Advancing among the inanimate novelties just described, one of the first living objects that meets our gaze is the tall Secretary bird,* either formally seated upon an ant-hill, or stalking upon stilts with grave and measured strides in quest of his morning meal. Clad in the parish uniform of grey jacket and black breeches, observe how ceremoniously the pompous villain struts along with his quill jauntily stuck behind his ear like a lawyer's clerk. See! he has found a puff-adder, from whose poisonous glance all save himself recoil. Darting like lightning upon his mortal foe, he wages active war with his armed pinions, leaping frequently into the air after the manner of a game cock, while sparring vigorously with his long scaly legs and eagle-like talons. Now seizing the reptile by the writhing tail,

"The snake-fed bird his silver wings unfolds,"

and soaring away with his prize, lets it fall from a great height to the earth—as instantly resuming his gripe, and successively going through the same manoeuvre until the life of his victim having become extinct, he swallows it without more ado.

So engrossed have we been with this singular piece of venerie, that we have only now perceived yonder herd of Rheebocks grazing among a scraggy copse of the succulent *speck boom* †—most useless of all trees, whose pithy branches, refusing to burn, are not even serviceable for fuel. The wary animals are hugging the inumbrated side of the hill; but although our head has barely appeared above the brow, it has been observed by the lynx-eyed sentinel, and stamping petulantly with her light fore foot, she has already given the note of alarm, by sending down the breeze a sharp and not to be mistaken whistle. Ceasing to graze, the whole group forthwith elevate their white rabbit-like scuts, and pay us the compliment of devoting to our proceedings their exclusive attention—one and all being fully prepared to start at score whenever the danger shall appear sufficiently imminent. Whilst all eyes are rivetted on the spot we occupy, crouching low, we place our hat and jacket in effigy upon a staff, and the herd being fascinated thereby, we steal quietly round to the rear, and arrive unobserved within sure rifle range. The rest is lowered, and the fatal aim taken; the fine drawn sights cover the lord of the seraglio who is readily to be distinguished by his bodkin horns; and a gentle pressure of the fore finger being applied to the well-balanced hair trigger, the billeted missive speeds through the air with unerring precision. All shaggy with heather, the frost-bound hills echo again to the sharp crack of the explosion, and the stricken quarry is plunging in his last throes. Every living object within earshot is now instantly in motion. Yonder troop of white-rumped springboks, which have hitherto been quietly distributed over the plain in straggling groups, is suddenly collected, and in full retreat. Scores upon scores of red backs form at each leap one sheet of snow, displayed but to disappear again in an instant; whilst the little herd of widowed rheebocks, puzzled by the echo, having described the segment of a wide circle, come racing round the base of the very slope on which we are stationed, and leave one more of their number weltering in her red gore to the crack of our reserve barrel.

The *ruse* which has proven so successful in this instance, is again practised with a similar result upon a troop of younger and less wary bucks, which have been forced by their late jealous sire to separate themselves from the herd, and are next descried through a glass feeding at the foot of a stony ridge. Winding out of the glen with three woolly carcasses corded on the back of a stout pony, we trudge back, well pleased with the morning's work, towards the farm house in which we have taken up our week's quarters; and striking into the high road, are presently hailed in a strain highly complimentary to our skill in woodcraft, by the Dutch inmates of a light horse waggon which comes whirling past at a rapid rate. The corpulent owner is holding the rude reins in both his hands, whilst those of an active Hottentot are flourishing about the ears of the reeking team of ten, a whip some five-and-thirty feet in extreme length, beside which two of Crowther's rolled into one, would seem but a sprig of jasmine. Springing ever and anon from the driving-box to the ground, and coursing alongside the rudely-harnessed steeds, he lustily flogs up the sluggards, and when all are at full gallop, vaults again into his seat with the agility of a monkey. Such, gentle reader, is the more luxurious mode of travelling within the colony of the Cape; the equestrian order in which we are ourselves about returning to the metropolis, now that our sport is over, being of a character scarcely less novel. Shouldst thou possess leisure and inclination to accompany us a few miles on the road, we doubt not of thy returning diverted by the peep that will be afforded at Dutch African men and manners.

We have equipped ourselves with four ragged raw-boned steeds, not one of which, unless his uncouth exterior doth strangely belie him, has ever been within the precincts of a stable, or felt the grateful titillation of a curry-comb. The best are bestrode by ourselves and by our Hottentot henchman or *agter ryer*, whilst the others, which quarter the *Cape arms* upon their deeply-cut knees, are led with light packs, that may, in the absence of relays, be shifted every eight or ten miles to the backs of the saddle-horses. The bits and stirrup irons of our travel-stained furniture are embrowned by the accumulated rust of ages! A sheep skin coverlet which serves as a saddle cloth during the day, takes the place of

* *Falco serpentarius*. A bird sacred in the Colony, and formerly preserved by a fine of one hundred Rix Dollars imposed on its destruction.

† *Portulacaria Afra*.

bedding by night, and on a pinch, the bags may possibly produce a change of raiment; but in all other respects are we solely dependent upon the boors, whose bare unsheltered dwellings, few and far between along our route, are each the very duplicate of the last. Built with scarcely any variation in size, with fantastic white stuccoed gables, a thatched roof, and an elevated *stoep* or platform along the front,—the latter screened by half a dozen poplars which form a line betwixt it and the road—to see one of these bleak abodes is to see all. A cattle-fold, near to which stands a waggon divested of its white awning; a conical cooking house surrounded by a group of dirty half naked children; a tanning vat formed of an ox-hide slung between four stakes; and a soap-boiler, wherein a decrepit old witch is brewing a nosegay that may be scented a league off, are the never failing concomitants. Nor do the manners and habits of the half civilized proprietors possess a less remarkable similarity than their domiciles. In the more remote portions of the Colony, no deviation is made under any circumstances, from the primitive custom of dining at noon: so that if we propose to satisfy the appetite which our ride has doubtless engendered, we shall do well to time our visit accordingly. Not heeding a surly reception, let us wait with patience until the board groans under greasy viands, and then, taking our seats as a matter of course, without tarrying for an invitation, harpoon with our double pronged steel fork, whatever edible within reach we may have taken a fancy to—bestowing no unnecessary attention upon the fair ladies, who, we may rest assured, will never fail to take proper care of themselves.

Arrived at the termination of our first fifty mile stage, let me introduce thee to the inmates of that old fashioned cottage in which we have resolved to pass the night. They are fortunately of the more civil order, and we will hope that their's may prove a sample of the hospitality which we are to experience throughout our journey. Having ridden up to the everlasting *stoep*, we remain seated during the process of shaking hands, or more correctly speaking of touching palms in a cold unmeaning manner, with the phlegmatic *baas*.* His meerchaum stuck in the corner of his mouth, the good man is lounging over the half hatch of his front door, calmly surveying the operation of plucking the down from a cackling flock of geese, the which is being performed with no very tender hand by a possé of Hottentot urchins.† Mynheer Dikkop is a substantial apoplectic looking *burgher* of passing grave deportment,—his chin beset with stubble of a fortnight's growth, which imparts an admirable finish to the general slovenliness of his uncouth exterior. The lower edge of a greasy night-cap which once may have been white, protrudes under the broad brim of an ample drab hat, positively smothered in crape—a band of which material, you are of course aware is permanently attached to every *hoed* in the colony. A shaggy woollen jacket composed of *duffel* cloth, and the upper portion of a pair of sheepskin trousers of no stingy dimensions, completes the portrait so far as the closed lower door will at present admit of our surveying it.

'*Goen dag mynheer,*' is our opening salutation; '*hoe vaart gij—gij wil afklimm?*' the civil reply. And having 'climbed down' accordingly, and been further invited to '*afzadel,*' our meagre steeds have their heads lashed to their broken knees, and are turned out with full permission to forage for themselves—the first advantage they take of their restored liberty being to indulge in a hearty roll upon the green sward.

'*Kom binnen,*‡ continues our new acquaintance, thrusting his lighted pipe into his waistcoat pocket, and leading the way into his bleak *voor-huis* § —'*zit,*' taking his own seat at the same time — '*zie hier myn vrouw, en myn dogterem*' pointing comprehensively to a party of six plump, flaxen-haired, queen-ant-looking damsels at the further end of the room, who, each with her dropsical feet upon a warming pan, are staring at us with all their eyes. They are seated at a small table covered with green baize, and garnished with sundry broken cups and saucers—a small chafing dish upon the ground, above which a tea kettle is perpetually humming, together with an old fashioned coffee urn in constant use, serving to distinguish the mistress of the house, who, to judge by her looks, is several years younger than her married step-daughters. She is fluently issuing her commands from an easy chair to a number of female slaves who are ironing clothes on an adjoining dresser; and she possesses in an eminent degree the rudiments of that *sine quâ non* of Dutch feminine loveliness, elegantly expressed by her doating lord in the emphatic phrase '*dik en vet*' || — '*keek nu mynheer,*' he repeats several times with proud exultation, '*zic nu myneer, is zij nict een mooiste jonge vrouw?*' ¶

From the centre of the ceiling-less roof dangles the inviting carcass of a sheep, with a noble tail, now in the very act of being flayed by the family butcher,—a heterogeneous assemblage of raw hides, dried flesh, and beef sausages, so festooning the rafters as almost to conceal from view a coffin, which has been prudently provided for the use of the first of the family that may happen to require such accommodation. Several milk pails grace the walls, and two laughing Hottentot wenches, wearing enormous natural *bustles*, flat noses, and high cheek bones, are hard at work with a capacious churn; whilst several other handmaidens to whom our entrance has afforded unmitigated diversion, are respectively engaged in splitting pumpkins and shelling Indian corn.

'*En daar in komt mijn zoons,*' resumes the host, turning towards half a dozen hulking lads of the self same pattern, all dressed precisely like each other, and like their progenitor, who may truly be said to have "his quiver full of them." Filing mechanically into the room, and each extending one hand for a shake, whilst they slightly raise their crape-enveloped hats with

* Master.

† Large flocks of geese are kept by the Cape farmer for the sake of their down, which is plucked twice a year, and produces a revenue of about one Rix Dollar per head.

‡ Enter.

§ Hall.

|| Thick and fat.

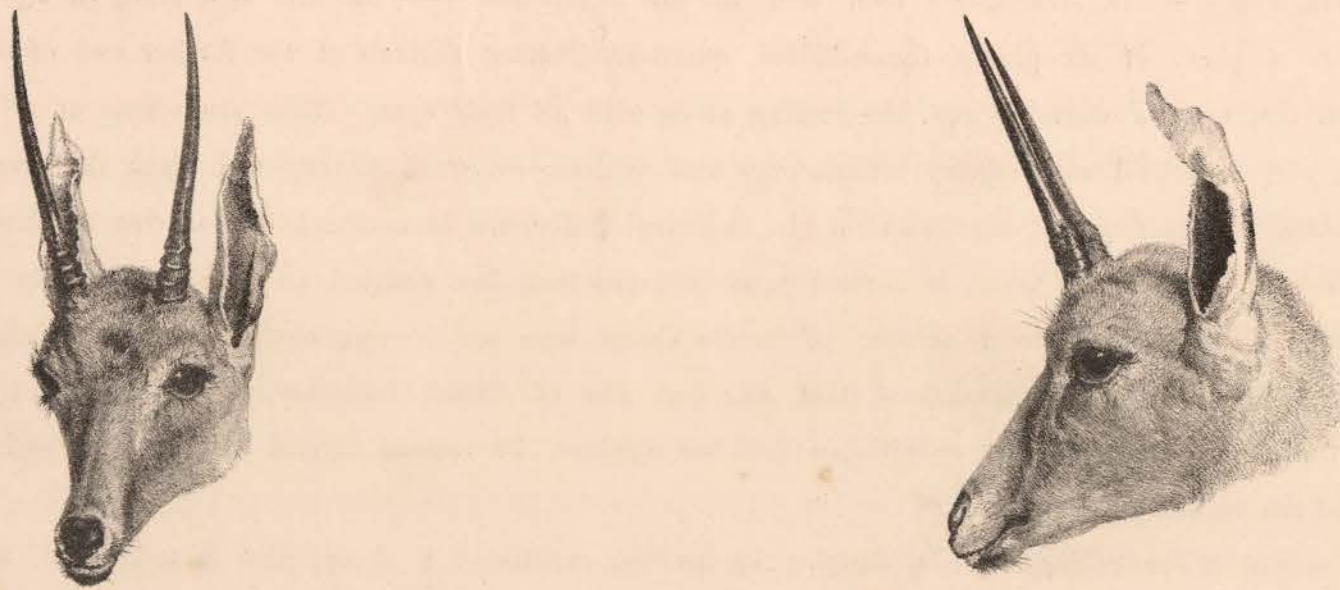
¶ Look now, is she not a most lovely young creature?

the other, they seat themselves in succession upon the rude wooden bottomed chairs that are ranged around the cheerless white walls, against which they sit like so many statues in their niches. Quaker like, not one of these hopeful scions uncovers his matted head, or has a single word to say for himself—the dead silence which their entrance has caused, being presently broken by an order from Mynheer, directing the youngest, his favourite cup-bearer, to ‘*schenk een zoopje*,’* whereupon a case bottle of *brandy-wyn*, or rather of downright aqua-fortis, is produced from a cupboard containing various nostrums, and a fiery draught handed round, which is finally tossed off by the host himself with a hearty smack of the lips, and many jeers at the bad taste of us his guests in rejecting ‘*de lakkerest ding wat in al de waereld is!*’

It is now high meridian, for all the shadows have vanished; and taking this as the sign and signal, the slave-girls drag into the middle of the hall a dresser capable of accommodating some twenty persons, and then *exeunt* to ‘*opschep*’ the dinner; whilst mine host, whose dormant curiosity has been considerably stimulated by the exhilarating *zoopje*, proceeds to put the customary interrogatories to his hungry guests. The preliminary question of ‘*Wel nu mynheer, gij kan Hollandsch spreken?*’† is followed by an elaborate catechism, whereof ‘*Hoe is uwe naam?*’—‘*Hoe oud is gij?*’—‘*Waar komt gij van daan?*’—‘*Waar trek gij na toe?*’—‘*Hoe veel kinderen hebt gij?*’—‘*Waar nu is uwe vrouw?*’—‘*Almagtig, gij hebt niet een vrouw! zij dood is?*’ invariably form the leading points, and are intended to be couched in a familiar colloquial idiom, adapted to our limited comprehensions; but ere the good man has had time to recover from the surprise into which he has been thrown by the last astounding intelligence that we have positively never been married in the whole course of our lives, re-enter the whole feminine group, bearing each a dish or utensil of some sort. ‘*Kom, zit bij,*’ exclaims the master, losing sight of his cross examination, suddenly dragging in his chair, and suiting the action to the word—when his excellent example being followed by every one present, the revel commences with an earnest. Sheep’s tail fat forms the basis of every mess, and even the vegetables are swimming therein. Mutton basted with its own grease, mealis or Indian corn soused in milk, together with stewed apricots, and boiled pumpkins, are rapidly disappearing. Five minutes prove amply sufficient to settle the whole business; and the portly *baas* having then reproduced from the pocket of his waistcoat that never failing pipe of half smoked tobacco, calls for ‘another dram.’ The rest of the party meanwhile drench themselves with jorums of *tea-water* at the good wife’s side table, and disperse to re-assemble at dark, when the same process repeated, is followed by a general foot-washing, according to seniority, in one and the same tub; and the dirty table cloth having duly discharged the office of a napkin, we are bid to *slaap-geruste*, or ‘soundly rest,’ and rolling ourselves up in our caross accordingly, proceed to look out for a warm corner. When taking our departure betimes the following morning, a present to the hostess of a little tea or snuff will not fail to be considered an equivalent for our board and lodging; but I may not venture to affirm that the rude hospitality which we have experienced, will be accorded in every instance with so good a grace as by Mynheer Dikkop and his ‘moey jonge vrouw.’

* Pour out a dram.

† Well now Mynheer you can speak Dutch?



Head of Rheedbok, as preserved, by Capt. Harris.