



XXVI. TRAGELAPHUS SYLVATICA. THE BUSHBUCK.
 TRAGULUS MELANOTIS. THE GRYSBOK.
 CEPHALOPUS CERULEA. THE CERULEAN ANTELOPE.

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PLATE XXVI.

1. TRAGELAPHUS SYLVATICA.—THE BUSHBUCK.

Boschbok of the Cape Colonists.

GENERIC CHARACTER.—Adult male about five feet two inches in length, and two feet eight inches high at the shoulder; more at the croup. Form elegant: receding somewhat from the typical structure of true Antelopes, and assuming that of the goat. Limbs robust and clean. Hoofs small and pointed. Horns about twelve inches long; erect, spiral, and sublyrate, being so twisted in their ascent upon their own axis, as to diverge from each other in the middle. They are marked with an obsolete ridge in front, and one in the rear, forming a wreath; are black, and closely wrinkled at the base, and have sharp, smooth, and polished points, a little bent forward. General colour a brilliant chesnut black above, marked usually with a narrow white streak along the spine, partially concealed by long brown hair four or five inches in length, which forms a mane. Two round white spots on each cheek, and several larger ones on the flanks, groins, and haunches, forming unconnected lines. A white patch on the gullet, and two on each fetlock. Chin and inside of thighs white. Forehead intense sienna. A broad naked black band generally encircles the neck, as if the hair had been worn off by a collar. Tail nine inches long, shaped like that of the fallow-deer; brown above, and white beneath. Ears large and round. A moist naked muzzle. No lachrymary opening.

Female similar but without horns. Mammæ four. Monogamous or solitary. Inhabits chiefly the forests bordering on the sea coast.

2. TRAGULUS MELANOTIS.—THE GRYSBOK.

GENERIC CHARACTER.—Adult male from twenty to twenty-two inches high at the shoulder, and rather more at the crupper. Length about thirty-two inches. Head very broad and short, contracting suddenly before the orbits. Snout obtusely pointed. Horns about three and a half inches long, smooth, round, slender and vertical, or very slightly inclined forwards. Eyes full and melting; surrounded by a black border which likewise encircles the detached suborbital sinus. Ears, round, open, and broad; black, and nearly naked on the outside, and marked on the inner side with three dark striæ. A black horse-shoe on the occiput. Colour deep chocolate or crimson red; the long coarse coat being stippled with numerous single hairs of the purest white, which impart a hoary appearance. Beneath rufous. Tail tuberculous, and concealed among the surrounding hair of the buttocks.

Female similar but hornless. Mammæ two. Habits monogamous or solitary. Common in the Colony among the wooded tracts which skirt the coast.

3. CEPHALOPUS CÆRULA.—THE CERULEAN ANTELOPE.

Blauwbok and *Kleenebok* of the Cape Colonists. *Noumetje* of the Hottentots.

GENERIC CHARACTER.—Adult male seldom more than twelve inches high, by twenty-five inches in length. Head very long and pointed, with a sharp spacious muzzle resembling a rat's both in shape and expression. A naked fleshy spot round the eyes, which have a cunning cast. Ears short and round like those of a rat. Horns black, conical, reclined; slightly turned inwards and forwards; two inches in length, closely and strongly annulated. General colour dull brownish buff, or mouse-colour above; beneath white. The upper part of the body has often a slaty purplish blue complexion. Legs and rump rufous. Hoofs oval, three quarters of an inch in length, and of a light horn-colour. Tail two inches long; dark above, white beneath. No suborbital sinus, but a suborbital sack lower down, marked by a lengthened streak upon the cheek.

Female similar, but hornless, and even more diminutive. Solitary, in the forests along the sea coast.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BUSHBUCK, GRYSBOK, AND CERULEAN ANTELOPE.

“Though a thousand branches join their screen,
Yet the broken sun-beams glance between,
And tip the leaves with lighter green,
With brighter tints the flower:
Dull is that heart that loves not then
The deep recess of the wild-wood glen,
Where roe and red-deer find sheltering den,
When the sun is in his power.”

“VOICI encore,” writes the enthusiastic Buffon, in allusion to the largest of the three figures annexed, “une très jolie gazelle, laquelle les Hollandois du Cap de Bonne Esperance donnent le nom de *bosbok*. Ce mot que j’ai conservé signifie le *bouc de bois*, et cette effectivement dans les forêts qu’on le trouve.” And aptly enough has this elegant and game looking Antelope been designated the Bush-goat; since, concealing itself during the day in the deepest glens of wooded mountains, it quits not its retreat except during the matin hours, when it warily sallies forth to graze along the outskirts of the forest, or tempted by the bright moonlight nights, makes a foray upon the neighbouring gardens and cultivation. Slow of foot, and easily overtaken if surprised in open situations, it is wise to lie thus close in its native jungles, the thickest of which it traverses with ease—darting from one shrubbery to another, and forcing its elastic form through the plaited undergrowth, with its horns so couched along the neck as to prevent their impeding progress by becoming entangled in the sylvan labyrinth. So perfectly does the voice of this singular species counterfeit the barking of a dog, that the benighted wayfarer is said to have been decoyed by it into the most lonely depths of the forest, vainly hoping to discover some human habitation, whereas every step has but removed him further from the abodes of man. Combining singular elegance and vigour with the most marked and decided colouring, the Bushbuck stands quite by itself among the Antelopes of Southern Africa, and is to be found only in those parts of the Colony and of Caffraria, where sufficient cover exists to afford it a safe asylum. Naturally preferring solitude, the buck is nevertheless frequently found in the society of the doe, accompanied during the breeding season by one or two kids, but never by adult individuals. Every specimen that I have seen displayed a bare ring around the neck, from which by some process not satisfactorily explained, the hair had been removed as if through long confinement by a chain and collar. Very old subjects wear white stockings gartered above the knee, and it is usual to find a narrow white tape along the back, partially concealed by the goat-like mane which bristles from the ridge of the spine. But of these characters, none are constant, all being often absent in the female, and even in the non-adult male, whose lighter-coloured coats are never so prominently ‘picked out’ as the dark robes of the patriarchs. When wounded these latter are usually extremely pugnacious, and their sharp horns render them by no means pleasant adversaries in a narrow path. During our sojourn at George, a hoary old buck made his way one moonlight night into a vineyard lying in the very middle of the village, and menacing all who attempted to eject him in the morning, was finally mobbed by every mongrel that could be collected, hunted down the main street, and run into at the end of it, after making a successful resistance for a considerable time upon its knees, and wounding several of its canine assailants.

A party of Boors, residing not far from the banks of the Knysna, have consented to give us a day’s shooting over one of their best preserves. As few portions of the vast belt of eternal verdure which skirts the eastern coast can present such magnificent scenery as this romantic river, along whose verdant borders

“the wild buck bells from his thorny brake,”

we will take our guns, although it wants still some hours of the appointed time, and ride through the forest to the place of rendezvous. Tranquil and solemn is the scene—the stillness of ages which sits upon the wilderness rendering its silence almost oppressive. Stupendous trees of the yellow-wood and wild cedar, shielded from the ruthless violence of the tempest by yon cloud-capped mountains, heave their fringed boughs against a sky of transparent azure, and spreading far and wide their venerable arms, are linked together by many a parasitic wreath. The shadow of this festooned canopy has encouraged the growth of various trailing plants, in parts so woven into a matted undergrowth as to be impervious to the morning sun, which now streams through the lower branches, and causes the pearly dew-drops to glisten upon every leaf. Each open vista reminds us

of a ride through a noble park, the very ground upon which we tread being enamelled with myriads of little wax-like flowers, daisies, and harebells, whilst many of the stately trees that tower on either hand, are hung with perfumed garlands, blue, white, crimson, and yellow:

"See you that Rock
Where the moss tuft has thrown
A fairy like beauty
Around the grey stone
See you that tree
Where the wild vine has braided
With cluster of green
Its foliage faded?"

Already is the amorous wood-pigeon cooing softly to his partner above our heads, and the glancing host of birds which people the sylvan shades are displaying their gay plumage in the sun-beams. The painted lori, the laughing *epimachus*, and the cuckoo, robed in gold embroidery, make the forest re-echo to their wild screech; whilst the honey-bird, fluttering before our path, would fain tempt us by reiterated whistles to the dangerous task of plundering a stack of hives which are glued to that lofty branch. Ever and anon may be heard the speckled wood-pecker—most laborious of winged artisans—rattling his hard chisel against the hollow limbs of some shattered trunk, whose withered crest tells of many a tempest that has assailed it; and hark! in the distance the funeral *campanero*, or bell-bird, perched in sad solitude upon a distant tree-top, is tolling forth at broken intervals its deep and solemn chime, like the grave-knell from a village spire.

We have shortly opened a full view of the stupendous chain of mountains, a portion of whose steep grassy acclivity must next be ascended. Whilst their bases are clothed with dwarf evergreens, each deep-cleft ravine and towering eminence is shaggy with masses of sombre foliage, which seem almost to touch the skies.

"Majestic woods of ever vigorous green
Stage above stage high waving o'er the hills,
Or to the far horizon wide diffused,
A boundless, deep, immensity of shade.
Here lofty trees to ancient song unknown
The noble sons of potent heat and floods
Prone rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom."

And having finally toiled to the summit, behold stretching away to the far horizon the "broad bosom of the dark blue sea"—its long line of coast, indented with spacious bays, traced like a chart before us, and lashed by a thick misty spray. Those twin pyramidal rocks defining the entrance to the Knysna, form a Scylla and Charybdis, whence issues the stunning thunder of never-ceasing breakers that whirl and bellow with convulsive shocks—a bare, black, broken surface, emerging at one moment like the many-headed Hydra—at the next drinking up the white waves, and vomiting forth into a thousand fantastic cascades a frothy spume which reflects the prismatic colours of the Iris.

The sun has mounted high above our heads, and reiterated blows from the ponderous hatchet of the wood-cutter ring in cheerful echoes through the primeval forest. Many a prostrate trunk that we have passed has borne testimony to the havoc he commits, and the stately iron-wood tree, to whose root the axe is now laid, soon quivering above its arboreal companions, falls too from its prosperous estate with a mighty crash, which resounds far and wide amid the valley. Alarmed by the sound, two or three of those most Lilliputian of all sylvan denizens, the slate-coloured antelope, have crossed our path like a ray of light, and skipping over the intervening shrubs, have dived like rabbits among the rank vegetation. A pair that have emerged from betwixt two mossy banks,

"where the lady-fern grows longest,"

are yet to be seen at the extremity of yonder avenue engaged in a thousand kid-like gambols, and in mimic strife butting at each other with their tiny horns. Stealing behind that tall straight stem, we are in the act of making one of the pigmies our own, when the voices of the party of whom we are in search, burst in upon our ears—and through the wood they come, a goodly group, armed *cap-a-pie*, and escorted by such a motley train of curs as may rarely be witnessed out of Africa.

The sequestered habits of the Boscbok putting the exercise of woodcraft out of the question, the guns are presently so disposed around the first promising clump of detached covert, as to beleaguer every avenue by which it appears probable that the inmates may break. In go the pack, to the number of two dozen, and each dog running by scent with a most clamorous tongue, the echoing solitudes are speedily rendered too hot to hold any thing larger than a mouse. Scarcely have they opened, before the light bounding footstep of an animal is heard advancing *pit-a-pat* through the wood, and a fine speckled buck, bursting through the leafy screen, turns up the path immediately in front of the stand below us. Bang! the clumsy Dutchman has missed his mark, and like a meteor, on dashes the quarry, undaunted and unscathed. He is ours beyond a doubt. The gun is at our shoulder, and a dull flat sound, resembling the tap of a muffled drum, following the

crack of the first barrel, an ancient buck, in whose fat carcase the bullet is fleshed, springs a considerable height into the air, and coming headlong to the earth, rolls over and over several times with its own velocity.

And a noble fellow he is, with horns as sharp as cambric needles. His consort having run the gauntlet on the opposite side of the grove, has died under a general salvo of buck-shot; and the brake being now completely drained, it is necessary, in order to arrive at the next covert, that we should force our way through that dense thicket occupying the very heart of the forest, where tangled grape-vines oblige us to creep upon our hands and knees. A huge mouldering trunk, freckled with fungus, and half hid by rank vegetation, opposes our progress, and in the act of scrambling over it, our Bata-vian confederate, taking the lead, obligingly lets fly in our face the elastic twigs of two stubborn saplings betwixt which he has squeezed his apoplectic figure, and whether designedly or otherwise, has thus done his best to distort our aim during the residue of the day. Emerging from the copse, we attain the black boggy margin of a spring, which, during the wet season doubtless exhibits a mimic torrent, but now, under the drought of summer, is creeping sluggishly along the level land, just saturating its mossy covering, and occasionally disappearing so completely through some hidden channel, that its existence is only to be traced by the exuberance of the high fern which it nourishes. Sombre trees flourish on either side—their naked roots, as well as the lower portions of their arrow-like stems, wrapped in dark green mosses, whilst their overhanging boughs support luxuriant clusters of unsunned creepers, whose tendrils almost dip into the stream. The chill and darksome character of this lone spot, which would indicate that even at his noontide height the sun sends not one solitary ray through the gloom, has rendered it a chosen resort of the forest denizens. Already have we disturbed a bushbuck from his lair beneath that thicket of twisted grape-vines, wherein unmolested he has long been wont to pass the heat of the day. Yonder he goes, right in front of us, his bristly back arched, his muzzle down, and his weapons laid along his bare neck. Nor is his lady far behind him. Away fly a dozen cartridges at their dappled flanks, and both are fairly on the ground, but after plunging a few seconds they have become obscured by a redundant clump of evergreens. Hurrying to the spot on which they fell, we find it bespattered with blood, the sharp hoofs of the stricken pair having left deep impressions as they bounded up under the smarting of their wounds. The red drops that trickle from their hazel sides do not fail to reveal the course they have severally taken, and tracking on, the doe is presently found lying across a log of decayed timber, over which she has stumbled, her bright sloe-like eyes already glazed in death, and the tongue hanging out of her half open mouth. But the breath has not so easily forsaken the nostrils of her mate. Carrying a charge of buck-shot under his ribs, he has lain him down among the long weeds, and having the impudence forsooth, when discovered, to make a show of resistance, is speedily on his way out upon a stick.

Clear of the wood, we have packed the slain, and mounting our horses, proceed to cross a shelving bank, destitute of trees, and completely overgrown with dry matted ferns, when a ridiculous contingency occurs which for some time retards our progress. Our fat Dutch friend of the morning, who, be it remarked *par parenthese*, rides not an ounce under two-and-twenty stone without his furniture, has incontinently disappeared; and after some search is found to be so completely jammed with his steed in a deep narrow water gully, rejoicing in a boggy bottom, that he is extricated with inconceivable difficulty upon our part, and no small hazard of suffocation on his own. But to release the unhappy quadruped, which is trembling in its strait waistcoat as if under a fit of the ague, defies every effort, and the purchase of sundry long levers thrust under its girth, added to the hauling of some dozen Hottentot domestics at the uncombed mane and tail, having completely failed, no alternative remains but to send to the nearest farm-house for spades and pickaxes, in order that the prisoner may be *dug out!* Numbers of these mossy and treacherous tracts which here exist, can be recognized by little standing pools of discoloured water, whereon floats a metallic scum; but the firm valley at our feet, as well as the base of the heights that embosom it, are clothed with luxuriant verdure, partially studded with forest trees which cast their umbrage over many a flowering *parterre*. Proteas, and large plots of scarlet geraniums are especially conspicuous, interspersed with patches of purple heath, the favourite harbour of the roan Grysbok. Squatted like a hare upon its snug form, this beautiful little animal is rarely to be dislodged until well nigh trodden upon; but the dogs have pushed one out of that bed of fern, and are hunting it directly towards us. Returning again and again upon its old track, it bounds now over the head of the clustering heather, now doubles round the corner of a bush, and now, darting aside into the narrow footpath by which we are advancing, stands a moment with averted head to listen for its pursuers. Finding them close upon its heels, away it flies again, and making a desperate plunge into the heart of a thick shrub, vainly hopes that it may have found an asylum. But thine enemies have again ferreted thee out, cunning one! and disabled by a stray buck-shot from the *roer* of that ruthless Hollander, thou art circling round with dizzy brain and drooping head in quest of a corner wherein thou mayst lie down to die. Alas! Mynheer's rude hand has seized thee, innocent! and whilst he is fumbling for a knife wherewith to terminate thy helpless struggles, who that hears thy plaintive cries, like those of a new-born babe, or witnesses the infantine simplicity expressed in thy large melting black eye, brimful of dewy tears, can fail inwardly to curse his barbarity?

Another isolated clump of wood is now invested, and again the pack are busy at their work within; but a sly buck that has gained wisdom from experience, breaking where least looked for, is first viewed racing over the open glade well on his way towards the next shelter. Hot on the scent, and eager in their cry, the dogs are still however pottering about

the same spot, and from the little progress they make, it is evident that they are hunting one of the little Bluebucks, of whose musky odour they are so strangely enamoured that nothing will induce them to leave it. Running round and round in a limited circle, dodging backwards and forwards from bush to bush, the dwarf defies their utmost efforts to expel it from the covert, nor would they catch it in another month, did we not creep in upon all fours to their assistance. The sport has now terminated. It has been a lovely day, but the soft zephyrs whisper that it is drawing to a close. White fleecy vapours are flitting across the bosom of the more distant hills, the long shadows fast approaching have spread their grey mantle over a large portion of the valley, and ere we reach our home night has involved the whole landscape in mourning weeds.

The reader has already been initiated into some of the mysteries of an equestrian journey in the Cape Colony; let me here afford a peep at the even greater delights which attend him who travels through these hospitable regions with a heavy ox-waggon. Great as the difficulties of moving with wheeled carriages had sometimes appeared in the interior, yet when compared with those encountered on our homeward journey to the metropolis, they proved utterly unworthy of a record. In regions where the name of MacAdam is unknown, we are left full liberty to select a rout for ourselves, and rarely does a little perseverance fail to reveal a practicable one; but when a high road is already prepared to the hand, infamous though it obviously be, we hold ourselves in honour bound to follow it. Beyond the limits of civilization, accidents were thus of comparatively rare occurrence, but during our return pilgrimage across the rugged regions of the eastern coast, a complete capsize, or the fracture of some important portion of the vehicle, formed weekly entries in our log, the former invariably proving lamentably fatal to our worldly possessions. It was during the descent of one of the mountain passes leading out of Outeniqua land to Dorp of George, that the most ruinous smash of all occurred—the slippery path having there been by some skilful engineer led by a series of zigzags over a succession of formidable acclivities and perilous descents—barely fit for baboons to travel—along the verge of yawning chasms so many hundred feet in perpendicular height, that the contemplation turned the head dizzy. Not a living creature was to be seen, save a grey vulture sometimes sweeping in mid-air below us. All around for miles, far as the eye could scan, was a billowy sea of mountains—wild, boundless, desolate; one range melting into the other, until the airy outline of the last fairly mingled with the clouds that rested upon their lofty peaks. We took the usual precaution of hiring an extra team from a surly boor residing at the foot of the range; but the honest man affecting to mistrust our solvency, doggedly insisted upon receiving in advance every stuiver of his exorbitant demand; and had no sooner touched *de gelt*, than he secretly instructed his inebriated Hottentot driver not to assist us one step beyond the summit. True to his orders, the fellow accordingly prepared to desert us at a late hour, in the most dangerous part of the whole road, having first obligingly thrown the waggon on its side against a rock, which fortunately abutted just sufficiently far to prevent the vehicle from going over, so that with the aid of a tackle it was restored to equilibrium. Threats, coaxing, bribery, aye and even *brandy*, failing in turn to shake the ruffian's determination, and the steep stony descent, crossed by numerous deep gullies, having been rendered slippery as a glacier by recent heavy rain, I felt convinced that with cattle unaccustomed as our own were to any but a champaign country, it could scarcely fail to go hard with us. Amply indeed were my fears verified. Four of the leading oxen having been removed from the yoke in order to render the rest more manageable, three of the wheels were chained; yet many and frightful were the hair breadth escapes that preceded the final catastrophe! Perched upon the pinnacle of some lofty crag, as if actually suspended in the air, with one hind wheel resting on an almost perpendicular slope, and the other buried in a deep hollow, the vehicle often leaned over at an angle of forty-four degrees, the sport of every breath that stirred. Again in motion, it was launched, tottering from side to side, along some narrow undefended ridge, where the turn of a feather would have sufficed to decide its fate—a sharp angle at the foot of one of them leading directly over a polished pavement, which sloped to the very verge of a frightful precipice. Barely had I effected the removal of my artillery from their place within the awning, when a portion of the saturated bank gave way, and down went team and all into the abyss below—the waggon cutting three several somersets, and wheels uppermost, finally resolving itself with an appalling crash into one shapeless heap, whilst the motley contents flew forth and displayed themselves in admirable disorder. Peltry, merchandise, and hunting trophies, camp furniture, tinman's wares, and oilman's stores, were simultaneously scattered over the hill side; several thousand leaden bullets,—returned from the campaign in the interior—being liberated by the sudden jerk from the sacks wherein they had been sewn up, emulated each other in a well contested race towards the lower ground. The two wheel oxen were killed on the spot; a third had its shoulder dislocated, and whilst few indeed escaped without bumps and bruises of some sort, the vehicle to which they had so recently been harnessed, had assumed in one single moment the hopelessly shattered appearance of a total wreck!

A heavy grey mist had hung over the crest of the mountain during our ascent, and now, as if to increase the weight of our misfortune, a deluge of rain descended, which promised to last throughout the moonless night that was to ensue. It being presently discovered that Sillekat and Kalipi, two favourite dogs, so named after the Matabili king and his prime minister, had been abstracted by the vagabond Hottentot, a party was sent in pursuit, and no shelter of any kind presenting itself, Richardson and myself resolved to turn to account the remaining half hour of daylight by walking to the village, said to be no more than four miles distant, and to boast of a respectable inn. Leaving the two do-

mestics in charge of the soaking remnants of our chattels, we accordingly set forward under the auspices of our driver, who being a native of George, was not discredited when he professed himself well acquainted with the road thither. Braving a most pitiless storm, besides wading waist-deep through divers frantic mountain torrents, we reached the lower ground long after it had become pitch dark, and then proceeded to grope our way on among heavy black mire. But after tramping up and down for two mortal hours, losing first our shoes and then our stockings, tumbling into fifty holes, and leaving one half of our apparel upon the bushes—hopes alternately raised and disappointed by some will-o-the-wisp which glimmered at intervals through the murky darkness, Jacob, our guide, finally astounded us with the intelligence, that he had ‘forgot the road!’ No alternative presented itself under such circumstances but to fall back upon an encampment of Hottentot recruits whom we had passed near the foot of the mountain, and to whose unenviable bivouac their fire at last directed us. There, without even straw for bedding, in a miserable hovel hastily constructed of the branches of trees, through which the rain found ready admission, we contrived to pass the night in a series of abortive efforts to dry our saturated clothes—our combined dinner and supper consisting of a small mouldy crust of coarse brown bread, obtained as a great favour from one of our monkey-faced entertainers, upon the promise of an unlimited treat at the gin-shop the following morning.

Resuming our journey with the dawn, our hatred of Jacob was not a little increased by the mortifying discovery, that we had during the night actually wandered to within a few hundred yards of the outskirts of the village, and even of the identical inn of which we had heard such promising accounts—an intervening ridge having unhappily concealed its lights from view. Arrived at length, however, our misfortunes appeared but to be commencing.

“All haggard from the midnight watch,”

begrimed from head to foot, and destitute of flowered satin waistcoats, an item of apparel without which no rational being who hopes for civility will venture to visit George, mine host of the hotel stoutly declined to concede the shelter we sought beneath his roof, and wearied by our importunity did finally slam the door in our faces. In quest of an asylum we then wandered like paupers up and down the streets, bandied from one house to another—experiencing equal incivility at all—and at each receiving a fresh lesson in the great truth, that in the Cape Colony a gentleman is not recognizable in a homely garb. One old widow lady, to whom we came strongly recommended from the next house, subjected our persons to a minute scrutiny through a deadly pair of horn spectacles; which she removed from her nose after an elaborate catechism, evidently very ill pleased with the view she had obtained of our patriarchal beards and travel-stained exteriors; and shaking her head in a determined manner, stated in round terms that she had ‘no room.’ Mr. Ebenezer Grubbe, a consequential, pot-bellied little man, with *such* a nose, and *so* red, who kept a *negotie winkel*, or retail shop, and moreover set up for an Englishman, received us with a formal bow, and after listening to our woes, regretted that ‘he was quite full.’ A certain young lady at last proved so compassionate as to promise that she would ‘go and ask Pa,’ who was said to be in bed with the mumps, and our drooping hopes then began to revive; but alas, the malady had produced the usual effect upon the good man, and his fair daughter returned with a surly negative. As a *dernier ressort*, we were fain to take up our abode in a cobbler’s stall, adjoining the most filthy of all pot-houses, the Irish landlady whereof did consent, after much coaxing, to produce a mess of garlic pottage, which we were directed to share with a radical carpenter, who ‘took his meals there regular,’ she said, ‘and had the run of his teeth.’ Neither did it require any extraordinary share of acumen to discover that this worthy *chip* had the run of the ‘tap’ also, for in less than five minutes after favouring us with a spontaneous burst of melody, he was alarmingly drunk, and mounted on a chair, attempting to expound a set of political caricatures, bearing reference to remote proceedings in the Emerald Isle, and gracing the walls of the room. From this state of abject yet laughable misery, we were at length most providentially relieved by a gentleman who obligingly made us a tender of hospitality, which was joyfully accepted. And then followed the harvest. No sooner had the good people of George discovered who were their visitors, than every sharper stepped forward to volunteer his assistance in bringing out the *waar*, which we were told with ill-concealed exultation, had carried away an axle-tree, and was completely disabled. I need scarcely add, that these obliging offers did not propose services of a wholly gratuitous nature; and each new comer appeared to consider the ‘Indians’ such fair game, that to avoid being plundered to the uttermost farthing, I was at last compelled to go and bring down the waggon myself.

Young and old, the hospitable denizens of the ‘Dorp’ now flocked to our place of residence, some to take a peep at my museum, or as they termed it, ‘meynheer’s rarities te kek,’ and others to express regret, that having not sooner been made aware of our arrival, they had been prevented from offering us a lodging. Of the number of these latter were the old lady with the horn spectacles, and the demoiselle with her Pa, who had his head carefully wrapped in flannel bandages, and rejoiced in the name of Smith shorn of its final letter. Unfortunately for me, a rumour quickly got abroad that I was by profession a portrait painter, and there was no end of feminine applicants to know ‘*hoe fel gelt mynheer zal crie, mijn schilder aff taaken?*’* In an evil hour was it, that upon certain conditions I indulged the *Juffrouw Smit* with a sight of her pretty features upon paper; for the very next morning I was waited upon by a perfect Daniel Lambert

* What will mynheer charge to paint my picture?

of a boor—a very mountain of obesity, who informed me after a vast deal of puffing and blowing, that his *kinderen*, one and twenty in number—the fruits of three happy unions,—being so scattered over the face of the globe, that little prospect, as he feared, existed of his being able to exhibit his paternal figure to all, if any, of them again, he had come to me with the determination of having his ‘head taken off,’ in order that it might be circulated to his dutiful offspring by the very next pedlar’s waggon that should be travelling in the proper direction. Upon expressing my inability to delineate the male subject, the monster produced a bait of thirty Rix Dollars, and bitter indeed was his disappointment when I assured him once for all, that I possessed no paper sufficiently large to admit of my doing justice to his voluminous proportions!



Head of Bushbuck as preserved by Capt. Harris.