

of the Devil, or of the Wind, is composed, if I am not deceived, of an infinity of small particles, impelled first against the mountains of the Cape towards the east, by the easterly wind which blows during almost the whole year in the torrid zone; these particles are stopt in their course by these high mountains, and collect on their eastern side; they then become visible and form these assemblages of clouds, which being incessantly driven by the east wind, rise to the summit of these mountains; they do not long remain there at rest, but being obliged to advance, they ingulph themselves between the hills before them, where they are bound and confined as in a canal; the wind presses them from above, and the opposite sides of the two mountains retain them in a direct line: in advancing they arrive at the foot of a mountain, where the country is a little more open, they then expand, and become again invisible; but they are shortly driven against other mountains, by clouds which are behind them, and thus proceed with much impetuosity, until they arrive at the highest mountains of the Cape, which are those of the Wind, or Table, where they have to encounter a wind blowing in an exact contrary direction; this occasions a dreadful conflict, for the vapours
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