

are described as very ugly, being short, stout in the body, and having strong muscular limbs.

Those who have visited the country of the Caffres, describe them as extremely hospitable, and very cheerful in their dispositions. They mostly go naked, particularly during the heat of summer, though they wear the caross of skin in the winter. Their arms consist of the spear and club, with a shield of bull's-hide to protect the person. Their principal food is the milk of their herds, which they value beyond any thing else: they are a pastoral people, and the cattle-fold is considered the great place of honour, so much so that their chiefs are always found to occupy it. They have of late years obtained many horses; formerly they used the ox for riding, and this animal is said to have been even trained by them for the race.

The part of South Africa occupied by the Caffres enjoys a delightful climate, and they, consequently, need but little protection from the weather; and their huts are rudely constructed.

Of late years the settlers at Port Natal, on the eastern coast, who are surrounded by the Caffre tribes, set themselves up as a sort of independent community, believing they were beyond the limits of the colony; they enacted laws and regulations, issued their declaration of independence, invited settlers, and for a time committed many atrocities on the Caffres. The Cape government, deeming it was advisable to check this disorderly spirit, sent an expedition to assert their proper supremacy. Troops were proceeding to Port Natal at the time of our visit.

During our stay we visited, as all strangers do, the estate of Constantia; it is situated about thirteen miles from Cape Town. There are three small estates that bear this name, viz.: High, Great, and Little Constantia. The country we passed through, although barren and sandy, was apparently well settled: the village of Wynberg is the residence of many persons who come here to enjoy the delightful air that generally blows from the eastward; most of the residences are pretty cottages, and some have the appearance of handsome villas; they all have an air of neatness and comfort about them. Oaks and the pine are almost the only trees met with, and one is somewhat surprised that even these should be found; for the country is, to appearance, a barren waste, and many miles of it are quite unproductive for agriculture. The scarlet heath, blue oxalis, and the yellow compositæ, not only enliven this waste, but give it somewhat the character of the flowery prairies of Oregon. The sandy soil looked like the sea-shore, and bears indubitable marks of having been once covered by the ocean.