

and rock, but on nearer acquaintance showed up many pretty little spots, with here and there banks of charming flowers.

After an hour's drive we reached the little village of Cork Bay, whose inhabitants appear to get their living by fishing, for there were vast numbers of the finny tribe spread out in all directions to dry. Here all surrounding nature seemed fishy, the strong effluvia permeating everything, even to the trees foliage, and flowers.

From here the road leaves the coast, and proceeds in almost a straight line over the plains which unite the Cape with the continent. The high land seemingly now recedes, and as we ride on, the scenes become more and more charming; the range of hills with the celebrated Table Mountain, Devil's Peak, Lion's Rump, &c., is visible, beautifully tinged in varied colours, while on the left we are passing Constantia, with its renowned vineyards. On we go, the road still leading through a park-like country, with charming plantations of pines and oaks on either hand, interspersed with elegant villas and stately mansions. Having now arrived at Wynberg, we complete the rest of the journey to Cape Town by rail, and, on approaching our destination, obtain glimpses of beautiful landscapes, Table Bay, with its shipping, and the gigantic rocky wall of the Table Mountains, rising nearly perpendicular to an altitude of 3500 feet. On arrival we found convenient and