

is the showing through in all directions of the red soil between the bushes and clumps of vegetation ; the interspaces not being filled in with grasses, and no continuous covering of vegetation being formed.

In the flowering season, from June to August, which depends here on the rainy season, and thus falls in mid-winter, the aspect of the landscape is entirely changed, and whole tracts of country are coloured of most brilliant hues. We were too late for this, but nevertheless could form an idea of what it must be like, because, though the greater numbers of plants of each of the various species blossom all together at the regular season of the species, there are always to be found stragglers blossoming at other seasons, and nearly every plant can be collected in flower by search at almost any period of the year.

Simons Bay is 24 miles from Cape Town by road, but a railway runs from a village called Wynberg, about 14 miles distant from Simons Bay, to the town. There is practically only one road at Simons Bay, for though two others start with great promise, the one along the shore towards Cape Point, and the other up the steep hill at the back of the town (Red Hill), they soon lose their character and dwindle to the condition of mere tracks over the moorland, very difficult for a stranger to follow, as I more than once found. Hence "going up the road" or "down the road," is the term at Simons Bay for visits to and from Cape Town.

The road follows the shore, being cut out on the side of the steep coast, and crosses at several places sandy sea beaches, where the driver keeps the horses with their feet at the very verge of the surf, because the sand is harder here, as everyone knows who has had to walk along a sandy shore.

The conveyances are two-wheeled carts with a hood cover, open in front and with two parallel seats placed transversely. There is a pole to them, and a pair of horses are always driven, great care being taken as to balancing. I never saw a pair of horses thus driven in a two-wheeled vehicle before.

The drivers are mostly Malays, of whom there are large numbers in Cape Town and Simons Town, emancipated slaves of the Dutch, or progeny of these. Those who disregard expense take four horses to one of these traps, and the mail always has four. It is a shabby cart, like the rest. The Malays drive well, and manage a very long whip to a nicety. The travelling is not dear ; a cart and pair to Wynberg, *i.e.*, 14 or 15 miles, costs 15s.

Half-way to Wynberg is a noted wayside inn, called "Farmer Peck's," with a long rigmarole about the Gentle Shepherd of