

movement of the enemy, so that it is extremely difficult to get within shot of them. If one stands still, or does not go any nearer, merely passing by, they employ themselves, as they sit unconcernedly, in scratching in the usual monkey fashion ; but still never losing sight of their object of suspicion.

Once I came across a troop on a sudden, on looking over a low cliff. They dashed off at a tremendous pace, galloping on all fours, till far out of shot, when they climbed up on to a rocky eminence, and calmly sat down to watch me. The baboons live on roots, which they dig up, and on fruits, and they turn over the stones to search for insects and such food underneath. It is striking thus to see monkeys roaming about on open moorland, where there are no trees. I had never properly realised the fact before.

The track of the baboons in the sand is unmistakable. The foot makes a mark where the animal has been galloping, just like that of a child's foot ; the fore-limb makes a mark not half so deeply indented, the hand being used merely to touch on, as it were, to prepare for a fresh spring with the feet. I found the skeleton of one of the baboons in a cave at Cape Point. The animal had evidently crawled into the cave to die.

Everywhere amongst the rocks lives the Rock-Rabbit (*Hyrax capensis*). The Rabbits live in large crevices in the cliffs or under huge masses of rock, which have fallen and lodged on some ledge. In the places frequented by them the rock ledges are covered with bushels of their dung. They come out to feed in the mornings and evenings, but also bask sometimes in the hot sun at mid-day.

They are very inquisitive, and sit up on a rock, and look at one, and then suddenly dash into their hiding-place. After a time, if one remains quiet, they come out for another look, and afford a good chance for a shot. Their cry of alarm is a sort of short hissing noise, not a whistle like that of the marmots, of which animal they immediately remind one, though so widely different in structure, their nearest living ally being the rhinoceros.

They had young at the time of our visit, and I met with two litters, each of three young, which were about the size of very large rats, with soft chocolate-brown downy hair. The young play about on the rocks together like kittens, chasing one another, and darting in and out amongst the clefts. I shot two at one shot. One of these, when dying, made a regular squeal very like that of a rabbit. The old ones are hard to kill, carrying off a considerable charge of shot, and they bite very fiercely.

Amongst the heath are partridges and a few quails, at some