

The Rheeök lives about on the stony hills and rocks in small herds of from six to a dozen, or so. There are now forty or fifty of these antelopes on the estate of a Mr. McKellar at Cape Point, and there are plenty of Grysbök there also. I twice went over to Cape Point Farm from Simons Town to hunt these antelopes.

The Rheeök are shot either by being stalked, or more easily by being driven as they use regular passes in the hills where guns can be posted. The Rheeök is as large as a small fallow deer, and of a light-grey colour; it is extremely difficult to see it at any distance, owing to the similarity of its colour to the bush and rocks. It is only as it moves its tail and shows the white underneath it, that the hunter catches sight of it at first; the white patch under the tail is certainly a very material disadvantage and source of danger to the animal. It is very wary and difficult to stalk; it feeds in the day-time.

The Grysbök, on the other hand, lies hid in the thickest bushes or beds of reed, during the day, and only comes out to feed at night time. It is very small, less than half the size of the Rheeök. When rain has fallen, it is easily tracked to its lair, and turned out and killed with shot, but in dry weather the only chance for the sportsman is to drive it up by riding through the bushes and shooting from horseback, or to turn it out with dogs. I saw one only dash for a moment through the bush, spring lightly over a mass of thick low scrub, and disappear instantly in the bush again, before I could get my gun to bear. The animal is of a dark-red colour. Mr. McKellar used to hunt the Grysbök with beagles with great success.

Mr. McKellar, who was most kindly hospitable, has an ostrich farm, but his flock of birds was not very large at the time of our visit, owing to his having had bad luck at first in breeding. He owns the actual Cape of Good Hope and a long stretch of the moorland adjoining, and has thrown a wire fence right across the peninsula, so as to give his ostriches the run of a large tract, stretching right down to the Cape itself. One old hen ostrich was a pet about the house, but used to do sad damage in the farm-yard, eating the young goslings, swallowing them like oysters. It was amusing to go with Mr. McKellar into one of his breeding paddocks; here a pair of ostriches were brooding on a nest of eggs, dividing, as usual, the labour between them. The cock was very savage and attacked all intruders, so his master had a long pole with a fork at the end of it, and when the ostrich ran at the party, he caught its neck in the fork. The ostrich was excessively enraged, but soon had to give in.