



The male is in his *regimentals*, as our soldiers would say. It is the dress for hunting as well. He is ready to take the field either against man or beast. His assegays will do, and the tobacco-pipe, with two feet taken off the "shank." The basket and hatchet are like; but the shield should be as large as himself, and broader, to cover the person. I know Unxele, brother of a Tanbookie chief, Tyopo, had occasion to wish one day, in a lion-hunt, that his shield had been even broader. The sportsmen had hurled a charge of assegays, or javelins, at their bold adversary, when he rose up to fight it out, and they instantly dropped out of view on the ground, covered by their shields. The lion perceived Unxele's knee exposed, took a bite out of it, and left him a cripple for life. The party rose to their feet on the cry of their young chief, hurled another set of spears at the majestic animal, and soon dispatched him.

The present condition of the Caffres, on the Cape frontier, is very different from what this sketch exhibits. Here is a couple, well fed, of cheerful look, and for natives, they are ordinarily clad. The milk basket is at their feet, with a