

a dancing and shining, almost laughing, indeed, just as though they thought a bit of warm sunshine the most capital fun in the world. I've read in the story-books, of magicians turning leaves into money, and up here the leaves looked as though they had been hocus-pocussed into penny-pieces, so coppery and cankerous did they all appear.

We had passed a hut or two called a village, which I learnt was actually half way up the pass, and the day began to wane, and the scene began to change. Rocks and waterfalls gave way to stony hillocks and icy-cold rivulets, and the poor old broken-down trees began to pick up a bit, evidently all the better for the change of climate; they seemed to be getting straighter, and around their roots lots of little, tiny, old-looking trees were peeping up, small fellows that would no doubt have grown up like the rest if it hadn't been so cruel cold.

The turns and twists in the pass, however, continued as many as ever, and it was coming round one of these that my eye caught sight of a mysterious creature a long way a-head of us. I at once called a halt and pointed out the dreaded object to my wife. It was a black, shaggy animal like a bear, evidently on its hind legs and moving slowly towards us, rolling something before it. Mrs. B. wanted to turn back or else to tie the children on the tops of trees till the monster had passed by, but I seized my gun and sent some of the coolies on a-head, thinking that while the bear was devouring them I could the better destroy him. I suppose they didn't see the animal, for they went on quite unconcerned; while I cocked my gun Mrs. B. got behind the ponies and I advanced as bold as anything, determined to kill the monster or die in the attempt. It was now getting quite near: my coolies on before hid it from my sight, but I could plainly hear it grinding its teeth with rage. The coolies met it, I lifted my gun to my shoulder, and *almost* shut my eyes for I expected to see one of them at least torn limb from limb. They have passed it unhurt! Goodness gracious! Why Mrs. Brown, it's only a black man with a wheel-barrow! To our great relief it proved to be a Caffre negro employed in mending the road; he had on a huge shaggy great coat and a low greasy cap, and really on the whole didn't look unlike a bear. The sound I had taken for the grinding of his teeth was the creaking of the wheel-barrow which wanted greasing. To pretend to have been aiming at a bird, to call back the people, and to proceed on our way was the work of a few minutes, and once more we pushed merrily on.

We soon after came to more of these Caffres and then to their huts, wretched-looking hovels with a low broken fence round them, an old woman in the garden trying to find something growing in it, a dog that looked like a squirrel at the door, and a couple of half-starved fowls pecking at pebbles in the road. The whole scene reminded me of the exiles of Siberia.

These passed and we began to descend, which was a great relief to us all, and in a few more minutes we caught sight of the plains of Nuwera Ellia, which to me looked very like Blackheath in the month of March with a lot of old broomsticks about it wrong ends upwards. However, the white cottages and smoking chimbleys looked pleasant enough; but