As the sun is to the north, shadows are cast toward the south, and for some time are confusing to the northerner.

With fruits indigenous to it this little country is marvellously rich. It has no fewer than fifty different varieties, among these being the wild fig and date. Most of these are edible,

and many decidedly palatable; and, to add to this richness, the "civilised" pineapple, banana and granadilla have recently been introduced. It is strange, however, that there is not a nut-bearing tree in the land.

In the rainy season this is a wilderness of wild flowers—perhaps one hundred and fifty or two hundred varieties. I remember one Sunday morning, in March, travelling through a forest waggon road which was like a river of glory.

The population was estimated at between ten and twelve thousand. Twolanguages, the Tshronga and the Zulu, are used. The native language is the former, but all the males, and many of the women,

speak the Zulu. Indeed, they are proud to speak Zulu, for many of them meanly despise their own dialect and claim Zulu blood. This weakness prevails, first, because the Zulus have a "big name" among the tribes and, secondly, because the word "Tonga" means coward. The odium of this name was emphasised by the chief's correcting me in the use of it one day. He protested that his whole kingdom was

Maputaland, not Tongaland, Maputa being the name of one of their ancestral kings.

In common with other Africans, these people are called black, but in reality they are chocolate brown. Only odd members of the tribe are jet black, like our American negro. But in Delagoa Bay, a hundred miles



north, in the old Tonga Kingdom, one is struck with the number resembling the American black. Tradition says that slaves were taken to America from northern Tongaland, but never from the southern parts, and that these southerners are a mixture of East Indian blood from a ship's crew wrecked on their shores long ago. Personally, I doubt it; for though these Tongas are quite free from the