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Author(s): C. E. Gissing

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A Journey from Mombasa to Mounts Ndara and Kasigao.

By Commander C. E. GISSING, R.N., Vice-Consul, Mombasa.*

Map, p. 614.

ON the 27th of May I left Mombasa, and sailed in my boat to the Banderini, or landing-place, on the Rabai Creek; having previously made arrangements I was able to leave on the following day, accompanied by my staff and twenty-three porters; it was necessary to have a large number of porters, as all the food for the party had to be carried, there being none obtainable on the way. When leaving the landing-place rain was falling heavily, and continued to do so till we were over the Rabai Hills, which here rise to a height of 1200 feet, stretching along parallel to the coast, and about 12 miles from it; we stopped at a small market village called Kisimani to adjust burdens, and here the men cooked their first meal. I call it a market village because no one lives in it, but the Wa-nika bring their produce here to sell, and make a market of the spot; the place itself consists of a few grass huts; after remaining a couple of hours, we started for Mwache. I found the land beyond the Rabai Hills dips a little; the country is at this time of the year exceedingly pretty, the hills being covered with beautiful grass; here and there small clumps of trees aid in giving it a park-like appearance; it is altogether an excellent place for game, of which I saw a good deal, shooting a fine buck.

We camped the first night a short distance from a place called Mwache; the country here is 348 feet only above sea-level. Mwache was a year ago a village inhabited by the Wa-duruma tribe; it forms the boundary between that tribe and the Wa-nika tribe, who live mostly about the Rabai Hills. The Wa-duruma have been driven out of Mwache by the Masai, a pastoral tribe in the interior, who come to the coast after the cattle, killing every one they meet on the way. They have

* The paper is a Report (with slight abridgment) addressed to Sir John Kirk, and communicated to us by the Foreign Office. The map is a reduction from the original sent to us direct (with his astronomical and other observations) by Commander Gissing.

simply deprived this part of Africa of all cattle; the natives here are afraid to keep any, as, if they do, it is sure to bring these savages upon them; the Masai never spare any man, woman, or child that they meet with on the road, or in any place they attack. All along the route were deserted villages and *shambas*, or cultivated patches, the inhabitants having been killed off by these marauders. Mwache is quite deserted, nothing marks the spot but a few coco-nut trees and two or three mango trees that have escaped the general destruction. What makes the place important is that a mountain stream runs through it, called the Mwache river; it is the meeting-place of several small streams from the neighbouring hills, that here join into one main stream, emptying itself eventually into the sea at the north-west corner of Port Reitz, or, as it is known here, Duruma Creek; the bed of the river is quite dry a few days after rain has fallen, but at one place the rocks (sandstone) have become worn to a depth of seven or eight feet, and the water remaining in these holes being well sheltered from the sun by overhanging trees, is drinkable for months after the stream has ceased running; the water is, from a European point of view, very bad indeed; when I was first there it had been lying in the rocks about three weeks, and the second time I visited the spot it had been there about six weeks; it was of a dark brown colour, and full of animal and vegetable life; it is only with an African thirst that one could tackle such stuff; my porters drank freely of it; I took the precaution to boil mine, and suffered no ill effects.

After leaving Mwache the road winds through woods and valleys in a pretty undulating country, with plenty of game, and occasionally a pool of muddy water, rain having recently fallen in some places. The road, as I have called it, is merely a footpath, where two people could not walk abreast; it is also much obstructed with thorny trees, which, meeting overhead, give great trouble to the porters carrying their burdens. I was constantly feeling a tug at my head, and finding some thorny branch swinging in the wind had hooked off my hat. I never in all my life saw anything like the thorns here; every tree and bush has them; some of the bushes had spikes nearly four inches long all over them. My porters, knowing the road, had each brought a piece of hide, which, with the help of a knife, they soon turned into a very excellent sandal to protect their feet from the spikes. After passing through the thorny part of the road we came on many ruined *shambas*, and occasionally met a M-duruma, who had always the same tale to tell—he was very hungry, had nothing to eat, the Masai had destroyed everything, &c. We saw several Masai paths; they are always at right angles to the main road; they never travel except by their own paths for obvious reasons. They had been camping at one place for three days before we arrived.

About six miles before arriving at Gorah the country opens out into

most beautiful glades, where I obtained excellent sport. The next day we went on, arriving at Gorah about noon, where we expected to find plenty of water, as we had been assured we should, but there was not a drop. At this place there are wells, the only wells I have seen except those near and in Mombasa, which were made by the Portuguese hundreds of years ago. The wells at Gorah, or rather ponds, are four in number; they are dug out of the clayey soil at the foot of the hills to a depth of about 15 feet; when rain falls the water from the hills fills them and remains in them for about six weeks; when I arrived there they were quite dry. Here the immense difference between the climate of the coast and the interior first becomes apparent. The land between Gorah and the coast is undulating, wooded, grassy, and fertile, but when you leave the hills and descend to the plain you leave the fertility behind you; here everything was dried up, evidently no rain had fallen for a long time, for the grass was withered, the trees leafless. There was no use sitting by the empty wells, so we went forward to find water; on our left was a stretch of forest for about two miles, hidden away in which are the villages of the Wa-duruma, several of whom were standing at the entrance to their village, which was well stockaded. They were all armed with the bow and poisoned arrows that all natives of this part of Africa except the Masai carry, the latter being always armed with spear, shield, and sword. The Wa-duruma are very like the Wa-nika in appearance; both men and women wear large quantities of brass wire wound round their arms and legs, also blue and pink beads round the neck; the only clothing is a cloth round the waist, which in the case of the women is ornamented with beads; the body is covered with a mixture of castor-oil and red clay; they generally shave all the hair off their heads, and pluck all other hair out of the body. Their houses are exactly like small hay-ricks; the door is simply a hole about three feet high, with a piece of hide hung before it; the inside smells like a wild beast's den. It was here that I met Mr. Thomson, the African traveller, returning to the coast after his visit to the Masai country.

After leaving the forest the road passes through many miles of plantations of the people of Gorah: they were quite dry when I saw them; a few people in the hollows were growing a little mahindi, or Indian corn, and millet seed; also some beans were struggling to come up, but on the whole they looked very poor, and the people we met looked thin, and complained much of hunger. I obtained a guide, who promised to take us to a place where there was water, which he did; the place is called *Mfufuni*; we arrived here about seven p.m., after a long and hot march, and though the water was certainly unfit to drink, we all drank largely of it. The place was formed by the rocks (sandstone) cropping up above the soil some six feet, for about two acres, and inclining downwards to a central place where the soft sandstone had become worn into a deep hole about 16 feet deep, with a width of about eight feet and a length of 20 feet. These places

are most important on this route, as there are no rivers, no wells, and no other places whatever for water. It is very curious to see the beds of sandstone worn into quite a number of perfectly circular holes, about two to six feet diameter, and varying in depth from two to 12 feet; these holes fill during rain, and the water remains for three or four months. They are the natural wells of the country, and without them it would be quite impassable.

Next morning we started for a place called Taru, where water was to be obtained, and where the first hills of Teita are met with; it is the boundary between the Wa-duruma and the Wa-teita tribes. We could occasionally see the hills of Taru through the trees; the trees are mostly thorny acacias, there is very little cultivation, and very few people were met with. About two P.M. we arrived at Taru. Taru watering-place is some four miles from the two hills; it is merely a place where the rocks hold the rain-water; there is no stream or river anywhere about. A few years ago there were some villages at Taru, of a people called the Wa-langulo, a harmless hunting tribe, from the Galla country, but the Wa-kamba people from U-kambani came here, attacked them, and carried a great many away as slaves; the remainder now live in the forest entirely by hunting. They do not cultivate at all, build no houses, and live like wild animals; they are seldom seen, but they trade a little with the Daruma villages, exchanging the meat of wild animals for other food and the few wants they have.

After a short rest we left Taru, and marched some hours towards Maungu, where we camped for the night. After leaving Taru you come upon a vast plain, 925 feet above sea-level; it stretches away for 70 or 80 miles to the north and to the south; it is thinly covered with trees of the acacia family, euphorbia, and a little grass; the acacias are full of gum, but no one collects it. The travelling is very monotonous; occasionally the path leads through a wood, where the thorny trees almost meet; it is here that the porters have the worst time in travelling, as they have constantly to bend almost double to avoid the branches overhead, and their skins get terribly torn by the thorns; they suffer also from the white milk of the euphorbia stems being spurted into their eyes through the trees being broken by those marching in front; oil is the best remedy, rubbed in gently it affords quick relief.

The next morning we started again, arriving at Maungu about four P.M. The vegetation all the way is the same; the path is perfectly level, but winds excessively; like all African paths, it goes round every obstacle it meets with, and having done so time after time, it has now become literally like a corkscrew; the reason is, people who use the path are almost always carrying burdens, and when a man is carrying 60 lbs. on his head on a hot day he is not likely to put it down for half an hour to clear a thorny tree out of his path when he can walk round it and leave it behind him; the rest follow after, till at last the

windings become perfectly wonderful, and you sometimes find yourself actually going away from the place you wish to reach. There is water sometimes between Taru and Maungu at a place called Ziواني, but only a week or two after rain has fallen; when I passed it on both occasions it was perfectly dry.

We camped for the night about 500 feet up the mountain, and the next morning started for Mount Ndara. The plain between the two mountains is partly limestone and partly a red earth, I should think containing iron; the mountain itself is granite, with some sandstone; there are veins of quartz running through the granite, containing a good deal of mica. Towards midday we approached the mountain, which attains a height of 4800 feet above sea-level; it is a magnificent granite mass, about 10 miles long, rising steeply out of the plain; the top is the home of the Wa-teita, who cultivate the plain at the foot, the soil of which is very red and, in places, contains a large percentage of salt. The natives eat it just as it is, putting the earth into their food; they are far too lazy to try and extract the salt. We climbed the face of the mountain by a steep valley on the south side; it was stiff work after a long walk; the sun was very hot, but we went up till, when near the summit, we came to a clear cold spring of pure water, issuing out from under a huge cliff; it was a tiny little spring, and did not go many hundred feet down the mountain before it was entirely lost in the universal dryness, but we had the full benefit of it, and I confess I never enjoyed anything more in my life than that long drink of cool fresh water. It was no use trying to go on; the porters threw down their burdens and drank till I really thought they would burst.

After refreshing ourselves we went on to the ridge and walked round to the house of Mr. Wray, of the Church Mission Society, who welcomed the party most kindly. Dotted all over the summit of the hill were the villages of the Wa-teita; their houses are round, with a circular roof, just a circle of sticks stuck in the ground and plastered with mud; the roof is of grass, and the door about three feet high, closed with a piece of hide.

These people come from the Mangea Mountain in Giriama; the men are rather under the average of tribes in this neighbourhood as to build and strength. They are laziness personified; the women do all the work that is done; the only piece of useful work the men do is to mind the cattle and goats. They attack all caravans passing below on the plain. They are a band of hill robbers, sitting on their mountain like so many hawks, or barons of old, watching for any weak party coming near their mountain. Mr. Wray on one occasion saw them go down and attack a large caravan of Wa-kamba people who were camped below; the Wa-teita killed some twenty of the Wa-kamba, the rest of whom ran away, leaving the cattle in the hands

of the Wa-teita. Mr. Wray counted the cattle when brought up the hill; 226 head of cattle fell into their hands on that occasion. They are armed with bows and poisoned arrows; a few have Masai spears; they live in constant dread of attacks from the Masai, who come to the mountain, take all the cattle, and kill every one they can lay their hands on; a great part of the cultivatable land is left wild, so that they may have a place to run to when the Masai come. They have fought them on more than one occasion, but were totally defeated, and now, like all other tribes of these parts, the very name of the Masai is enough to frighten them. They are an exceedingly dirty people in their persons. They shave all the head, but leave a tuft on the back of it. They ornament their bodies by brass wire wound round the arms of both men and women. The men wear beads round their necks, and in their ears large loops of beads; the women are naked, except a loin-cloth, which is ornamented with beads. They wear a heavy collar of blue beads round the neck, weighing three or four lbs. They are very plain, but much more intelligent and active than the men. On them falls all the work; they descend the mountain every day to the shamba at the foot, where they cultivate Indian corn, millet, beans, tobacco, gourds, &c. They have to go into the forest to collect firewood; all this has to be carried up to the village at the top, some 4000 feet up. It is wonderful what loads these women will carry; the men cannot do it. They seem happy enough with it all. It is a common sight about here to see a man going along with his bow and arrow, followed by his wife carrying a heavy bag of food, cooking-pot, water, and all sorts of things. A friend of mine once expostulated with some natives about this custom, but the ladies took up the cudgels for their husbands, and said it was their place to carry the things, and that they would not allow their husbands to carry anything; so you see there are women's rights here as well as at home.

The Wa-teita have no chiefs, no laws; they have a few customs; they are exceedingly superstitious; the rain-maker is a great personage amongst them. While I was there it was a time of great drought; no rain had fallen, as it should have done, early in June, and consequently the shambas were bare; the rain-maker had said that the presence of Mr. Wray was the reason why there was no rain, and many were the hints that gentleman got that if he moved off the rain would come. A few hours after my arrival, whilst sitting outside the little iron house in which he lives, a great council was going on; natives from all the villages on the mountain were taking part in it. At last a deputation approached, when a solemn palaver took place, and the following was the request they had to make: the cause why the rain did not come was because when he, Mr. Wray, had come to the mountain, some two years before, he had given some cloth to one of the elders, which cloth was afterwards stolen from that elder by his son-in-law, and unless Mr. Wray gave that elder some more cloth the rain would not come; this

was the result of some hours' deliberation ; it is unnecessary to say the request was politely declined.

A short time ago an M-hindi, named Ali, from Jomvu, came to the mountain for water, having some slaves with him ; he did not wish Mr. Wray to know about his having the slaves, so he applied to the medicine man for a medicine to prevent Mr. Wray finding it out. After a good deal of deliberation it was decided what the medicine should be, but the thing was how to get Mr. Wray to eat it, that was, to bell the cat. However a plan was at last decided upon ; the medicine was to be given to a cow, the cow was to be killed, and some of the meat offered to Mr. Wray ; this was done, and Mr. Wray, somewhat surprised at the unusual generosity of the people, accepted it and ate it, but also afterwards he found the slaves, reported the case, Ali was tried, and the *mganga*, or medicine man, has lost his reputation he wanders about the mountain now a sadder and wiser man, fully convinced that cow somehow sold him, as he knows the medicine was all right.

A Wa-teita may have as many wives as he likes, several have two, some three, and they all live in harmony together, carrying each other's babies, working and sleeping together in the most amicable way. When a man wants a wife, he selects a young girl, not for her looks so much as for her capacity to carry food and firewood up 4000 feet a day ; he then goes to her father and mother, to whom he pays the price for the girl, generally a cow and two or three goats, or, if a particularly fine girl, two head of cattle and some goats ; the girl knows nothing of all this, there is no courtship, her opinion is not asked ; after the man has bought her he sends his friends down the hill into the shambas, where they waylay the girls and women at work, and seize the one chosen ; she and her companions generally make a fight before they will allow her to be carried off, but as a rule the resistance is feeble, and the bride is hoisted on the shoulders of the young men, who carry her up the hill, and put her in the bridegroom's house, he puts on her beads, she then returns to her father and mother ; the next day she returns to her husband's house and remains as his wife ; it sometimes happens that the girl refuses to remain, in which case the price is returned, and the girl is sold to the Swahili, or to the people of some other mountain. A man here always treats his wife well, because his food and all his comforts come from her, and if he does not, she simply leaves him and goes to live with some one who will treat her well.

The people on these mountains have very few slaves, and those they have they treat very well ; any stranger they can catch is made a slave of, he is generally sold to the Swahili traders or to the people who live on a large mountain to the north-west of Ndara called Kilima-kibomu, or Big Mountain ; it is from the south side of that mountain that the river Voi takes its rise ; it flows right across the level plain to Giriama, and eventually reaches the sea in Kilifi Bay.

The high mountain called by the people here Tata is inhabited by Wa-teita, who come from a different stock from those of Ndara; they speak the same language, but with a different dialect; they bear a bad name even here in this land of thieves; the people from Ndara, who are friends with them, can only go to buy food on Kilima-kibomu by stealing up their mountain after dark or in large parties; they are often robbed and sometimes even killed by the Kibomu people. The people of Kibomu are very much opposed to the presence of a European on Ndara Mountain, and often threatened to come and drive him out; they make raids all round the neighbouring mountains, going to Pare and U-sambara, where they are feared the same as the Masai are on the coast.

They have a good many cattle and goats. Whilst I was at Ndara they brought some women for sale whom they had captured on Kasigao Mountain; curiously enough the relations of the women they brought were living themselves on Ndara; the relations subscribed and ransomed the women, they had to give two cows, six goats, and some beads to free them; women who are sold in this way remain with the man who buys them, not as his slave, but as his wife, but really there is not much difference. The people on these mountains never kill their cattle or goats for food, they only eat them if they die, unless, on some special occasion, the *mganga*, or medicine-man, orders one to be killed. When any one dies, they bury him at once, lamenting with loud cries, but after the body has been in the grave for some months, it is disinterred and the head cut off and put in some place where the skulls of the tribe are kept, to be consulted on special occasions by the medicine-men: the body is then finally buried.

Sugar-cane grows abundantly, both on the mountain and at the foot; bananas grow luxuriantly all over the mountain, the natives eat them before they are ripe; though there were thousands of banana trees, I never saw a ripe one while I was there, and Mr. Wray tells me he never sees them; the other products are the same as everywhere on this coast—Indian corn, millet, beans, cassava, sweet potatoes, tobacco, castor-oil plants, are the principal ones; there are some fine trees near the summit, plenty of *euphorbia* of different kinds; some of the trees yield a sap like indiarubber, but they are not in sufficient quantity to form an article of trade. I found the indiarubber vine growing, known here on the coast as *mbungu*; fruits there are none; I planted both mango and orange trees in a very favourable position, and Mr. Wray has undertaken to watch their growth. I also planted orange trees at the spring of water coming up the hill, and mango stones at all the watering-places on the way. They have none whatever at present, and I consider the introduction of the mango very important, as here on the coast it yields enormously twice a year, and requires no care; it enables the people to tide over times of scarcity that without it would be times of actual famine.

After spending a few days on the mountain, I went down to see Mr. H. H. Johnston, who was camped at the foot; this was on the 6th of June. Mr. Johnston had a difference with his porters as to their food, &c., which led to nineteen of them refusing to go on; the remainder went on, and he himself left in good spirits for Kilima-njaro; the burdens of the porters who refused to go forward were left in charge of Mr. Wray, who kindly consented to take care of them; Mr. Johnston intends to send a party of men to bring them on as soon as he himself arrives at Chagga.

After parting with Mr. Johnston I took the route to Kasigao, as the highest mountain in Teita is called by the natives; crossing the plain everything was dried up, animals were scarce on account of want of water, grass withered, trees leafless, nothing but thorns.

On the morning of the 7th of June we arrived at the foot of the mountain; it is a huge mass, rising almost perpendicularly out of the plain to a height of 5185 feet above sea-level; it is much steeper than Ndara; in the centre on the north side there is a valley, down which runs a small stream of very good water; at the foot of the mountain are shambas, or cultivated patches, but utterly neglected; though rain had fallen they were not even sown; I afterwards found the reason was because the people had not reaped a crop at the foot of the mountain for nine years; rain falls, the crop comes up, but no more rain falls afterwards, and the whole thing dries up; this has happened year after year, till they have now given it up. On ascending the valley to about 1000 feet above the plain I found some coco-nut trees, in apparently very good condition, one of them certainly had fruit on it; I was surprised to see them, as the mountain is about 70 miles inland as the crow flies, but there they were.

On mounting to the village, which is about 1500 feet up, I had some difficulty in finding sufficient level space to pitch my tent, the mountain is so steep; at last a place was found; also a house for my men; there was no difficulty, as most of the houses are empty, the people having gone elsewhere in search of food; the people living there are the same as those of Ndara Mountain; they demand a small hongo; I gave them about 6s. worth of cloth, and they were quite satisfied.

There is very little attempt at cultivation; I saw a few goats, and no cattle; the castor-oil plant seems to thrive everywhere, the people here use it to rub over their bodies and their loin-cloth, which latter unfolded covers their bodies at night, and the cloth being to a certain extent waterproof, keeps the dew off their skin. I certainly do admire the simplicity of the African's sleeping arrangements; on arriving at a camping-place, his first thing is to go and collect firewood, which about here is abundant; he obtains a light by rubbing the point of a piece of hard wood into another piece of hard wood by rubbing it rapidly between the palms of his hands, till fire is produced; he then cooks his

food in a little iron pot, eats it, lays a piece of hide on the ground, unrolls his loin-cloth, pulls it over his body, lies down with his back to the fire and sleeps like a log. The dew here comes down like fine rain; everything is covered in the morning, but the natives do not seem to mind it. There is one habit of theirs that seems universal amongst them, that is snuff-taking; they carry it in a small gourd hung round their necks, and whenever a halt is made out comes the stopper and about enough to fill an ordinary salt-spoon is shaken out into the palm of the hand, the head is bent down and a nostril opened—well, “right across her face it grows”—and with one tremendous sniff up it all goes; then the head is raised with a satisfied look, and my African sits perfectly still for some two or three minutes enjoying the sensation. They seldom smoke tobacco; some few do, and vile is the smoke it makes; the smell of it is very strong and rancid; I doubt very much whether the tobacco plant here produces a fine enough leaf for European use; it might do so with proper cultivation, but people here do not cultivate, they just let things grow, assisting nature does not concern them; they might have any amount of water for their shambas if they would only dam up one or two of their valleys; it could easily be done, but when the thing is pointed out to them, they only shake their heads. The sugar-cane is not grown on Kasigao; the people could give me no reason, and I verily believe it is only because they are too lazy to plant it.

The wind blows very strongly on all these mountains; after the sun goes down it blows hard, almost a gale of wind, for about two hours; the wind is from the westward by day, and from the eastward by night; it comes roaring down the gullies of the mountains as though it would tear the very rocks away; I thought my tent would have been blown off the mountain, and it would have been but for a large rock that protected it behind.

The next day I procured a guide to lead me to the summit. We started, and had some very stiff climbing till about 1000 feet from the top we came to a magnificent forest of trees; some of them were quite 60 feet high; under their shade the sun's rays do not penetrate; the air is like being in a cave, it made my porters shiver so, they begged not to go on.

Mosses and ferns are abundant. Here I found a tree whose sap resembles the guttapercha which was sent to Mombasa some months ago, and the place where it came from not found yet. I am not certain, as the specimen I obtained was afterwards lost before it had hardened and I had had an opportunity to test it; however, I have brought some young trees yielding this sap to the coast with me, and should they thrive as I hope they will, I shall be able to test it later on.

In this forest were a few monkeys, marks of wild pigs and hyenas; on these mountains the hyenas are very large and fierce, it is not safe

for any native to be out by himself at night; they are often caught and eaten. The beasts went into a house on Ndara while I was there and took out a child. A man who had been making merry with the native beer, which they make from sugar-cane, came to the mission-house in a state of intoxication; he was, of course, sent away, and told to go home, as it was getting dark and the hyenas would soon be about. He started, but, overcome with drink, lay down to sleep not far from the mission-house. Next morning there was absolutely nothing left of him but his bow and arrows, the brass wire that had been wound round his arm, and his beads.

After passing through the forest we came out on a ridge about half a mile from the summit, and about 500 feet below it. It required considerable pressure and large promises of cloth and beads to induce my party to attempt the very top. They simply could not understand what on earth I wanted to go there for. At last we started. I can assure any one that wants a bit of hard work that they will find it in climbing to the summit of Kasigao. There is no path, it is one constant climb over slippery boulders, under bushes, over fallen trees, getting hung up with thorns and covered with *siafu*, a biting ant. Twice I had to strip off everything and pick them off my body in dozens. They bit so hard that when pulled off the bodies came away, leaving the heads sticking in the skin. The slope was nearly perpendicular, but at last we came to the top, and I stood on the summit of the highest mountain in Teita. The thermometer was boiled for height, and a round of angles taken. The view from the summit is exceedingly fine; the vast plain stretches in all directions, the mountains of Teita rising out of it here and there; in the distance the mountains of Pare and U-sambara, to the north Kilima-kibomu, and behind it a splendid view of Kilima-njaro, his summit covered with snow; towards the coast the Rabai Hills, and north the hills of Giriama. It was altogether a grand panorama, but wanting in the charm given by fertility. The line of the river Voi could be seen by its green belt of trees, starting from the centre of Kilima-kibomu, and running nearly east, till it is lost in the distance towards Giriama. I could not stay long on the top, my men were too cold, and the wind was blowing as though it would like to blow us off; it had taken us nearly the whole day to ascend, but we were not more than three hours going down.

The next day I moved down to the plain at the foot for observations, as the clouds by day and the wind by night made it quite impossible anywhere up the mountain. There was game in plenty; buffalo, zebra, and different species of antelope. Rain having lately fallen close round the mountain, the grass was luxuriant. Buffalo were in great numbers, there were also plenty of guinea-fowl and partridge.

Next day we started for Ndara. A few hours after leaving the fort of Kasigao, I met and, in fact, found myself surrounded by, a large party,

some 150 people, from Kilima-kibomu, in war costume, armed with bows and arrows and Masai spears; they seemed to swarm from behind every bush. My guides that I had taken from Ndara knew them at once, and sung out to them, which prevented hostilities; after a palaver the chief of the expedition appeared; he was a handsome savage, dressed in a great quantity of brass wire, and carried an enormous spear highly polished; he was a friend of my guide; in fact, it turned out afterwards they had been on several expeditions together; they had heard I was there and intended to catch me at night; this they confided to me in the most cheerful way, but as I was under the care of a friend of their chief, and was going to Ndara, where they intended to bring their plunder for sale, they and I were to be at peace; this I agreed to. They were going to harry the people living on Kasigao Mountain. We passed on. The poison these people use is obtained from a tree in Giriamu; it is very deadly when mixed with the blood, but may be eaten with impunity; it loses its power if exposed to the air, but retains it for a long time if kept in a covered place.

While I was at Ndara some of the party from Kilima-kibomu came there, bringing among other things several women that they had captured; they were bought by the people of Ndara for cattle, goats, &c.; the women so bought became the wives of the men who bought them, with all the privileges, rights, &c. They stay quite willingly with their new husbands; such violent changes of residence do not seem to disturb them very much; whether they work for a husband on Kasigao or Ndara is not much difference to them; not that they are without natural affection, but from a capacity they have to make the best of circumstances. They are extremely fond of their children, and, I believe, sometimes of their husbands. It does seem a cruel thing for people living on one hill to do this sort of thing to their neighbours. The poor folks on Kasigao were literally robbed of everything, and their houses burnt; those who resisted were killed; the few goats they had were taken away, and their wives were sold to other people.

After staying a couple of days at the foot of Kasigao, I started back on the 13th of June and crossed the plain to Maungu Mountain. On the following day I went to the summit, which I found to be 3383 feet above sea-level. Maungu is not so steep as Ndara; it is a granite mass like all the others, veined with quartz. There are some beds of limestone between it and Ndara and also a little sandstone; at the summit the rocks form a basin that holds the rain-water for some weeks; consequently the place is much resorted to by caravans; it is a stiff climb, and not a pleasant thing after a long day's march to have to climb some 2000 feet for your water; there are no springs; when I saw it the water had shrunk to a muddy pool, about three feet deep and about 20 feet round; it was so dirty and full of life that my porters could hardly drink it; I did not attempt it myself; even this small quantity will be

dried up in a few days unless rain falls, when there will be none obtainable between Taru and Ndara or Kasigao, some 50 or 60 miles.

The next morning we left Maungu at 4.30 A.M. and arrived at Taru at 7 P.M., stopping for one hour in the middle of the day. The distance by the road is about 40 miles; it was a very heavy march, and could not have been done if the porters' loads had been heavy; as it was, many of them had such swollen ankles and sore feet from it that I was compelled to give them a day's rest at Taru before moving again. The natives of Rabai, where my porters came from, are not strong; they have mostly been slaves at one time or another; their food is usually poor, and their blood is weak; small cuts or wounds turn into very nasty ulcers; they are willing enough, but really not able to stand continuous hard work; the experience of several who have tried them warrants the conclusion that they are not equal to Zanzibar porters in strength and stamina; in fact, a man who has once been a slave seems to fall physically as well as morally. The road I passed over was the same as when going, a very monotonous one, and aggravating to the last degree in its everlasting windings.

The next day I visited Taru Hills, which are some four miles from the water. There is some game in the neighbourhood, but the woods are very thick and thorny; from inquiries I made, and from own observation, I do not think this place could be trusted for water in the north-east or dry monsoon; during the south-west monsoon, which is the rainy season, water will always be found there, but in the dry season I should say most likely there will be none; the pond is not more than 12 feet deep, and not of great extent.

On the 17th of June we left Taru and came by the main road to Gorah; the road passes through some very pretty stretches of forest and glade, also many miles of shambas or cultivated lands of the Wa-duruma; they were all quite bare, nothing growing; it was pitiable to see where the Indian corn and other things had come up above the ground and then withered up; but there was absolutely no food growing for the people. We passed some Duruma villages, but saw no one, and from what I heard the people have gone to the coast to look for food.

We passed a place called Samburu, where there is water in holes in the sandstone rocks, but so full of vegetable and animal matter as to be quite unfit to drink; the wells at Gorah were quite dry, no rain having fallen since I passed there some weeks before.

After passing Gorah the hills become green, grass is seen, and everything becomes changed, as though by enchantment; the flowers were out, beautiful orchids in full blossom, grass luxuriant, trees covered with foliage—it was like a new country, and all this because a shower of rain had fallen; we camped for the night by a small stream, in whose bed were pools of water, a little brackish, but just drinkable; the stream joins the Mwache river, and together they run into Port Reitz.

The next morning we started for Mwache, passing through a very pretty undulating piece of country; we stopped at a place called Vougah, where there was formerly a village, destroyed by Masai, but finding no water there went on to Mwache, where we camped. At night the lions roared in regular chorus round us, showing that game was plentiful about. I do not think lions in this part of Africa are at all dangerous; they are heard at night, but very rarely seen by day; the natives catch them in pits occasionally, or shoot them with poisoned arrows. Leopards are very numerous, their peculiar grunt being heard at all times in the night.

The next morning we returned to Jomvu. It seems a pity that these Rabai Hills should be left to the wild animals; there are millions of acres of beautiful grass growing waste; the people are afraid to keep cattle on them, or to cultivate any distance from the large villages, called *kayas*, on account of the Masai. Some few years ago there were tens of thousands of cattle here, now there are none; a few little patches were cultivated, and wherever there was any the crop was coming up splendidly.

At Jomvu I was hospitably received by the Rev. Thomas Wakefield, resident missionary for the United Free Church Methodist Society. The same night we weighed with the land breeze at 1 A.M., and returned to Mombasa.

With regard to the slave trade, in that part of my district inhabited by the Wa-teita there is but little; strangers are compelled to work for those that capture them, and are sold from one owner to another, but, as a practical fact, they never remain long, the facilities for escape being so great. Caravans bringing slaves from Chagga to the coast do occasionally pass through, but at long intervals, and not many slaves at a time; those that are brought come from Mandara, the chief of Chagga, and are either Wa-chagga or Wa-rusa, a neighbouring tribe, with whom the Wa-chagga have constant fights, resulting in the capture and sale of each other's people.

Caravans coming from Chagga or the Masai country are compelled to pass through Teita, as there is positively no water by other routes from this part of the coast. Mr. Wray, who has lived on Ndara Mountain now for two years, assures me that he always hears of any caravan passing, and that very few have slaves; those that have are generally going to Vanga, where they are shipped to Pemba and other places; the road to Vanga branches off from the main road to Mombasa, near Taru, passing through the Duruma country; this information was confirmed by conversation I had with the people on Kasigao Mountain; they mentioned three caravans with slaves from Chagga during the last twelve months; the slaves are not in irons, or in the slave-fork, as a rule they are carrying nothing but their food and a water-bottle; there is none of that brutality practised here by those conducting a slave-caravan that

has been so often reported of those further south; there is little or no ivory for them to bring down, and the slave himself is now so valuable on arrival at the coast that the owners find it worth their while to be almost kind to them.

It is gratifying to see that these natives, though barbarous in their dealings with each other, still have a distinct notion that the slave trade is wrong, and a thing to be spoken of with bated breath; they remark and remember each caravan that passes with slaves, but of other caravans they take no particular notice.

The cultivation here is much the same as at the coast as to produce, but the cultivated parts are only immediately round the foot of the mountain, no one attempts to do anything on the plain. Sugar-cane appears to be indigenous; it grows everywhere on the Ndara, but strange to say, there is none on Kasigao. Whatever is grown in Teita is only for the use of the Wa-teita, they have no idea of producing anything simply to sell; there is no doubt if they were to collect the valuable gums which exude everywhere from the trees, they might carry on a considerable and remunerative traffic. There is also india-rubber, but not in large quantities. On the road through the Duruma country I saw a great deal of orchilla-weed, which only requires gathering, and sells in Mombasa for a good price; it is only the laziness of the inhabitants that prevents their turning it to account. This year is an exceptionally bad one, from the failure of the usual rains, which should commence at the latter end of May, and continue in occasional showers through June; very rarely much water falls in Duruma and Teita, but generally sufficient to give the people some sort of harvest, but this year the shambas are perfectly bare. During these times of famine the people sell their children and daughters to the coast people as slaves, but always redeem them as soon as a favourable season gives them the means. There is one fruitful source of distress in this district, which is the constant raids of the Masai; the destruction caused by these savages is very great; they simply leave a track of desolation behind them. I was glad to hear from Mr. Joseph Thomson, who had just returned from their country, that their immense herds of cattle were dying off in large numbers; if so, they may have to give up their practice of living entirely on meat, and turn their hands to agriculture, which will tend to keep them at home; should they do so, people about here would again keep large herds of cattle, sheep, and goats, which would lead to a trade in hides, tallow, ghee, &c.

The route from Mombasa to the interior is always a trying one, but more so this year on account of the scarcity of water and food, but it has one advantage, that it is a healthy one; there are no marshes or excessive vegetation to cause malaria; the clouds at this time of year so temper the heat of the sun that walking all day in it has no ill effect; the temperature inland is not high, the thermometer by day was seldom

over 80°, and by night fell usually to 65° and sometimes lower. A great part of the way the route is very interesting; from the summit of Ndara, and from the foot of Kasigao, a splendid view of Kilima-njaro is obtained, the snow on its summit glistening in the sun. The vast plain of Teita in ordinary years abounds with game; also when the rain falls there is plenty of food procurable. Cloth of various kinds and beads are the money of the country; the one thing is, that caravans should be well armed, as in this part of Africa hongo is demanded in larger proportion from a weak than a strong party. The Masai may be met with on the way, and should they be, they never attack Europeans armed with guns. Food and water are always procurable in abundance as soon as Teita is passed.

Accompanying this report is a map showing the route travelled, the position of the mountains, and the kind of country passed through. The positions are laid down by observation, and the heights are by boiling-point thermometer.

MOMBASA, June 26, 1884.

*Mr. C. Winnecke's last Explorations in the Northern Territory,
South Australia.*

Map, p. 614.

THE details of Mr. Charles Winnecke's most recent explorations (July 30 to December 2, 1883) in the Northern Territory of South Australia, accompanied by an excellent map, on the scale of 8 miles to an inch (of which a reduction accompanies these notes), have been received from Mr. G. W. Goyder, Surveyor-General of the Colony, through the courtesy of the London Agent-General. It will be remembered that Mr. Winnecke in 1878 continued the work commenced by Mr. Barclay in exploring the unknown region east of the telegraph line from Alice Springs, towards the western Queensland boundary, and of which mention is made in the R.G.S. 'Proceedings,' 1879, p. 334. Mr. Winnecke's first results were briefly notified in Petermann's 'Mittheilungen,' vol. xxv. (1879) p. 234; but he appears from the Report now under notice to have again made important explorations in 1881, of which there seems to be no accessible record.

Roughly speaking, his last journey is through entirely unknown country near the western Queensland boundary line, from about 27° 30' S. lat., when he crossed the Kallakoopah creek (an affluent of the Macumba, which feeds Lake Eyre on the north side), to about 22° 43' S. lat., his furthest point north of the Marshall river, his furthest western point being 136° 46' E. long.; and in this space, hitherto a great blank on the most recent maps, he has not only shown with precision the

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