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TRAVELS IN THE COASTLANDS
OF
BRITISH EAST AFRICA
AND THE ISLANDS
OF
ZANZIBAR AND PEMBA

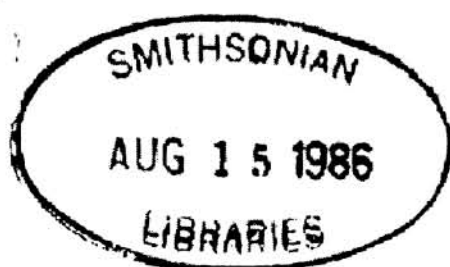
THEIR AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES AND
GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS

BY
WILLIAM WALTER AUGUSTINE FITZGERALD

FELLOW ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, FELLOW ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE

WITH MAPS, ILLUSTRATIONS, AND APPENDICES

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of the country from some high ground, looking to the north-east. The Sabaki here made an immense curve, and the country, as far as the eye could see, was the same dense low bush, with the same fringe of *Hyphæne* palms and tall trees on both sides of the river. Later in the day I again descried the solitary hill seen before, and which the Watoro informed me was called *Logi*. I camped again by the river-bank that day, and after being obliged once to get up to quell a fearful row amongst the askaris, the rest of the night was disturbed only by a few howling hyænas.

Next morning, after the usual doctoring of sick porters, we started again through much the same kind of country, which by degrees became more open. We kept close to the river all day. The course of the Sabaki was always distinguishable by its fringe of tall trees—generally tamarinds and *Hyphæne* palms—the latter being often so numerous as to form groves. This day the Sabaki had been running like a mountain stream over a rocky bed, and in many places the face of the bank on the south side was a regular wall of granite and flint, with the invariable shore of white sand. The water was still very yellow. Whenever the path left the river the character of the vegetation and soil changed at once to sparse and scattered thorny scrub, with sandy or gravelly soil, the country being generally very flat with here and there a slight dip, into which the path descended by a gravelly or stony drop. I passed a great many large patches of slab-rock, and in the afternoon tramped over a good deal of heavy white sand near the river. I saw a good many pieces of quartz lying about, and noticed a tree with a good deal of orchella weed growing upon it. Where we stopped for breakfast under a tamarind tree by the Sabaki—which here ran in two channels forming an island—the ground was solid granite, and indeed the rocky nature of the river-bed just here, as well as of the adjoining land, is very remarkable.

The sixth and concluding day of the march led through very open country, with a good deal of umbrella-shaped mimosa and "n'konge," the same variety of *Saussevieria* aloe. The soil was at first red, and afterwards poor and gravelly with a good deal of quartz. I saw a good many rhinoceros tracks about

here. The day's journey was generally through flat country, bush, and occasional patches of grass, with a good many black-looking boulders about. The soil was poor and sandy, sometimes improving to brown. Shortly after passing a grass glade one of my men suddenly pointed out the stockade ahead. I fired a few shots to let the weary porters behind, who had begun to think we should never reach it, know that we had at last arrived—after five and a half days' most fatiguing march through bush and cacti.

8 feet high above it. The thorn breastwork was carried right round the stockade, and the whole presented a very strong and compact appearance. The Watoro, as I have said, worked capitally, and I never had to say a word to them the whole time I was there; at night, however, they were certainly a nuisance, for if left alone they would go on singing, talking, and shouting to unearthly hours.

During my stay the temperature ranged from 70° to 73° at 6 a.m. (the first morning it was 78° at 5.30 a.m.), from 77° to 84° at 2 p.m., and from 73° to 75° at 6 p.m. There were frequent and heavy thunderstorms with wind and rain, which interrupted our work a good deal.

The country round the stockade was extremely flat, with inferior gravelly soil, umbrella-shaped mimosa trees, and glades of good grass with better soil, and near the Sabaki the invariable fringe of high trees. Although there were tracks of rhinoceros and elephant visible, the absence of all game in this place was remarkable—due, I believe, to the Wasania, of whom I heard there was a settlement at Logi Hill. I only saw one antelope. In the middle of dinner one evening a couple of hippos bellowed quite close to the camp, but we were unable to obtain sight of them.

Everything now being completed, I was ready to return to Makongeni again. I paraded the eight Beluchi askaris, and handed over the charge of the stockade to Aziz, their native officer, leaving him sufficient supplies until my return, and directing him to keep a watchful guard. I started off again with the rest of my people on the morning of December 8.

Soon after leaving, and whilst crossing the large grass glade below the stockade, I came upon six large water-buck, but they were off before we could get a shot. We now came upon numerous tracks of game on the path, for the rains had transformed the whole country into fine rich pasturage. Going was, however, very heavy, as the rain still continued, heavy downpours occurring at frequent intervals throughout the day and night. The Sabaki was in heavy flood, with a tremendous current of thick yellow water, so high that the rocky channels were all submerged. Whilst having breakfast two messengers

path being completely overgrown; it had taken him six days to reach that stockade from the preceding one. Game, especially rhinoceros, he reported as very plentiful, particularly above the junction of the Tzavo with the Sabaki. He once saw six lions feeding on a water-buck; all were maneless, but they bolted when they caught sight of him. There were no buffaloes, the cattle epidemic having killed them all; and numberless skulls lay along the wayside. Once the caravan was scattered by a rhinoceros charge; they had come right upon two, which immediately charged them, compelling Foaker and all his people to scale a bank to escape. One of the rhinos actually chased Foaker along the top; he only escaped by rapidly sliding down again. On the road they met a large party of Wa-Kamba (natives of the country around Machako's) going to Mombasa to sell cattle, and at first thought they were Masai. Two hours before reaching No. 2 Stockade there had been numbers of elephants on the path, ploughing it up.

Another incident was the receipt of news by one of my caravans from Makongeni, that four Arabs had come up there from Melindi, and had gone into every house searching for runaway slaves; but the slaves in question had gone on to Fuladoyo. M'Soma wished to fight the Arabs, but I sent word to him to await my return, when I would inquire into the matter.

Up to the 24th I had received four caravan loads of stores from Makongeni, and on this day the first party of Weaver's porters came down, having completed the road to the stockade, whereupon I began the final work of transporting the loads up to it.

This half-way camp was an awful place for deadly snakes. I had thought the flies bad enough, but they were worse, and the reader will agree with me when I give him one day's experience. This is how I spent Christmas Day.

In the morning, just after I had got up, I saw one going under the mats of my tent, and on lifting them up I found a hole under the head of my bed. Shortly afterwards my servant found another coiled up amongst my boots; it escaped before he could kill it. In the afternoon, whilst I was sitting reading