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## Three Years' Travel in the Congo Free State

Author(s): S. L. Hinde

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now that he is in danger, or that, at least, he is in a state of isolation. We must all, therefore, have listened with deep interest to what Lord Roberts has told us of the march by the Swat valley from Peshawur to Chitral, which, I believe, is only 186 miles, and two-thirds shorter than the route usually taken. Perhaps it is not too late this evening to ask General Walker if he will give us some account of what he knows in a little more detail of that route from Peshawur to Chitral.

General J. T. WALKER: I am very sorry I can give but little information. It is thirty years since I was employed on the frontier of Peshawur, and it is to be hoped that our officers there know a little more of the regions beyond now than they did in my days. I sincerely hope that Lord Roberts is correct in his anticipation that our army will be able to march from Peshawur to Chitral; but it is a very difficult country to traverse. I am not aware that any Europeans but one, Mr. McNair, an officer of the Survey, has been through it. It is a country without roads and with various difficult passes, and I am afraid that General Low has a very arduous task before him; but I can only hope that he will be successful, and will not only relieve Dr. Robertson, but that we shall be able to acquire permanent influence over the whole of the intermediate country. This will be certainly an enormous advantage in the management of affairs up in Chitral, as it will open out the direct route to that country, which is so much shorter than the route which has at present to be taken.

The PRESIDENT: I remember, when Captain Younghusband read his first paper in this hall in the year 1888, that Sir Henry Rawlinson, our lamented president, joined in the discussion, and he said that the name of Younghusband would always be in the first rank amongst explorers who had found their way over the great plateau of Central Asia. Since that time our gold medallist has worked hard in the same geographical field, and has explored the northern side of the Karakoram range and the Pamirs, and, as we have heard to-night, Chitral and Hunza. He has already communicated to us three papers, and the present one, like the two former papers, is valuable from a geographical point of view, is charmingly written, and most interesting. When I propose a vote of thanks to Captain Younghusband, I feel sure that I shall carry it with acclamation. And we must not forget to thank Colonel Tanner, who has contributed so much to the interest of the evening by his pictures.

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NOTE ON MAP OF CHITRAL.—In the map to illustrate Captain Younghusband's paper on Chitral and the adjacent countries, the part north of lat.  $35^{\circ} 30' N.$  has been taken from the "Map of the Pamirs," compiled at the Intelligence Division of the War Office. The part south of this parallel has been taken from the "Map of Afghanistan," published by the Indian Survey Department, with additions furnished by Captain Younghusband.

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### THREE YEARS' TRAVEL IN THE CONGO FREE STATE.\*

By S. L. HINDE, Captain in the Belgian Service.

HAVING been appointed to the Congo Medical Service, I landed at Boma in December, 1891, and went up to Stanley Pool. Thence I was sent to the district of Lualaba, commanded by the Baron Dhanis, and on arriving was immediately ordered to join an exploring expedition to Katanga.

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\* Paper read at the Royal Geographical Society, March 11, 1895. Map, p. 512.

Our force consisted of 350 regulars, one Krupp gun, and porters. While on the road to Katanga, information reached us which sent us full speed to the Lomami to stop a raid of Arab slavers. It turned out that the raid was nothing less than the advanced guard of an invasion in force, aimed at the overthrow of the Congo Free State and the obliteration of the white man's influence in Central Africa. So it came about that for two years from this time, I acted as combatant officer in a war between the state and the federation of Arab slave-traders on the upper Congo and its tributaries, who, since the overthrow of the Falls Station in 1886, had established a power which was to all intents and purposes an independent rival of the Free State, although not so indicated on our maps.

Towards the close of the campaign I received orders to survey the Lualaba and Lukuga from the neighbourhood of Kasongo upwards. The United States commercial agent, Mr. Mohun, obtained leave to accompany me. This mission was successfully accomplished as far as M'Bulli's on March 6, 1894. It will be remembered that the river below Kasongo had been explored by Stanley and by others since his time, and that the Lukuga from Tanganyika as far as M'Bulli's had been made known by Thomson and Delcommune. My work, therefore, was to connect the surveys of Thomson and Delcommune with those of Stanley and his successors.

The journey up the river from the coast by Leopoldville to the station of Lusambo on the Sankuru has been frequently described. The path from Matadi up to Stanley Pool is now so far a made road that there are bridges over most of the rivers, and the pathway is cleared of trees and all large obstructions. Shelters have been built at intervals of three hours over the whole distance. The porters employed for the carriage of goods belong to the Manyanga and kindred tribes. There is a marked difference between these people and the carriers used by the Arabs in the Manyema district. The latter are slaves, forced to work, but fed on a sufficient meat diet. The former are free men, but indifferently nourished. The Manyemas are able to carry 80 or 90 lbs. without much difficulty, while the Manyangas are rarely up to a burden of more than 60 lbs.

Leopoldville, on Stanley Pool, I found very short of food. I have since heard that this was due to the chief Galyema, with whom Stanley made the agreement permitting the state to establish the station. About a year and a half ago the commissary of the district drove him into the French territory, and since that time there has been no difficulty, unless it be the prevalence of high prices, in the feeding of the garrison at Stanley Pool. Sickness is at all times very rife at the Pool, and is due partly to the inexperience of the new arrivals from Europe on their way up country, and partly to the carelessness of the time-expired whites, who, coming down from the interior

at certain seasons, fail to clothe themselves sufficiently, and over-drink and over-eat whilst waiting for their caravans to be made up. I may mention that while I was at Stanley Pool there were one or two disturbances in the neighbourhood. I was lucky enough to be appointed to the expedition which quieted them. The officers of the district were very much surprised at the richness of the country within two or three days' march of their station. The fact is that the transport service is so large and so undermanned that the commissary of the district of Stanley Pool has never had time to learn his own district.

After three months spent in the district of Stanley Pool, I got my instructions to proceed to the district of Lualaba on the Sankuru. I left Stanley Pool in the *Stanley*, with 500 soldiers and porters. After four days' steaming we reached the mouth of the Kasai, up which we turned. We were now in the land of plenty. Goats could be bought for a handful of blue beads, or for cloth or handkerchiefs, *if blue*. Wood for the steamer was difficult to obtain, the edge of the forest being usually a mile or so from the river-bank. Sometimes we steamed a whole day without being able to replenish our stock. The marshes and grassy plains along the river border, and the sandbanks and islands in its course, literally teemed with game. There were vast flocks of egrets, pelicans, geese, and many other species. On one occasion we counted 230 hippopotami in a line, looking like a ridge of black rocks. The Kasai natives seem to be dangerous. We had several fights with them on account of their stealing the men's axes, or attacking the wood-cutters during the night. On several occasions when we were passing close to the land, at points where the scrub on the banks was sufficiently thick to hide them, the natives fired into the steamer with arrows and muskets, apparently from pure love of mischief; for, at the time of which I am speaking, there had not been enough traffic on the river for steamers to have given general cause of quarrel.

The crew of the steamer consisted mainly of Bangalas, of whom Ward has written much in his 'Five years among the Congo Cannibals.' They dress their hair fantastically, allowing one or more pigtails to grow a foot long, and stiffening the plaits with wax, making them stand up, and look like horns; they also cut and recut the skin from the root of the nose upwards to the hair, the cicatrix thus formed being often an inch high, and resembles a cock's comb. Their behaviour on the steamers is splendid. They are at once hunters, soldiers, and sailors, but cannibals. When the steamer approached the bank with the intention of mooring, two or three of them would tumble overboard, hanging on to the flukes of the anchor, run along the bottom in 3 or 4 fathoms of water, and, coming up at the bank, hook the anchor into the root of a tree. After twenty-two days' steaming, we arrived at

Benabendi. This is the Belgian Commercial Company's station, where the Sankuru joins the Kasai. Three years ago this was the only station on the Kasai. At the present minute, I believe, there are fourteen belonging to different companies. We now turned from the racing Kasai to the placid Sankuru, whose banks, in marked contrast to those of the Kasai, are clothed with forest to the water's edge. At the time when we went up the Sankuru there were no stations upon it. There are now twelve engaged in the collection of enormous quantities of indiarubber. It seems to me there is a variety of hippopotamus in the Congo basin which does not grow larger than an Alderney cow, and yet the adults are much larger than the dwarf hippopotami, of which there is a specimen in the British Museum. Unfortunately, I have not a specimen to show. In the Sankuru I saw a herd of twenty-three, and in the Lualaba below Riba Riba, a herd of eighteen small hippopotami.

The Sankuru water-people, called Bakuba, are not nomadic; they are a fine race of traders and farmers. Their houses, about 20 feet high, are well built, beehive-shape, thatched with grass to the ground. They make a very good kind of canoe, flat-bottomed, the sides about 10 inches high, tapering to a point fore and aft. Their paddles are about 9 feet long, and well made; many of their paddles have a small knob at the upper end, which is held in the hand. While paddling they chant and take a step forward as they catch the beginning of the stroke, and draw the foot back as they pull through. Ten or twenty of them paddle the ordinary canoe, and keep the most perfect time. The women wear cowries in their hair, which they also plaster with reddish paint and grease. The men and women wear a strip of palm-fibre cloth from the waist to the knees.

Ten days more of steaming took us to Lusambo, the capital of the Lualaba district, situated, according to Lemarinel, in 23° east longitude, latitude 4° south. The station is built on a sandy plain on the right bank of the Sankuru, opposite the mouth of the Lubi, and was founded to check the Arab advance from the east. It consisted of a garrison of 13 white men and 400 black soldiers. There having been little fighting, the whole station had been occupied for two years in making large plantations of cassava, maize, and rice, which were in splendid condition, the station being self-supporting. Here I reported myself to the Commandant Dhanis, who had just returned to the station after having defeated the Arab slave-raider, Gongo Lutete. The *Stanley* had brought up orders for the despatch of an exploring expedition to Katanga, and I was at once directed by the commandant to join the caravan, which consisted of seven officers (white men), 300 soldiers, and 200 porters, besides camp-followers and women. The commandant himself took command. Each of the seven officers had three trained bulls to ride, which eventually served for food on the road.

We started on July 17 for Pania Mutumba's village, three days'

march from Lusambo. Crossing the Sankuru, we marched up its left bank through an extensive forest, in every part of which were wild coffee, indiarubber, and elephants. Pania Mutumba is a very rich village of about 3000 inhabitants, well built in straight lines. The huts are square, but have roofs of the ordinary beehive shape. They are larger than usual, being 30 or 40 feet high, and 15 feet square on the ground. Crossing the Sankuru, we marched for five days south-eastwards to Mona Kialo's, finding practically no food on the road. The vacancy of this district, devoid alike of men and food, had been created by slave-raiders in Tippoo Tib's employ. Every height was covered with splendid palm plantations, and with the remains of villages, whose precise extent was indicated by the bomas or palisade fortifications, which had taken root and grown into ring fences.

Two or three hours beyond Mona Kialo's to the eastward, we came on two villages in clearings, freshly constructed, and inhabited by Batwas or pigmies from the surrounding forest. In reply to a call from the guide Mona Kialo had given us, about 100 of the dwarfs, men and women, came round us. Their average height was about 3 feet 9 inches. I am not sure that the existence of the pigmies in this district has been previously mentioned. On this occasion our little friends were uninterestingly peaceful, but at a later time we learned to know them in other moods. It is a curious fact that they are not afraid of fire-arms; they drop when they see the flash, then run in and spear or shoot their opponent with arrows, before he has time to reload.

Our caravan did not suffer from hunger, for Commandant Dhanis had allowed every man to take at least one woman and a boy with him as transport and commissariat. Immediately beyond the last dwarf village we came to the Lubefu, an extremely rapid stream 200 yards wide, which it took the caravan two days to cross. The water was at this time red, a small tributary higher up, which flows through red clay, being in flood. At this point ambassadors came to us from Gongo Lutete, with a message that, as he wished for peace, he would like the white man to come and visit him. Commandant Dhanis decided to do so, although at a cost of a long deviation north-north-east from the direct road to Katanga. After four days, we were met by a large present of food from Gongo Lutete, and halted at Mulenda's, on the Ludi. His town had a splendid boma, made of trees 30 feet high, most of them garnished with human skulls in various stages of decay. Having recruited our caravan with a couple of days' rest, we went on three days further to Gongo's capital, N'Gandu.

Among the hills, about four hours' march from Mulenda, on the Ludi, we found a small circular lake of about a mile in diameter. This lake is supposed by the natives to be haunted. They say that it is dangerous to sleep near it, drink of it, or bathe in it. Thanks to this superstition, it is inhabited by two of the largest solitary bull-hippopotami I have

ever seen. The water of the lake is perfectly pure. On a subsequent occasion, many of our people drank of it and bathed in it for a couple of days without any ill effects. N'Gandu was a fortified town by the river-bank, with four gates, each approached by a very handsome pavement of human skulls, the bregma being the only part showing above ground. I counted more than 2000 skulls in the pavement of one gate alone. Almost every tree forming the boma was crowned with a human skull. Gongo Lutete had himself been a slave, but was now become one of the chief slave-raiders. He had gathered together about ten thousand cannibal brigands, mostly of the Batetela race.

Through the whole of the Batetela country, extending from the Lubefu to the Luiki, and from the Lurimbi northwards for some five days' march, one sees neither grey hairs, nor halt, nor blind. Even parents are eaten by their children on the first sign of approaching decrepitude. It is easy to understand that under the circumstances the Batetela have the appearance of a splendid race. These cannibals do not, as a rule, file their front teeth, nor do they tattoo the face. I explored the Lomami for some six or eight hours above N'Gandu. The river is about 200 yards wide, rapid in many places and rocky, and navigation even in a canoe is very difficult. Northwards, eastwards, and southwards of N'Gandu extends a vast palm forest, containing great patches of indiarubber creepers.

We were regally entertained for a month at N'Gandu, at the end of which period Gongo Lutete said that he would leave the Arabs and come over to the white man if we would keep faith with him, and, in proof of his own fidelity, he gave us a large present of ivory. He then told us that the Arabs had massacred Hodister's expedition and the white Pasha from the East, whom we guessed to be Emin. He added that they had also succeeded in killing Stairs and Delcommune, but this was, of course, incorrect. Leaving a post with two officers at N'Gandu, we resumed our march towards Katanga, following the ridge of the watershed between the Lomami and the Lubefu. We passed the Two Mountains, seen from a distance by Wissmann. Seen from a point a mile away, it is almost impossible to believe that one of them is not a castle built by human hands, the vast square blocks of grey rock having all the look of old masonry. During this march we came across hundreds of human skeletons—according to our Batetela guides, the victims of a small-pox epidemic. But there were bullet-holes in the skulls, and the epidemic had probably been a Batetela slave-raid. After six days' march we arrived at Kabinda, Lupungu's capital. At this point Dhanis was obliged to return to Lusambo.

Lupungu is the great chief of the Balubas, with an influence extending to the Lulua, and southwards to the Katanga. The Balubas in this district are olive-coloured, with thin lips, and, even from a European point of view, are good looking. The Balubas, who all file the upper and lower

incisors, were not cannibals a short time ago, but of late years the men have learned to eat the enemies who fall in battle; as yet the women have not taken to this revolting practice. Kabinda is in  $6^{\circ}$  south, and  $24^{\circ} 35'$  east. It is built on a hill. The chief industry is the making native cloth out of palm fibre. Pieces of this cloth, about 18 inches square, called Madebas, serve as money at Kosongo, on the Lualaba, where there are no palms. Iron is also a source of riches to these people; some of their work is beautiful, particularly the axes and arrow-heads. We hunted and shot in this neighbourhood, and found that the Lukassi, a tributary of the Lomami, discovered by Wissmann, rises in a lake about 12 miles south of Kabinda. This lake is very full of hippopotami, though only about 2 miles square.

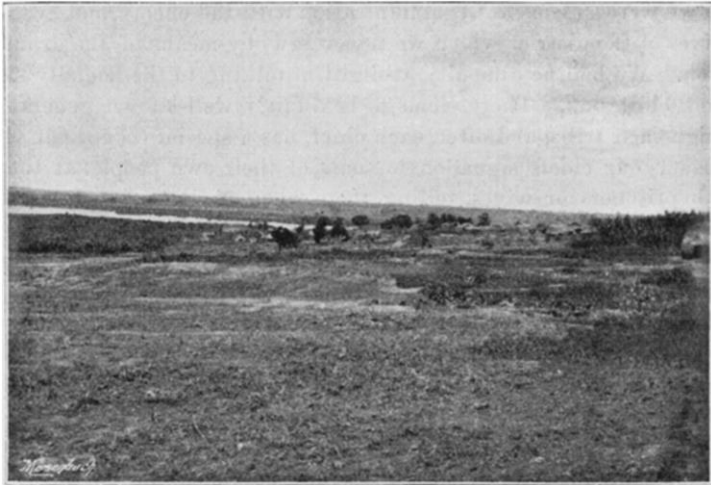
Food being scarce at Kabinda, Lieut. Scaerling and I led the men along the course of the Lurimbi eastwards to Kolomomi's. Here we received a letter from Captain Lippens, the Belgian resident at Kosongo, confirming the report of the murder of Emin Pasha and of Hodister, saying that he and his assistant, Debruyne, were captives, and that Sefu (Tippoo Tib's son), although holding a commission from the king of the Belgians as commissary of the district, was marching to murder us with 15,000 guns. We at once decided to try and stop Sefu crossing the Lomami, and by forced marches arrived at Goimuyasso's, on the Lomami, having heard that it was there that he was going to cross. The Lomami at this point is 200 yards wide, and very rapid. The canoes in use here are simply hollow logs, and are pushed with a pole, the natives on the Lomami not having learnt the art of paddling. We kept Sefu in check for six weeks, until the commandant arrived with reinforcements. Curiously enough, the very day after his arrival we found that Sefu had crossed the Lomami twelve hours' march below us at Jigge. Here we defeated him. A panic seized the Arabs, and the whole host jumped into the river, leaving about 600 dead on the field of battle, and some 1500 more were drowned. The whole country rose in our favour; Kolomoni and Lupungu joined us with 2000 guns and 5000 bowmen and spearmen, and followed the Arabs across the Lomami. At the same time the commandant sent a column from N'Gandu to accompany Gongo Lutete, and join us at Lusuna. We marched for three weeks over the tableland of Kabamba. This country is all swamps, and we had a nightly difficulty to find a dry place in which to pitch our tents. When we started from the Lomami we left all baggage behind, and trusted to the country to feed us. We were without anything European, and subsisted on the goats' flesh and rice which we took in some skirmishes. The Arabs had cut down all the limes, bananas, and other fruit-trees, and had devastated the country with the object of starving us out.

It is a remarkable fact that during the whole of this march through stinking swamps, when we were repeatedly immersed to the waist and



the neck for hours at a time, and this at midday of the hottest season of the year, there was not a single case of fever either among blacks or whites. May this not be explained by the fact that we were away from the forest shade, and that the sun's light could play with full bactericidal power on the surface of the marsh?

Arriving at Lusuna's, a town described by Cameron, we joined forces with Captain Michaux and Gongo Lutete, who had already captured the place. Cameron's Lusuna had died about ten months beforehand. We were told that when he was buried they cut the throats of 100 men and placed them in the grave, laid the chief's body on the top of them,



NYANGWE.

threw in 100 live women, filled up the hole, and built a splendid house upon it. The house was burnt with the rest of the town after Micheau's attack. Here we counted our forces. We found that Gongo Lutete had over 2000 guns with him, and Lupungu and his tribes over 3000. Our regular force consisted of 400 drilled coast-men and their women. Lupungu was afraid to advance, saying that dysentery and small-pox were rife in the Arab country, so we sent him home with all his people. Here, too, we heard that Muni Mohara, the chief of Nyangwe, was marching against us with 12,000 guns. This was an exaggeration, for when we exterminated his band, we took only about 5000 guns. News also came in that Sefu, after his defeat, had murdered his captives, Lippens and Debruyne. From Lusuna we followed Wissmann's route towards Nyangwe. At Goio Kapopa, at the junction of the Mwoida and Lufubu, we fought several battles, in the first of which Mohara was killed. We advanced to the Lualaba, and came in sight of Nyangwe on January 28, 1893.

All the country between the Lufubu and the Lualaba is salty. I examined some of the salt marshes, and in two of them found the brine coming out of the ground, warm. Sections exposed in the banks round the marshes showed slate above a kind of marl. In the centre of one marsh I found a hot sulphurous spring, with a temperature of about 120°. The natives boil the brine, and obtain a salt black with mud. We encamped for six weeks in the swamps described by Cameron on the left bank of the Lualaba, opposite to Nyangwe. The Arabs attacked us on several occasions, and we exchanged shots daily across the river. At this time we were living in the swamps and drinking the swamp waters, but did not suffer from fever. During the whole war we were in constant communication with the enemy, and even with natives of the district whom we never saw, by means of the drum telegraph. We had no difficulty at night in talking to the friendly natives 5 and 6 miles off. There seems to be a fairly well-known general code, though each tribe, and often each chief, has a special code. On several occasions our chiefs signalled to some of their own people, at the time Arab prisoners or wives, telling them when and where to desert to us, which they did successfully.

On February 26 the Arabs attacked us in force, and were defeated. This had such an effect on the Waginia, the river people, that they came and offered us their canoes to attack Nyangwe. With one hundred dug-out canoes, we took Lyangwe on March 4. It was a finely built Arab town of about 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants. We there found papers and clothing which had belonged to Emin Pasha. He had been killed at Kibungi, on or about October 23, 1892. It is worthy of note as proving a premeditated scheme, that the details of his death, with the names of the chiefs who killed him, had been reported at Zanzibar in June, 1892.

The third day after the taking of Nyangwe, the Arab soldiers and allied chiefs came in in great numbers, offering submission, voluntarily surrendering their guns, and saying that the Arab power was ended. We gave them quarters in the town, believing in their good faith; but two days afterwards we found that the whole town was filled with armed men. For every gun which had been given up, a dozen had been brought in by night and hidden. The plan, as we afterwards learned, was that Said-ben-a-Bedi, the chief who conducted Emin from Lado to his death, should camp at two hours' distance from Nyangwe with his army, with the object of supporting those in the town who had made apparent submission, when they should fire the place and attack us. By some lucky chance the attack was made at midday, and not at midnight as had been arranged, and Said-ben-a-Bedi failed to bring assistance. As a consequence the revolt was stamped out. Over 1000 men fell. Next day I had the direction of the burying-parties, but only found a few hundred heads and bones; the camp-followers, friendly

and other natives had carried off all the meat, and in many cases the whole body, for food. As far as I have seen, the African cannibals never eat flesh raw; they always boil or roast it. After four hours' street fighting, Nyangwe was burnt, and now there is only one house left, which has become a state station, and around it are springing up native villages and plantations of coffee, rice, and cassava.

At Nyangwe the Arabs sent their sick people into our camp, thereby causing an epidemic of small-pox. At the same time there was raging the most virulent form of influenza that I have ever seen. During the many months' hardship preceding this, we had had no deaths with the exception of one from pneumonia, one from heart-disease, and the killed in battle. This, as I have before observed, was probably due to the



WAGINIA VILLAGE.

fact that the men were well fed and cared for by the women who accompanied them.

On April 16 we were joined by the first reinforcements. On the 19th we marched on Kasongo. Our way led through a splendidly fertile and entirely cultivated country. We stormed Kasongo on April 23. Kasongo was a newer town than Nyangwe, better built, and apparently very rich. We took great numbers of repeating and other rifles, and tons of gunpowder, besides sugar, vermicelli, sardines, raisins, and other European delicacies. Kasongo seems to have had a population of about 60,000. The streets were fairly straight; there were bridges over all the brooks, and wooden conduits for the drains. The whole country round for 5 or 6 miles was one vast cultivated field. I rode through one rice-field in a nearly straight line for two hours.

Kabambare was taken on February 13, and Rumaliza, the chief of Ujiji, fled to Tanganyika, and probably across it. Thus the last hold of the slavers to the west of Tanganyika was destroyed.

On returning to Kasongo, the country now being quiet, I got instructions to try and find a road from Kasongo, by water, if possible, to Lake Tanganyika, the caravan road by Kabambare presenting so many difficulties. The United States commercial agent, Mr. Mohun, had requested to accompany me, and I had orders to assist him in any way in my power, as he wanted to get through to Zanzibar. We started on March 16, and struck the Lualaba, at Ferhagie's village on a com-



FLOATING ISLAND ON THE LUALABA.

manding bluff, just below the first of the Kasongo rapids. Here we managed to obtain twelve canoes. We pulled up the rapids, and stopped at Luntumba's, on the left bank, the country we passed being low and rich. It had been cultivated by the Arabs. The river was very fine above the rapids, running like the tail of a mill-race for several miles. Twenty minutes above Luntumba's village we came to other rapids, through which the natives dragged our canoes. These natives were Waginia, already spoken of in connection with the taking of Nyangwe. They attached creepers to the canoes, and sixty or seventy men dragged them one by one up the rapids. In one place I calculated the fall to be about 20 feet. Several of the Waginia were carried down, but, as they swam like fish, seemed none the worse for it. These Waginia are a nomadic race; they never fight, and in fact never carry even a spear in their canoes when travelling, as they used to say themselves, "If we

have done wrong, kill us; we are only women." As may be imagined, they are great liars and clever thieves. The Arabs had taught them to work for nothing but their food on the voyage. They build little huts about 6 feet high, with nearly flat roofs of grass or banana leaves, the walls either made of grass or wattles daubed with mud. They live by selling an inferior kind of earthen pot, which they make of river mud, also by fish-trapping. The commonest kind of trap is made like our lobster-pots. Some of them are very large; I saw one 8 feet in diameter. They do not make their own canoes, but buy them from the forest people. The rocks in this second series of rapids are dark in tint, in places nearly black, and streaked with deep red. They are very rich in iron—so much so, that all this day our compasses were of no use.



NATIVE CANOE ON THE LUALABA.

In going 20 yards in a straight line, with no rock visible above the water, the needle would turn halfway round the box.

Immediately above the second rapids the Lualaba, here a mile wide, is joined on the right bank by the Lulindi. In the upper angle formed by the Lualaba and Lulindi, are fine mountains covered with forest called the mountains of Bena Twiti. We had been fighting against Rumaliza in these mountains some months beforehand. Some distance higher up, the Lualaba is joined by another tributary from the east, the Luama. Between the Luama and the Lulindi the main river describes a right angle, flowing westward to the village of Sekabudi, then northwards to the confluence of the Lulindi. We camped on the left bank of the Luama, that river at its confluence with the Lualaba being about 250 yards wide, with a very rapid current. On the right bank of the Luama the mountains of Bena Twiti seem to be about

10 miles distant. Passing two more small rivers on the right bank, the Kasima and the Kalambija, we came to the rapids of M'Toka. These rapids were formed by a whitish rock, which broke up the river into small streams. The main current was about 100 yards wide, churned into a froth, and apparently not very deep. The difficulty of seeing the banks and of following the course of the river made it impossible to say what was here its exact width; but I should think that, from the mainland on the one hand to the mainland on the other must be about 2 miles, but a great deal must depend on the season. We saw large flocks of geese and some hippopotami here. The mountains on each side of the river up to the next falls are called Simbie; they are not very high, and are thickly wooded. They commence about a mile from the river-bank on either side. After having ascended these rapids in the same way as the others, we arrived at Mutetele. The Lualaba here narrows, and just above the falls is not more than 100 yards across. From here we could see high blue mountains to the south-west, apparently about 20 miles off. One of these is now called Mount President. It was of a curious shape, something like an elephant, the head pointing eastwards. Enormous quantities of geese and duck were shot, enough to feed the whole caravan. Palm trees were fairly common, though the natives refused to give us palm wine, alleging as the excuse that it was habitually stolen by the elephants.

At the falls of Simbi the native chief, Tamwe, had a couple of hundred men ready when we arrived, to haul us up. The natives at this place were very kind, probably wanting to get rid of us. I have always noticed that the natives are generous, hard-working, and obliging, wherever they have been raided by the Arabs. Presumably, they have found that the simplest way of getting rid of visitors is to help them on their road. The Lualaba here narrowed considerably. The river-banks were thickly wooded, and there seemed to be large numbers of buffalo on the plains. The hills were only 200 to 300 feet high, and commenced about a mile from the river-side. The river itself varies from 100 to 200 yards wide, is very rapid, and has a rocky bottom. When the river is very full, it is evidently at least 400 yards in width, and deep enough to cover all the rocks. Palm trees abound, but natives are scarce, this country having often been raided in days gone by.

At the top of the rapids we got to the village of Fambusi, where there is a sort of pool. It is a pool, not a lake—a mere broad in the river. The mountains are wooded, and are covered with game. The grassy plains run for about 2 or 3 miles inland from the river-banks. The natives here are of a new race, the Waujabillio. They speak a dialect of the Batetela language. Here, at Fambusi, we saw the elephant-like Mount President, about 20 miles off to the westward. In the next three hours the river was not difficult of navigation. Then we came to

fresh rapids, where I saw, for the first time, a lot of grey plover, and also large flocks of wild geese, which were very acceptable to the caravan. We slept in the villages of the Waujabillio. These villages are irregular in plan, and composed of houses each consisting of two rooms—a front room about 6 feet square, and a circular room in rear about 8 feet in diameter. The walls are of clay, and the roof is thatched in beehive shape. They are infested with vast numbers of remarkably tame rats.

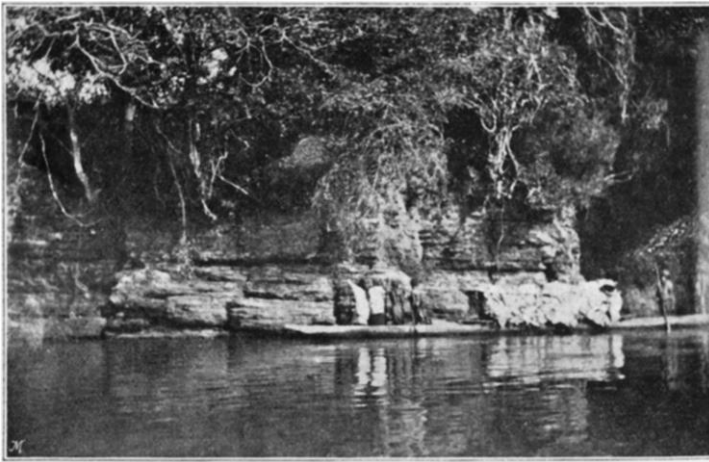
The whole district from Kasongo to Fambusi had been more or less devastated by locusts. At Kasongo our Arab prisoners and the friendly natives said that this was the first time that they had ever visited the country. The locusts were travelling south-south-east for about a month, while I was at Kasongo, and it is significant that Commissioner Johnston mentions in his report that his country was visited by locusts about two months later.

The next rapids were those of Lukalonga, formed of dark-coloured rocks. In the middle of the river there was a very large island, thickly populated by a settlement of a vassal of Sefu's. We arrived here on March 23, and were told that this was the last point at which the Arabs had posts. We went on to Kinsali, and thence to Kufi. The country seemed very thickly populated here, having, I suppose, never been raided. The forests came down to the river-banks. There were enormous troops of monkeys. To the east, apparently about 10 miles off, were some very fine mountains. This stretch of the river is about 1 mile wide at high water, not improbably 2 miles if the grass islands be included. The next reach of the river came from the westward, with very high mountains on the left bank. This stream was free from rapids, very slow, and apparently very deep. I found no bottom at 35 feet.

We passed the mouth of the Mukalli on the right bank. It seemed an insignificant tributary. In the angle between the left bank of the Mukalli and the Lualaba there was a high range of hills, and here the rapids began again. After working up them for many hours, we came to a specially difficult one called Nyangi. The fall here cannot be less than 15 feet. There is a curious cone-shaped rock in the middle of the river, about 40 feet high, apparently of white quartz, and on both sides of the river are enormous blocks of quartz, while on the left bank is a cliff of quartz about 90 feet high. This bit of scenery is really magnificent. We camped on an island, which seemed to be a solid block of quartz, with only scrubby grass growing on it. This island is called Katenge, after the chief who owns it, and is about 3 miles long, and from half a mile to a mile wide.

We had great trouble with the natives here. After we had worked all day to make an advance of three-quarters of a mile, Katenge refused us food, and was very savage. He even asked us what our guns were for. Being on an island, we should have starved, but that my men were

fortunate enough to catch a cat-fish weighing 100 lbs. We had further difficulties when we left, for the chief would find us neither canoes nor men. We were now beyond the Arab influence, and the natives had not been educated—hence our rough experience. When at last we got started, we found the country very thickly populated, all the people turning out in thousands to see us off. Katenge's boatmen turned over one of my boats in a rapid, as I believe, on purpose. I was looking on, and lost eight men with their whole kit, including cartridges. Kongolo, the great chief in this region, had apparently given orders that we were not to proceed. The paddlers told us that it was impossible to mount the rapids, but we succeeded in persuading them to do so, despite the impossibility. We found Kongolo's village at the



WATER-WORN ROCKS ON THE LUALABA.

head of the rapids, where the river forms a pool, and looks almost like a lake. Kongolo was not pleased to see us, and bolted; but my men caught him, and invited him to dinner, which he eventually provided for us. We were told that there were no more rapids; that we could travel for three weeks or a month up the Lualaba without finding any obstruction. I am sorry I could not verify this; but it is probably not true.

We now paddled for a couple of days past islands, the stream running only about two knots an hour. As far as we could see into the interior, village followed village, the river-banks being densely covered with peop'e, brought out by curiosity to see the white man. They were a fine race called Jambulus, fairly well clad in native cloth, the hair of the men being arranged fantastically in various forms. There were two splendid ranges of hills, one on each bank of the Lualaba; those on the right bank are called Muambo, and those on



the left bank Kaloni. As the people speak a bastard Batetela, which we could not understand, it is possible that these are not the names of the mountains at all, but only those of the chiefs of the districts.

The Jambulus excel apparently in carving. At Katulu we found some very fine carvings, some cut from the wart-hog's teeth, and some in ivory. There were an enormous number of fetishes hung round the people's necks, teeth and ivory. The axe-handles and paddles were also very well carved in wood. The people do not seem ever to have seen a gun here, or to know what it means. When my men were in line on one occasion, twenty men armed with bows and arrows ran in on us, thinking we were only armed with clubs. All the arrows are poisoned, but the poison does not seem to be invariably fatal, since one of our men who was shot through the thigh recovered.

On the 31st we came to the mouths of the Lukuga, which form a delta. The northern mouth is about 30 yards wide, the southern about 80 yards. The latter has a very rapid current. The Lualaba at the confluence with the Lukuga is about 400 yards wide, and about half a mile higher must be nearly a mile wide. It runs in the direction north 20° west for several miles, and there is no sign whatever of Lake Lanchi, which is marked on so many maps. The Lualaba runs from the mouth of the Lukuga southward, and is so straight that, except for a few palm tops, sky and water touch at the horizon. As soon as we got into the Lukuga, the natives told us this was Tanganyika water. This is interesting, as I see Mr. H. H. Johnston has said that he has never been able to find any natives who call Tanganyika by its name.

The Lukuga above the delta is about 10 feet deep, and was at this season perfectly clear, varying from  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile to 1 mile wide, with the same depth right across. A great deal of it had long grass growing in it. There was no sign of swamp about its banks. Some miles up we were blocked by grass, but we could follow the course of the river by going against the current, though we could not see the banks. After 3 or 4 miles through the grass, we got an open stretch of water 40 yards wide. The whole expanse of water from bank to bank was about a mile. We stopped at a village called Angoma. The country is very densely populated, but the people did not seem to know anything about the Arabs. They speak a kind of patois of the Batetela language, which a man from Lusuna, in Malela, whom we had with us, could understand. Some hours below M'Bulli's we paddled through the largest flock of birds I have ever seen; the river and river-banks, the islands and plains, as far as the eye could see, were literally covered with spur-winged geese.

We reached M'Bulli on the 5th, where I was taken ill. Opposite M'Bulli there was a high range of hills, which seemed to grow higher towards the east. Delcommune had passed by M'Bulli a year and a half previously. M'Bulli told me that he sent his ivory to be

sold at Tanganyika, a journey of six days. Mr. Mohun here took command of the expedition, and returned down the river to Kasongo. After resting at Kasongo for ten days, the abscess in my liver getting worse, I decided to start down the Congo. After fifteen days I arrived at Stanley Falls, and took a steamer back to Stanley Pool.

In conclusion, I would draw your attention to certain general observations.

1. The political geography of the Upper Congo basin has been completely changed, as a result of the Belgian campaign among the Arabs. It used to be a common saying, in this part of Africa, that all roads lead to Nyangwe. This town, visited by Livingstone, Stanley, and Cameron, until lately one of the greatest markets in Africa, has ceased to exist, and its site, when I last saw it, was occupied by a single house. Kasongo, a more recent though still larger centre, with perhaps 60,000 inhabitants, has also been swept away. It is represented now by a station of the Free State 9 miles away, on the river-bank.

2. In harmony with this political change, the trade routes have been completely altered, and the traffic which used to follow the well-beaten track from Nyangwe and the Lualaba, across Tanganyika to Ujiji, or round the lake to Zanzibar, now goes down the Congo to Stanley Pool and the Atlantic.

3. Despite their slave-raiding propensities during the forty years of their domination, the Arabs have converted the Manyema and Malela country into one of the most prosperous in Central Africa. The landscape, as seen from high hills in the neighbourhood of Nyangwe and Kasongo, reminds one strongly of an ordinary English arable country. There is nothing similar, that I am aware of, in any other part of the Congo basin; and yet the Arabs have left the Malela perhaps the most inveterate cannibals on the face of the globe.

4. In all parts of the virgin Congo forest I have visited, wild coffee is so abundant and so excellent, that we left our tins of imported coffee unopened.

5. The centre of the Congo basin, through which stretch the 1000 miles of navigable river and tributary, is an alluvial plain, rimmed in on all sides by rocky ridges, through which the rivers break at points marked by falls or rapids. At some future time, this vast ring of rapids may become the seat of a corresponding circle of mining-centres.

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Before the reading of the paper, the PRESIDENT said: This evening we are assembled to hear a very interesting account, as I am sure it will be, of Captain Hinde's adventures in Africa, and of some important exploring work which he accomplished.

After the reading of the paper, the following discussion took place:—

Major-General Sir FRANCIS DE WINTON: I have listened to the paper which has been read this evening with a great deal of interest, because I can trace the advances that have been made within the last ten years, for I took the first boat up

















Compiled by B.V. Darbishire





# MAP OF PART OF THE SOUTH EASTERN CONGO-BASIN.

SHOWING RECENT EXPLORATION.

To accompany CAPT. S. L. HINDE'S PAPER.

Scale 1:1,000,000 (15.75 m. = 1 in.)

ROUTES:

Statute Miles: 0 10 20 30  
Kilometres: 0 10 20 30

Livingstone (1870) -----	Le Marinel (1887 & 1890) - - - - -
Cameron (1874) - + + + +	Hodister (1890) -----
Stanley (1875) - o o o o	A. Delcommune (1891-92) - - - - -
Wissmann & Pogge (1880-83) -----	Bia (1891-93) - x x x x x
Wissmann (1886-87) . . . . .	Routes traversed by Officers of the Dhanis Expedition (1892-94) -----





