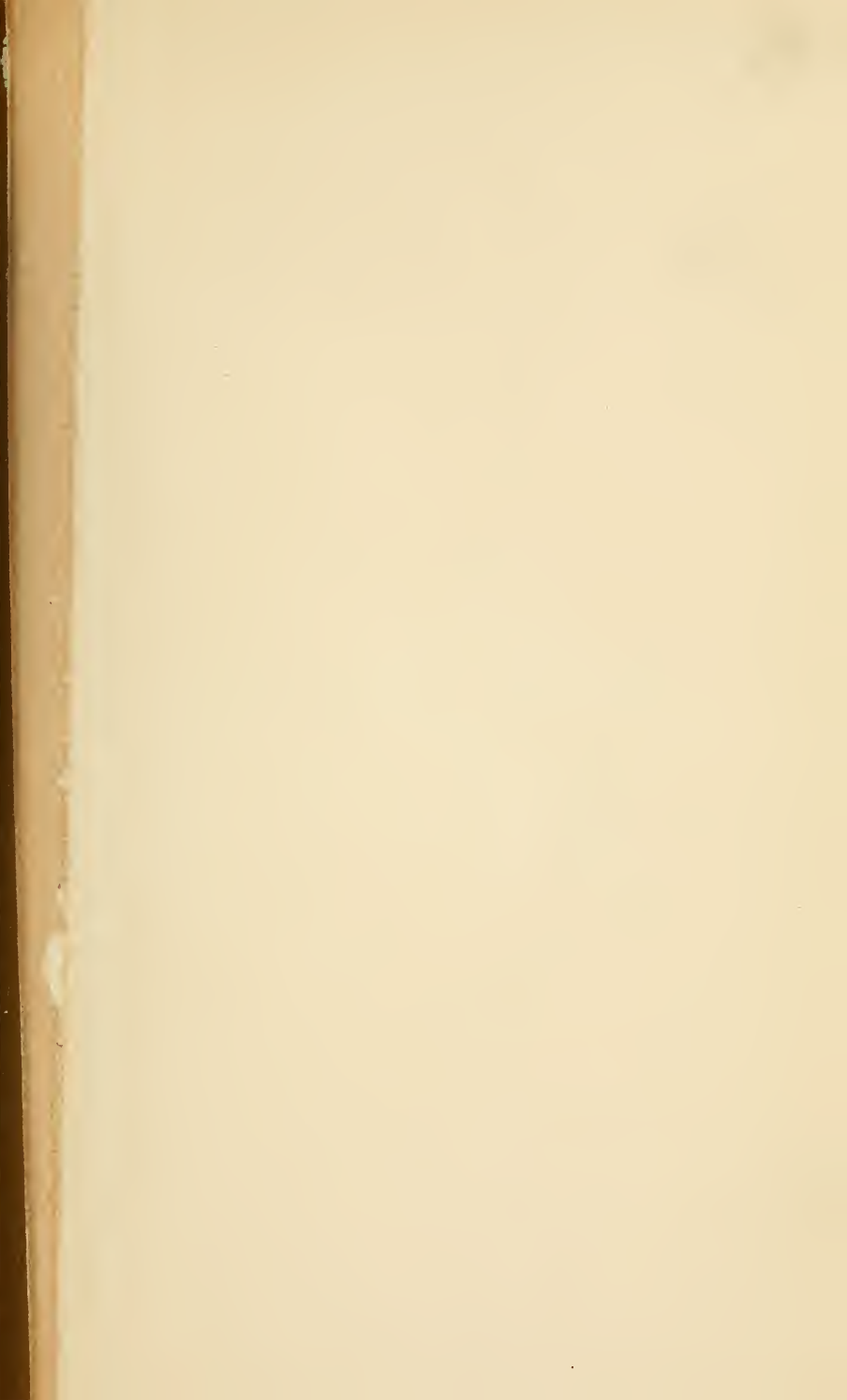
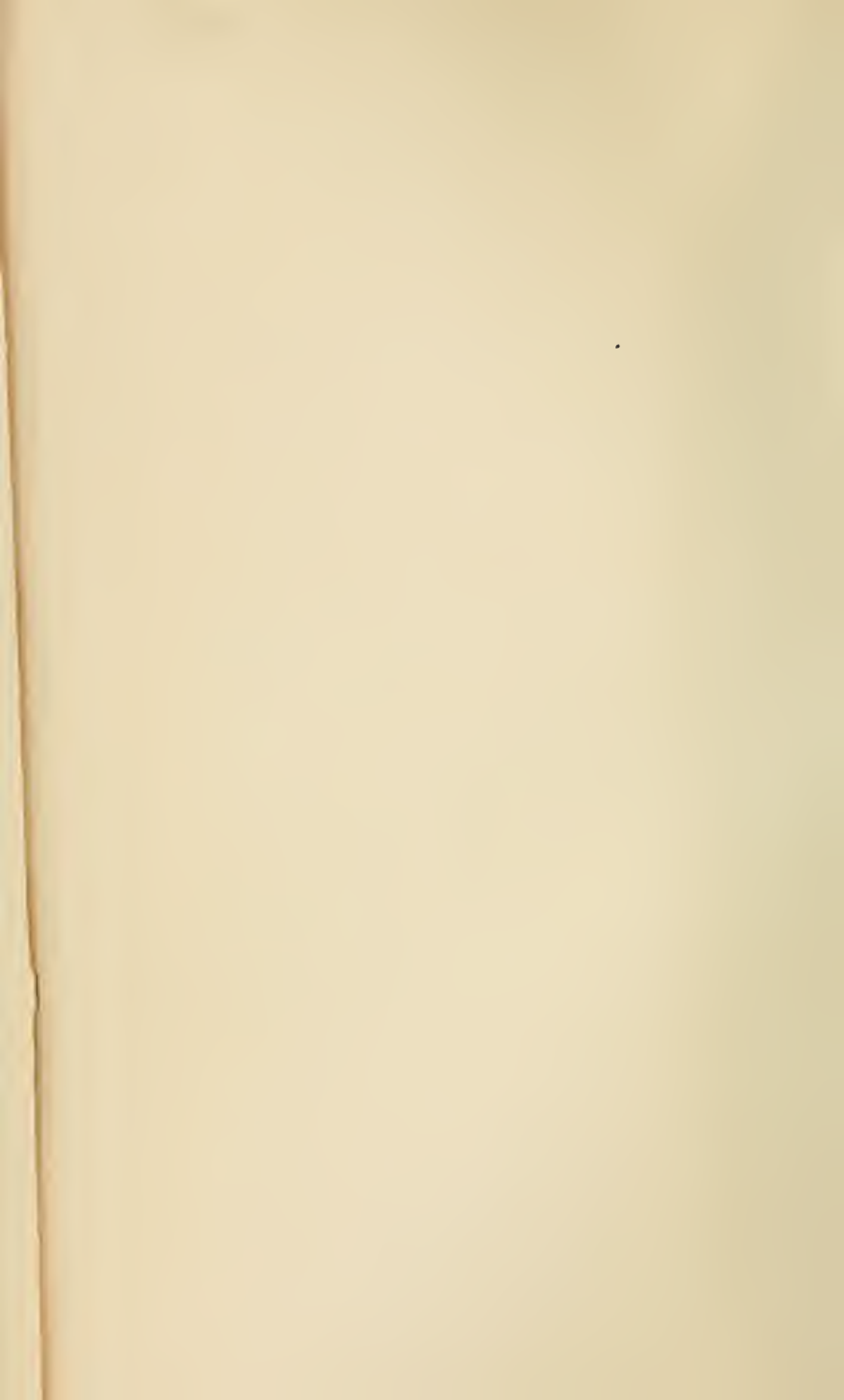


THE FALL
OF THE
CONGO ARABS

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THE FALL
OF
THE CONGO ARABS



Sid. A. Hinde.

THE FALL
OF
THE CONGO ARABS

BY

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MAP OF PART OF THE
SOUTH EASTERN CONGO-BASIN.
 SHOWING RECENT EXPLORATION.

To accompany CAPT S. L. HINDE'S BOOK

Scale 1:1,000,000 (1:576,000)

- ROUTES**
- | | |
|---------------------------|--|
| Livingstone (1870) | Le Mariet (1887 & 1890) |
| Cameron (1874) | Honster (1890) |
| Stanley (1875) | A. Delcommune (1891-92) |
| Wasmann & Pogge (1880-83) | Bis (1894-95) |
| Wasmann (1895-97) | Routes traversed by Officers of the Dhans Expedition (1882-84) |

INTRODUCTION

THE year 1892 marks the crisis of a struggle in Central Africa between the conflicting forces of the East and the West. Between these forces, represented on the one hand by the Arabs from Zanzibar, and on the other by the Europeans from the mouth of the Congo, a collision had long been pending; and since each was bent upon supremacy within the same area, it was evident that the extinction of one power or the other could alone solve the problem.

A body of Arab traders, hunters of slaves and ivory, had long striven to gather to Zanzibar the entire trade of Central Africa; while the Belgians of the Congo Free State, later in the field, sought to divert the commerce of the Interior to the Congo mouth, and thence, ultimately, to Europe.

During the present century, many circumstances have combined to make the Zanzibar Arabs the most noted slave-hunters and slave-dealers in the world. Of their earlier history little is definitely known, beyond the fact that already in the tenth century there were Arab settlements along the East Coast of Africa.

After the discovery of the Cape Road to the Indies, most of these settlements were conquered by the Portuguese, and were then gradually reconquered in the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries by the Imams of Muscat.

Of this second Arab dominion the most important centres were the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba; and from these islands, as the result of the mingling of Arab and negro blood, a race of black Arabs has sprung. Yet, despite their long occupation of the Zanzibar coast and neighbouring districts, it is only within recent times that the Arabs have advanced into the Interior.

Some two generations ago the island of Pemba developed into a great clove-plantation, worked by slaves in the manner of the cotton and sugar

plantations of America. A little later, certain merchants of Zanzibar, becoming involved with their creditors, migrated to Central Africa to prospect for ivory. Owing to the destruction of their beasts of burden by the tsetse fly, they found it necessary to employ the natives as porters; and thus it arose that blacks were shipped to the Zanzibar slave-market, as a by-product of the ivory-trade, at the very time when there was a strong demand for their labour in the clove-plantations of Pemba. The supply of slaves ultimately became such as to permit of a large export across the seas to the Mohammedan countries of Asia.

Many of the ivory and slave hunters, failing to make their fortunes, or drawn by the spell of a nomadic life, remained in the Interior; and hence there grew up a system of Arab trade-routes and trade-centres, controlled by certain well-known Arab chiefs. It was along these routes, and with the aid, or at times the obstruction, of the Arabs, that the European explorers of the Lake country, and of the sources of the Congo and the Nile, travelled. Thus the great trunk-route from Baga-

moyo (opposite to Zanzibar), by Tabora in Unyan-yembe, to Ujiji on Tanganyika, was followed successively by Burton and Speke, Livingstone and Stanley, Cameron, and, in part, by Speke and Grant. An extension of this route from Ujiji, across Tanganyika, led through the Manyema country, by Kabambari and Kasongo, to Nyangwe on the Lualaba River.

So far, European discovery had followed in the track of the Arabs from Zanzibar as a basis. But the serious occupation of Central Africa by the Europeans began with Stanley's expedition under the International Association, from the mouth of the Congo up the river; and from that moment a conflict, however postponed, was certain. Nor was it less certain in what region, and along what strategical lines, the struggle would take place. The Europeans had access for their ocean steamers to Matadi, just below the Yellala Falls, and thence by portages, far removed from Arab interference, up to Stanley Pool. From the Pool, their river steamers could navigate without interruption, on the one hand, eastwards, along the main river to

Stanley Falls, and, on the other, from the Kwa mouth, southwards, along the Kasai and Sankuru systems. Since the Falls are to the north, and the Sankuru is to the west, of the Manyema country, the Belgians had two separate lines of advance, converging from two distinct bases upon Nyangwe, the head of the road from Zanzibar. The Manyema country was therefore the natural centre, both offensive and defensive, of the Arabs.

When the Belgian expedition of which Captain Hinde was a member, passed from the Kasai, southwards, to the copper country of Katanga, it exposed itself to a flank attack from the east, at a time when the Arabs were secure on the side of the Falls; for they had destroyed the State station there in 1886. Reinforced by Commandant Dhanis, the expedition turned eastwards to face the Arabs, and advanced upon Nyangwe, crossing tributaries of the Congo and driving the Arabs from river-line to river-line. Successive encounters took place at the Lubefu and the Lualaba, ending, in each case, in the successful passage of the Belgians.

On the Lualaba the Arabs made a long stand at Nyangwe, the two forces occupying the two banks of the river, firing across it, and occasionally attempting the passage by a flank movement.

At a later stage of the campaign, when the fighting had been carried still farther eastward, to Kasongo, the Belgians, having recovered their position in the Falls country, brought reinforcements from the north—thus illustrating the second line of advance that was open to the forces of the Free State.

In summing up the results of the Belgian campaign, Captain Hinde says¹:—

“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 led 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, and is now represented by a station of the Free State nine miles away, on the river bank.

¹ Paper entitled “Three Years’ Travel in the Congo Free State,” read before the Royal Geographical Society, 11th March 1895.

“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.

“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.”

Chief of the Arabs who organised this *imperium in imperio*—for the Manyema country was wholly within the treaty frontiers of the Congo Free State—was the great slave-raider Tippu Tib. So closely are the events of the last thirty-five years interwoven with this man’s personality that it is impossible to realise their full significance without some conception of the moving force from which they resulted. Tippu Tib’s career supplies the key to the Arab position before the collision of forces which led to the transfer of power in Central Africa.

Hamed ben Mohammed ben Juna, known to

the world by his nick-name of Tippu Tib,¹ is descended from a line of wealthy and influential merchants settled at Zanzibar.² His father was a half-caste Arab, and his mother a full-blooded negro slave-woman. Yet, despite the strong element of negro blood in his veins, Tippu Tib is, in most of his mental characteristics, essentially Arab; and it is from this side of his descent that the indomitable will, which raised him from a Zanzibar merchant to the position of potentate over a vast tract of country, has doubtless its origin.

At an early age Tippu Tib struck out an independent line for himself, and, having gathered round him a band of a hundred fighting men, entered the African mainland in quest of ivory and slaves. After plundering several large districts, and forcing the inhabitants into bondage, he re-

¹ Tippu Tib, or "the gatherer together of wealth." According to some theories the name originated in the frequent use he made of his guns, which the natives described as sounding like "tip-u-tip-u-tip."

² Since Mr. Stanley in 1876 describes Tippu Tib as "about forty-four years of age," he was presumably born somewhere about the year 1832.

turned to Zanzibar to realise on his captured ivory and to recruit his forces. This he successfully accomplished, and his second entry into Africa was at the head of a large armed following.

With this increase of strength Tippu Tib was able to extend his raids, and to penetrate into regions hitherto unexplored and presenting rich possibilities of ivory. His tactics, based upon and shaped by the ruling motive of his life—an insatiable greed for riches—were of wider scope than those of his fellow slave-traders; and although the policy most generally adopted by him was the ordinary system of attack and plunder, he was sufficiently statesmanlike to be guided by the special circumstances he had to deal with. Thus, on more than one occasion, he employed the method of stirring up discontent and jealousy among rival native chiefs, and, through bringing about a condition of strife which resulted in war, gained his ends by identifying himself with the victorious side and claiming a large share of the booty. Of his resourcefulness in furthering his own interests many instances testify. It is told

of him that, at a time when his ammunition was at too low an ebb for summary measures to be advisable, he pacifically gained entrance, for himself and his following, to a strongly-fortified town by impersonating the king's nephew, who had been carried into slavery years before in a time of war. So successful was this strategy that the king abdicated in his favour, and Tippu Tib suddenly found himself reigning sovereign over some thirty or forty thousand people. From this position of vantage he conquered the neighbouring chiefs, and annexed their spoils and ivory; and by these means, together with the establishment of his allies in strongholds in the surrounding districts, his influence extended so widely that he became practically unassailable. On various occasions the native chiefs of adjacent tribes, goaded by his brutality, united in making an attack upon him; but each time Tippu Tib routed his enemies, to the complete destruction both of their forces and of their villages. Such was the terror inspired by his name that many of the chiefs voluntarily tendered their stores of

ivory to him, seeking by means of these bribes to ensure safety against his raids. But though Tippu Tib appropriated the gifts, he remained uninfluenced by them, and continued to drain the district of its most valuable product.

At the end of some years, during which time he had amassed great wealth and almost unbounded influence, this life of raiding began to pall upon Tippu, and he resolved to make a journey to the Arab settlements of Kasongo and Nyangwe. At Nyangwe, which he reached in the year 1874, he fell in with Cameron, who already had knowledge of the great slave-raider through Livingstone. Tippu Tib had crossed Livingstone's path as early as 1867, in the interval between which date and his meeting with Cameron he had trebled his influence and importance. After escorting Cameron across the Lualaba as far as Utotera, and providing him with escort sufficient to enable him to continue his journey, Tippu Tib proceeded to Kasongo. Here, in recognition of his position as the most powerful Arab of the Interior, he was elected governor. But a stationary life held

few attractions for the restless slaver, and, placing his son Sefu in command of the settlement, he diverted his energies to raiding the surrounding districts, and to the further increasing of his wealth and strength.

In the year 1876 Stanley arrived at Nyangwe, on his great expedition down the Congo River, and there met Tippu Tib. It is from this meeting at Nyangwe that dates the connection between the organisers of the rival powers—the Congo Free State and the Arab dominion at Kasongo. Tippu Tib was at this time, as described by Stanley, “about forty-four years of age, of middle stature and swarthy complexion, with a broad face, black beard just greying, and thin-lipped.” His manners were those of a well-bred Arab, and his presence conveyed a sense of great power and energy. With considerable difficulty Stanley succeeded in persuading Tippu Tib and a large following of his people to accompany him part-way on his expedition. The agreement between them stipulated that Tippu Tib and his people should, on certain specified conditions of Tippu’s

own making, act as escort for a distance of sixty camps, for which service he was to receive the sum of 5000 dollars.

The expedition started from Nyangwe on the 5th November 1876, but, from the first, so great were the difficulties encountered that before many days were over Tippu Tib lost heart, and, after some weeks of vacillating between his desire for the 5000 dollars and his conviction that the undertaking was an impossible one, he finally deserted Stanley at Vinga Njara on the 28th December.

From this point Tippu Tib made his way across the country—raiding and plundering as he went—to Ujiji, where he made a halt of some length before continuing his journey to Zanzibar. There, and at Tabora (at which place he extended his acquaintance with European travellers by meeting the explorer Wissmann), he established trusted vassals, whose business it was to receive and forward his goods, and to keep the road open. By a great stroke of diplomacy, he succeeded in making peace between the Arab settlers at Ujiji

and a hostile native chief who had for years blocked the trade-road. This achievement secured to Tippu Tib the favour both of the Sultan and of the British Consul at Zanzibar; and in the light of their approval he made a protracted stay in the island, utilising the opportunity by investing a considerable portion of his fortune in firearms and powder.

When Tippu Tib again returned to the Interior it was as uncrowned king over a vast territory, and at the head of a following of many thousands. He struck out in the direction of Stanley Falls, where he had decided to make his headquarters; and there he arrived soon after the founding of the Free State, and the establishment of the Falls station, by Stanley.

From the Falls as a basis, Tippu began a fresh system of operations. He erected small fortified camps in the surrounding districts; while bands of his Arabs made organised incursions into wide regions beyond, capturing slaves which they bartered back to their tribes in return for ivory.

This state of affairs continued until 1886, when,

for reasons of his own, Tippu Tib resolved upon another expedition to Zanzibar. On the way he inspected his settlements along the trade-route, and chanced to fall in with Dr. Lenz and Dr. Junker, whom he accompanied back to Zanzibar.

It was during this absence of Tippu Tib that the Arabs attacked and destroyed the Falls station of the Free State. Though Tippu was himself absent from the scene, it is inconceivable that the attack should have been planned without his knowledge, and it is probable that he was the instigator of this fresh development of Arab enterprise.

Hostile relations had from the first existed between the officer in command of the station and the Arab chiefs in the neighbourhood, who strongly resented the white man's authority. On his departure for the coast, Tippu Tib had left as deputy in control of his people, his partner, Bwana N'Zigi; and N'Zigi, with his son Raschid, exercised unlimited sway over the natives, and interfered largely in matters connected with the management of the station. Perpetual friction between

the European officer and N'Zigi culminated in an open contest of authority, which presented to the Arabs the excuse, long sought by them, for an attack upon the station. As they fully realised, the opportunity was one not likely to recur; the station was cut off from all possibility of reinforcement, and was at the mercy of an attacking force overwhelmingly greater than its power of resistance. From the outset, notwithstanding the desperate defence made by the commanding officer, Deane—who with a handful of men kept his opponents at bay for four days—the fall of the station was inevitable.

No immediate attempt was made by the State to retake the position, and the Arabs were for some time left in undisputed mastery of it.

After the overthrow of the Falls station Tippu Tib and Stanley again met—this time at Zanzibar, where Stanley was organising the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. The position to be faced was one of extreme difficulty; and it is unnecessary here to enter into the motives which induced Stanley to adopt the policy of installing

the chief instigator of the attack, and the most renowned slave-raider of the Interior, as State Governor of the Falls. As was to be expected, Tippu Tib gave a ready assent to his proposal, and thus, in the year 1887, the notorious slave-trader climaxed a life of adventure as the representative of law and order on behalf of a recognised Government.

The anomaly of the situation was, from the first, distasteful to the State officials, who found it hard to reconcile Tippu Tib's professions of good faith with his known characteristics. In order, therefore, to strengthen their defences in the event of Arab treachery, the Free State Government despatched a Belgian officer, with a small force, to occupy the abandoned island¹ of Stanley Falls. This slight Tippu Tib had the wisdom outwardly to ignore, though at the same time he quietly set about increasing his strongholds, which were beginning to assume for-

¹ The State station was built upon an island in the river, just below the cataracts. Most of the Arabs were established upon the mainland, but some occupied a village on the island itself.

midable dimensions. Both within and without the limits assigned to him by the State his Arab allies had established themselves, and from all sides, in districts hitherto uninvaded, their usurpation was reported.

Parallel with this Arab advance was the gradual extension of European influence ; and as each force realised that the contest was drawing to greater significance, hostilities assumed a more definite character. The Belgians, who had erected fortified camps on the Aruimi, the Lomami, and the San-kuru Rivers, began to push back the Arab outposts, and sought by occupation of the country to prevent further encroachment. Meanwhile the Arabs, recognising to the full the largeness of the stakes at issue, and foreseeing that the impending struggle would be the final one, resolved to take the initiative. To this end they allied to themselves, as vassals of Tippu Tib, many powerful chiefs in the surrounding districts, among whom Lupungu and Gongo Lutete were of widest influence. These two chiefs, and Gongo Lutete in especial, were largely instrumental in shaping the subse-

quent course of events. The defeat of Gongo in an attack led by him against the State, and his subsequent desertion to the Free State, brought on the Arab invasion in force, headed by Tippu Tib's son, Sefu; and this opened the campaign narrated in the following pages by Captain Hinde. Had the attempt of the Arabs succeeded, it is probable that the Free State would have been replaced by a Mohammedan Empire analogous to that of the Khalifa in the Soudan. But circumstances combined against the Arabs; and in their attempt to obliterate the white man's influence in Central Africa they precipitated their own downfall, and brought about the destruction of a power which, though not so indicated in our maps, was virtually an independent rival of the Congo Free State.

E. C. M.

THE FALL OF THE CONGO ARABS

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

WITHIN the limits of the Congo Free State, as arranged by the Berlin Congress, was a great district often marked Kasongo or Manyema in the map of Africa, over which the Government of the Congo Free State had no control, except through Tippu Tib, Raschid, and one or two other Arabs, who were appointed officials in their own country by the Congo Free State Government. In this great district a powerful Arab organisation was established, which was in constant communication with Zanzibar by the direct road through Ujiji, and by other more roundabout routes. This Arab power recognised that as soon as the European influence was sufficiently strong in the

Congo Basin a collision between the two forces was inevitable. The Arabs, moreover, realised that, in the event of a European success, the greater part of the ivory and rubber trade would be taken out of the hands of the Mohammedans, and would, instead of going to the east coast, go down the Congo to the Atlantic. The great country, which was then their hunting-ground for forays and slave-raiding, would thus be lost to them for ever. Anticipating this, they chose their moment well, at a time when the Free State was utterly unprepared for war. With the success of the Mahdi, in founding an empire from which he had ousted Europeans, before them, they were encouraged to hope that they might do likewise in the Congo Basin. Their first move was to murder Hodister's expedition, together with the white men left in the two trading stations he had formed within their territory; they then murdered Emin Pasha, who was at the time a harmless traveller through their country, and under the protection of a powerful Arab chief. Lastly, they organised a large army, and attacked the expedition to which

I was attached ; the object of which was to establish stations in Katanga, a district not under Arab influence. Had they succeeded in annihilating us, it would have been easy for them to continue by land to Stanley Pool ; at the same time they hoped that their attack on Stanley Falls Station would be successful, in which case they would have descended the Congo itself with another column, and would have found small difficulty in ousting the remaining Europeans, and in subsequently establishing a Mohammedan Empire. As will be seen from the following pages, extraordinary luck, together with good leading, was the cause of our first success. Realising what was at stake, and fully recognising the gravity of the position, the Mohammedans fought to the bitter end, returning again and again to the attack, even when there was no hope of success. An almost incredibly large loss of life was the result. To the casual reader unfamiliar with African history, this might, on the surface, appear to have been a curious little war, with a dozen white officers and four hundred regular black

troops on the one side, and a couple of hundred Arab chiefs, supported by a few hundred half-bred Arabs and commanding large numbers of irregular soldiery, on the other. But it must be borne in mind that, unlike the Soudan struggle, this war took place in a thickly-populated country, whose whole population, used to savage warfare, took part in the fighting, and that large bodies of men were constantly changing sides as the prestige of one or other party increased or diminished. As the Arabs were driven back towards Tanganyika, they succeeded in enrolling all the fighting men of fresh tribes under their banners. This was the easier, since for thirty years they had been the sole power; Europeans were also unknown, and the credulous natives readily believed the tales spread among them by the Arabs of European cruelties to their subordinates. Though large our losses and those of our allies, the Arab loss was immensely greater; it is, in fact, estimated at seventy thousand men. This great struggle is, without doubt, a turning-point in African history. It is impossible to even surmise what would have been the effect on the

future of Africa had another great Mohammedan Empire been established in the Congo Basin. As things now are, with the Arab power in Central Africa crushed out of existence, the result to the country is difficult to prophesy.

In our present state of ignorance, colonisation, as opposed to settlement, by Europeans is out of the question. Increased knowledge of diseases, and of the treatment of those peculiar to tropical climates, may some day render it possible for a healthy European colony to spring up in this rich land, in which migratory traders with some sort of military occupation form now the sole European element.

CHAPTER II

ARRIVAL AT BANANA—DESCRIPTION OF A CARAVAN
—JOURNEY FROM THE COAST INLAND—
SKIRMISH WITH NATIVES OF INTERIOR

THE Congo Free State, as most people now know (though four or five years ago few knew of more than its existence), is, roughly speaking, a country from which the Congo and its tributaries draw their water supply. It extends from the Congo mouth, on the Atlantic coast, to the western shore of Lake Tanganyika; and from the fifth degree north latitude to the thirteenth degree south latitude. All the important tributaries of the Congo, with one exception in the district known as French Congo, are within these boundaries. Large tracts of this enormous space of country in equatorial Africa are covered by the great Congo forest. Of the world's great tropical forests, one may say that there are three only—

the Amazon, the Malay Archipelago, and the Congo. From the coast to Stanley Pool, a distance of about two hundred and eighty miles, the Congo lies between great cliffs, and forms a series of rapids and cataracts which render the communication by water with the interior absolutely impossible. Once arrived at Stanley Pool, communication with the interior is easy. Stanley Falls, a thousand miles up the river, can be reached by steamer, since between it and Stanley Pool there are no rapids. Nearly all the tributaries of the Congo are navigable, and some of them for hundreds of miles. As may be easily imagined, the country in the immediate neighbourhood of any of these tributaries is now fairly well known, though at a very short distance away from a river bank it is still entirely unexplored. The fact that unknown country and as yet unknown races are to be found in the Congo Basin gives it a curious fascination to many people. From my boyhood, everything connected with the mysterious continent interested me; and I determined to see

something of it if ever circumstances gave me the opportunity.

The possibility of doing so arose in the following manner :—

My friend, Dr. Park, of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, had several times asked me to go out to Africa in the service of His Majesty the King of the Belgians; and at last, after holding several resident appointments in hospitals, I decided to do so. I went down to Netley on the 26th of October 1891, and, after an hour's conversation with Park, left for Brussels the same night. On the following day I accepted a commission as medical officer in the Congo Free State forces, and duly arrived at Banana, at the mouth of the Congo, in December 1891. Taken into consideration with the reputation the West Coast of Africa has, the entrance to Banana creek is not encouraging. The first thing noticeable is that the head of the little strip of sand on which the station is built is entirely occupied by a crowded cemetery. Yet this strip of sand, not many inches above high-water mark, with man-

grove swamps and lagoons on the landward side, has the Atlantic rollers on the other, and is a very good sanatorium for many of the enfeebled Europeans who come down from the far interior. My reception at Boma was, for the first few days, not of the pleasantest. The hotel was crowded; and as it seemed nobody's business to find me a lodging, I slept on board the steamer at the quay. The Custom House arrangements, also, strike one as peculiar. An officer has to pay duty on his guns, ammunition, and even on his service revolver. After a short time, however, orders to proceed to Lusambo on the Sankuru reached me, and I accordingly took the next boat to Matadi, from which point the caravan route starts for Stanley Pool. As the river Congo for upwards of three hundred miles from Stanley Pool to Matadi consists of a series of cataracts, this part of the journey had to be done on foot, though matters will soon be facilitated by the railway, which is now well on its way. Just below Matadi the scenery is magnificent; the mighty Congo—the second largest river in the world—has to force

itself through a narrow gorge less than a mile wide, and known as the "Chaudron Infernal." Though the ocean steamers go up to Matadi regularly, they have never yet succeeded in getting soundings in this gorge. It is probably only a matter of time for one of these boats to break its steering-gear or other machinery, and for a fearful catastrophe to take place. Matadi—as its name in the native language implies, meaning "stone"—is a bare, arid, rocky plateau, where the heat is intense. After a week's futile waiting here (during which time I was supplied with neither house, bed, nor tent, but had to sleep in my overcoat on the verandah of the commissary's house), I, in company with three officers since dead, was given a few dozen porters to carry my baggage, and we started on the caravan road.

A caravan, as most people know, is a number of people travelling together for mutual comfort and protection: that it should contain the proper elements and equipment is indispensable for the success of its mission. As I shall often have occasion to mention a caravan, and as this my

first was in no sense typical, I will describe ours of some months later, leaving Lusambo for Katanga. It was composed as follows:—

White officers and their servants; gun-bearers and porters; regular soldiers, and a certain number of additional porters to carry the extras which are indispensable to the health, well-being, and contentment of the men. The porters carry all loads—including food, ammunition, and water—for the caravan *en route*, together with the loads pertaining to the special object of the expedition, such as the forming of stations, exploration, trade, or war. Most of the expeditions with which I was connected included all four elements. A few extra men—such as a carpenter, blacksmith, armourer, tailor, and cook—add largely to the general comfort; and all expeditions in Central Africa should be accompanied by one or two hunters by trade, and at least half a dozen good canoe and general water men. Commandant Dhanis instituted a new departure in African travel by allowing every soldier to take his wife, or wives as the case might be, along with

him; and even the porters were generally followed by their women. Only by personal experience of caravan-travelling with and without women is it possible to realise the enormous advantages gained by allowing the men full liberty in this respect. Among the most indisputable of these advantages is the avoidance of trouble with native villages, or peoples, on the subject of women. The annoyance and danger due, despite the strictest discipline, to what every African traveller knows as "woman palaver" is practically done away with when the men are accompanied by their wives. On the road, too, the women form extra porters—it being much easier for a soldier to carry his food, mat, cooking-pot, blanket, ammunition and rifle, with a wife to help him; and if she has a servant or two in addition, it makes things easier still for him. It must be borne in mind that among the races of which I am speaking the women are all used to hard work; and I have rarely heard of a case in which they preferred to stay in a comfortable station to following their men on the road.

Arriving at the camp, each man immediately sets to and builds a small hut for himself and his family, and while he is thus occupied the women forage for and cook the food. As a consequence the men are comfortably housed and well fed, and are not affected by the changes of weather. At the end of a long and weary march, it is almost impossible to get the men to take care of themselves: after carrying a heavy load all day, they refuse to take the trouble of looking after themselves properly, and in the case of bad weather, or short commons, soon become ill. If a man falls sick on the road, though he may still be able to walk well, the first thing he throws away is his supply of food—often a heavy and cumbersome bundle—in the hope that on the following day he will be able to beg, borrow, or steal another supply. The good health enjoyed by our caravans, as a consequence of this system, was most remarkable. On one occasion we were on the road for seven months, with four hundred soldiers and a caravan comprising eighteen hundred souls, and during the

whole of this time did not lose one man from sickness or desertion. The expedition included seven days' marching through a district recently raided by Arab parties, in which it was impossible to find an atom of food of any kind, and during which time we saw no living thing, the natives having all been taken prisoners or destroyed. They had previously exterminated the game; and the pigeons and guinea-fowl, which prefer the neighbourhood of man, had taken themselves off into other districts. Knowing what was in store for us, the whole caravan had loaded itself beforehand with food, the women in many cases carrying more than an average man could. Caravans in Africa usually march in single file, the paths through the country being seldom more than ten inches wide. Our formation was generally headed by a strong advance-guard of soldiers, who were not allowed to carry anything but their rifles and ammunition; after them came the loads with the guard, then the women, and lastly a strong rear-guard. The white officers, each with a good bodyguard, were distributed

along the whole line, which was sometimes two or three miles in length. The officer in command of the advance-guard halted the head of the caravan for perhaps twenty minutes after passing even so small an obstacle as a fallen tree. All auxiliary forces and camp followers were sent on in front of the caravan, and if overtaken had to withdraw from the road, since they were not allowed to mingle with or interfere in any way with the main caravan. With the rear-guard the available extra porters and prisoners marched, whose duty it was to collect and bring in any loads or sick that had fallen out of the ranks.

The caravan road itself merits some description. It is seldom more than ten inches wide, and wherever it goes the width never varies: whether crossing rocky uplands or traversing forests, descending mountains or the steep sides of ravines, it is always the same monotonous track. It is wearying enough to follow for a few hours, but when the hours grow into days, and the days into weeks, one comes to regard it almost in the light of a personal enemy. After

crossing a scorching sandy plain, with its dry blades of grass a foot or two apart—so drear and lonely that the insects do not even hum—one perhaps emerges on a rising rocky ground (for hours before seen as a grey streak in the distance), from whence the unending path stretches away in a yellow line towards the horizon. It may be that away to the northward, though the course has been a north-easterly one, a blue line of mountains is visible, and you know that, however hard they may be to climb, the path will turn aside and scale them at their steepest point. If it has led you into a fertile country, it winds about like a snake, forming itself into letter S's, and succeeds in doubling the distance to the village, apparently quite close an hour or two before. The hostile native looks upon this path as his friend. He digs holes in it a foot in diameter, and places sharp spikes or poisoned arrow-heads in them, laying dust-covered leaves over the opening, into which the unwary among the barefooted porters puts his foot, and becomes useless or dies on the road. A fallen tree across

the way also serves the enemy: he places a spear in the grass or brushwood overhanging the track on the other side, in such a position that the first man who steps over or jumps across the tree is impaled. When a man dies on the caravan road he is not buried, and the path takes a little turn aside two or three yards from the body, and returns to its course at the same distance on the other side of it. The loop thus formed remains for ever—once having left the straight course, the path never returns to it again. A small thorny bush, a fallen tree, or a stone may be sufficient to turn it, and if a precipice or a ford forces it into a *detour* of yards or miles, it invariably returns to the point opposite to, and never very far from, the obstruction. Rivers and ravines the path usually ignores: whatever the difficulty of crossing them may be, it winds its way up the bank on the opposite side, neither larger nor smaller for the fact that, though the river is perhaps fordable in the *dry* season, a bridge or canoe is often the only means of crossing during the wet.

But to return to the journey to Lusambo. Before we were many days on the road we came to the conclusion that something unusual must be the matter. Dead bodies in every state of decomposition were lying on the path just as they had fallen, and loads of all kinds and descriptions were hanging from the trees, often within a few feet of the bodies of the men who had evidently placed them there. It is a habit with native porters to hitch a load in a forked branch of a tree, or, with the help of the six-foot walking-stick which all of them carry, to balance it on some excrescence. By this means they are saved the trouble of lifting the load from the ground when they wish to resume their journey. All the way to Lukungu—the half-way station to Stanley Pool—we found this horrible state of affairs. Several times we had difficulty in obtaining water, as a dead body was lying in the stream or spring which we had been making for as a good camping neighbourhood. We saw no one to tell us what was the matter, or to warn us of the then dangerous state of the district. Arriving at Lukungu,

we found that, owing to an epidemic, said to be dysentery, practically all communication with the coast had ceased, the natives refusing to go through the infected district. This epidemic spread like wildfire through the caravans, chiefly because of the filthy habits of the natives of these especial districts. It was, in addition, the rainy season (which is also the tornado season), and we had altogether many uncomfortable experiences. Having been forewarned, I always sank the poles of my tent six or eight inches lower than is usually considered necessary into the soil, and saw to the driving of each individual tent-peg myself. In consequence of the poles being sunk, the flap at the lower edge of the tent was on the ground, and, with earth thrown up upon it, formed an extra security. This, with a trench dug round the tent and my baggage piled in front of the most exposed side, gave even a tornado some difficulty in shifting my habitation. Several times in the night, with little or no warning, the tents of one or other of my companions, who were too lazy to superintend things themselves, were whirled away

from over them, and occasionally even deposited in the surrounding trees.

After travelling for some time with them, I eventually grew tired of the slow and haphazard manner in which my companions proceeded on the road; I therefore left them, and, forging ahead, arrived at Leopoldville, on Stanley Pool, on the 7th of February 1892. At Stanley Pool, which was extremely short of provisions, an order had been issued to the effect that every officer must in turn go hippo-hunting to supply the troops with meat. This seemed a delightful break in the monotony of station life, and I immediately volunteered to hunt whenever or whatever was desired. There had, unfortunately, been one or two accidents during elephant hunts, and antelope and hippopotamus hunting was therefore the only sport then allowed. My first experience of hippo-shooting, though in itself unnoteworthy, serves to illustrate the foolish things that ignorant men may do. I had camped on a sand-bank near the head of Stanley Pool—a place, as I discovered to my cost, usually the camping-ground

for natives. On turning in for the night I found, in addition to the sandflies and mosquitoes, my tent so infested with vermin that sleep or rest was alike impossible. My Bangala canoe-men, who were huddled in groups enveloped with the thickest smoke they could make by putting damp grass on the fire, were no better off, and the constant slap slap on their bare bodies as they disposed of some audacious biter was very irritating. Sleep being out of the question, I determined to try hunting by moonlight. After an hour or two's silent paddling, the Bangala intimated that on an island close to us hippos were to be found, and, running the canoe into the rank vegetation fringing its edge, we forced our way some distance up a narrow slippery path. This led to an open space, where the grass had evidently been trampled down or eaten, and almost immediately I found myself face to face with a pair of hippopotami not twenty yards distant. I had only a Mannlicher and the five cartridges in its magazine with me. As the trampled and broken grass was still nearly up to my shoulders, I had no difficulty in working

my way round the open space, which enabled me to get a fair shot at the nearer animal. I fired at the shoulder, and, as he swung round, a second time, at the head. The other hippo meanwhile advanced towards me, and I fired, as I thought, between his ears. As he still advanced, I fired again, and he dropped on to his knees, but immediately afterwards got up. This interval enabled me to make a bolt for the narrow path by which I had come, it being almost impossible for a man to break a path for himself through the grass, where every grass stem is from half an inch to an inch in diameter and ten or twelve feet high. I arrived at the path first, fired my last cartridge at the old bull, and, rushing down the narrow track, jumped into the Congo, to find that my boatmen had already embarked, and had departed in the canoe to a safe distance. No sooner was I swimming in the Congo than I remembered the crocodiles. I seized the first clump of big reeds I came to, and, lying still, shouted till the canoe returned and picked me up. Taking a fresh supply of cartridges, we returned,

and found my first hippo dead, but the second one had apparently rolled down a steep place into the water, and was nowhere to be seen. From the amount of blood about I was sure that he was in his death struggles, but could not persuade the men—who were quite satisfied with the prospect of gorging themselves that the one hippo afforded—to help me to look for him. We loaded the canoe with as much meat as it would hold, and towed the remainder down the river to Leopoldville. The other hippo was picked up the next day lower down the river, stone dead. When wounded on land a hippopotamus generally charges, but it is a very easy matter, with a certain amount of space, to get out of its way, since it is only able to turn slowly. A hippo almost invariably returns to the water, when alarmed, by the same road from which he left it, and one should therefore never run down or stand in the trail left by a hippo when on shore. It is unwise to approach big game, especially in a circumscribed space, with a small-bore rifle such as the Mannlicher, since, however great its accuracy and

penetration may be, its stopping power is practically nil. In this particular case my shoulder-shot at the first hippo passed through both shoulder blades and a rib, in each case leaving only a small hole, through which it would have been difficult to force an ordinary cedar pencil. My second bullet had entered just above the right eye and had penetrated the brain. It is fairly *safe*, as I afterwards often found, to fire at the head of big game with the new small-bore rifles ; for though it is improbable that the game will be bagged, except by accident, the animal is too stunned to know what he is doing, and his mad charges are without method. The use of a small-bore rifle for big game seems, however, hardly sportsmanlike, since the number of animals wounded in this way compared with those killed outright must always be enormous. Some two years after this I had nine close careful shots with a Mauser rifle at a big bull elephant, the bullet used being within half a grain of the same weight as our Lee-Metford rifle ; yet I did not succeed in bagging him, and eventually he made off at a pace which defied

pursuit. The poor beast probably died in the depths of the jungle before many hours were over.

My stay at Stanley Pool, though it involved some most unpleasant work, taught me much which was afterwards of use. The doctor was generally ill, and his duties devolved almost entirely upon me. The station was badly supplied with provisions, and, as a consequence, both the white and black men were thoroughly out of health. More than half the black soldiers were suffering from ulcerated legs and feet—huge gangrenous sores, which at first resisted all treatment. Later on, I found that the probable cause of this state of things was a want of salt; for, when some months afterwards we were in the Lualaba district, in which salt is plentiful, these ulcers were never seen except in troops arriving from down-river. On several occasions a whole contingent suffering from these loathsome ulcers joined us, and within a month were perfectly well, with no other treatment than a large ration of salt daily with their food.

Punishment for offenders of the black race is a

very difficult matter to arrange. In the Congo Free State the men are supplied with rations while up-country, and are only paid on returning to the coast after the expiration of their term of service. Certain advances on their pay during their service are allowed, and it is almost impossible to stop this advance as a punishment, since the few things obtainable up-country are necessary to their health. Prisons, in the present state of the country, are almost an impossibility, and the substitute used of chaining the men in gangs is not only detrimental to health, but is in every way pernicious and abominable in the extreme, and should certainly not be used for any but dangerous criminals. When half a dozen or a dozen men are chained in a row, and have to work, rest, eat, and sleep without being ever free of the chain for weeks and sometimes months together, their health naturally gives way. Commandant Dhanis was so convinced of the harm done by this treatment, which often incapacitated a man from work for months afterwards, that he practically abolished the chain in his district. During my stay at

the Pool I managed to keep in health, partly through taking plenty of exercise, and also by contriving to get a pigeon or two, or some other kind of game, almost every day. Continuous living on tinned food seemed to damage everybody's *physique*, and a little fresh food daily has an extraordinary effect on a white man's health and strength in this climate. The question, too, of suitable clothing should, I am convinced, be emphasised much more than it is. Woollen clothing should always be worn, and an extra wrap in the evening is indispensable. The white population in the Congo district are gradually coming to the conclusion that a house, or station, set on a hill is always a danger to health. A house situated on higher ground than the surrounding country is exposed to every wind that blows, and the difference of temperature is sufficient to make it dangerous for anyone in a heated condition to return in the evening to the cooler situation. The statistics of sickness and death rates of the stations in the Congo on high altitudes, compared with those in valleys or actually on river banks, are

found to be enormously in favour of those low down, despite the accepted theory with regard to malaria. There seems to be little doubt amongst those who have been on the Congo, that the healthiest class of men in the whole country are the officers, mechanics, and engineers employed on the steamers and boat services; and this notwithstanding the fact that they live on the water, and are every night moored to the river bank in the immediate neighbourhood of the forest, in order that they may be able to procure fuel for the following day.

In the beginning of April some natives in the interior murdered one of the station soldiers, and their chief, calling his people together, attacked and routed one of our friendly chiefs within three or four hours' march of Leopoldville, killing his two sons and many of his people. An expedition, which I accompanied, consisting of a hundred and fifty men with a couple of officers, was sent to punish the offender. The marauders declined to enter into open action, and we were nearly worn out at the end of a week by chasing an invisible

foe, whose villages when we climbed the palisades were always empty, though our arrival five minutes before in front of the defence was invariably saluted by a volley. They also made their presence felt when we were on the march, by occasional shots. All the paths in the district had traps arranged in them—small dug-out holes, with a spike or arrow fixed point upwards in the bottom, and the whole covered over with a plantain leaf sprinkled with dust or sand, so that it was indistinguishable from the surrounding soil. Every bush or tuft of grass which obstructed the path had a spear placed in it in such a manner that any person pushing through was sure to be wounded. After a week of this amusement we returned to Leopoldville, very doubtful whether we had not suffered as much as the enemy in actual casualties, though we had brought back with us a flock of goats and a number of fowls. The blacks with us were all young soldiers, most of whom had been recruited, and who were terribly afraid of what they termed “bush niggers.” Charging into the jungle or scouting in twos or threes they point-

blank declined to do, and they were afraid to move a dozen yards from the main body unless accompanied by a white man. It was curious, however, to find how quickly many of these men developed into good soldiers some months afterwards, when we had a serious war with the Arab slave-raiders.

CHAPTER III

BANGALA CANNIBALS—VOYAGE UP THE KASAI AND
SANKURU RIVERS — ARRIVAL AT LUSAMBO —
DEFEAT BY COMMANDANT DHANIS OF TIPPU
TIB'S SLAVE-RAIDING AGENT, GONGO LUTETE—
BASONGO CANNIBALS

ON the 29th of April I embarked on the *Stanley*, a thirty-ton stern-wheel paddle-steamer, towing two large whaleboats full of men. Her crew consisted of sixty Bangala and three white officers.

The Bangala, a very intelligent useful people, are a sort of Kru boy of the interior, and are largely employed on the steamers. They dress their hair fantastically, allowing one or more pig-tails to grow a foot long, and stiffening the plaits with wax to give them the appearance of horns. They also cut and re-cut the skin from the root of the nose upwards to the hair, the cicatrix

thus formed being often an inch high, and resembling a cock's-comb. Upon the steamers they are invaluable. They are at once hunters, soldiers, and sailors. When the boat approaches the bank with the intention of mooring, two or three of them tumble overboard, and hanging on to the flukes of the anchor, run along the bottom in several fathoms of water, till they come up at the bank, and are able to hook the anchor into the root of a tree. They are, however, cannibals, and are constantly giving trouble in this respect. When I was returning from Stanley Falls on my homeward journey, over two years afterwards, six of the crew were in irons on board the ship, whom the captain delivered up to justice at Bangala for having eaten two of their number during the voyage up to the Falls. I was not at the trial, but the captain told me that two of the crew had fallen ill on the upward voyage, and had been given a day or two's rest. On the next ration day these two were missing, and, upon making inquiries, the captain was informed that they had died in the night and had been buried on shore.

This, however, did not satisfy him, and having his own suspicions he searched the ship, and discovered parts of the men smoke-dried, and hidden away in the lockers of the six Bangala, whom he was then handing over to the authorities.

Leopoldville, as the chief port of the Upper Congo, has large numbers of these Bangala constantly coming and going, and has, as a consequence, to keep a guard on the cemetery, several cases of body-snatching having been proved against them. This practice became at one time so inveterate that capital punishment had to be resorted to as the only means of putting it down.

The Bangala have themselves told me when, on shooting parties, I remonstrated with them for only breaking the wings and legs of the wounded game instead of killing it outright, that it was better to let the bird linger, as it made the flesh more tender. This led to conversation, in which they explained that, when at home and about to prepare a feast, the prisoner or slave who was to form the *pièce de résistance* had always his arms and legs broken three days beforehand,

and was then placed in a stream, or pool of water, chin-deep, with his head tied to a stick to prevent him committing suicide, or perhaps falling asleep and thus getting drowned. On the third day he was taken out and killed, the meat then being very tender. Though I cannot vouch for the truth of this story, I have heard it from different men at different times, and it is curious that they always break the legs and wings, or arms, as the case might be, of birds and monkeys before killing them.

During this voyage on the *Stanley* we stopped every evening, and, putting all the crew and soldiers on shore, formed a camp. Half of the men were employed in cutting up timber and carrying it on board before five o'clock the following morning, when we resumed our voyage. A steam launch, with a lieutenant and his men on board, accompanied us. This was deemed advisable, since a trading station, established only a short time previously on the Kasai River, had just before this been burned, and its occupants murdered by the district natives. On the 7th of May we moored opposite the charred

remains of the trading station, but were not attacked during the night. The day following all the troops were landed, and operations commenced with the intention of punishing the natives who had committed the outrage. The Bangala crew of the steamer departed in a canoe on their own account, and returned the same evening with about forty other canoes, and a great deal of the cloth and tinned food which had been taken from the trading station. They also brought with them a few prisoners, and the heads of those they had killed. Later on, the regular troops returned, several of them being wounded, though they had seen very few natives. The Bangala proved splendid men for this sort of work. They seemed to know by instinct where the natives hid their canoes in the swamps, and, when attacked, immediately opened out, each individual hunting an enemy through the bush until he either caught him, or, what rarely happened, was himself killed. At the end of some two or three days, having, thanks to the Bangala, collected nearly all the canoes (which we broke

up for firewood) in the swamps, we proceeded on our way, and the launch returned to Stanley Pool. Almost daily when, owing to sandbanks or other obstructions in the river, we had to approach the bank, we were fired at by the natives, who, however, seemed to have very few guns; and as their arrows usually either fell short or stuck in the sun-deck overhead, no one was wounded. At night the woodcutters were on several occasions attacked, or had their axes stolen by the natives, who were on the watch for anything they could pilfer.

While steaming up the Kasai one day at noon, the air was suddenly darkened by bats in such numbers that the crew of the steamer knocked some of them down with sticks. Upon every tree on the islands and river banks the bats were constantly settling, and flying off again when something alarmed them, such as the breaking of a branch by their own weight. I measured some that were killed, and found that they averaged from eighteen inches to two feet six, from wing-tip to wing-tip. The boys on board and the

crew of the steamer cooked and ate them, and maintained that they were very good eating. On one occasion I saw myriads of bats behaving in the same way near Stanley Falls, and I have also seen them in large numbers on the Lualaba.

The whole of the Kasai district teems with game—elephant, buffalo, buck, and hog in the forest and swamps; and hippopotami, crocodiles, and birds of every description on the islands and banks, and in the river itself.

At this time—18th May 1892—there were no other stations on the Kasai, though now there are several dozen on this river and its tributaries. The natives, too, have become friendly, and bring in great quantities of indiarubber, which is found everywhere in the forest, to trade. At Benabendi, at the mouth of the Sankuru, we stopped a couple of days. Here a Frenchman was established, who was doing a roaring trade in rubber and ivory.

The Sankuru River is only from half a mile to a mile wide, and is very deep, with a slow current. It is in every respect a marked contrast to the Kasai; there are few islands in it, and the banks

are clothed with forest down to the water's edge. Hippopotami are rare, and all other game, with the exception of monkeys, is, owing to the denseness of the forest, invisible ; as there are no islands or open spaces, birds also are not to be seen. At one place on the Sankuru I noticed a small kind of hippopotamus in a herd of twenty-three, none of which were larger than an Alderney cow. Some time later in the Lualaba district I saw a herd of seventeen of these small hippos. To anyone acquainted with the habits of this animal, it is impossible to suppose that these could have all been young hippos together, and leads to the conclusion that they must have been an, as yet, undescribed species. They were considerably larger than the slightly-known Liberian hippopotamus, and not half the size of the common hippopotamus. On both occasions I could easily have shot some, but since, except by great luck, I should have been unable to pick them up I refrained from firing, hoping to come across them again under more favourable circumstances.

Up the Sankuru we found ourselves always ex-

pected, the steamer having been signalled two or three days in advance. When we arrived at our destination we found that the whole native population at Lusambo had known that we were coming, a couple of days before our arrival. Here, as elsewhere in Africa, the natives have such a perfect system of telegraphing, or signalling, by means of their drums that they are able to make any communications as far as a drum can be heard, which is often several miles. As the information is usually repeated by all the drummers who hear it, a whole district knows of an event a very few minutes, or hours, after it has occurred. This system of telegraphing is most interesting. Though different tribes and parts of tribes have their own codes, there seems to be some method running through all the codes; for, when interrogating a drummer on the subject of another chief's signal, he often replied that he had never heard that particular drum, or would of course know it. We were, by means of these drums, able to keep up a constant communication, day and night, with our allies and natives for

miles round the camp. Every evening some member of our company would amuse himself by rapping out abuse at the enemy, which was returned with zest from the hostile camp. Occasionally a friendly gossip would be kept up, one side telling the other news of its respective harems, what food they had to eat, and how many hours the chief had slept that day. The native instinct for boasting and exaggeration generally became a predominant feature on these occasions, and the conversation would almost invariably degenerate into a lying match, each drummer trying to cap his opponent's last message. Everything that happened was so well known in both camps, that by simply telling a piece of news to one's servant it immediately spread throughout the whole Arab camp.

Our arrival at Lusambo was the signal for tremendous rejoicing; for we not only brought the first intelligence from the coast, but were the bearers of the only letters that had been received for seven months. I was heartily welcomed by de Wouters and de Heusch, two of the nicest



Boon-Thomas

men I had met in the Congo Free State. A few hours after our arrival the Commandant Dhanis appeared, having just finished a most successful little campaign against Tippu Tib's slave-raiding agent, Gongo Lutete. He brought with him over two thousand prisoners of war and freed slaves. A fête, lasting three days, celebrated the Commandant's successful return; at the end of which period of rejoicing I had most of the station on the sick-list. There were also occasional cases of smallpox in the town, and I vaccinated some hundreds of people with vaccine I had brought from Europe, but unfortunately none of it took.

After the defeat of Gongo Lutete by Dhanis and Descamps, the Arab authorities at Stanley Falls refused to take any action in the matter. Upon the State officials demanding satisfaction for the incursion, they replied that they were not responsible for Gongo Lutete, who was acting independently of them, and that the Free State officials must take what steps they pleased in the matter.

With us orders had arrived from Europe to

form at the earliest date possible a large expedition to explore Katanga; and before many days had passed we were all engaged in drilling men, sorting stores, and making up loads to last a caravan of four hundred men for a year. No load was allowed to exceed forty pounds, which did away with the likelihood of delay on the road through the lagging behind of overloaded porters. On the 5th of July, just as we were ready to start, one of our most energetic men, named Smit, died suddenly, and two other men sickened with hæmaturic fever. This threw a gloom over the station, which arrested work for some days.

It was during this time that the commissary of the district found that a regular human traffic was being carried on; the people on the upper river—the Basongo—themselves cannibals, being in the habit of selling slaves and children lower down the river to the Basongo Meno for food. He therefore ordered the sentries on the river to take, or fire on, any canoes descending the river with children on board, and, after catching a few, succeeded in stopping the traffic. Some of the

people belonging to Pania Mutumba (the chief of the tribe in question up the river) accompanied the Commandant in an attack on Gongo Lutete. One of these men was on "sentry go" for a night, and, having shot a man, came in to report what he had done, and despatched someone else to bring in the body. When it was brought in, he found, to his astonishment, that he had shot his own father. He immediately went to Dhanis and complained that the spy he had shot was his father, and that it was very hard lines, since he was unable to eat him. The Commandant ordered him to bury the body properly, but discovered afterwards that, though the man would not eat the body himself, he had given it to his friends to eat. That same week a young Basongo chief came to the Commandant while at his dinner in his tent, and asked for the loan of his knife, which, without thinking, the Commandant lent him. He immediately disappeared behind the tent and cut the throat of a little girl-slave belonging to him, and was in the act of cooking her, when one of our soldiers

saw him, and reported what he was doing. This cannibal was put in irons, but some two months later I found him in such a wretched condition that, fearing he would die, I took him out of the chains, and gave him his liberty with a warning. Scarcely a fortnight had passed, when he was brought in by some of our Hausa soldiers, who said that he was eating the children in and about our cantonments. He had a bag slung round his neck, which on examining we found contained an arm and a leg of a young child. As three or four children had disappeared within the fortnight, and there had been no deaths amongst them in camp, this was at the trial considered sufficient evidence against him, and he was taken out and shot, as the only cure for such an incorrigible.

Shortly after this a number of the prisoners of war took to deserting, and, finding out in which direction they went, we demanded of the great chief of the district that they should be given up to us. He replied that, with the exception of one prisoner, they had all been eaten, and sent thirty-seven slaves in exchange. The one he

returned proved to be a little boy-servant of mine who had been persuaded to run away by some of the deserters. By a lucky chance, however, he had found a friend in the village, and was the only one of the party not eaten. His descriptions of what he had seen at the time were quite sickening.

Prisoners or servants have often spoken to me in this manner: "We want meat; we know you have not enough goats and fowls to be able to spare us some, but give us that man [indicating one of their number]; he is a lazy fellow, and you'll never get any good out of him, so you may as well give him to us to eat."

The question of cannibalism in Africa has been very little discussed; the great travellers, such as Livingstone, Cameron, Stanley, and Wissmann, frequently refer in their works to the simple fact that the peoples they passed through were cannibals, but all details or statement of the causes that led to these references have usually been omitted. As travellers through an unknown continent, accompanied by an alien race or races,

they were naturally not in touch with the people through whose countries they passed, who, when not actually hostile, remained in a state of armed neutrality. So far as I have been able to discover, nearly all the tribes in the Congo Basin either are, or have been, cannibals; and among some of them the practice is on the increase. Races who until lately do not seem to have been cannibals, though situated in a country surrounded by cannibal races, have, from increased intercourse with their neighbours, learned to eat human flesh; for since the entry of Europeans into the country greater facilities for travelling and greater safety for travellers have come about. Formerly the people who wandered from their own neighbourhood among the surrounding tribes were killed and eaten, and so did not return among their people to enlighten them by showing that human flesh was useful as an article of food.

Soon after the station of Equator was established, the residents discovered that a wholesale human traffic was being carried on by the natives of the district between this station and Lake

M'Zumba. The most daring of these natives were the tribes about Irébo, whose practice was to ascend the river Lulungu with large armed parties, and raid among the natives on its banks. These people, though a well-built sturdy race, were not fighting people. When the raiders had collected a sufficient number of people to fill their canoes, they returned to the Congo, and carried them up the Oubangi, where they were sold to the natives to serve as food. Even now, though since the establishment of the Government stations some years ago this traffic has been stopped, it is almost impossible for the steamers that go up the Oubangi to buy meat. The captains of the steamers have often assured me that, whenever they try to buy goats from the natives, slaves are demanded in exchange, and the natives often come on board with tusks of ivory or other money with the intention of buying a slave, complaining that meat is now scarce in their neighbourhood.

Judging from what I have seen of these people, they seem fond of eating human flesh ; and though

it may be an acquired taste, there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that they prefer human flesh to any other. During all the time I lived among cannibal races I never came across a single case of their eating any kind of flesh raw ; they invariably either boil, roast, or smoke it. This custom of smoking flesh to make it keep would have been very useful to us, as we were often without meat for long periods. We could, however, never buy smoked meat in the markets, it being impossible to be sure that it was not human flesh.

The preference of different tribes, more than different individuals of a tribe, for various parts of the human body, is interesting. Some cut long steaks from the flesh of the thighs, legs, or arms ; others prefer the hands and feet ; and though the great majority do not eat the head, I have come across more than one tribe which prefers the head to any other part. Almost all use some part of the intestines on account of the fat they contain ; for even the savages of Central Africa recognise, in common with our

own cooks, that fat in some form is a necessary ingredient of different dishes.

During the war in which we were engaged for two years, with our enormous crowds of camp followers we reaped perhaps the only advantages that could be claimed for this disgusting custom. In the night following a battle or the storming of a town, these human wolves disposed of all the dead, leaving nothing even for the jackals, and thus saved us, no doubt, from many an epidemic.

A man with his eyes open has no difficulty in knowing, from the horrible remains he is obliged to pass on his way, what people have preceded him on the road or battlefield;—with this difference: that on a battlefield he will find those parts left to the jackals which the human wolves have not found to their taste; whereas on the road—generally by the smouldering camp fire, or the blackened spot indicating where the fire has been—are the whitening bones, cracked and broken, which form the relics of these disgusting banquets. These form a diary by the way, which “he who runs may read,” if he know the habits of these peoples.

CHAPTER IV

PROPOSALS OF PEACE AND ALLIANCE WITH THE STATE
FORCES FROM GONGO LUTETE—VISIT TO GONGO
LUTETE AT HIS CAPITAL, N'GANDU—THE LITTLE
PEOPLE OF THE FOREST

ON the 19th of July, Gongo Lutete had information conveyed to us that he was sending ambassadors with a large present, hoping to make peace. De Wouters and I received orders to proceed on the way to meet them, and at five o'clock the following morning started up the river in a large canoe. Our canoe was a very good one, of the usual kind used by the Bakuba—the Sankuru water-people—who are not nomadic, but are a fine race of traders and farmers. The canoe was flat-bottomed, with sides about ten inches high, and tapering to a point fore and aft. The paddles used by these people are about nine feet long, and are well made, many of them

having a small knob at the upper end which is held in the hand. While paddling, the water-people chant, and take a step forward as they catch the beginning of the stroke, and draw the foot back as they pull through. They keep the most perfect time. Ten of them paddle in an ordinary canoe. On this occasion we had two-and-twenty paddles, as the canoe was a specially large one. We arrived at Pania Mutumba's at the end of the second day—a very rich village, well built in straight lines, and with about three thousand inhabitants. The huts were square, but with roofs of the ordinary beehive shape. They were larger than the usual native hut, being thirty or forty feet high, and fifteen feet square on the ground. The only sanitary arrangements the village could boast of were a herd of pigs, which was turned loose morning and evening to dispose of the dirt in and about the village. All the sick who die, and some before they are dead, I fancy, are thrown into the river, which passes in front of the village. Those who die violent deaths are generally eaten.

Here we found five envoys from Gongo, in a very nervous condition, not knowing how we should treat them. They showed their pluck in coming to us at all, though of course the fear of death was behind them if they had returned to their chief with their mission unfulfilled. They had brought with them a present of some ivory and a flock of goats, and said that Gongo had been badly treated by the Arabs, and, having been beaten whenever he had attacked the State forces, had now determined to make terms for himself, and, if allowed to, would become our friend and auxiliary. This seemed satisfactory, and we sent the envoys with their present, under a strong guard, to Lusambo. The guard was necessary as a protection against our own natives, who were far from friendly to Tippu Tib's people, their raiding propensities being known far and wide. De Wouters and I returned to Lusambo by water. Gongo's terms were so favourable that his emissaries, after having been fêted at Lusambo, were sent back to him with presents, and a promise that we would visit him and arrange the final terms of the

agreement. Immediately afterwards two officers were sent with a strong guard to visit Gongo ; the Commandant, as a result of this new arrangement, which had upset many of his plans, being unable to start for another fortnight. At this time we found that a fetisher, or "medicine man," in the immediate neighbourhood of Lusambo was poisoning people in the district, and several suspicious cases among our own people decided the Commandant to arrest him. He was brought in for trial, much to the surprise of the native population, who arrived by hundreds to see what would happen to us for having interfered with him. Upon being found guilty, he was sentenced by the tribunal to receive a flogging. Before his sentence was carried out, however, the Commandant told him publicly that he was going to be flogged, but that he would be allowed to make medicine first, in order that he should not feel it. He replied that he had nothing to make medicine with, his materials being all in his hut. Some men were accordingly sent to his village, and returned to the compound with the hut itself

and everything it contained. He was thereupon put inside it, and given half an hour to make medicine, after which he was taken out and publicly flogged. His squeals soon convinced the assembled multitude that the white man's "medicine" was stronger than his, and when liberated afterwards we were obliged to give him a guard as protection against the natives over whom he had so long tyrannised, and who would otherwise have torn him to pieces. The following day there was a tornado accompanied by a hailstorm, some of the hailstones being as large as hens' eggs. Hail is a most unusual occurrence in this district—in fact, numbers of natives said they had never seen it before; and it was immediately supposed by the native population to be a vengeance brought on us by the "medicine man" for having interfered with him. As we, however, all rushed out and collected the hailstones, with which we made iced drinks, this feeling soon wore off, the natives tersely remarking that it was no good making medicine against the white man, who only ate it.

Lusambo was blessed with a half-wild herd of cattle, the bulls from which herd we broke in without much difficulty and used for riding. For this purpose they are most useful, as their huge horns enable them to push through thick grass or light bush with comparative ease. They are not at all afraid of swampy ground, but plunge and struggle through it without hesitation.

On the 18th of August I started with the Commandant on an expedition to visit Gongo Lutete and Lupungu, on the way to Katanga in the south. On the following day, having crossed the Sankuru, I had my first experience of travelling in the great forest.

There is, despite the myriad difficulties it presents at every hand, an element of fascination about a tropical forest unlike anything else, though perhaps the chief pleasure lies in looking forward to getting out of it. A great silence hangs over everything, and seems only greater for the extraordinary and often unaccountable sounds which break in upon it at intervals,

mingled with those more familiar, such as the harsh shriek of the toucan, the chatter of an occasional monkey, or the crash of a falling branch or tree. Still, despite all its strange sounds, the forest silence is oppressive, and makes itself so much felt that the different members of a caravan generally speak in whispers, or in low tones, and the slightest noise on either side of the way will turn instinctively every head. There seems a complete absence of life everywhere—no whir of insects or twitter of birds; and though everywhere but in the forest each blade of grass and every inch of soil is teeming with life of some sort, here there is no sound or movement. The dank heavy smell which pervades everything is unrelieved by other odours, or even breezes; for in a tropical forest a very strong wind only can make itself felt. There are no flowers, and no birds sing. Miles and miles of sombre greens and browns stretch unrelieved by a single blossom. Of the life, the flower-wonders, the brilliance told of tropical forests, there is no sign. It has been said that these may all be found on the tree

tops, a hundred feet or more overhead; but though on several occasions I climbed to the summit of a spur of rock rising out of the forest into the sunlight, and commanding a full view of the tree tops, and from there watched the great undulating sea of green for hours together, the same monotony of colour and of soundlessness was above us as in the depths below. Every now and then a solitary toucan or a flock of green pigeons would pass, but even these were only to be seen in the evening or the morning. Here and there, perhaps half a mile apart, a tree top was entirely covered with blossom, usually dead white in hue, and sometimes a tree with scarlet leaves gave the effect of flowers in the distance. These notes of colour were, however, so rare that they could hardly be said to relieve the uniformity of sombre green stretching on every side as far as eye could reach. Camps in a forest are most melancholy affairs. Everything is damp, and the only wood that will burn is a newly-dead log or branch, from which half an inch or an inch of the sodden exterior has to be

cut away first. The ordinary cheery signs of camp life are absent, and everyone moves about noiselessly—the many layers of sodden and decaying vegetation under foot deadening all sound. Even the porters and soldiers lie quietly round the fires, and do not laugh and chatter and sing as usual.

We arrived at Pania Mutumba's village on the 24th, and here rearranged the caravan. In reply to our demand that fifty men should be sent with us to serve as guides or extra porters, Pania raised many difficulties, but eventually said we could have the men if we paid for them. The Commandant thereupon bought sixty-three men for two cups of white beads each. A few of these men afterwards ran away, but many of them were promoted, and became good soldiers when they recognised the advantages of freedom. The advantage to be derived from freedom is one of the hardest things it is possible to explain to the ordinary negro slave. His powers of reasoning never seem to get beyond this: "If I am free and don't get work, who is going to feed me?"

Whereas, if I have a master, he has to find me work, and when there is no work he has still to feed me."

On crossing the Sankuru we marched through a deserted district for five days, in which it was very difficult to feed the caravan. As we had, however, been forewarned, the men, and the women who accompanied them, had as much food with them as they could carry, and we got through the desert in comparative comfort, arriving at Mono Kialo's village on the 1st of September. Mono Kialo was a sub-chief of the Baluba race, the great chief being Lupungu, four days' march to the southward, whom we afterwards visited. The Balubas are a fine, healthy, industrious race, the products of whose industries are to be found immense distances outside their own district. They are agriculturists, iron-workers, and cloth-makers; the cloth made in this district being the money used by a great portion of the Arab settlements to the westward. Until quite lately they were not cannibals, and even now the *men* only eat their enemies who fall in battle. All the

Balubas, both men and women, have their teeth filed and pointed; but though this is often considered a habit peculiar to cannibal races, I have noticed that it is by no means an invariable custom amongst them, and that many inveterate cannibal tribes do not make it a practice. The Baluba women are graceful, lively, gay, and industrious. The whole Baluba race, and the women more especially, are no darker than the Egyptians. They have very good features, with the exception of the nose, which is flat; though even this is more prominent, and has a more pronounced bridge, than is common amongst negro races. The lips are thin and well formed, the face oval, and the eyes large and brilliant. Most of the women of the Baluba race use a pigment to blacken the upper and lower lids, as do many European women, though this custom is not peculiar to them alone, but is common wherever Arab influence has penetrated in the Congo Basin. Nearly all the natives of this region are brown or dark yellow in colour, a really black person being very rare. The front teeth are all filed,

though, strange to say, this is hardly a disfigurement. Their many good qualities and high moral standard make them very valuable, and they are much sought after by Arab and even native chiefs for their harems.

Another point that struck me among the Balubas within the Arab sphere of influence was their extreme personal cleanliness. A thorough bath half a dozen times a day was the rule rather than the exception.

Amongst most of the natives in these districts it is customary for girls and boys to marry at the ages of seven and eight or nine respectively, yet it is an indisputable fact that the negroes are both a healthy and prolific race. The women are middle-aged at fourteen or fifteen, and the men, with the exception of the chiefs, do not live to old age, the accidents of life among these savage tribes being so common that a man is usually killed before he is out of his prime.

While resting a couple of days at Mono Kialo's village, two large presents arrived, one from Gongo Lutete and one from Lupungu, each of

whom begged us to visit him first. As Gongo Lutete's present was the larger, the Commandant turned north-east to pay him the first visit. Our march for some days lay through tracts of forest, and here, for the first time, I saw the Batwa, the interesting "little people of the forest." Through the influence of a guide, who was on friendly terms with them, they did not disappear from sight as they usually do at the approach of a caravan, and I had therefore opportunities of observing them more closely than would otherwise have been possible.

What first impressed me was that, despite the fact that their average height is under four feet, they are both sturdy and independent. They are, as a rule, nomadic, and I have never met anyone who has seen them in large numbers in a settlement. Being hunters, they follow the game in small parties, changing their locality with the migration of the game. Since they are the only real hunters in the Congo Basin, and are versed in all the science of woodcraft, the ordinary traveller (European or native) may pass within a

few yards of them and be utterly unaware of their presence, though *they* meanwhile may be watching *him*. Their short stature enables them to run along a game-path with perfect ease, which to an ordinary man would be impassable unless bent nearly double. In fact, it is as difficult for an ordinary man to find, or to see, them in the forest as it is for a town-bred person in this country to discover mice in a cornfield. I can remember on more than one occasion, while marching in a shower of rain, walking over their little footprints, which were still dry but which in a few moments became wet, thus showing that the small people must have passed within a few yards of me, though I had seen and heard nothing; the silence of the great forest seeming, from the presence of human beings, more unbroken than usual. For though man may frequently be unaware of the proximity of his fellow-man, nature, whether animal or insect, seems often instinctively to know when the arch-enemy is in the vicinity.

The pygmies possess an intimate knowledge of poisons, and their bows and arrows, which have

the appearance of harmless toys that children in Europe would disdain as playthings, are as deadly engines in hunting or war as have ever been invented. The action of some of these poisons is so rapid that a man will die in from three to ten minutes after having been scratched. An elephant in one of our stations, which was scratched on the haunch by a poisoned spear, fell down dead before going a hundred yards; and on another occasion a poisoned arrow, which had passed through my corduroy coat at a distance of thirty yards, killed a fowl I scratched with it in about two minutes. One trick the little forest people have in common with the bushman (which though often mentioned by travellers yet stated in black and white sounds impossible), namely, the shooting of three, or even four, arrows so rapidly that the last is discharged before the first reaches its mark. They are also able to throw a lance so that it goes in at one side of a man and out at the other. The Arab slave-raiders and ivory-hunters have often sent expeditions into the great forest, which have suffered to such an extent

at the hands of these small demons, that few, and sometimes none, have returned to tell the tale of how they died, without even seeing who smote them. Occasionally the dwarf people attack a caravan in the openings of the forest, and so agile are they in their movements that defence is practically impossible. On seeing the flash of the firing gun, they drop, and running in, hidden by the grass, spear their opponent while he is in the act of reloading. This system, though answering very well with ordinary expeditions armed with muzzle-loading guns, did not succeed against us and our breechloaders. Many of us were, however, scared by the seemingly magical appearance of these gnome-like beings within three or four yards of us, with their murderous little spears pointed for our destruction. And, indeed, their success was often extraordinary enough to make one almost doubt their being human.

Our march from here to N'Gandu, Gongo's capital on the Lomami River, was through a country devastated by the slave-raiders in Tippu Tib's employ. Ever since we left Pania Mutum-

ba's, with the exception of the small district in which Mono Kialo's village was situated, this vacancy, devoid alike of men and food, surrounded us. Every height was covered with splendid palm plantations; and the remains of villages, whose precise extent was indicated by the bomas, or palisade fortifications, which had taken root and grown into ring fences. Our caravan did not suffer hunger, for the Commandant had allowed every man to take at least one woman and a boy, who acted as transport, and who looked after the commissary's arrangements. On the 13th of September we arrived at N'Gandu, and received a splendid reception by Gongo Lutete: thousands of his people turned out to welcome us, firing guns, and dancing and yelling as if they were possessed.

Gongo Lutete was born in Malela, and was by blood a Bakussu. He had himself been a slave, having as a child fallen into the hands of the Arabs. While still a youth, as a reward for his distinguished conduct and pluck on raiding expeditions, he was given his freedom. Starting

with one gun, at eighteen years of age, he gradually collected a band of brigands round him, whom he ruled with a rod of iron, and before long became Tippu Tib's chief slave and ivory-hunter.

He established himself at N'Gandu on the Lomami, holding part of Malela for Sefu, and by raiding gradually extended his influence to the westward, which brought him into conflict with the State. Captain Descamps first, and Baron Dhanis afterwards, defeated him. After the defeat by Dhanis, in April 1892, he came to the conclusion that it was no use fighting any longer against the State; and since the Arabs for some time past had paid him neither for his work nor for the ivory he sent them, he determined if possible to make peace with the State on his own account. This was a wise decision, as there is no doubt that the Arabs were both afraid and jealous of his power, and would probably before long have assassinated him.

At this time Gongo Lutete was perhaps thirty years of age. He was a well-built intelligent-looking man of about 5 ft. 9 in. in height, with

a brown skin, large brown eyes with very long lashes, a small mouth with thin lips, and a straight, comparatively narrow nose. His hands were his most remarkable characteristic; they were curiously supple, with long narrow fingers, which when outstretched had always the top joint slightly turned back. One or both hands were in constant movement, opening and shutting restlessly, especially when he was under any strong influence. His features meanwhile remained absolutely immovable. Though very familiar and friendly with some of us, he had a way of never letting anyone forget that he was a chief, and his manners were extremely dignified. One had to see this man on the warpath to realise the different aspects of his character. The calm haughty chief, or the genial and friendly companion, became on the battlefield an enthusiastic individual with a highly nervous organisation, who hissed out his orders one after another without a moment's hesitation. He was capable of sustaining intense fatigue, and would lead his warriors through the country at a run for hours together.

The band of brigands with which Gongo had surrounded himself were mostly of the Batetela race. These Batetela, and more particularly one tribe called the Bakussu, are, as far as I could ascertain from making inquiries in every direction, the most inveterate cannibals. During excursions in the neighbourhood of their towns, I on more than one occasion saw a public execution. When the chief of the town—who is of course an absolute monarch—decides that a man must die, he hands him over to the people. He is immediately torn to pieces, and disappears as quickly as a hare is broken up by a pack of hounds. Every man lays hold of him at once with one hand, and with the other whips off the piece with his knife; no one stops to kill him first, for he would by doing so lose his piece. More than once, after a drum-head court-martial, when a spy or deserter was shot, the onlookers have said to us, “Why do you bury him? It’s no use—when you are gone, we shall of course dig him up.” Hanging fetishes over the grave, with a view to preventing the people from touching it for fear of magic, had no effect. These people

seem to have no form of religion whatever, and no fear of death or evil spirits. 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 two hundred 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.

N'Gandu itself, as I first saw it, was situated on an open plain, one side of which was separated from the left bank of the Lomami by a strip of swamp and forest one or two hundred yards in

width. This village—containing from ten to fifteen thousand inhabitants—was oval in form, and strongly fortified by a double ditch and loop-holed earthenwork, the whole being surrounded by a palisade. The top of every tree in this palisade was crowned with a human skull. Six gateways defended the village; and, after passing through each gate, it was necessary to traverse a tunnel, some thirty yards long, made out of piles of large timber, and loop-holed throughout its whole length. On the top of this tunnel was a guardhouse, the floor of which was honeycombed into holes, through which the guard above could spear an unsuspecting passenger on the road below. The approach to each of these six gates was ornamented by a pavement of human skulls, the bregma being the only part that showed above the ground. This pavement was of a snowy whiteness, and polished to the smoothness of ivory by the daily passage of hundreds of naked feet. I counted more than two thousand skulls in the pavement of one of the gates alone.

CHAPTER V

GONGO LUTETE FINALLY LEAVES THE ARABS AND ALLIES HIMSELF WITH THE STATE FORCES—ARRIVAL AT KABINDA, CAPITAL OF LUPUNGU, GREAT CHIEF OF THE BALUBAS—MOVEMENTS OF THE ENEMY HEADED BY TIPPU TIB'S SON, SEFU—PREPARATIONS FOR AN ENCOUNTER

FOR a whole month we were regally entertained at N'Gandu. Almost every day Gongo sent us a present, and as he seemed to count everything by hundreds—a hundred sheep one day, a hundred goats another, a hundred baskets of corn, or a hundred bunches of bananas—we fared well. Towards the end of the month Gongo Lutete announced that he would leave the Arabs and come over to us, providing we would keep faith with him, and, in the event of his being attacked by the Arabs, help him to defend himself. In proof of his own fidelity he gave a large present of

ivory, and obtained leave from the Commandant to remain in the territory in which he was established, and which, according to a treaty arranged by Mr. Stanley for the Congo Free State, at Zanzibar, was outside the Arabs' sphere of influence. Gongo told us that the Arabs had massacred M. Hodister's whole expedition, and the "white Pasha from the East," whom we guessed to be Emin. He also told us that they had murdered the Stairs and Delcommune expeditions in the south; but this, though we did not then know it, was of course incorrect. We left two officers with a guard at N'Gandu, and resumed our march towards Katanga, following the ridge of the watershed between the Lomami and the Lubefu. During this march we came across hundreds of human skeletons—according to our Batetela guides, the victims of a smallpox epidemic. But there were bullet-holes in some of the skulls, and the epidemic had probably been a Batetela slave-raid.

After six days' march we arrived at Kabinda, Lupungu's capital. Lupungu was the great chief

of the Balubas, with an influence extending northwards to Lulua, and southwards to Katanga. The people in this district are olive-coloured, with thin lips, and, even from a European point of view, are good-looking. De Heusch was appointed resident, and immediately set to work to build a station at Kabinda.

At this point Dhanis was obliged to return to Lusambo. There were many affairs in the district to arrange, and this was the last place from which it was possible to communicate with Lusambo, before resuming our march to Katanga.

In the neighbourhood of Kabinda—a fine, rich, healthy country—I constantly made exploring and shooting expeditions during my stay, and had very good sport.

On the 16th October Scherlink and I decided to start for Kolomoni's town on the Lurimbi River. Our reasons for making this decision were several: food was, we heard, very plentiful there, and our host Lupungu either had no supplies or was unwilling to give us any. The men, too, were complaining; and de Heusch,

having finished the big house he was making, all but the floor and walls, had begun to bring into camp large quantities of freshly-dug sandy clay for this purpose. As a consequence of the newly-turned soil being in our vicinity, we were all out of health, and several of the blacks, with Scherlink and Cerkel, had fever. The injurious effect of newly-turned soil is probably due in a large measure to the fact that it has not been exposed to the influence of light, this being apparently instrumental in destroying the bacilli with which untilled earth teems. In support of this theory, the outbreak of malaria in Antwerp, which followed upon the excavations made in that city during the building of the new fortifications, may be cited. This red sandy clay, which, when wet and dry, becomes as hard as a brick, is found all over the district at a depth of from one to two yards.

We took eighty men with us, and on the fourth day arrived at Kolomoni's. At about an hour's distance from the town, two fine straightforward-looking young chiefs, Kolomoni and Makipula by

name, met us with a thousand men, many of whom were armed with guns. These people danced round us, firing their guns and giving vent to extravagant expressions of delight at seeing us. It was hard to imagine what prompted them, but it spoke well for the Delcommune expedition, which passed about a year before. During a talk with the chiefs, who had given us, amongst other things, presents of pigs and goats and forty baskets of flour, we learnt that Makipula was a personal friend of Kolomoni's, and, though a good agriculturist, no warrior. They had, it appeared, decided to live in the same town and make common cause, as Kolomoni was good only for fighting. This arrangement seemed to have worked well, for the whole country was cultivated, and the large town itself one of the best built I had seen.

On the 22nd October a letter arrived from Sub-Lieutenant Debruyne, a Belgian officer, who, with Commandant Lippens, was resident at Sefu's court at Kasongo. In it he told us that he was a prisoner, and Tippu Tib's son, Sefu, accompanied by

ten thousand men armed with guns and swords, had marched from Kasongo with the intention of destroying us. This was, however, only part of a general Arab rising, the Arabs having already murdered the Hodister-Emin expeditions. The letter went on to say that Sefu's plan was, after killing us, to take all the country as far as Leopoldville; and that the only thing to save us and propitiate Sefu would be, either to give up our friend Gongo Lutete, or else to send his head as a present, and then depart out of the country, which Sefu maintained was his. Unless these two conditions were immediately complied with, Sefu would cross the Lomami River and fight us. We wrote a temporising letter, and, as soon as the carriers had started, broke camp and followed them, hoping to arrive at Goimuyasso's on the Lomami before the Arabs—to reach the river before the Arab forces succeeded in crossing, being our only chance of checking their advance. The first day's march nearly wore out the energies of the caravan. We crossed no fewer than twenty-five rivers and streams, all running into the Lurimbi, glimpses

of which river we sometimes caught to the northward. Unluckily for us, there had been several storms during the previous week, and every stream had become a torrent. At 5 P.M. we camped, quite tired out, having marched without stopping for ten hours.

Goimuyasso's town, which we reached on 26th October 1892, has a grand situation on the fertile banks of the Lomami River, here about two hundred yards wide, with the current running at about three knots. After great difficulty we found a fairly good place for a camp, with plantations belonging to Goimuyasso all round us, and commanding the river for about a mile above and below our position. Goimuyasso, a great greasy chief, brought us a quantity of flour and goats, but gave us little or no information, either from the usual African apathy, or else incredulous that the Arabs were within four hours' march of us, and that at any hour of the day or night he might have to run for his life. Possibly, the most likely solution of his incommunicativeness was that he had then not decided whether he would join us or the

Arabs. The following day our spies reported that Sefu had ordered Gongo Muchufa and Nyar Gongo—two chiefs on opposite sides of the river, five or six hours' march to the northward—to hold their canoes in readiness to ferry his forces over, as in a few days he intended to cross the river in their neighbourhood. We also heard that a big chief named Dibui, though unwilling to fight, had been compelled by Sefu to join his forces. The same afternoon a niece of Goi's, a chieftainess from up the river, brought me news that Mahomedi and Dibui were trying to cross the river opposite to her village, but that she had driven back the first canoes. On hearing this, Lieutenant Scherlink and I decided to march at night. To anyone who has not experienced a night-march through an unknown part of tropical Africa, it is almost impossible to explain the difficulties that this entails. The ordinary ten-inch-wide trail through swamp and forest, which, without warning, leads the traveller up and down ant-hills or rocks, down ravines, and into streams and game-traps, is in the daytime, with plenty of light, trying enough to

temper and *physique*. But to follow one of these trails in the dead of night, dodging thorn-bushes and ant-hills, with the risk of being strangled by "monkey-ropes" or tripped up by roots at every turn, verges almost upon impossibility.

After three hours of stumbling about in the forest, it was a great relief to meet a messenger from our friendly princess, who told us that her people had crossed the river in the dark, and had lifted all the canoes from the right bank, so that there was no immediate danger of the enemy crossing. We thereupon retraced our steps, heartily glad to get back to camp. The next few days were occupied in constructing a boma—which consisted of a thorn fence with a double ditch—to surround the whole camp. This was a very poor defence compared with those contact with the enemy afterwards taught us to build. As these Arab fortifications formed an important element in our subsequent dealings with the enemy, it may be well to describe one in detail.

An Arab force on the march employs a large number of its slaves in cutting down, and carrying

with them, trees and saplings from about twelve to fifteen feet in length and up to six feet in diameter. As soon as a halting-place has been fixed on, the slaves plant this timber in a circle of about fifty yards in diameter, inside which the chiefs and officers establish themselves. A trench is then dug and the earth thrown up against the palisades, in which banana stalks, pointing in different directions, are laid. Round the centre, and following the inequalities of the ground, a second line of stakes is planted, this second circle being perhaps three or four hundred yards in diameter. Another trench is then dug in the same way, with bananas planted, as before, in the earthwork. The interval between the two lines of fortification is occupied by the troops. If the boma is only to be occupied for two or three days, this is all that is usually done to it; but if it is intended for a longer stay, a trench is dug outside the palisades. The object of using banana stalks in this manner is ingenious. Within four or five hours they shrink, and on being withdrawn from the earth leave loopholes, through which the defenders can fire

without exposing themselves. Little huts are built all over the interior of the fort, and these huts are also very ingeniously devised, and are furthermore bomb-proof. They consist of a hole dug a yard and a half deep, and covered with wood. This wood forms a ceiling, over which the earth from the interior is placed to the depth of a couple of feet, and a thatched roof placed over all to keep off the rain. In many of the bomas we found that the defenders had dug holes from the main trenches outwards, in which they lived, having lined them with straw. The whole fort is often divided into four or more sections by a palisade and trenches, so that if one part of it is stormed the storming party finds itself in a cross fire—a worse position than when actually trying to effect an entrance. We found that the shells from the 7·5 Krupps did little or no damage to these forts.

On the 29th October we received another letter from Debruyne, saying that the Arabs had divided forces with the intention of crossing the river in three places at the same time, and thus com-

elling us to divide up. In the event of this succeeding, they anticipated no difficulty in destroying us in detail. Debruyne begged us to abandon the idea of fighting, which he maintained was hopeless, and, instead, to cross the river and hold a friendly palaver with Sefu. He added, as a warning, that Sefu, although not anxious to fight, had told him the night before that his patience was nearly exhausted, and that he would spare none of us if we did not give in at once. The first men he intended to kill were Lippens and the writer of the letter. We naturally decided not to throw ourselves on Arab generosity, and sent to say so, at the same time despatching more than half our stores to Debruyne. That evening we had a letter from de Heusch, saying that he and forty men would arrive next day from Lupungu.

On the 2nd November definite information concerning Gongo Muchufa reached us. He held his canoes in readiness for the passage of Sefu's forces. As we knew that de Heusch must soon arrive, I took forty men and marched down the

river bank, my object being, if possible, to cut out the canoes—if not, to attempt to check the Arab forces while in the act of crossing the river. Six hours' marching brought me to the river bank, which the high ground, however, compelled me to leave again, the dry and open space a mile or two from the river affording much better walking. I found the ferry village deserted, and all the canoes gone. As there was no open space near the river, and the forest was dangerously thick, I retired to some high ground about a mile off. A tornado was raging, and there being nothing else to do, we lay down, hungry, wet, and cold, and waited for the wind and rain to stop. My men built a little house of palm branches for me, and grass ones for themselves. With the additional luxury of a fire I felt warm and comfortable, and, in spite of the storm, slept quietly until roused by a leopard sneaking into the camp and scaring the sentries nearly out of their wits. The following morning I was honoured by a visit from Nyan Gongo, a muscular man about six feet two inches in

height, and one of the finest-built natives I ever met. His village, the capital of the district, was near; and after the usual talk—in which he showed his familiarity with Arab customs—I requested him to bring food for sale, which he did, but asked so high a price for it that we bought very little. It was, however, a mistake to offer to buy food, the Arab custom being to supply travellers with it gratis. For two days after this Nyan Gongo showed no signs of life, at the end of which time, our supplies being completely exhausted, I sent a native to him, requesting an interview. He responded by swaggering into my camp at the head of his harem and a large following of his people, preceded by a band composed of girls singing and men beating tum-tums, and with several hundred armed men. He insolently demanded what present I had for him. I temporised by asking what he supposed we were going to feed on if he had brought us no food, to which he replied that he could not afford to feed us, as we paid him too little, and that before we began to talk I must give him my coat

and boots. The Arabs, he said, had more cloth and presents for him than I had, which was unpleasant, the more so because it was probably true. The Arabs also were on the other side of the river and anxious to cross, whereas I was on his side and had nothing to gain. It was, however, imperative that we should get food somehow. I therefore whistled my men round us, and in a moment, before they knew what was happening, we had disarmed and taken prisoner the unaccommodating chief and half a dozen of his head men. I then explained to him that it would be better to send away all his armed men, as if one of them forgot himself the consequences would be to his disadvantage, and that the sooner his people brought me food the better, since I had no intention of dying of starvation unless he and his chief men died too. After some time he appeared convinced, and sent for food, which came into camp in enormous quantities the same evening. He was then set at liberty, with a small present to soothe his ruffled dignity. He seemed more surprised at

the idea of a man, in whose power he was, giving him his liberty and a present, than he was at being disarmed and kidnapped while he thought himself monarch of all he surveyed. Nyan Gongo and I were from that time always friends. Months afterwards, when he was only an individual in a crowd of petty chiefs—who were indebted to us for their very existence, and who were not expected to pay tribute in any shape or form except through Lupungu—he used to bring me little presents himself; I suppose from the same instinct which causes a dog to fawn on the person who has punished him.

For three or four days I patrolled up and down the river, which, my spies told me, Sefu was actually trying to cross in this neighbourhood. At this time I received a letter from Duchesne, at N'Gandu, enjoining us to be very careful—his spies having discovered that Sefu really meant to attack us where we were, and that our so-called friendly natives had arranged to assist the Arabs. Lieutenant Scherlink arrived in my camp on the 7th November, having left de Heusch

in charge of Goimuyasso's. I was delighted to see him, as I had had little or no rest, night or day, sifting false news and marching on "reliable information" to meet an enemy who had never even crossed the river, and who, as we afterwards discovered (knowing that I was there), had no intention of crossing. On the evening of the 9th November we got a hurried note from de Heusch, saying that by the time it reached us he would probably be cut off from us. A prisoner he had taken, gratuitously informed him that Sefu would make an attack on the morning of the 11th. We struck camp when the moon gave light enough, and, without finding any signs of the enemy, arrived at Goimuyasso's. Simultaneously with our arrival, a number of prisoners, caught by Goi's people in the act of stealing canoes, were brought in. They said that Sefu had sent them across the river to get him canoes, and this seemed to have been the whole source of the alarm. One of these prisoners, a "witch-doctor," calmly told us that he changed himself into a duck whenever he wanted to cross a river. This man was afterwards

caught in our camp and shot as a spy. Every native, and even some of our own regulars, firmly believed he had passed the sentry changed into the form of some animal, and told us it would be useless to try and kill him. He was, however, given ample warning, and we demonstrated that his witchcraft was not proof against lead.

In preparation for the reported attack on the 11th we put up some rests for the rifles, and placed them in a position to command the chief roads round the camp. Our men, who were mostly Hausas, were such appallingly bad shots, that, left to themselves, they would not have been likely to hit a man at thirty yards. Letters from Commandant Dhanis reached us on the 11th, saying that he hoped to arrive on the 14th with about ten thousand native allies, and giving us orders not to cross the river on any pretext whatever until then. Hearing that there were a number of canoes higher up the river, which the Arabs were trying to get hold of, we sent a detachment under de Heusch up the river bank to bring them down to us if possible, or, failing this, to destroy them.

De Heusch, who was known as the most reckless of dare-devils, had been told not to cross the river. He surprised the town where the canoes had been found, and discovered that the Arab forces had already taken them to the other side. Having come across one half of an old canoe, he patched this with clay, and, taking two men with him in this apology for a boat, crossed the river and set about to hunt for the canoes, which were hidden in the long grass. The Arab allies lined the bank by hundreds, and amid a shower of balls and arrows de Heusch beat a retreat, strange to say unhurt, and left, "*après les avoir envoyés quelques prunneaux,*" as he expressed it to me. During his absence Sefu had despatched Debruyne with a strong escort to the river, his object being to persuade us to cross over and visit him, escorted by not more than half a dozen men. Our own spies had warned us that Sefu intended by some pretext to persuade us to cross over, and then either to kill us or make us prisoners. Being forewarned we refused, and explained that we had the Com-mandant's orders not to pass the Lomami, at the

same time mentioning that we expected the Commandant Dhanis to be with us in a day or two. I did my best to persuade Debruyne to swim over to us, but as things then stood he refused to. Some months afterwards, when we opened the poor fellow's grave at Kasongo, we found that he had been cut into pieces about a foot long, though happily, as we discovered from his murderers and from independent witnesses, this was *post-mortem* mutilation.

On the 20th November the Commandant arrived, having with him one 7·5 Krupp gun, and accompanied by Captain de Wouters, Cerkel, Lupungu, Kolomoni, and a great following. On the way, hearing that the Arabs had appeared lower down the river opposite N'Gandu, Dhanis had sent Captain Michaux with eighty men to reinforce Lieutenant Duchesne, who was with Gongo Lutete at N'Gandu. This detachment became eventually a second of attack.

CHAPTER VI

FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE ARABS—CAPTURE OF TWO OF THEIR FORTS

THE day following the Commandant's arrival at the Lomami we heard that some of Sefu's people had crossed the river about eight hours' march below us. Not thinking it a very serious matter, we sent a detachment of forty men under a black sergeant named Albert Frees and a corporal called Benga, together with Lupungu, Kolomoni, and their people, to reconnoitre and, if necessary, fight.

Albert Frees, a Monorovian by birth, was a wiry little man of about five feet six, who spoke English with a strong American twang and much volubility. His energy and intelligence were extraordinary in a man who had had no education. Benga was a native of Sierra Leone, a thick-set heavy-faced negro, who seldom spoke unless he had something very important to say. His reticence

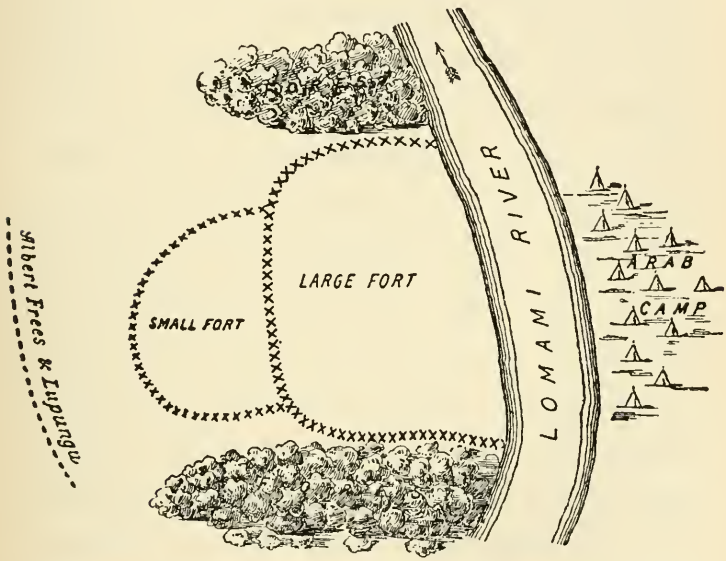
was most remarkable, and for hours together he would not open his lips. These two were sworn friends ; and as each of them had more pluck in his body than all the other blacks I have ever met with put together, and both were capital shots, they succeeded during the campaign in successfully accomplishing the most daring exploits possible for anyone to undertake. After a day's fighting they habitually got their men together, and followed the retreating enemy far into the night. How they came out alive from some of their undertakings was always a marvel to us.

The next evening a man rushed into the camp carrying an Arab gun, and bringing a message to the effect that the Arabs were in force, and that after severe fighting the position had not been carried. The Commandant immediately started for the scene of action, Scherlink and I accompanying him with a detachment of all the best men. We marched half the night, when, getting into a dense forest, where it was too dark and dangerous to move on, we lay down in our tracks and waited for dawn. We were only about

three hours on the road next morning when we met a number of natives sent to us with a letter from Michaux. They were carrying several Winchester repeating rifles, and escorting prisoners—tokens of a victory over the Arab forces. Gongo Lutete, it seems, had found that the Arabs were already across the river; whereupon he and all his people, ahead of Michaux and Duchesne, together with the regulars, had marched to find the Arabs, and had arrived at the two forts just as the sun went down. Albert Frees, meanwhile, had been skirmishing round these forts for some hours. Arriving at dark, Michaux and Gongo Lutete withdrew their men and encamped about an hour's march distance from Albert Frees and Lupungu, who lay down in front of the smaller fort. [The diagram on page opposite shows the position.]

A tornado came on, followed by rain, which lasted all night, and at dawn Albert Frees recommenced to attack. The Arabs charged out in force, but very few of their cap guns (which represented the great bulk of their armament) went off, the night's rain having thoroughly soaked the

powder. Albert Frees was quick to see the dilemma they were in, and, taking advantage of it, charged them home with Lupungu, and carried the smaller fort just as Michaux and Gongo Lutete came up. The Arabs retreated to the larger fort,



which did not long resist the combined attack. A panic, of which no one knows the cause, started among the Arab forces, and the whole crowd jumped into the river, here about a hundred yards wide, with a four-mile current. The regulars and friendly natives killed them by hundreds in the

water. Sefu himself had recrossed before the fighting began, and so escaped. On counting the Arab loss, we found it to be over 600 on the field of battle, and between 2000 and 3000 killed or drowned in the river. We took about 30 good repeating rifles and upwards of 2000 cap guns, with large quantities of powder and cartridges. Sergeant Albert Frees and Corporal Benga were the first to get to the palisades of the fort, Albert being three times touched by balls. Benga, who was a great athlete, managed, by running hard and flinging himself against the palisade, to start two or three posts; this gave an opening, through which he and Albert, quickly followed by their men, managed to effect an entry. Here we took three chiefs prisoners, one of whom, Sadi by name, had served with Stanley. Both his arms were broken and his thigh and scalp were ripped open by bullets, yet he lingered on in this state for three weeks.

The Commandant now decided to follow the Arabs into their country. He was at liberty to do this, since they, by crossing the Lomami and

attacking us, with Sefu, an officer of the State, at their head, had broken the Treaty of Zanzibar.

Scherlink and I were in charge of the advance-guard. We crossed the Lomami River on the 26th of November and camped in a plain about half a mile from the river bank. After two days of inactivity, while waiting for the main body to cross the river, we, to satisfy the men—who were discontented and hungry—started foraging. We rushed a fortified village named Chile, the most tastefully built and beautifully planted town I have seen in Central Africa. The houses were built on platforms raised about two feet from the ground, and were made of wood, thatched with the ordinary grass. On the inside, the walls were plastered with white clay, grotesquely ornamented in yellow, black, and red. Nearly all of these houses were furnished with regular-made fireplaces and seats. Windows or openings of any form in the sides of his hut are things the African native never dreams of arranging. A small hole in the roof is occasionally left for the smoke to escape by, though even this is by no means a general

practice, and, more often than not, a small low doorway is the only means of ventilation, with the exception of any stray chinks that may have been left through careless thatching of the roof.

I frequently noticed among African natives a certain brown, and often bloodshot, condition of the conjunctiva, though, on opening the lid a little wider than normal, the white of the eye not usually exposed was found to be clean and clear. This condition of things was, I came to the conclusion, produced by smoke. It will be easily understood that the atmosphere inside a hut of this description, with a fire in it, is so thick with smoke that an ordinary European, unused to the life, would be almost suffocated. The natives are, however, accustomed to it from their earliest days, and when sitting by a fire in the open air generally choose to place themselves to leeward, the smoke being a protection against the attacks of mosquitoes and other noxious insects.

It was here that the cannibal propensities of our friendlies and camp followers were first

brought before me. On returning through the town after following the inhabitants a mile or two beyond, I found that the killed and wounded had all disappeared, and some of my men volunteered the information that the friendlies had cut them up and carried them off for food. This I did not believe. On our way home, however, we were again attacked. The friendlies, who were dancing along in front, promptly broke and fled, leaving amongst the other loot scattered about the road, several human arms, legs, and heads, which the men whose information I had doubted took care to point out to me as proof that they had not lied. This skirmish was curious, for another reason. I mounted an ant-hill to see how things were going, and how the enemy were posted; straight in front of me, on another hill about sixty yards off, the opponent chief with his staff was posted. On seeing me he promptly commenced emptying his Winchester in my direction, till I knocked him off his perch with a Mauser bullet in his chest. A year afterwards Scherlink met this man; and the chief, quite proud

of them, showed him the scars that the bullet had left in his breast-bone and back, after which it had passed through the abdomen of one of his men, who died some days after from the wound. My brother officers used to suggest that the bullet had become septic in passing through the chief's chest, and that the second man had probably died of blood-poisoning.

After much experience with different patterns of the newest small-bore rifles, we all lost faith in their killing and stopping power, and preferred to arm our men with the old chassepots used in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870.

On our way back from the skirmish we met the Commandant, with de Wouters, the white sergeant Cerkel, and all the available force he could muster. We immediately camped, and that evening the Commandant repeated what he had before told us when he asked who would go with him—namely, that he had no intention of returning alive from the campaign if it were unsuccessful, and that if any of us were unfortunate enough to be taken prisoners by the enemy he would consider

us as dead, and would not risk a man to save us.

The next day we took Kitenge's town. Albert Frees had been sent on in front to reassure the chief and his people. As they were natives, we had no intention of fighting with them, our quarrel being, of course, only with the Arab slave-raiders and their allies. He succeeded in tranquilising them, and was quietly talking to the chief when our forces appeared on the hill above the town, at the sight of which the entire population was seized with panic and fled. Kitenge himself dodged through the crowd; but Albert, realising his intention, gave chase into the jungle, and brought him back to us just as we had taken possession of the town. Upon being asked by the Commandant what had happened, Albert vouchsafed as answer, "I caught man plenty wild passed him before." We took our whole force into the town and gave them quarters in Kitenge's harem, which he had emptied. It contained about two hundred separate houses, and was surrounded by a strong palisade, the whole forming a very efficient

camp for our people. The situation possessed the additional advantage of being separated from the natives and the town, and thus lessened the chance of collision between the two parties. The country round this town is exceedingly rich. Our people brought in prodigious quantities of bananas, different kinds of corn, pineapples, potatoes, sugar-cane, and other food.

On the 3rd of December we commenced marching in a N.N.E. direction. Though our way lay through swamps, there were fortunately no forests. We arrived at Kabamba's on the 5th, and were met by the chief, who assured us that he had no quarrel with us, and that he had already refused to join the Arabs against us, though he had no intention of joining us against the Arabs. He boasted that he had never yet been drawn into war. Living as he did amongst almost interminable swamps, it is probable that even the Arabs had found it useless to try to coerce him. He presented us with a splendid bullock left in his charge by Wissmann four years before, but he brought us no other present, nor did he ask for

any. After a week's stay there news reached us that Michaux and Gongo Lutete were advancing to meet us, which made the Commandant doubtful whether to meet them at Dibui's or at Lusuna. After some days' waiting, during which our camp was fixed on a small space of dry ground about a foot above the level of the surrounding morass, we heard that Michaux's column was advancing on Lusuna, whereupon, to the great delight of everyone, the Commandant gave orders to start on the morrow. On the 11th we arrived at Lusuna, and there found Michaux, who had taken the town by storm three or four days before. He gave us sugar, tobacco, and salt, which were great luxuries after three weeks with no other food than the flesh of the tough goats taken in some of the skirmishes, and rice boiled in the stinking swamp water. Of the many hardships encountered during the expedition, I think we all agreed that the worst was the deprivation of salt. During the whole time spent in these swamps the health of the caravan was excellent, although the water drunk by everyone varied in colour from red,

green, and yellow to black. The officer of the day who had the rearguard, and more particularly the gunguard, under supervision, was invariably ten or twelve hours on his feet, often without food, and working the greater part of the day up to his waist, or even neck, in the swamps. I can only attribute the absence of fever in the caravan to the effect of light, since there were no forests in the immediate neighbourhood, and all the swamps were open to the sun's direct rays.

At Lusuna we found that Michaux had brought Gongo Lutete, with between 5000 and 10,000 auxiliaries with him; and as we were accompanied by Lupungu, Kolomoni, and Goimuyasso, our camp at this time numbered about 25,000 natives, 400 regulars, and 6 white officers. The old Lusuna—or Rusuna as Cameron calls him—had died a few months before our arrival, and his successor was a mild man of very different stamp.

The fact that both sides were cannibals, or rather that both sides had cannibals in their train, proved a great element in our success.

The teaching of the Mohammedan religion does not allow that a man whose body has been mutilated can enter into the highest heaven, where only perfect men are admitted. As a consequence of this belief, the white Arabs and other faithful followers of Islam would, after a rebuff, instead of trying to retrieve the fortunes of the day, fly from the field with all possible speed—not so much in order to save their lives, as through fear lest their carcasses, in the event of their falling, should be torn to pieces. Notwithstanding this, however, on the occasions on which they were practically cornered, the desperate valour generally attributed to the Arabs showed itself in full force.

CHAPTER VII

SKIRMISHES WITH THE ENEMY—RETURN OF SEFU TO THE ATTACK

THE Commandant instituted a very good system which we afterwards often felt the benefit of, namely, the supplying of every white man, at the State expense, with as many boy-servants as he chose to employ. These were generally savage little rascals, lately - freed slaves, and either the children of prisoners of war, or presents sent from native chiefs. Their business being to attend to the personal comfort of the whites, they rapidly acquired a certain amount of civilisation, and an absolute confidence in white men. While still quite small, they acted as interpreters in the ordinary business with natives. As soon as they were old enough and sufficiently strong—often, with good feeding, a matter of only a few months—they were given guns, and taught how to use them ;

thus forming a sort of bodyguard for their masters when visiting friendly native chiefs. Very quickly after having arms in their hands they asked to be allowed to become soldiers, and were then drafted into the regular force. Eventually, what was called a "boy company" was formed, and it became the smartest set of soldiers we had. Their chief amusement when off duty was to go through their drill. The boy corporals had generally a few natives, or prisoners, who had been given into their charge to look after; these recruits they used to drill for the pleasure of drilling them, and many of them also became soldiers. One great advantage in connection with these boys was, that, when in action they got into trouble or retreated, they invariably rallied round the nearest white man, their sole idea of safety being to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of the whites.

It having been decided that we should count the auxiliary forces, in order that some idea of how much powder to give to the different chiefs might be arrived at, we proceeded to do so in the usual

Arab manner. A wild animal's skin was placed on the ground, and the whole number of forces to be counted walked over it one by one. We found that Gongo Lutete had little over two thousand guns; Lupungu and the tribes with him, over three thousand. Gongo Lutete and Lupungu were old enemies; Lutete having represented the Arab power, whereas Lupungu was grand chief of the native powers. Lupungu at this juncture coolly announced that he was afraid to advance any farther; that his people would desert if he did so, as dysentery and smallpox were rife towards the Lualaba, and that all would die if they advanced. As the question of feeding this enormous multitude had also to be considered, Commandant Dhanis sent Lupungu with all his people home, giving out that we had a large enough force at our disposal without him. This was a bluff which rather scared the Arabs advancing against us. While at Lusuna's we heard that Delcommune and Frankie had returned from their expedition to Katanga, and the Commandant requisitioned them to come to us or to send what help they could. News also

reached us here of the murder of Lippens and Debruyne, two officers representing the Free State Government, resident at Sefu's court in Kasongo. We found out later that, after the defeat of Sefu on the Lomami (which resulted in the death of his cousin and several other noted chiefs), an advance party of the retreating Arabs arrived at Kasongo, and, by way of individual revenge, murdered the two Residents. It is probable, since we have no actual proof to the contrary, that this was done without Sefu's orders. Twelve of these people, armed with knives hidden in their clothing, made some trivial pretext for visiting Lippens at the Residency, who, however, refused to come out and interview them. They then said that news of a big battle had come to them from Sefu; on hearing which Lippens came out, and, while talking in the verandah, was promptly and silently stabbed. Some of the murderers entering the adjoining room, found Debruyne writing, and killed him before he had learned the fate of his chief. When Sefu returned to Kasongo, a day or two afterwards, he gave orders that the pieces of Debruyne's body

should be collected and buried with Lippens, whose body, with the exception of the hands (which had been sent to Sefu and Mohara of Nyangwe as tokens), was otherwise unmutilated. The strong innate respect for a chief had protected Lippens' body, while that of his subordinate had been hacked to pieces. A curious fatality followed these twelve murderers. The chief of the band, Kabwarri by name, was killed by us in the battle of the 26th of February with Lippens' Martini express in his hand. Of the others—all of whom were the sons of chiefs, and some of them important men on their own account—four died of smallpox, one was killed at Nyangwe, one in the storming of Kasongo, and the remaining six we took prisoners at Kasongo. During the trial they one day, though in a chained gang, succeeded in overpowering the sentry, and thus escaped. One was drowned in crossing a river; three more were killed, either fighting or by accident, within a month or two of their escape; and the two remaining we retook and hanged;—which brings to me a curious point. Of the many men I have

seen hanged nearly all died by strangulation, and *not* by having the neck broken. As compared with shooting, hanging seems to me the less painful death; the wretched being becomes insensible in a very few seconds, whereas a man shot will often require a *coup de grâce*, no matter how carefully the firing party is placed.

During this time I made several excursions through the country in search of game, and also as a means of getting to know the district. What struck me most in these expeditions was the number of partially cut-up bodies I found in every direction for miles around. Some of them were minus the hands and feet, and some with steaks cut from the thighs or elsewhere; others had the entrails or the head removed, according to the taste of the individual savage, though, as I afterwards discovered, this taste is more tribal than individual. Neither old nor young, women or children, are exempt from the possibility of serving as food for their conquerors or neighbours.

Many rumours reached us that Mohara of Nyangwe was advancing against us. We had

several false alarms of night attacks, and were very glad when, on the 29th of December, these rumours became so definite that Gongo Lutete offered to bet the Commandant that if we marched on the morrow we should meet the Arabs. Dhanis was still unbelieving, and took up the bet for ten bales of cloth, hoping that he would lose it, as the uncertainty and false alarms were wearing out the temper of our caravan.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 30th we marched, with Gongo and his thousand guns scouting in front of us. After six hours and a half's severe marching we heard firing in front. The Commandant and I raced on, and emerged on a plain covered with short grass in time to see Gongo and his men in full flight before the victorious Arabs, not four hundred yards off in front of us. Michaux soon came up with his company, and the Commandant gave orders to charge. As we started he ordered me to draw off my men, and to stay behind to guard the women and baggage. He also charged me to send on the other companies with the Krupp as soon as they arrived.

At this moment the Hausas started their war-cry. My men were all Hausas, and no sooner had they heard it than they bolted into the fight, leaving me alone with the chief corporal. Perched on the top of an ant-hill, with my corporal at my side, I had certainly as good a view of a battle as any man could wish for. I saw the Commandant and Michaux disappear apparently into the ground—the cause being, what neither they nor I knew till they were in it, that a swamp, some hundred yards wide, intervened between us and the enemy. It was a most curious effect to see our men up to their necks in mud and water firing on the Arabs. As they advanced the Arabs retired, and Gongo, seeing that help had arrived, rallied his retreating forces, and, in conjunction with our own forces, drove the Arabs across the plain and into their entrenched camp, which the regular troops then stormed. A large body of Arabs were gathered on our left wing, though apparently neither our troops nor Gongo had noticed this, and to my horror I saw our forces commence driving the main body into the scrub, and following them out of

sight. Soon the crack of the rifles became almost inaudible, and I was left as a target for the four or five hundred Arabs who were now between me and the Commandant, at less than four hundred yards from my ant-hill. The only thing I can think of that saved me is, that these Arab troops must have mistaken the baggage and women by whom I was surrounded, for a reserve. After about twenty minutes Scherlink arrived, and, proceeding to join the Commandant, was quickly followed by Captain de Wouters with the gun. We then followed as rapidly as possible, skirting the swamp. I saw on this battlefield the only case I can remember of a native putting love before fear or danger. In a bare spot my comrades had just swept over, I passed a woman seated on the ground by a dead chief, quietly crying with his head in her lap, while the bullets whizzed round her, sometimes only missing her by inches. A little later on, when recrossing the battlefield, the only signs left were bloodstained spots here and there, marking the place where the victims of the fight had been cut up to furnish a banquet in the even-

ing to the victorious survivors. Our disgust may be better imagined than expressed, for we found that the camp followers and friendlies made no difference in this respect between the killed and wounded on their own side or the enemy's. One of Gongo Lutete's wives was killed during the progress of the battle, and was cut up and eaten by his own men, on whom, however, he took summary vengeance the day following by handing them over to form a repast for their comrades. Several of our people had been taken prisoners during the Arab successes earlier in the day, and when the Arabs were retreating they killed some of them, and frightfully mutilated others without killing them, leaving them on the road. This was not a wise proceeding, as it did not tend to make our people more tender in their dealings with the retreating perpetrators of these outrages.

The Arab camp which we took was situated on a rising ground in and around the village of Kasongo Luakilla. Being a strong position, it served us well for headquarters. In the camp we took powder, cartridges, rifles, and other

ammunition; and we also found Arab tents and paraphernalia, with a tent made by Edison, which had probably belonged to a member of Hodister's unfortunate expedition. We discovered from prisoners and some of the papers taken in the camp, that Muni Pembe (the son of Mohara) and Mahomedi commanded the Arabs. Their loss was difficult to estimate, but we imagined must have amounted to over two hundred killed. Our own loss amounted to eighty-two killed and wounded.

On the 1st of January we broke camp to look for food. A fearful storm overtook us, and, as it showed no signs of abating, we were forced to camp on a hillside. Everybody was very miserable and bad-tempered, food was scarce, cooking impossible, and all things were wet and cold. The next day we advanced under a hot sun, and found the heat delightful after the cold and wet of the previous day and night. A couple of hours brought us to the Mwadi River, which, with its rapid current and twenty-five feet depth of water, was a difficult obstacle for the caravan to cross. With four hours' hard work we succeeded in making

a bridge, and everyone crossed in safety, with the exception of some half a dozen of Gongo Lutete's people, who were drowned. After another two hours' march we camped on a plateau called Goio Kapopa, about three hundred feet above the surrounding plain, in which the courses of three moderately large rivers could be easily made out. Opposite us, to the eastward, was a high range of hills.

One evening, while lying in camp at Goio Kapopa, some of the superstitious among our men came as a deputation to the Commandant and begged him as a favour to "make medicine," to show what the result of the next conflict with the enemy would be. The Arabs, they said, had been trying every form of fetish known to them, but their oracles were dumb (the Arab method most usually practised is, after certain forms and ceremonies have been gone through, to kill a goat or fowl, from the appearance of whose entrails the witch-doctor pretends to be able to read the future). They had never seen the white man experiment, and were very anxious that we should comply with

their request. The Commandant gave out that he would test the fates at eight o'clock that evening, and told them that if his medicine, after due preparation, became red, the Arab forces in the next battle would be annihilated; if it became white, the battle would be drawn; but if green should be the colour, we should have to avoid battle for a couple of months, as the result would be uncertain. By the evening every soul in our and the native camps around had turned out to see what would happen, and Sefu's hosts on the opposite hills were also eagerly watching. We had a few dozen signal rockets with us, of which, however, only a dozen were in good order, and which had been kept in the event of a great emergency. When the Commandant ordered three of the red signal rockets to be fired, the yell of joy that rang through the camp was perfectly appalling. As the onlookers realised that the "medicine" was red, three times repeated, they danced round us in a perfect frenzy of joy, and demanded that powder should be given to them to make a night of it. It is a characteristic of Arab followers and natives

to let off their guns at every opportunity—joy or sorrow, arrival or departure, serving as an excuse for the discharge of firearms. Even a shower of rain causes a reckless waste of powder, and every man fires his gun “for fear the powder should get wet.” When the rain stops and the sun reappears, he fires another charge “to make sure that the gun has not got damp.” On this special occasion they asked for powder, and were made happy with a couple of barrels, when with yells and dances and the constant discharge of firearms they made night hideous. A corresponding silence reigned in the enemy’s camp, who, I believe, had we been able to attack them, would have stampeded then and there.

On the 5th of January three or four hundred women, who had been left behind at the Lomami River with the soldiers’ private baggage, came to us, and there was great rejoicing in camp. The men having been without their extra blankets, and not having had their women to look after them, had been out of condition and ill-nourished. The women also brought a note from the Lomami, saying that Delcommune had responded to the

Commandant's requisition by sending a white officer named Cassar, some soldiers, and all his rifles and ammunition, but that he could not send the bulk of his soldiers. They would, he said, have to be re-engaged at Lusambo, so that we could not expect to see them for a couple of months. From Frankie's expedition there was no response whatever. That same evening we saw camp fires on the hills opposite, and heard drums rolling and great shouting. The next day we could see, with glasses, a very large camp covering upwards of a mile. This turned out to be Sefu, with the other princes of Kasongo, who had returned to the attack in spite of his overwhelming defeat at the Lomami. The Commandant determined to let them cross the river, or at all events to land part of their force on our side, before attacking them.

CHAPTER VIII

MORE ARAB DEFEATS—THE COMMANDANT DECIDES
TO TAKE THE INITIATIVE AND TO LEAD AN
ATTACK UPON SEFU'S FORCES

ON the morning of the 9th of January, at about 6 o'clock, we heard firing behind our camp. On inquiring from Gongo Lutete, he suggested that some of his people might have become involved in a quarrel with the natives. After a few minutes, however, we distinctly heard volley-firing, and, since it was not possible that this could be from natives, the Commandant sent Michaux and de Wouters to reconnoitre. They returned without having discovered what it was. A few minutes later a man rushed breathless into the camp, and, holding up a breechloader and half a dozen cartridges, shouted, "The white man is attacked and wants help," and fell down fainting. When he could give a coherent account of himself, he

said that the white man was still fighting, but was very hard pressed, and had sent for help. Michaux, de Wouters, and Scherlink promptly started off with their companies and a contingent of Gongo Lutete's, leaving the Commandant, with myself and Cerkel, in a horrid state of suspense. We got the camp ready to resist an attack; Sefu's force being camped in front of us, and, according to the report we had just received, Mohara of Nyangwe fighting in our rear. This, at the time, seemed scarcely credible, though it turned out to be true. At midday the firing commenced a few hundred yards from our camp, in the grass. Just as we thought the fight would begin, Cassar marched into the camp with all his baggage—wounded, but having extricated himself from the dilemma he was in without even seeing the force we had sent to help him. His first words amused us: "Commandant," said he, "I was all but taken, and I have burnt an awful lot of cartridges." "Oh," said the Commandant, "you're alive, and that's the main thing. I suppose you've lost all the baggage and ammunition you were bringing us." But the

plucky little man had not; and this, from the account he gave us, is what had taken place.

He had, the evening before, camped about two hours and a half's march in our rear, and, suspecting nothing, had slept well. He was bringing us about 50,000 rounds of ammunition, and 40 chassepot rifles tied up in bundles; and his caravan consisted of 26 regular soldiers, and 250 of Gongo Lutete's men as porters. While washing himself at his tent door at a quarter to six in the morning, he was astonished by a volley fired into the camp from the surrounding scrub. He found that the bush on every side of him was full of turbaned forces. Getting his men in hand immediately, he returned the fire. Those of his porters who were not armed with muzzleloaders, broke open the ammunition boxes, and, taking the chassepots, kept up an erratic fire in every direction but the one most necessary. This ill-directed fire was, however, enough to prevent the Arabs from rushing the camp, and Cassar charged out with his soldiers at any point where the enemy approached too closely. This continued for over four hours,

when, for a reason unknown to Cassar at the time, the Arabs withdrew for an hour and twenty minutes. The explanation, as we afterwards discovered, was that Mohara had been wounded in the leg by a chance shot. During this pause Cassar dismounted his tent, got his loads and wounded on the road, and retired in our direction. The bush was very thick, and when the Arabs followed him in force he managed to hold them in check till all his own force had crossed a deep river, which, fortunately for him, was on his road. As the only means of crossing the river was by a single enormous tree, which had been felled across it, he had no difficulty in keeping the Arabs at bay till the main part of his caravan had got a long start. He then raced after them, and arrived at our camp as I have described.

While we were still talking, firing commenced again almost in the same direction as we had heard it in the morning. In the evening one of our soldiers came in, bringing with him Mohara's head, and a note from de Wouters saying that they had fought the Arabs' main body, which they

had defeated, and had killed Mohara, whose head he was sending for identification. Our troops arrived in the early morning, bringing with them great quantities of food, donkeys, and a large bundle of Arab despatches, in addition to prisoners and tents. De Wouters' report said that on taking the Arab camp they had found enormous numbers of wounded, and many freshly-made graves, which testified to the severity of Cassar's fighting in the morning. He had, he said, successfully carried the position through the Arabs having mistaken our force for an envoy from Sefu and his guard, whom they were expecting. Through this mistake, they had allowed de Wouters' party to march through the swampy valley which defended one side of their position, and to gain the high ground on which the camp stood, without molestation. As soon as they had crossed the swamp, they got into high grass and cassada fields, which hid their real character from the enemy until they had formed line and broken cover within a hundred yards of the nearest Arab line. Though the Arabs had seen the arrival of

our people, they were to all intents and purposes surprised. Mohara, who had been wounded in the morning, was, luckily for us, killed very early in the fight; and the loss of their chief, as is usual with any but European soldiers, spread dismay among the ranks.

The nearest river to us to the eastward was the Lufubu. After our successes on the 9th, the Commandant decided that there was no reason why we should not attack Sefu's forces, who were still in front. On the 11th, therefore, Michaux and his company were sent as a guard to Lutete's people, who were ordered to build a bridge over the Lufubu. This they accomplished in about three hours, at a point where the river was only forty yards wide and about ten feet deep. When the bridge was finished Michaux crossed over, and after a couple of hours' march found himself on the banks of the Kipango, not a mile from Sefu's camp, which was pitched on a height about three-quarters of a mile from the river. The enemy, on discovering our troops so near them, came down in force to prevent our people crossing the river

Kipango, which they naturally supposed was our intention. There seems to have been a sharp skirmish across the river. Wordy war, which also raged, had more effect than even our rifles. Mahomedi and Sefu led the Arabs, who were jeering and taunting Lutete's people, saying that they were in a bad case, and had better desert the white man, who was ignorant of the fact that Mohara with all the forces of Nyangwe was camped in his rear. Lutete's people replied: "Oh, we know all about Mohara; we ate him the day before yesterday." The news of Mohara's defeat had not then reached Sefu, as our camp lay between, and Mohara was defeated and slain before communication had been established between the Arab armies.

Michaux retired, leaving Lutete's people, masked by the forest and unknown to the enemy, to build a bridge across the river higher up. On the 12th we crossed the Lufubu, and coming to the Kipango found that the bridge, made in the night by our allies, had been carried away. Three hours' steady work enabled us to build another, strong

enough to bear the passage of our regulars and baggage, part of Lutete's force having crossed the river before the bridge was carried away. A great many of the remainder of his force succeeded in passing by climbing the trees on the bank, and swinging across by the creepers. Though in some places the boughs of the trees were interlocked, the most frightful scenes nevertheless occurred. We, who were working lower down stream, saw many a face, arm, or leg in the boiling flood, which was tearing like a mill-race past us. Help it was impossible to render. Our own men had many narrow escapes, and one was carried away and drowned. Just as the sun went down our forces crossed, and after forty minutes' marching we rushed into the Arab camp, and were surprised to find it deserted. We spent a miserable night, as the baggage and provision porters were unable to find their way into the camp in the dark. From information volunteered by some prisoners the next day, it appeared that Sefu had been somewhat perturbed; one of his favourite wives had been killed by a stray shot fired during Michaux's

skirmish on the river bank, while sitting in his tent with him a mile away from the scene of combat. Shortly after Michaux had retired, a messenger confirmed what our allies had already told them—namely, that Mohara was killed and his forces dispersed.

The hill on which the Arabs had made their camp, and which we now occupied, rose abruptly out of the plain, and formed a plateau about a mile and a half square, surrounded on every side by nearly perpendicular grassy slopes. No better position for defence could possibly have been found. Had Sefu only defended this position, I doubt if we should ever have been able to take it; but he was still smarting after his rout at the Lomami, and was much alarmed by hearing of the death of Mohara, who was known to be the grandest old warrior west of Lake Tanganyika. A saying of Mohara's was well known in the country: "I have never lost a battle which I personally conducted; I would rather die on the field than go home after it was lost." One cannot help admiring this grand old slave-raider, who,

after years of victory, preferred to die rather than leave the scene of his first defeat.

On the 20th January the Commandant struck camp, having suggested the night before that we might have a look at the Lualaba, in order that we might be able to say that we had seen it—we having received definite information that all the Arab forces had retired to the right bank of the river. Our caravan was heavily laden with food, everybody who pretended to know anything about it seeming to agree that between us and the river there was only a desert, and that it would be impossible to nourish the caravan for more than a day or two. While in this camp we had had a great deal of sickness—chiefly colic and slight fevers—which I attributed to the exposed position of the plateau. The nights were really cold—with a fall in temperature from 100° to about 50°—though we were only some three hundred feet above the surrounding plain.

Notwithstanding this, however, our caravan was in a great state of jubilation, as we were now in the Salt District, several large saline marshes being within an hour's march. These salt marshes

extend from the Lufubu to the westward, to the Lualaba to the eastward. The salt from this district supplies the whole country from Tanganyika to Kasai. I visited, among others, a rather curious salt-pit at the bottom of a dark narrow gorge of triangular shape. Through this marsh, hot black brine was bubbling out of the ground over almost the whole surface; yet down the middle ran a stream of pure cold water, which had been banked up by the natives to prevent the fresh water diluting the brine.

Two eagles on the cliff above looked as if they were stuffed; everything was hot and still; and even the men spoke only in whispers. In the middle of the silence half a dozen bullets suddenly hissed round, and the far side of the gorge filled almost instantaneously with Arabs. In a moment the most terrific din filled the place—everyone was shouting and firing. I noticed that even one of the eagles shrieked. The echoes were tremendous, and caught up and doubled the confusion. When we had cleared the gorge I sat down and rested. The whole place, pervaded with the smell

of sulphur and hung with clouds of smoke, suggested the gateway to the Inferno. One of my men, an American nigger from Liberia, who was quietly hacking the hand off a dead body as the simplest method of removing the bracelets, said, "I guess they ain't had such a dust up in this hole since creation." At this I blew the retreat—the echo of which went on sounding for over two minutes—and left.

CHAPTER IX

THE STATE FORCES CAMP OPPOSITE THE TOWN OF
NYANGWE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER
LUALABA — DESCRIPTION OF THE WATER-
PEOPLE — SURPRISE ENCOUNTER WITH TWO
COLUMNS OF ADVANCING ARABS

AT midday on the 21st of January 1893, on coming out of a dense belt of forest, we saw Nyangwe spread out before us. Between us and it was a plain some two miles wide and the river Lualaba, which we knew to be about a thousand yards across; yet so clear was the air that we felt as if we were within rifle-range of the city. We had not been many minutes in the open before we could detect with our glasses tremendous commotion in the streets of Nyangwe. It was evident that we had been seen. The Commandant halted our forces in order to get the different divisions into position. At this point a tornado commenced,

but the line being formed we advanced forces, and, as soon as we had descended from the heights, the long grass with which the plain was covered prevented any individual from being able to see more than ten or fifteen yards ahead. When nearly opposite to the south end of Nyangwe, and, as it proved, at least a mile and a half from the river bank—though at the time it seemed much nearer—we came upon a knoll of ground rising out of the half-dry swamp in which we were marching. From this situation we saw a long line of men advancing towards us through the grass, not more than half a mile away. We promptly laagered, and the Commandant ordered off two companies to check the supposed advance of the enemy. When we were within hailing distance, it was discovered that they were a detachment of Lutete's force who had lost their way, and had, to their great surprise, struck the Lualaba just in front of the town. A volley or two, fired at them from the opposite river bank, sent them flying in our direction as fast as their legs could carry them. This precipitance was

within an ace of costing them dearly, and, had they not been in open order, we should certainly have shelled them before finding out who they were. On and by this knoll we camped, the highest part of which was only a few inches above the surrounding swamp; and daily for five or six weeks some part of our force waded through the swamp, in the latter days having to swim part of the way to the bank of the Lualaba. Opposite the main part of the town of Nyangwe was an island about three-quarters of a mile long, and strongly fortified by the Arabs. It took us some time every morning to silence the trenches commanding our favourite position on the bank of the river for annoying the town itself. In the daily interchange of civilities there were many interesting incidents. One of the favourite ruses of the Arab chiefs was to ask for a few moments' quiet in which to talk with one of the white officers; and on several occasions an officer—believing in the good faith of the enemy—while holding conversation with the chief, and thoroughly exposed, was, without warning, fired

on simultaneously by a dozen or two of men. It seemed to us curious that the Arab allies using muzzleloaders made good practice from the other side of the river, their bullets being iron, hammered round, or pieces of copper about an inch long and nearly half an inch in diameter. These pieces of copper scared our men considerably at first, for the muskets from which they were fired were not rifles, and the bullets arrived on our side of the river with a horrid shriek. From the island, which was only four hundred yards off, these bolts were very effective; and some of them fired from the town itself occasionally dropped in among us, though the nearest point across the river was over nine hundred yards.

A large herd of cattle we could see in Nyangwe sometimes afforded us sport. On one occasion when they were brought down to the river bank to drink (their herdsman being unaware that we were lying in the reeds opposite them), we killed or wounded a number of them. The herd became enraged, and seemed further annoyed by their masters, who were returning our fire from the

trenches in their neighbourhood. They charged into them, and in a very few seconds emptied the trenches. The flying soldiers, turning round and firing on the infuriated beasts, were quickly dispersed by one or two volleys from us. But for some hours afterwards we could see the cattle racing after terror-stricken wretches through the streets of the town.

We should have done much better during the siege with smokeless powder. As it was, the Arab soldiers dropped down in the trenches at first sight of a puff of smoke, and could of course not be hit. Our marksmen made big grass fires behind them, and, firing in front of the thick smoke, bettered their chance of getting the shot home unperceived.

During the whole of this time, the Waginia, who are the water-people, and who do all the transport on the river, were constant visitors in our camp. The Waginia are in every respect a peculiar race. Though they are all free men they have no slaves, and in most of their characteristics they are curiously contradictory. They never walk,

yet—water-people as they are—those with whom I came in contact were very bad swimmers. All the ferrying and up and down transport, both for us and for the Arabs, was done by them, without any other payment than their food during the time they worked. Their villages are made of grass only, and change position almost daily. All the Waginia know each other. When any member of the tribe happens to want a canoe, he helps himself to any he chances to come across, and returns it perhaps months afterwards. These canoes are dug out of the trunks of trees, and hold from one to fifty men; but, though always used by the Waginia, they are unable to make them themselves, and buy them from the little forest people with fish and pottery. Neither do they fight, and, at the first sign of disturbance in a district near to them, they drop down the river one or two hundred miles, and are within an hour hopelessly beyond chase. They constantly brought us information about the doings of the Arabs (for which, of course, we paid them), and then went direct from us back to the town, and told

the Arabs all about us. Though we knew this, and taunted them with double-dealing, they were quite unconcerned.

After we had been some time in camp, Dhanis ordered Lutete to build a canoe. In addition to this a boat was on the road to us from Lusambo, and with these two we hoped to be able to get together some of the canoes from the other side of the river. The boat was, however, lost in crossing the Lufubu River, and the canoe when finished would only hold six men. Before we could build another, circumstances were so changed that we had no need of them. The Commandant despatched Lutete and his people to fight to the northward, with instructions to be back in a fortnight. Lutete departed, leaving behind him, as a guard for over five thousand women whom he left in his camp, two hundred muzzleloaders and the men who carried them. Shortly after his departure, the Waginia, who were as usual spying about the camp, had an interview with the Commandant, in which they told him that provisions were very scarce in Nyangwe. In the course of the con-

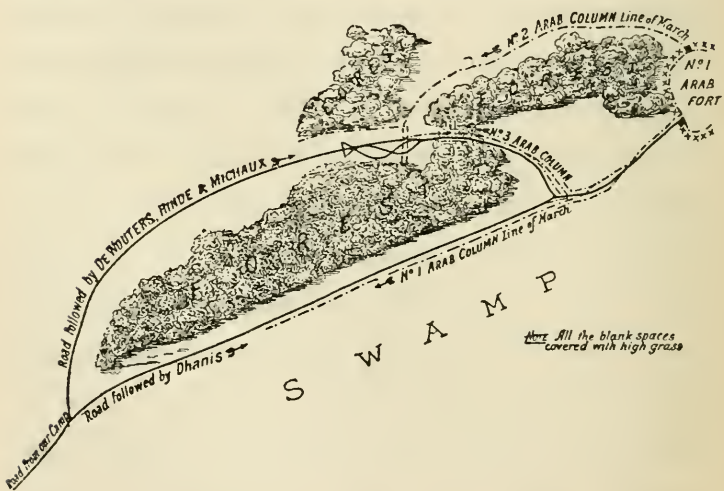
versation they inquired how soon Lutete would be back, to which the Commandant replied that he expected him in a fortnight or so. He furthermore added that it would be a grand chance for the Arabs to attack him then, and suggested that they should inform Sefu of his opportunity. "Give him my compliments," said Dhanis, "and tell him I hear he is hungry, so am sending him half a dozen fowls. You see we have plenty. When we have eaten all the food on this side of the river, we shall cross over to the other." And he gave them the last half dozen fowls we had in camp. The Waginia, however, seem to have reported this conversation faithfully on the other side of the river, and it had its effect. A few days later we heard that the Arabs had crossed the river, a couple of hours' march below us. This information we treated with the contempt that rumours in Africa ordinarily merit. Next day, however, a runaway slave came to us, declaring that he had been brought across the river by his master, and had been engaged for the last two days in building bomas ;

the whole free population of Nyangwe with the ordinary Arab forces would, he said, attack us in a day or two. That same evening eight of our people, while fetching water from a spring within two hundred yards of the camp, were carried off by an Arab scouting party. As the plot seemed to be thickening, everyone was on the alert. Towards midnight a tremendous uproar took place: the women of Lutete's camp stampeded and overran the corner of our camp in which Michaux's lines were situated. With great difficulty we got rid of them, but in less than an hour they again were panic-stricken, by the accidental discharge of a rifle, and a second time spread confusion throughout our camp. We then made them lie down on the ground, and put sentries over them, with orders to shoot if anyone stood up. Nothing, however, happened during the night; and as the Arabs, contrary to their custom, did not attack at dawn, the Commandant decided to take the initiative. De Wouters and I were given the advance-guard, with which we had a Krupp gun; the camp being left in charge of two officers and

half the men. After three-quarters of an hour's march the road forked: the right-hand branch, the guides told us, led direct to the Arab bomas; the left-hand branch we followed, the guides explaining that by so doing we should take the Arab force in the rear. On our right, we had now a strip of forest which separated us from the other road. Hearing a hum at this point, which sounded like a large body of men in our immediate neighbourhood, we mounted the Krupp gun and advanced. Before very long we heard firing on our right flank rear. After a consultation, we came to the conclusion that it must be the Commandant, who had taken the direct road to the bomas with the object of attacking them in front, and who was to have followed us within half an hour. It being then too late to turn back, we advanced at the double, hoping to arrive in time to attack the rear of the force before he had effected an entry. To our astonishment, however, on arriving in a sort of *cul de sac* of open ground—at no point more than four hundred yards wide, and surrounded on three sides by forest—we

were hailed by volleys on both flanks and in front at the same time. We had run in between two columns of advancing Arabs, who, hearing us arrive, or warned by their scouts, had formed in open order, and had posted large bodies of men in the wood on each side of the road by which we were arriving. These first volleys, being fired at from thirty to one hundred yards from our line, did more damage to each other than to us, most of the bullets passing over our heads. How de Wouters escaped on this and subsequent occasions it is hard to imagine: six feet five inches in height, and nearly always dressed in white, he was the man of all others who served as a mark for the Arab riflemen. On this occasion, a body of Arabs charged into our line between de Wouters and me, in the hope of taking Kirongo—"the Heron," as he was called both by our men and the enemy. Their orders were to take "the Heron," alive or dead, and to use their knives, since bullets were useless against his fetish's witchcraft. I was lucky enough to be able to stop this rush before they had effected their object. The left-hand

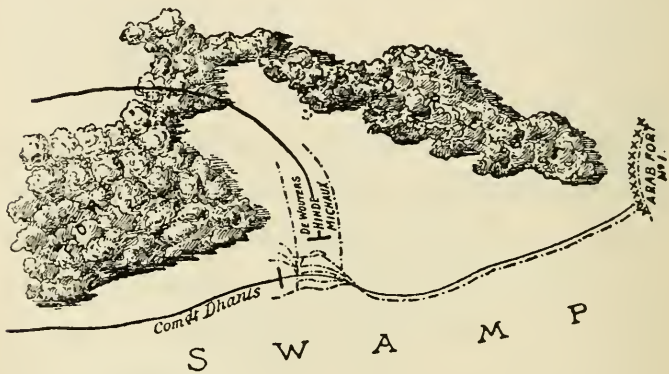
column of Arabs broke and fled after about an hour's fighting. De Wouters and I then turned to attack the right-hand column, which was the stronger. Just as the movement was completed, we were delighted to find Michaux on our right flank, he having come up at full speed upon hearing the firing in front. It was fortunate for us that he decided on this line of action, instead of returning to find out what the firing was, which he had also noticed in the rear. This was now the position :—



The grass was certainly twelve feet high, and rendered our charge most ragged and irregular.

This, however, was of small consequence, as the Arabs broke and retired. De Wouters, owing to some inequalities in the ground, and confused by the smoke, led his men from the left flank across to the right flank, where he and Michaux attacked small numbers of the enemy, who had posted themselves in the forest. I followed the main body, and found myself suddenly on the enemy's rear, posted in a belt of forest. Making a charge, I found that the only way through this belt was by a path not five feet wide. The sensation of going through this undergrowth, with the enemy all the time firing apparently from out of the ground, from the tree tops and in every direction, was not a pleasant one. I, however, got safely through the forest, and, halting my men on the other side, tried to get them into something like order. There I was rejoined by de Wouters and Michaux, who had hardly found an Arab in the wood: as they had not succeeded in stopping me, they realised that they would have been caught between two fires had they remained. As soon as we had collected sufficient men we again

charged the main body of Arabs, and were surprised at their stubborn resistance; for it is generally easy to keep a body of men moving who have once started retreating. During this part of the engagement our right flank was attacked. The enemy kept up a well-sustained steady fire, which approached yet seemed to advance on our front obliquely; then the main



body, which we were attacking in front, gave way, and we continued to fire on the troops advancing on the right flank. Presently we heard a drum, which we recognised as belonging to our allies, and immediately ceased fire. [The diagram shown above explains what happened.]

The Commandant had taken the other road, and had immediately fallen in with the enemy, whom after some severe fighting he drove back. We, in making our way through the belt of forest, had driven the enemy in front of us across his column, which checked them, and we advanced at a right angle. When the Arab forces dispersed, we were left firing into each other, the grass being very long and neither of our columns numerous. Fortunately, only one of our men was killed and three or four wounded by this unpleasant accident. Our buglers, on both sides, were blowing their best, but could of course not be heard more than twenty yards distant in the din of battle, whereas the drum could be heard above everything. As soon as we could get a large enough number of men into order we followed the retreating Arabs, and came upon their advanced fort, which, after about two minutes' sharp work, we stormed. The Arabs, not having had time to organise after their defeat in the open, seemed unable to rally, and their other holds quickly fell. As they commenced to re-form on the plain between

the forts and the Lualaba, we again advanced against them, and they retreated to the river bank. At about an hour and a half's march from the forts, the Lufubu River empties itself into the Lualaba, and is here about one hundred yards wide and very deep. The enemy gathered in solid masses in the angle formed by the junction of the two rivers. On our approach something started a panic in the re-formed lines of the enemy; and as Sefu and Miserera were crossing the Lufubu (filling all the canoes with their own staff), the rank and file tried to swim across by hundreds at a time, and great numbers were drowned.

On this occasion we might claim to have unintentionally surprised the Arab forces. It seems that they left their forts at the same hour at which we left our camp, with the intention of attacking us in camp on three sides at once. The three columns, taking different roads, were intended to arrive at the same time; but two of them, owing to the bad state of the ground, were forced within two hundred yards of each other, just at the moment when de Wouters and I marched in between.

CHAPTER X

ACCOUNT OF THE FALL OF NYANGWE

ON the 1st of March the Waginia offered to give us their canoes, if we, in return, would give them an escort past the Arab camps on the islands down the river. The impression made on them by our victory was so great that they were quite confident in the result of our attack on Nyangwe, and were even willing to lend us their canoes to cross the river. Their hope was, if we succeeded, to be able to do some looting in the town; and on the other hand, if by chance we failed, to gather a considerable amount of booty in our camp. The Commandant sent Scherlink and Cerkel down the river bank, and, after a smart skirmish or two, they succeeded in arriving at our landing-place opposite the camp with a hundred large canoes.

On the 3rd of March letters and despatches of great interest reached us from Inspector Fivé

and others. We had heard nothing of what had been going on outside our own little world for months. The Inspector gave us good news too, and his despatches informed us that he had ordered Commandant Chalian of Basoko to form junction with us, and to bring with him artillery and supplies. Commandant Gillian, he said, would join as soon as possible with all the available men from the Sankuru-Kasai districts. He hoped that with these forces arrayed against them the enemy would not be able to hold out long. On talking affairs over, it occurred to us that Chaltin might take Nyangwe by marching up on the right bank of the river. This idea took hold of us, and we all rushed out from mess with our glasses, to make sure that the Arab flag was still flying over Nyangwe. It would have been a disappointment if, after all our trouble and discomfort, somebody else had had the honour of taking Nyangwe. This notion had, I think, a great deal to do with Commandant Dhanis' prompt attack on the town within an hour of our having the canoes which made it possible.

During the morning of the 4th March we struck camp and immediately formed on the river bank. The canoes started loaded with soldiers, each white officer having in his charge about thirty or forty men. It was certainly a grand sight to see over a hundred canoes in open order, full of yelling demons, dashing down the stream on the doomed city. We succeeded in landing and in taking the greater part of the town, scarcely firing a shot. By ten o'clock that evening we had fortified ourselves in the higher part of the town. The Waginia withdrew as soon as we landed, and it was not until they were assured of our success that they consented to continue ferrying over the camp followers, women, baggage, and friendlies. We were established in a not altogether enviable position, with hardly a footing on the hostile bank of the Lualaba, an enormous river behind us, no means of retreat, and no possibility of receiving either a reinforcement or a fresh supply of ammunition. All, however, went well. The following day Albert Frees was sent off with a detachment and some of Lutete's people to attack

the camp which Muni Pembi—who was supposed to have two of Hodister's children as prisoners—had formed at a few hours' march from Nyangwe. After marching all night in a storm, the expedition succeeded in surprising the Arab camp, and brought back Hodister's children, Muni Pembi's harem, and large quantities of powder, arms, and other loot. An envoy from Sefu at Kasongo had meanwhile come to us with offers of peace. Dhanis replied that he could make no conditions whatever until Lutete's two children, whom Sefu held as hostages, were returned to us, after which, he said, he would see what could be done. The envoy, who had been Lippens' body-servant, had since the death of his master been an Arab slave; he was not afraid to return to Sefu, and, on being questioned, naively remarked, "I will lie to him if necessary, till he sends me here on another mission, and then I need not return." This was what eventually took place. Large numbers of splendid-looking natives came in offering their submission to the Commandant. Many were men who acknowledged themselves to be defeated Arab soldiers, and many

were chiefs with large followers, but they all had the same story ready : " They would give up their arms and become the white man's men."

On the 9th of March Nyangwe was discovered to be overrun by armed men. I was strolling about in some gardens at a distance from our part of the town, when I came across hundreds of people gathered together. Our men became uneasy, and flocked round us. Suddenly the whole town seemed to wake up at once, and several of our people were seized upon and murdered by the Mohammedans. The Commandant sent for Lutete and told him that there was treachery in the town. Lutete, who was camped outside the south end of the town, fancied that the Arabs must be arriving from the north side ; he therefore followed the river bank to the northward till he reached the outside of the town, when, steady firing having commenced inside, he turned, and, coming across the town towards our quarters, took the Mohammedans in the rear. When the attack commenced, every man, white or black, fought where he stood. It was so sudden that there was no

time for any plan of action, and it was not for a couple of hours that we had any idea of how the tide of battle was turning. Then, with one accord, the masses of the enemy seemed to break up. They continued to fight only in isolated knots in the squares, or defended individual houses in different parts of the town. After another hour or two of patrolling the streets, and occasionally engaging in small fights, the town was cleared. Our loss was very heavy, but might have been much greater, and many of our own and Lutete's casualties had been caused by wild shooting on the part of our own men. The town was set fire to in several places, and hundreds of houses were burnt during the night. On the following day the whole force was sent out with instructions to bury the dead, or rather to throw them into the river, it being impossible to deal otherwise with them. Matters were, however, simplified for us, since only a few hundred heads were to be found, all the bodies having been carried off for food. The Commandant then ordered the greater part of what remained of the town to be burned,

as it was impossible for our small force to keep such an enormous number of buildings under proper supervision, and we were also thus guarded against a second outbreak of treachery. This might be said to be the last stand of Mohara's army, the few who escaped being entirely disorganised. For three days we saw nothing of Lutete, and I learned afterwards, when talking over affairs with him, that during this time he had not left his own quarters; the sights in his camp were so appalling that even he did not care to put himself in the way of seeing them unnecessarily. He told us that everyone of the cannibals who accompanied him had at least one body to eat. All the meat was cooked and smoke-dried, and formed provisions for the whole of his force and for all the camp followers for many days afterwards. A volunteer drummer who had been with us for some time disappeared, and we imagined had been killed. A day or two afterwards he was discovered dead in a hut by the side of a half-consumed corpse—he had apparently over-eaten himself, and had died in consequence.

Now began the worst time we had known during the campaign. A very virulent form of influenza broke out in the camp. On the first day there were thirty cases of it, on the day following nearly seventy, and before the end of the week almost all our men were down—the few who were still fit having double duty, both mounting guard and attending the sick. For the ensuing fortnight I spent my time going round the camp and insisting on the survivors burying the dead. The great bulk of the dead or dying were thrown out on to the open street by the other inhabitants of each hut. At about this time, also, the Arabs and their friends began sending into what was left of the town all the smallpox cases in the district. This ruse succeeded, and influenza was followed by an epidemic of smallpox. In connection with the smallpox outbreaks during the whole expedition there are some curious facts. Our Hausas were, with one exception, all vaccinated, and this man was the only one in the company who caught smallpox, and he died of it. In the Elmina company there were only two men unvaccinated, both of whom

got smallpox, and one of whom died of it. Of our Lower Congo porters very few had had smallpox, and only some half dozen had been vaccinated. Among this body of two hundred men rather over two-thirds took smallpox, and there were sixty-five deaths amongst them. The mortality both from smallpox and influenza among Lutete's people and the other friendlies and camp followers was frightful. A great deal of it is easily accounted for by the fact that, in spite of the most stringent orders to the contrary, after the third day of the fever, when they were beginning to feel a little better, they insisted on bathing. The Mohammedans and Manyema natives had learnt from the Arabs (who had not got vaccine) to inoculate with smallpox. Though on several occasions vaccine was sent to me from Europe, and packed in a dozen different ways, in no single instance could I get it to take. This was most unfortunate, since, if I could have got but one successful case, we should have been able to vaccinate the whole population.

CHAPTER XI

ARRIVAL OF AMBASSADORS FROM SEFU WITH OFFERS OF PEACE—THE COMMANDANT POSTPONES HIS MARCH ON KASONGO—REINFORCEMENT OF THE STATE FORCES—MARCH ON KASONGO: ITS FALL—DESCRIPTION OF THE LUXURIES FOUND IN THE TOWN—RELICS OF EMIN PASHA—INSUBORDINATION IN THE CONQUERED TOWN OF NYANGWE

WHILE we were in this predicament Sefu sent ambassadors to us from Kasongo, bringing with them Lutete's son and daughter, whom the Arabs had held as hostages, and making offers of peace. After much palavering, the Commandant agreed not to march on Kasongo for five days, on condition that Sefu sent him all Lippens' effects, and also his servants, who had been made slaves. Within five days the ambassadors reappeared with all that was demanded, and the Commandant granted

Kasongo another respite of five days, on condition that all the ivory that had been taken from Lippens should be delivered up to us. This they also complied with, and brought an additional present of some thirty magnificent tusks, praying us to wait another four or five days. The Commandant assumed a magnanimous pose and gave way to their supplications, casually remarking that he supposed Sefu wanted to finish the fortifications of Kasongo. To this, he said, he had no objection, as he wished to teach his soldiers how to take a properly-fortified town. All this was the more amusing as, during the time these negotiations were proceeding, we had not more than thirty or forty available men at our disposal. In this affair Omari, an old soldier of Stanley's, was the chief ambassador; he protested all the time that he loved the white man, and that he intended to throw in his lot with us, but when it came to fighting again he joined our enemies. On the 23rd of March we again received letters repeating that the Inspector Fivé had ordered the camp of Basoko, with guns and at least five hundred men,

to march to our support (thus confirming what we had heard on the other side of the river); and also stating that the Commandant Gillian was coming to our support with reinforcements from Lusambo, and might be expected to arrive a day or two after the despatches.

We allowed for an African day or two, which usually means a fortnight at least—and were not far out; for though Commandant Gillian arrived on the 5th of April, the whole of his caravan did not reach us until the 13th, which gave our people a chance of recovering from the effects of their sickness. By the 14th of April we were in marching order and in very good spirits, a large supply of ammunition and reinforcements making every one feel confident that better days were in store. On the 17th Commandant Dhanis gave orders to march towards Kasongo, leaving de Wouters with a white sergeant and fifty men in command of Nyangwe, which in six short weeks had been reduced from a well-built town of about thirty thousand inhabitants to one large fortified house with a soldiers' camp round it. Commandant

Gillian and Lieutenant Doorme with their men formed the advance-guard; the Commandant Dhanis, Lieutenant Scherlink, and myself the main body; and Sergeant Cerkel the rear. We marched very slowly, and it was not until the morning of the 22nd that we came in sight of Kasongo. The Commandant—as was usual when there was anything to be done—had left the main body and was well in advance, when he was attacked by Sefu's skirmishers, whom he drove in. Meanwhile Doorme charged Said - ben - a - Bedi's fort. This fort defended the end of the town at which we entered, and was by a great piece of fortune carried in the first rush by Doorme, though his men had never engaged an Arab force before. He then followed the retreating garrison through the town. Kasongo was built in a valley and on the hill-slopes on two sides of it. Doorme, in his charge, went across the valley, and appeared on the opposite hill just as our whole force deployed. This altogether upset the calculations of the defenders: in the first instance, owing to the fact that we had lost our way, we arrived by a *detour*

instead of by the direct road, and took all their defences in the rear. Ten minutes after the fighting had commenced, Doorme appeared on the other side of the town, and the enemy were thus caught between two fires. As we advanced through the maze of streets the Arabs steadily retreated before us, impeded in their movements by enormous numbers of unarmed slaves and by the crowd of women and children. After a while the non-combatants became panic-stricken, and in their flight spread further confusion among the Arab ranks. We allowed them no time to steady themselves again, and within an hour and a half were masters of all the main points and chief fortified places in the city. Our auxiliary forces and camp followers, encouraged by the position, became very brave, and followed the retreating Arabs through the open country—knowing well that nothing is easier than to keep a retreating body on the move. With the retreat the panic became greater, and enormous numbers were drowned in trying to cross the rivers which lay in their road. One large body of men was driven

by Lutete to the Lualaba, about three hours distant. Here they were cornered; and the Waginia, under pretence of ferrying them over the river, either carried them off as prisoners or threw them overboard, and the whole force, with the exception of the women and children—many of whom also suffered—was annihilated.

Soon after the charge through the town all the different companies were separated, and the Commandant, with four men, was not only separated from everyone else, but also from his own company. While looking for his men he was all but shot from the watch-tower of one of the finest houses in the town, which he supposed to be vacant; and on approaching the loopholed wall he again narrowly escaped being killed. The place, however, capitulated when I came up with about a dozen men. He had just taken five white Arab prisoners, one of whom was, I believe, a very large merchant at Zanzibar, named Said-ben-Halfan.

Kasongo was a much finer town than even the grand old slave capital Nyangwe. During the siege of Nyangwe, the taking of which was more

or less expected, the inhabitants had time to carry off all valuables, and even furniture, to places of safety. At Kasongo, however, it was different. We rushed into the town so suddenly that everything was left *in situ*. Our whole force found new outfits, and even the common soldiers slept on silk and satin mattresses, in carved beds with silk mosquito curtains. The room I took possession of was eighty feet long and fifteen feet wide, with a door leading into an orange garden, beyond which was a view extending over five miles. It was hard, on waking, to realise that I was in Central Africa, but a glance at the bullet-holes in the doors and shutters, and a big dark red stain on the wall, soon brought back the reality. Here we found many European luxuries, the use of which we had almost forgotten: candles, sugar, matches, silver and glass goblets and decanters were in profusion. We also took about twenty-five tons of ivory; ten or eleven tons of powder; millions of caps; cartridges for every kind of rifle, gun, and revolver perhaps ever made; some shells; and a German flag, taken by the Arabs in German East Africa.

The granaries throughout the town were stocked with enormous quantities of rice, coffee, maize, and other food; the gardens were luxurious and well planted; and oranges, both sweet and bitter, guava, pomegranates, pineapples, and bananas abounded at every turn.

One of the first visits we paid—and it was a sad one—was to the house occupied by Lippens and Debruyne, our poor brother officers, sometime ambassadors at Sefu's court. Strange to say (though they had been murdered and mutilated), they were buried opposite their own front door, with a neat little tomb built over them by their murderers. On disinterring their bodies we found that, owing to the nature of the soil in which they had been buried seven months before, they were not decomposed. We re-buried them with military honours.

Our men brought in, among the other spoils, several ten-bore double breechloaders, sixteen-bores, twelve-bores, about fifteen Winchester expresses, and the same number of ordinary Winchesters. They also found dozens of Martini—ordinary

and express—and innumerable cap guns; thirty or forty watches and chains in silver, gold, and nickel; and several of Emin Pasha's relics, including his diary from January to October 1892, and two decorations—the Crown Royal of Prussia and Francis Joseph of Austria. Even our Arab prisoners told us that Emin was the most inoffensive man that was ever seen in Africa. They had, according to their own accounts, no other reason for murdering him except that a general massacre of white men had been decided on, and, coming into a district in which all the white men had already been killed, he shared their fate.

The herd of cattle we found in Kasongo was composed of three distinct breeds: the small Indian cattle—large-humped, and extremely docile—gave the best milk, though for eating purposes the half-Portuguese long-horned variety was best. Where the third variety originally came from I have not been able to find out. They were weedy medium-sized cattle, usually white or piebald in colour, and not very good either for fattening or as milkers. We also took two fine breeds of donkeys—the

large white Syrian ass, and the cross between this and the small donkey, in appearance very like the coster's donkey of this country. The Syrian ass, though a fine animal, with one or two exceptions, did not turn out so useful as either of the other varieties. The cross between the common kind and the Syrian ass was enormously strong, and, though often bad-tempered, was certainly the most useful animal of the donkey class I have ever seen. When running away, the Arabs shot many of their best asses and some of the cattle, to prevent their falling into our hands alive.

During the time spent at Kasongo I made a point of getting to know the surrounding country, and was constantly astonished by the splendid work which had been done in the neighbourhood by the Arabs. Kasongo was built in the corner of a virgin forest, and for miles round all the brushwood and the great majority of trees had been cleared away. Certain trees, such as the gigantic wild cotton-tree, had been left at regular intervals, whether as landmarks or for the shade they afforded I do not know. In the forest-

clearing splendid crops of sugar-cane, rice, maize, and fruits grew; and some idea of the extent of this cultivation may be gathered from the fact that I have ridden through a single rice-field for an hour and a half. When placing groups of people about this country to form villages, these villages became self-supporting within three or four months. Rice yielded two or three crops between the planting in October and the commencement of the dry season in May; and maize could often be eaten six or seven weeks after planting. Game had naturally been driven out of the neighbourhood—except on the Lualaba, where I often went on small shooting expeditions. All kinds of water-fowl and small game might be shot on the banks of the river in quantities—in greatest number during the wet season; though on the Lower Congo, Kasai, and other rivers the best shooting season is the dry (from May to October), when the sandbanks are bare, and the swamps and streams of the interior are all dried up. On the Lualaba, however, when the river is low, during a long day's canoeing one rarely sees even a duck or a

goose, and never a wader. Hippopotami, for a hundred miles or so above and below Kasongo, are scarce and very vicious, constantly attacking unprovoked either canoes or people who approach them. The natives are so afraid of the hippos here that it is a matter of difficulty to get a crew to approach a herd; the most extravagant promises of unlimited meat having no effect, even with men who have already been present at a successful hunt. It was while on the road from Kasongo to Nyangwe, on my way to visit de Wouters—which I was in the habit of doing as often as possible—that I shot the largest hippo I have ever seen. The sight of his four feet in the air fifty yards from the canoe, instead of reassuring my crew, so scared them that they all jumped overboard and swam ashore. Luckily, I had three or four soldiers with me, by whose help I managed to secure him. His curved teeth, measured on the convex, were thirty-two and a half inches long, and one of his straight lower teeth eighteen and a half inches—the other, which was broken, measuring somewhat less.

The best way of securing a hippo is to approach him as near as possible in the canoe directly he is wounded. Provided with a long sounding pole and in deep water, he can be approached without danger, and a cord made fast to him while still struggling. What is not generally recognised with regard to the hippopotamus is that his short legs and small feet, compared with the enormous bulk of his body, render him a very indifferent swimmer; in fact, he can only just swim enough to keep his head above water while breathing or looking round. His usual mode of progression, owing to the fact that he displaces a weight of water less than his own weight, is to run along the bottom. I remember seeing a herd of hippopotami trying to work up stream in ten fathoms of water: it was comical to see the bound and explosion with which they arrived at the surface after each dive—the greater part of which was spent in getting a footing at the bottom—having gained only some four or five yards during the whole time.

It was on this occasion of visiting Nyangwe in July 1893 that I found de Wouters somewhat

awkwardly situated. Within the town a number of small Arab chiefs and vassals, who had submitted and sworn fidelity to us, were established. Of these, a desperate rascal named Ali gave de Wouters a great deal of trouble. After many acts of insubordination and petty treacheries, matters culminated in the discovery by de Wouters' faithfuls of a plot arranged by Ali to murder the entire garrison in the swamp and long grass within a hundred yards of de Wouters' house. Ali had intended to post his men—of whom he had three or four hundred in the town—close to the garrison and hidden in the grass, when, by raising an alarm, he hoped to draw de Wouters and some of his men into the snare; de Wouters' energetic way of looking into every question himself being well known. On hearing of the plot, de Wouters despatched his interpreter, Selimani, alone to Ali's camp, which was situated at the end of the swamp above mentioned. Selimani's business was to inquire into the affair, and to tax Ali with it, who it was thought, knowing that his trick was discovered, would be afraid to

carry it out. Selimani had hardly started when de Wouters repented of having sent him alone. Fearing lest Ali might take it into his head that Selimani was the only man who knew of the plot, and might murder him on the spot, he quickly sent a corporal with five-and-twenty Hausas into the grass after him. The Hausas, passing the word round in their own language (which even their wives could not understand), slipped into the grass on different sides of the town, and, completely hidden by it, joined the corporal one by one in the swamp, from which they were able, unobserved, to approach Ali's camp to within twenty-five yards. Selimani meanwhile, accompanied only by his boy, approached the camp by the main road. When Selimani was within fifty yards of the camp, Ali called out to him to remain where he was and not to enter his camp: if he had a message to deliver, Ali himself would come to him. Then, without any warning, Ali ordered his men to fire a volley on Selimani, who, strange to say, was untouched, though his boy was killed. The Hausas immediately realised the position, and, running

into the camp, fired a volley into the rear of Ali's force, who were rushing out to catch Selimani. This created such confusion amongst them that the Hausas managed to hold their own with their long knives till de Wouters and the rest of his force—who had heard the firing—arrived, and drove Ali's force into the Lualaba. Ali himself and a few of his men succeeded in swimming across the river, and thus escaped. Some time afterwards, having collected together a fresh band of men, he attacked another party of our people, but was taken prisoner and shot, after a drum-head court-martial.

CHAPTER XII

THE STATE FORCES SETTLE DOWN AT KASONGO—
SUPERSTITIONS OF THE NATIVES: THEIR HABITS
AND MODE OF LIVING

WHILE arranging the country after having settled down at Kasongo, we found it advisable to make use of those native and Arab slaves who were capable of teaching the others. All the masons, brickmakers, agriculturists, carpenters, armourers, and ironworkers found among the prisoners were given charge of the intelligent lads among the prisoners or volunteers from the native tribes, and set to work, with the intention of eventually forming colonies in suitable districts for these trades. We even employed their elephant-hunters, who had been taken fighting, and left them their arms on condition that they hunted for us, and taught everyone who chose to go with them what to do. The elephant-hunters were very super-

stitious, and used to spend a week before the new moon rose in "making medicine" to ensure the success of the ensuing expedition. As a consequence they could only be induced to go hunting every second new moon, and nothing would persuade them to start on an expedition (which generally lasted a month) under any other conditions. They were armed with old long ten-bore muskets, and refused to use either lead or iron as bullets, saying that copper made the best missile. We used to buy all the copper bracelets and anklets obtainable from the women, and hammer them into balls. I had always my suspicions, however, that copper, being very valuable throughout the country, was found a convenient form of money. I was sorry never to have had time to accompany one of these expeditions. Their mode of procedure seems to have been to set up a camp in a district where elephants were common, and for the slaves, in the first instance, to watch and follow a troop of elephants. The head hunter, accompanied by a dozen or so armed freemen, was then sent for, and, choosing his elephant, approached quite close and

fired a shot. If he was lucky enough to kill the animal, which rarely happened, matters were simplified ; if not, he returned to camp, and the remainder of the detachment followed the wounded animal for a day or a week, as the case might be, till they succeeded in killing him. The tusks were handed over to us, the sale of the meat alone making these hunters the wealthiest people in the district.

We were at this time having a good deal of trouble with the natives to the westward of the neighbourhood of Kasongo, who had been attacking our friendlies, and even our own people, whenever they went out to look for food. The caravans of friendly natives bringing food to sell in the town had been stopped and dispersed. Lieutenant Doorme and Sub-Lieutenant Cerkel were sent by the Commandant to punish them, and at the same time to explore the country. Within six hours' march of Kasongo the expedition entered a virgin forest, in which they wandered about for a week. The undergrowth was very dense, forming a kind of wall on each side of the path ; and in this dense

bush paths had been cut at right angles to the main road, which was hidden by a single bush on each side at the point of intersection. The natives stationed themselves on one side of the main road, and as the caravan passed (in Indian file, with occasional long gaps between the men) jumped across the road, seized the first man they could lay hold of, and disappeared with him into the dense bush on the other side. In this way it would often happen that, without anyone knowing what had taken place, every straggler would be killed. Spears were launched out of the dense jungle, and transfixed the men without warning. The by-paths and game-paths were known only to the natives, and they were thus enabled to accompany the caravan and to watch their opportunity for attack. On several occasions the assailants fired from trees, within ten or fifteen yards of the path, and, dropping down immediately, were safe from pursuit with ten or fifteen yards of impenetrable jungle between them and our people. The villages in this district were all fortified, and were practically hidden by the forest, which had only been cleared sufficiently to

allow the necessary building space. Most of the villages in this district were burnt before Doorme arrived. When camping in the few which he managed to surprise, he was subjected the whole night to volleys of arrows, spears, and bullets from the surrounding forest, to which it was useless even to reply. He, however, succeeded in taking some twenty-five or thirty important prisoners, and returned to Kasongo after perhaps the most unpleasant ten days he had ever spent.

From the time that we crossed the Lualaba we were continuously worried by the native and Arab superstition concerning what they call "Kim-putu"—"Kim-putu" being in reality nothing more than a common tick. I have often had one brought for my inspection by the people, who always declared that if this insect bit an individual he was sure to waste away and die. As a consequence of this belief, all cases of poisoning, tubercular disease, or indeed any form of death for which their ignorance could not see an exact cause, were attributed to "Kim-putu." So strong is this feeling, that once a native (and

even some of our own men became infected with the superstition) had made up his mind that he was in the clutches of the "Kim-putu" fiend, it was practically impossible to save him.

In Kasongo and its neighbourhood the inhabitants, both Arab and native, have a firm belief in ghosts. They believe that the spirits of the dead haunt not only certain places, but individual people also, and that one of these spirits may appear to a living man and call him, after which he is certain to die. This belief had, we found, influenced our own people to such an extent that even intelligent well-educated men from the coast were afraid to move about at night. Several people came to me with stories of having been called or attacked by an invisible being; and one case in especial I remember, of a soldier who came with his sergeant, Albert Frees. This man declared that, towards evening, while sitting with three or four people round a fire, a "thing" which he could not see had come up behind him and had smacked his face and boxed his ears. He wanted to know if I could catch

the spirit for him, for if I could not, he said, he would surely die. I tried to laugh him out of his belief, expecting to be supported by the sergeant, but he astonished me by requesting that I would not treat the matter lightly, and assured me that if I did not do something for him the man would die. Though I used every argument I could think of, I was unable to shake their belief. The sergeant, however, came back and begged me to take things seriously, as the man was valuable and we could not afford to lose him. I explained that I could do nothing, and told them both to come up and talk it over in a couple of days. The following evening I was called to the man, who was in a very weak condition and apparently dying. He was convinced that he would have to die, and the next day was dead. When the average black man makes up his mind to die, die he will, and it is almost impossible to do anything for him. I mention this as one out of many instances recorded in my diary of similar cases.

Both in Kasongo and Nyangwe every large

house was fitted with one or more bathrooms, the arrangements of which were very ingenious. A large hollow log, or an old canoe with a small hole drilled through the bottom and closed by a plug when not in use, was suspended from the roof. When filled with water, it formed a most convenient shower-bath, and half a dozen logs, laid side by side in a depression in the ground, made a clean platform for the bather. The water was conveyed away by a trench, in which a hollowed log, carrying the waste water through the wall of the house to the exterior, was placed. Every house or hut, however small, had an enclosure attached to it containing the same arrangements for cleanliness, with the exception only of the shower-bath. The Arabs have also introduced soap-making, and, as a consequence, in every large establishment or market, soap of a coarse but useful kind can be bought. This soap is made by mixing potash--generally obtained by burning banana stalks and leaves--with palm oil.

During the first few months we occupied

Kasongo, we were constantly worried by alarming fires, which always occurred at night. We found that the conflagrations on the far side of the river were due to Lutete's people, who were in the habit of setting fire to the houses as a means of driving out the rats, which they were very fond of as food. This was eventually put a stop to by Lutete in a somewhat summary manner. After this, fires were seen on our side of the river, and, as they always started up-wind from our own quarters, we concluded that there was treachery somewhere, and discovered that they were caused by people in our camp who were friendly to the Arabs. On several occasions we had very narrow escapes, and eventually decided to pull down all the houses in our immediate neighbourhood. When we had left a ring of about two hundred yards wide round our headquarters the fires ceased. It was curious to notice the attitude of our men on these occasions. When an alarm was given, I have often rushed out to find myself immediately surrounded by a voluntary guard of a dozen

or more armed soldiers, who refused to allow me to approach the crowd, or indeed to move a yard in any direction unaccompanied. The other officers were, I believe, treated in the same way, as the men explained that it was easy to stick a knife even into a white man at night or in a crowd.

During these months we had great difficulty in separating, arranging, and organising the enormous numbers of people—male and female—who considered themselves our slaves, and who, since the Arabs had been driven out, were like sheep without a shepherd. Thousands of Arab slaves, and native freemen and slaves with their herds of women, were daily coming to ask what they were to do. We selected the petty chiefs who still existed (and in cases where the chiefs had been killed, made new ones), and these, in turn, selected their own people; one of us then marched this party out into the surrounding country, and, choosing a convenient place for them, gave orders that they should build a village and start planting. We supplied these

colonies with maize, rice, and other seeds; and so successful was this method that within three or four months they became self-supporting, and later on supplied our whole forces with food. At about an hour's march to the north of Kasongo, I found a splendidly rich country, with beautiful clearings in the forest and a good water supply. Traces of former villages abounded, and I should much have liked to raise up a thriving colony in so convenient a district. Two or three times I established villages, with invariably the same result: the whole population decamped, and either took up their abode elsewhere, or arrived in Kasongo clamouring to be placed in some other district. The leopards in their neighbourhood, they said, were so numerous, and so big and courageous, that any man going out of his hut after five in the evening or before seven in the morning was certain to be carried off by them. These people never seemed to have the pluck or energy either to hunt or trap the leopards.

While at Kasongo a flight of locusts passed over the country in a south-south-easterly direc-

tion, and continued to pass for upwards of a month. The Arabs and natives told us that this was the first time they had ever seen a locust pest, though they had heard of them many years before. It would be interesting to know if the cause of this might not be looked for in the fact that the greater part of the Central African Basin had been, owing to war, in a disturbed state for nearly three years. It is a custom all over the Congo Basin for the natives to burn the grass during the dry season; when occupied by war they naturally did not continue to do so; and there is no doubt that other pests, such as rats and snakes, in consequence of this habit, never become a plague except in the forest districts. May it not be that the locust larvæ, owing to the plain fires, are under ordinary circumstances never allowed to come to maturity?

CHAPTER XIII

OUR ALLY, GONGO LUTETE, ACCUSED OF TREACHERY AND EXECUTED AT N'GANDU — ARRIVAL AT KASONGO OF FIVE OFFICERS FROM EUROPE— CONTINUED ENCOUNTERS WITH THE ENEMY— THE ARABS DECAMP FROM THE TOWN OF STANLEY FALLS, LEAVING IT AT THE MERCY OF THE STATE TROOPS—THE STATE FORCES ARE JOINED BY CAPTAIN LOTHAIRE FROM BANGALA, AND FOLLOW THE ARABS UP THE RIVER— AFTER SEVERE FIGHTING, THE RIVER CLEARED OF ARABS AND THEIR HORDES AS FAR AS NYANGWE—REVERSES OF THE STATE FORCES— ATTACK BY COMMANDANT DHANIS ON RUMALIZA'S FORT, EIGHT HOURS' MARCH FROM KASONGO

IN the last week in August the Commandant started for Nyangwe from Kasongo. For some time previously rumours had been arriving from

the Malela and Lomami districts, showing that Duchesne's rule was not altogether successful. The natives were in a quarrelsome turbulent state, and our ally, Gongo Lutete, had been sent back to his capital, N'Gandu, to arrange matters. As there seemed no chance of active service, or any immediate prospects of an expedition to Lake Tanganyika, I determined to volunteer for the district of N'Gandu, and with this intention went down to Nyangwe to interview the Commandant. While at Nyangwe despatches arrived from Duchesne, saying that he had discovered, among other charges, that Gongo Lutete was a traitor, and that he had made him a prisoner. This seemed to us a most extraordinary proceeding, and the rumour that Gongo was plotting to assassinate the Commandant Dhanis himself we placed no faith in whatever.

Taking twelve men and two hundred of Lutete's people under a petty chief named Kitenge, I started at five o'clock on the morning of September 11th. My interview with the Commandant had lasted the whole night. Six days' rapid marching,

with an average of eight hours a day, brought us to N'Gandu—too late, however, to save our brave and faithful ally, who had been shot forty-eight hours before our arrival. I was perhaps the first to feel the effects of this ill-conceived policy. While yet two days from Lomami, and only a few hours after the death of Gongo Lutete, the natives, by means of the drum telegraph, all knew of what had taken place at N'Gandu, and, as their great chief was dead, considered themselves at liberty to murder and eat all his personal followers and outposts. This particular tribe had seven of Gongo's men billeted on them, whose duty it was to forward all communications between the Lualaba and the capital N'Gandu. After the news of Gongo's death, these seven men were set upon and killed and eaten by the inhabitants of the town belonging to the chief Wembe. Wembe, collecting all his forces together, attacked my camp, under the impression that it was a party of Gongo Lutete's soldiers going home; he, however, immediately withdrew on discovering that I was present. The following

morning some men from the capital came in with news that Gongo Lutete had been shot by the white men; and later that same day we heard that, after the death of their chief, the Bakussu had attacked the State station, and were then besieging it. This was anything but reassuring news, as I had made a forced march, hoping to arrive before the fall of the station. Later in the day we heard that the station had fallen. This report, however, I did not believe, since it seemed impossible that it should not have been able to hold out a week or two at least. As we approached the Lomami River, however, I noticed that my dozen Hausas kept very close. They had given everything, with the exception of their rifles and ammunition, to their women to carry, and would not allow any of Kitenge's people to come within thirty yards of me: a somewhat futile precaution, even supposing the station to have fallen, since, though we might have routed for the moment the body of Gongo's people with us, our position—six days from help—would have been an absolutely hopeless one. This was

another instance of what I have often noticed, that the Hausas always meant to die game, and would stick to their white officers as long as they were able to stand.

On surmounting the hills on the east side of the Lomami, I was delighted to see by the help of my glasses that the State flag was still flying, three miles off across the valley. Arriving in the station, the cause of the disquieting rumours which had reached me became apparent. The whole population of N'Gandu and the surrounding districts (deprived as they were of their head) had split up into factions, which were fighting amongst each other, raiding each other's quarters, and murdering whoever they came across. A few shots had even been fired at the State station, probably by drunkards or men in a fighting frenzy.

During the ten days following my arrival, the unfriendly attitude of the white officers and the anarchy in the district made my position anything but an enviable one; and I was very pleased when, ten days after, Commandant Gillian arrived

to hold an inquiry. He settled himself in the town, at about a mile's distance from the station (in which I remained), and we soon had Lupungu established in place of his father, and his authority fully recognised.

Gongo Lutete exceeded his compact with us, and it is due in a great measure to his care and pluck that we were successful during the first half of the campaign. More than half of our transport department was under his charge, and with everything entrusted to his care he was so successful that we never lost a single load. After we had conquered Malela and Samba he held them for us, and established regular communication between Nyangwe and Lusambo. All letters and loads were simply handed to him, without even one of our own men accompanying them, and were always safely delivered at their destination. One thing ought not to be forgotten with regard to him. When war broke out the Arabs held two of his children—a son and a daughter—as hostages, and when he threw in his lot with us he thought that he could never hope to see them

again. The Commandant, however, as may be remembered, ransomed them from Sefu, in exchange for postponing our attack on Kasongo for five days. When the children arrived and were presented to Lutete, his transports of delight were quite affecting to everyone present. Though this was his eldest son, since he had been five years with the Arabs, Gongo would not allow him to succeed him, but made his second son, Lupungu, his heir, and sent him to live in one of our stations to be educated by us. When, after the court-martial, poor Gongo was told that he would be shot the following morning at eight o'clock, he appointed Lupungu his successor, and when left in his cell hanged himself with a rope plaited from part of his clothing, to avoid the disgrace of a public execution. Unfortunately, he was discovered before life was extinct, and was cut down and resuscitated, and, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, marched out and shot.

At Dhanis' suggestion he had relaxed his discipline, and had pardoned so many offenders—who before his alliance with us would have been

handed over to the others for food—that at one time his power was in danger, and we had to interfere on his behalf. His great idea was to visit Europe, and before his death he had made arrangements to send his eldest son, N'Zigi, to Europe to undo the evil effects of his Arab teaching. The lad is now at school in Belgium.

This was perhaps the hardest-worked month I had known during the expedition,—there were palavers to be arranged, cases to be tried, and much galloping about the neighbourhood, to and fro between the town and station, as fast as my donkeys (a magnificent pair, imported into the country by the Arabs from Muscat) could carry me. The sight of a white man riding seemed to be an unfailing source of interest to the natives of this district, who had seldom seen anything of the kind. On one occasion, I remember, I was going fast across an open space in the town, where two large expeditions, just having returned from a foray, were drawn up and had formed a line to see me pass. As we went about unguarded, not to appear afraid of them, I always

rode as fast as I could, so that, if any malcontent took it into his head to fire or to throw a spear, I was more likely to be missed. I was just returning the chief's salute when my ass put his foot in a hole, and turning a complete somersault sent me flying. My boy, who was carrying a spare revolver, seeing everybody laughing at my discomfiture, promptly emptied it in their faces, which, though it stampeded the whole mass, luckily did not touch anybody. I noticed that in my subsequent gallops through the town everyone seemed to get out of my neighbourhood, having apparently urgent business inside the houses or behind the trees.

Just as things had begun to settle down, five officers arrived from Europe and proceeded to join the Commandant at Kasongo, where he was supposed to be preparing for an attack on Rumaliza, who had left Ujiji and had crossed Tanganyika, and established himself with Sefu, and what was left of his forces, at Kabambari. During the preceding month, rather important movements had taken place to the northward.

In March 1893, by order of the Inspector of State (Fivé), Captain Chaltin, commander of the military camp at Basoko, was ordered to join us with all his available forces at the seat of war. He was in a particularly good position to give us every succour, as the camp at Basoko had been established by the Free State as a precaution, in the event of a quarrel with the Arabs at Stanley Falls. He, with two steamers, went up the Lomami, and occupied the former Arab post, Bena Kamba. From this point he had only three days' march to the large Arab town, Riba Riba, on the Lualaba; but owing to bad weather he was delayed, and when he arrived at Riba Riba the town had been burnt and deserted by the natives. Miserera and Boina Loisi, the Arab governors, had left the town with their forces some time previously, and at the very moment were engaged in fighting us at Nyangwe. Chaltin returned to Basoko, as smallpox had broken out in his caravan. He arrived at Stanley Falls on the 18th of May, where Captain Tobbac and Lieutenant Van Lint had for five days been resisting the

attacks of the Arabs under Raschid, the rebel governor and State officer of Stanley Falls. On the landing of the troops from Basoko at Stanley Falls, the Arabs decamped, leaving the town, with all its riches, at the mercy of the State troops. After this everything remained quiet till the 25th of June 1893, when Commandant Ponthier arrived at the Falls from Europe. He immediately collected all the troops he could, and, taking Commandant Lothaire and some men from Bangala with him, followed the Arabs, who had fled from the Falls up the river. After some severe fighting and many skirmishes, he cleared the river, and its neighbourhood, of Arabs and their hordes as far as Nyangwe, where he arrived a day after I left for N'Gandu.

Meanwhile we at N'Gandu had received several despatches from the front at the same time—the sum-total of which amounted to this: that the attacks on the forts of Rumaliza had failed; that during a fortnight's severe fighting Commandant Ponthier had been killed; and that the supplies of ammunition had nearly run out. A powerful

auxiliary chief, named Kitumba Moya, half an hour after hearing of the execution of Gongo, had gone over to the Arabs with six hundred guns. His example was naturally followed by many others. We were, the despatches said, to join with all possible speed, bringing all the ammunition and men with us. The latest despatch was ten days old, and we could not hope to reach Kasongo in less than ten days, when in all human probability we should be too late. We started on the 4th of November, four officers, of whom two—Commandant Gillian and Lieutenant Augustin—had to be carried in hammocks. Our force consisted of fifty soldiers, and all that was left of Gongo Lutete's forces—a thousand indifferently-armed men.

This was a most trying time, and at times I almost despaired of getting the two sick officers alive to Kasongo. We had infinite trouble, too, in trying to keep Gongo's people and their petty chiefs (now without a leader) in hand. They had taken it into their heads that they were at liberty to plunder the whole country through which we

passed, under the impression that I was not sufficiently strong to enforce my orders to the contrary. We arrived at Kasongo on the 14th of November, to find that, the day before, the Arabs had abandoned their bomas and had commenced what appeared to be a retreat towards the east. This is what had taken place:—

On the 13th of October 1893, there being now no further doubt that Rumaliza had formed a camp not more than eight hours' march from Kasongo, the State troops, under the command of Baron Dhanis, commenced the advance against this new enemy. The troops were divided as follows:—A reserve under Commandant Dhanis, and another under Commandant Ponthier; six companies under Lieutenants Lange, Doorme, and Hambursin, and Sergeants Collet and Van Riel; the whole force of regulars, consisting of four hundred men; and a 7·5 Krupp, for which we had only forty-four shells and a dozen rounds of canister left. They were accompanied by irregular troops armed with muzzleloaders, to the number of over three hundred. The first march of ten

miles was made to the village of Piani Mayenge. The next day a dozen miles brought the column to Mwana Mkwanga, when the enemy were supposed to be within a couple of hours' march. On the 15th of October, with the auxiliaries scouting in front, the column started with the intention of getting a position in the rear of the Arab positions; the enemy being established in several forts, two of which were situated between the Lulindi and Luama—tributaries of the Lualaba—and were very large, splendidly built, and well defended. Our experience had taught us that the Arab fortifications were generally weaker in what they considered their rear, and the Commandant, moreover, wished to be on the enemy's natural line of retreat in the event of a successful attack. In spite of the severe lessons we had already taught them, the Arabs seemed unable to grasp the fact that we were as likely as not to make a *detour* before attacking.

Having completely turned the enemy's flank, at about two o'clock in the afternoon the column approached a large fort, hidden by the high grass,

and not visible until within a quarter of a mile of the enemy. The line having been formed, the companies of Doorme and Lange advanced slowly in skirmishing order, the signal to charge being a shell thrown into the fort. They charged up to within twenty yards of the boma without firing a shot, the enemy's fire not doing material damage. When within twenty yards, the enemy's fire became so hot that the rush was checked, and the men commenced to return the fire. The supports arrived almost immediately, and the men lay down within a few yards of the fort. It was some time before the officers could make the men cease firing. Luckily, the enemy's loopholes were placed at such an angle that our men were under the line of fire, and the enemy, to ensure an effective fire, had to expose themselves over the top of their earthworks. Lieutenant Lange was badly wounded during the first few minutes of this his first battle, but he nevertheless succeeded in directing his company until the end of the day. Despite the reckless energy of the Commandant and all the officers, it was found impossible to

induce the men to climb the obstacles, in the face of such a well-sustained fire, into the fort. The gun was ordered up, to try to stop the enemy's fire with canister; but so many of the porters on the drag ropes were hit that a panic started, and they bolted precipitately, leaving the gun in the hottest of the fire. Commandant Ponthier, Hambursin, and Collet dragged the gun nearly into position themselves, and, with the timely help afforded by Doorme and a few of his men, the gun was got into position within a hundred yards of the fort. Protected by the effective fire of the piece, the men were withdrawn from under the walls of the fort with comparatively little loss. At this very moment a large body of the enemy appeared on the right flank, having come out of a much larger fort, so masked by the bush that until the appearance of their troops no one had noticed its existence. The great bulk of the troops faced this new enemy, leaving only sufficient forces in front of fort No. 1 to check any attempt at a *sortie* that might be made by the garrison. The main body had a much pleasanter time now

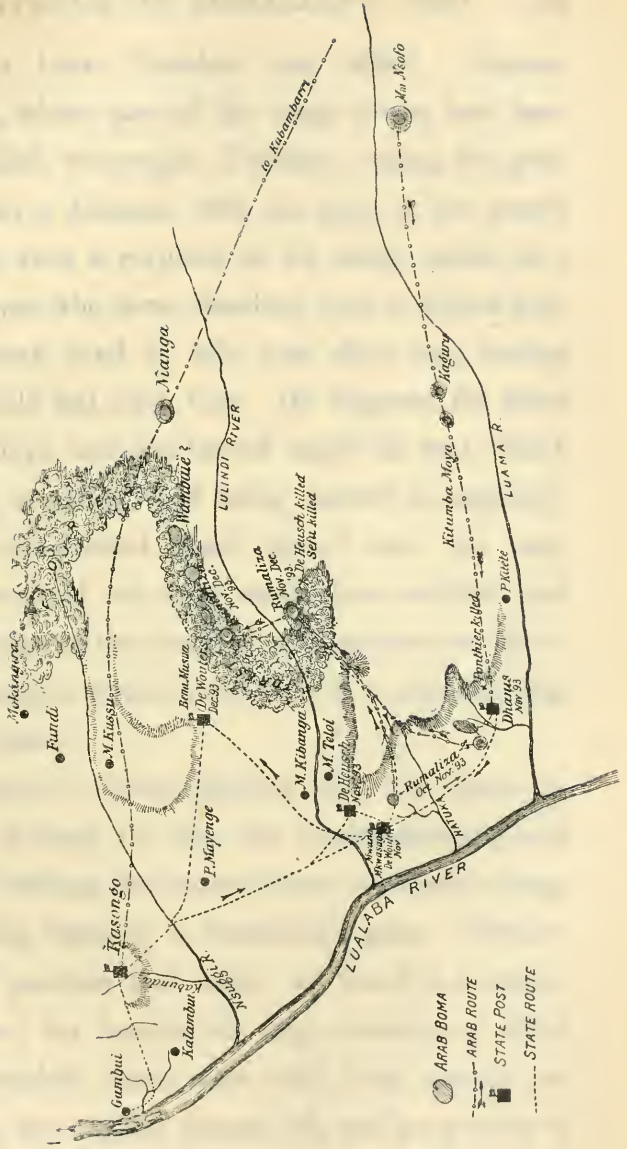
with the enemy in the open, and soon drove them back to their shelter, their return being considerably more rapid than their advance. A small plateau, about a mile from the big fort and half a mile from the lesser fort, was then chosen, and, with the exception of a skirmish in the morning, the night passed quietly. After a good deal of reconnoitring, Commandant Ponthier found a better position for the camp closer to the forts. During his absence Doorme drove in the enemy—who had come out of the lesser fort to attack the Krupp—keeping, meanwhile, the larger fort quiet with a few shells. As soon as the troops commenced to take up the position, prior to forming a new camp, the enemy attacked on all sides, but, directly the new position was occupied and shelter thrown up for the men, they withdrew to their forts. During the following two or three days several small attacks on the camp were repulsed, and the remaining shells thrown into the forts.

Captain de Wouters, meanwhile, joined us from Kasongo with seventy men, leaving a young Ger-

man sergeant named Mercus, with twenty men and the sick, as a guard at Kasongo. A few days later, the Commandant sent an order to Mercus to send every cartridge that could be spared *via* the Lualaba and Luama Rivers, and thus to his camp by the rear, the Arab forces being between him and Kasongo. What was his horror, a couple of days later, to see Mercus himself arriving with the ammunition, having left Kasongo absolutely undefended, and knowing that, by the means of drums and spies, Rumaliza would instantly be aware of the position!

De Wouters immediately started with a detachment, hoping to be able to get between Rumaliza and Kasongo before it was too late. Thanks to a terrific tornado, which stopped the Arabs but which did not check de Wouters, who knew it to be a case of life or death, he managed to get before them on the road, and, turning round, attacked them in front. Finding that they had been out-manceuvred, the Arabs retired to their fort, and de Wouters entrenched himself in the position he had taken up. De Heusch, who arrived a few days

later, was ordered to take up a position to the eastward of de Wouters. As will be seen from the accompanying sketch-map, the Arabs were in an awkward position—the Commandant Dhanis cutting off their retreat, de Wouters and de Heusch on each side of their advanced fort in front, the Lualaba, a mile wide, to the westward, and almost inaccessible and arid mountains to the eastward. The whole plain, in the neighbourhood of de Wouters and de Heusch, and from there to Kasongo, was cultivated—immense fields of rice, plantains, and cassada being ripe and ready for food, so that our forces had plenty to eat; whereas the Arabs could only draw their supplies from the narrow strip between their forts and the Lualaba. Nearly all the skirmishes during the following ten days took place in this district, and innumerable Arab foraging parties were cut up. As the Arab slaves—who of course felt the famine first—were beginning to die of hunger, Rumaliza made a tremendous attack on Dhanis' position, which he nearly succeeded in turning. At one time he actually succeeded in occupying a portion of the camp, and





here our brave Ponthier was killed. Captain Doorme, whose part of the camp it was, had been surrounded, whereupon Ponthier, seeing his position from a distance, with his pipe in his mouth and not even a revolver in his hand, called on a dozen men who were standing near to follow him. The enemy tried to take him alive, but, fearing they would fail, shot him. He lingered for three or four days, and was buried under his tent, which was left standing, food being carried in regularly, and a confidential guard placed over the tent. The *morale* of our force would have suffered had they known of the death of so important an officer, and Rumaliza would have been in a corresponding degree elated.

Five hours' heavy fighting saw the Arabs repulsed all along the line, the Commandant Dhanis himself leading the last and most successful charge of the day right up to Rumaliza's gates. Reviewing our position that night, we found it a deplorable one; for besides the large number of killed and wounded, there were only forty rounds per head for the regular troops left, and no powder or

caps for the auxiliaries and friendlies, and, what was worse, they could not expect us to arrive from N'Gandu with supplies in less than a fortnight. But the Arabs had also had enough fighting for the time being, and remained quiet in their bomas for the next few days. Spies informed us that a caravan from Ujiji was expected by the Arabs, with powder and other supplies, and small expeditions were sent out to try and discover its whereabouts. An auxiliary chief surprised it, and, beating a retreat, it came on our sergeant Albert Frees, who was out in the same neighbourhood, and between them they cut the caravan to pieces. Albert marched proudly into the camp the same evening with over $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons of splendid German powder and 60,000 caps, the greater part of which was immediately distributed among the auxiliaries and friendlies. These latter, day and night, prowled round the whole neighbourhood, and attacked any small parties of the enemy who ventured out of their fortifications in search of food. During these times Captain Doorme selected numbers of natives and Arab slaves from among the prisoners, and

drilled them as soldiers with most successful results. In the subsequent fighting he frequently led a hundred of them himself into action. The idea occurred to him in a somewhat singular manner. He had an intense objection to writing reports, and whenever a man was killed in his company he reported the death, and immediately filled his place by one of these recruits, giving the recruit the dead man's name, number, rifle, and accoutrements. This was not discovered for a long time, till the Commandant one day, on looking over the reports of effectives, found that Captain Doorme, though he had had 50 per cent. killed, had apparently his company identically the same, in names and numbers, as it was three or four months before.

On the 16th of November the Arab forces, who had suffered severely from famine, abandoned all their positions and fled to the eastward, with our irregular forces and auxiliaries following on their trail. The Commandant returned to Kasongo with his own guard and Ponthier's men, leaving all the rest with de Wouters at Mwana Mkwanga. A light column was immediately organised by

Captain de Wouters, with which he followed the retreating Arabs. For two hours' march the road was strewn with dead bodies, showing how precipitate had been the flight of the Arabs, and what destruction had been worked by the irregulars and other natives in their rear. De Wouters heard from the natives that the Arabs were entrenched not very far in front of him, so, leaving all natives and irregulars to follow in the rear (to avoid the inevitable recoil when face to face with the Arabs), he advanced with the regulars, hoping to take the position in the first rush. The route was bad: there were no roads, and only the broad trail left by the flying enemy to follow. While advancing through the forest, which lay across their route, they could hear the enemy in every direction cutting wood for their fortifications. They were, however, lucky enough to approach the enemy's position without being discovered, and the advance-guard was only fired upon after holding conversation with the enemy in camp, whom they had mistaken for natives. The irregulars had reported the enemy to be encamped on a large plain, whereas

they had taken possession of an opening in the forest; this they had surrounded by a palisade, which, as it subsequently turned out, was in some places still unfinished. Outside the palisade were many grass huts, showing that the enemy had only formed the inner circle of the fort (see description, p. 101). Many of the enemy thus surprised fled into the surrounding forest, and the rest took up their position inside the fort. Outside the fort large numbers of guns and caps, bales of cloth, and other loot fell into our hands. The other companies became successively engaged, taking up their position by their right. Lieutenant de Heusch led his company round the fort and attacked it in the rear, hoping to find a weak place. In this he was successful: the palisade not having been finished, there were openings of two or three yards wide in several places, and de Heusch, finding that he could probably effect an entrance before the Arabs had recovered from their surprise, led his company up to the very ditch, where he fell, shot through the breast. His men retreated, leaving their gallant leader and many of their

number on the ground, marking the position they had occupied. The black sergeant Albert Frees and a native corporal named Badilonga saw him fall, and alone rushed up to try to save him from falling into the hands of the enemy. De Heusch's fall gave courage to some of the enemy, who charged out of the gap in the palisade a few yards distant, but were driven back by the two blacks, who kept up a steady fire across their leader's body. Albert sent the corporal for help, and, upon his return with Captain de Wouters and half a dozen men, they found the sergeant still in position. He had not only prevented the enemy from getting the body, but, though exposed to a terrific fire, was himself untouched. De Wouters carried off his comrade, who was already dead. When de Wouters had time to review the position, he found that de Heusch's company and all the irregulars and auxiliary troops had disappeared, the white man's fall having had such an effect on their *morale*. Only civilised troops can stand the strain of a leader's fall. As the regular troops had themselves to carry the dead and wounded—and they were numerous—de

Wouters decided to beat a retreat. No sooner, however, was the movement understood by the enemy than they took the offensive, and it was only with the greatest difficulty, and by a series of attacks and retreats, that he succeeded in burying the dead and in getting the wounded, together with the guns and ammunition taken in the early part of the engagement, safely out of action.

During one of the Arab charges, Sefu (Tippu Tib's son, and the first great Arab chief who attacked us on the Lomami) was mortally wounded, and died a few days afterwards. The Arabs continued to attack the retreating column until it was within a couple of miles' march of our position at Mwana Mkwanga. Commandant Dhanis never decided whether this was a victory or a defeat; for though we failed to take the fort and lost de Heusch, the Arabs lost Sefu, many men, and a quantity of guns and ammunition.

For ten days no further operations were undertaken, when, Rumaliza having crossed the Lulindi (in reality another advance on Kasongo), de Wouters, with Doorme and Hambursin estab-

lished himself at Bena Musua, on the road between Rumaliza's new position and Kasongo. Lange, whose wound was now nearly healed, was left at Mwana Mkwanga with two other officers.

By the 4th of December we had been reinforced by one hundred and eighty men, under the command of Captains Collignon and Rom, and two other officers, and a good supply of ammunition with three hundred new breechloading rifles. The Commandant thus found himself again in position to assume the offensive.

CHAPTER XIV

TRANSCERENCE OF THE STATE FORCES FROM KASONGO TO BENA MUSUA—THE COMMANDANT DIVIDES HIS FORCES IN ORDER TO CUT OFF THE ARAB COMMUNICATION — EXTRA FORCES STATIONED AT BENA GUIA, ON THE MAIN ROAD TO KABAMBARI, AT BENA KALUNGA, AND AT BENA MUSUA — REINFORCEMENT OF THE ENEMY—THE STATE TROOPS FORM A SEMICIRCLE ROUND THE ARAB FORTS, AND CUT OFF THEIR FOOD SUPPLY — ARRIVAL OF CAPTAIN LOTHAIRE WITH CONTINGENT OF SOLDIERS FROM BANGALA —EXPLOSION IN THE ARAB CAMP—CAPITULATION OF THE ENEMY—THE TAKING OF KABAMBARI — ARAB CHIEFS MADE PRISONERS BY LOTHAIRE

By the 20th of December the Commandant had transferred all the available officers and men from Kasongo to Bena Musua, and himself joined us on

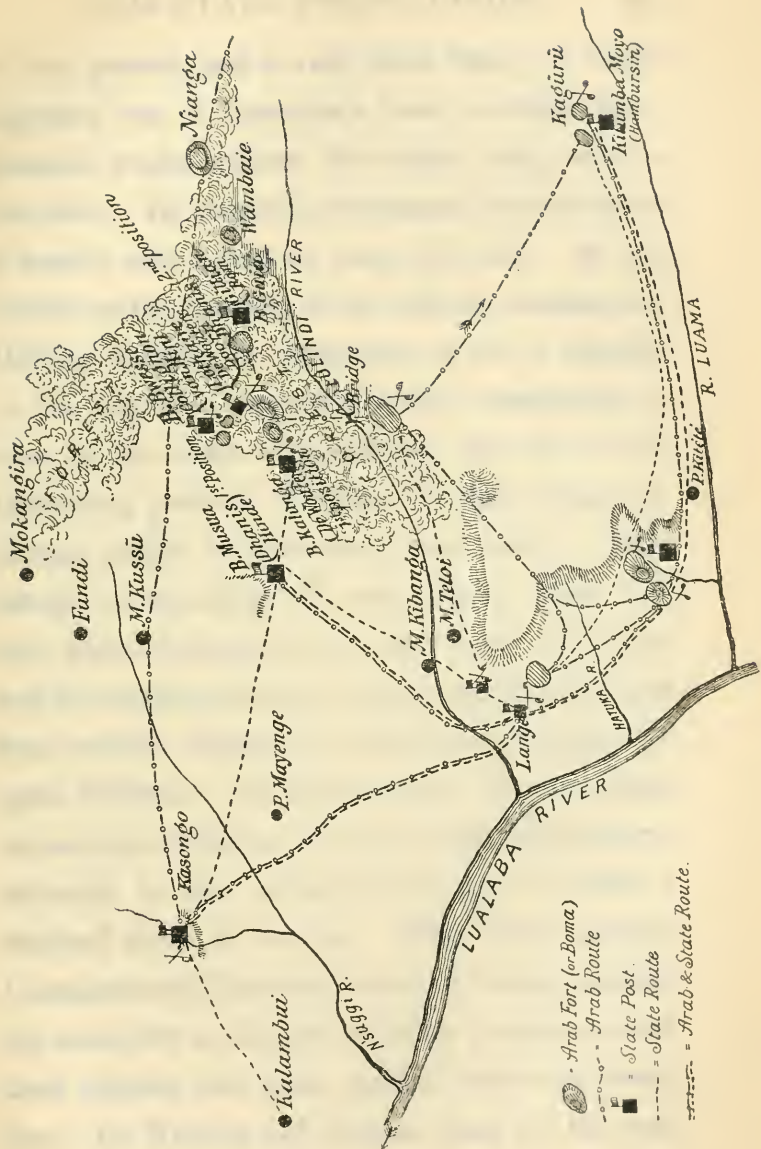
the 23rd. Rumaliza, who had also been reinforced, was in a very strong position, having a large and well-built fort on the right bank of the Lulindi River, and three smaller advanced forts in the direction of Kasongo. He had direct communication by a small bridge (which he had succeeded in building over the Lulindi) with the fort where de Heusch was killed, and had thus a safe line of communication with the large fortified town of Kabambari. Kabambari was at this time held by Bwana N'Zigi, who, it may be remembered, commanded the attack on Stanley Falls station, which ended in Deane and Dubois being driven out, and the establishment of the Arab dominion on the Congo proper. This Arab success was afterwards ratified by Mr. Stanley, who placed Tippu Tib, the greatest Arab slave-raider, there as governor with almost absolute power.

On the 23rd of December a council of war was held, as a result of which Commandant Dhanis decided to divide his forces in order to cut off the Arab communications as much as possible. He had fairly authentic information that Raschid and

the other Arabs from Stanley Falls, who had been driven south by the Commandant Ponthier (in his campaign at Kirundu and on the Lowa River) before he joined us, were now reunited and marching from the north-east to join Rumaliza. Every effort was to be made to turn the natives of the whole district to co-operate with us and to supply us with food, and thus starve out Rumaliza's forces. Many of the natives had informed us that certain of the tribes who had already joined Rumaliza were willing to come over to us to carry out this policy. Commandant Gillian and Captains Collignon and Rom were detached with a strong force of the new troops, and started on the 24th of December for Bena Guia, on the main road to Kabambari. The same day Captain de Wouters and other officers, with two hundred and fifty regulars and four hundred irregulars, departed to establish themselves at Bena Kalunga, an hour to the south-eastward and about three thousand yards from the main fort of Rumaliza. The Commandant and I meanwhile held Bena Musua, on the main road to Kasongo, which was the intermediate position

between the other two. We had been joined by Mr. Mohun, the United States commercial agent, who had arrived the day before our departure from Kasongo. He had also taken part in the march by Captain Chaltin on Riba Riba, eight months before, and had very kindly taken charge of some supplies for us which he brought through from Lusambo to Kasongo. Our position was now as follows:—Lemery was in command at Nyangwe, and in a very dangerous position, since Raschid and his forces from the north might at any moment, instead of attempting to form a junction with Rumaliza, turn aside and attack Nyangwe; Kasongo was held by Lieutenant Middagh; on our extreme right Lange was at Mwana Mkwanga with one hundred and twenty men and a Krupp gun, in a very strong position; de Wouters and the Commandant Dhanis and myself were in the centre; and Commandant Gillian occupied the extreme left at Bena Guia. We, in the centre, had two 7·5 Krupps, and, for the first time during the war, plenty of ammunition.

De Wouters found that, owing to the nature



- Arab Fort (or Boma)
- - - Arab Route
- State Post
- State Route
- - - - Arab & State Route.

Map of the State of New York



of the ground and a very thick bush, he could approach one of Rumaliza's forts to within three hundred yards, without the enemy being able to see them. He therefore determined to try to make a breach, and hoped to carry the fort. At six o'clock on the morning of the 28th he commenced. Having nothing in particular to do, I climbed to the top of a mountain which commanded a view of the scene of operations, and was in the tantalising position of seeing the fight going on, though unable to know with what result. After steady cannonading till nine o'clock there was very heavy musketry fire on two sides of the fort, and this ceasing led me to suppose that the fort had been carried, whereas the real state of affairs was quite different. De Wouters had only succeeded in making a breach of not more than a yard square, although he had advanced the gun to within a hundred yards of the fort. While thus engaged, Commandant Gillian had, unknown to him, attacked the main fort in the rear, and after twenty minutes' hard fighting had been repulsed with very heavy loss. De Wouters and Doorme then led the men

up to the fort, but nothing they could do could persuade the men to mount the breach, though some of them followed actually into the ditch. De Wouters eventually retired. When we took the fort we found that the Arab loss on this day had not been more than a dozen men killed, so well protected were they by their earthworks and the holes in the ground beneath their huts.

The Commandant had now fresh difficulties to contend with, as we had definite information that Bwana N'Zigi, with a large reinforcement from Tanganyika and quantities of ammunition, was marching from Kabambari to join Rumaliza, and that he was then situated at Kitumba Moyo. Lieutenant Hambursin was detached with as strong a column as could be spared to cut Bwana N'Zigi off or to drive him back. He had to make a *detour*, the country on the left bank of the Lulindi — with the exception of that on our extreme right at Mwana Mkwanga—being held by the Arabs. The natives in the district were also hostile to us. After a week's continuous fighting with N'Zigi — who was entrenched at

Kitumba Moyo—Hambursin was forced to retire. He had lost many men as the result of the fighting and of a bad epidemic of smallpox which broke out in his troop. N'Zigi had, however, suffered so severely that, instead of trying to advance and join Rumaliza, as soon as Hambursin was recalled he returned to Kabambari, and shortly afterwards, when Kabambari was taken, fled to Zanzibar.

On the 30th of December, despatches, in answer to the Commandant's demand for reinforcements, arrived from Commandant Chaltin at Basoko, and also from the Falls, to the effect that none would be forthcoming. Mr. Mohun volunteered to go down the river to Basoko and bring us up whatever reinforcements he could raise, and he accordingly left us on the 1st of January. On the 8th, Captain Collignon was detached from Gillian and established at Bena Bwesse, in front of the Arabs' two advanced forts. Our semicircle was thus completed; and as patrols could now pass with comparative safety between our different positions, the Arabs could only draw their supplies

of food from the left bank of the Lulindi. They soon began to find difficulty in feeding their men, as, in accordance with their usual practice, they had devastated most of the country through which they had marched. On the 8th of January we were surprised and delighted by the arrival of Commandant Lothaire with a strong contingent of soldiers from Bangala and two smart officers. He had outrun the courier; in fact, Dhanis had not even hoped to get an answer to the requisition he had sent to him for another fortnight. One need hardly emphasise the contrast between Chaltin's action and Lothaire's, the same demand having been sent to both. Lothaire immediately departed with two hundred men to join de Wouters, and within two days they had established themselves in a position three hundred yards from Rumaliza's own boma and between it and his first advanced boma, our men being thus in a position to annoy both. Rumaliza, under the impression that they were simply reconnoitring, did not attack them until their camp was established, and partly fortified, in a deserted village, the huts of which, being

made with clay walls, were a very useful protection from rifle fire.

On the 14th of January, Hambursin, having returned from his expedition against N'Zigi, joined Lothaire, bringing with him a Krupp. The gun was placed in position, and Hambursin fired a shell to measure the distance, in order that all should be ready for the bombardment, which was intended to take place on the morrow. This trial shot, however, effected other results than were intended: it blew up the magazine and set the Arab fort on fire. Being the wet season, all the huts, trenches, and retiring holes in the fort were very heavily thatched. A few rounds of canister prevented the enemy from extinguishing the fire, and in a few minutes the whole fort, covering three or four acres, was a roaring fiery furnace, with ammunition exploding in every direction. Our troops were not idle, and, taking advantage of the disorder that prevailed among the enemy, climbed the fortifications in every direction and poured in a most destructive fire with their rifles. The heat inside became so intense that the Arabs heaved

immense quantities of cartridges, powder, and caps over their defences to prevent them exploding. They broke out of the fort and fled precipitately to the river, being forced into this direction by the position of our forces between them and their other bomas. On arriving at the river, they crowded on to the bridge in such numbers that it broke: the irregulars, natives, and even their own auxiliaries, harassed them, and as the panic became complete they jumped into the river, and, in trying to cross, drowned each other. What with the falling of the bridge, crammed with humanity, and those killed by native arrows or drowned, their losses at the river alone must have been several hundreds. The official report for the day was "Enemy's loss over a thousand." Our gain in ammunition was small, most of it having exploded during the fire, and the greater number of guns and repeating rifles were so badly burned as to be useless. Without following the flying enemy, Lothaire turned his attention to the other fort in his immediate neighbourhood, and partially invested it. The following day Commandant Dhanis,

leaving me in command of the centre at Bena Musua, joined Lothaire, and, taking command, completed the circle round the boma. The line was advanced so that our men were established actually between the enemy and the brook from which they drew their water supply. These positions were maintained for three days and nights, the enemy during this time keeping up a well-sustained fire, which our men did not return; in fact, for these three days and nights hardly a shot was fired on our side, except when the enemy attempted a *sortie*. On the third day, under a flag of truce, the Arab chiefs sent ten men to the Commandant offering ten guns for a bowl of water. The Commandant ordered a bowl of water to be brought to him, and poured it on the ground before them, after which he sent them back into the fort with their guns. This ruse succeeded. In half an hour the fort capitulated—the men having seen water, there was no holding them. They piled arms in our camp, after which the fort was searched, for fear of treachery, and the thirsty wretches were allowed to rush down to the brook, into which they

plunged. This affair was hardly finished when a tornado came on, and rain enough fell in ten minutes to have supplied the garrison with water for a month had they still held out. With this capitulation 2000 prisoners, 600 guns, 20 repeating rifles and ammunition fell into our hands. During this time Commandant Gillian had left Bena Guia and had joined Collignon in attacking the two advanced forts, both of these officers having been rather severely handled by the defenders. The intermediate fort having now fallen, all our troops marched with Commandant Dhanis to invest the remaining positions of the enemy; but before this was accomplished the forts capitulated. Captain Rom did a plucky but (with our knowledge of the Arab character) foolish thing. Bwana N'Zigi, the commander of the Arab forts, sent a messenger into Commandant Gillian's camp carrying a Koran, who said that if a white man would come to the fort with the same Koran in his hand no harm should happen to him, and Bwana N'Zigi would himself arrange terms with him. While discussing the question, Captain Rom seized

the Koran and started off with it, saying that this would probably save bloodshed. He went to the fort, arranged the terms of capitulation with Bwana N'Zigi, and at the end of the palaver exchanged a State flag with Bwana N'Zigi for his standard.

On the 18th of January a column was despatched after Rumaliza, under Commandant Lothaire and Captains de Wouters and Doorme. By a forced march they surprised Kabambari on the 25th of January, arriving at the outskirts of the town at four o'clock in the afternoon, and rushing into it before the Arabs had time even to shut the gates. The natives and slaves in the surrounding fields were, meanwhile, looking on in apathetic indifference at their arrival. This easily achieved success may be attributed to the excellent policy which the Commandant Dhanis had pursued throughout the whole campaign, in never allowing the natives to be interfered with or molested, unless they actually attacked us under the Arab flag. The natives throughout the whole country had got to know this, and, on Lothaire's approach, instead of flying terror-stricken into the town, they

simply watched with curiosity our troops passing. Rumaliza is said to have escaped into the great forest, accompanied by only four men. De Wouters and his company marched to Tanganyika, to open communication with the forces of the Anti-Slavery Society, who had lain inactive during the whole of our campaign. He met Captain Descamps on the road, twenty miles from Albertville. Descamps had just taken command of the Anti-Slavery troops, and immediately organised an expedition and took the field. De Wouters returned with him, and they joined Commandant Lothaire, who was marching towards the north-east on the Ujiji road, this being the direction in which the relics of the Arab force had fled. They took four forts on the road, which the defenders on each occasion deserted as soon as our troops came in sight, without firing a shot. Arriving at the Lake, a station was formed at Bakari on Burton's Gulf, of which Lieutenant Lange was left in command; the troops meanwhile returning to Kabambari, where a large fortified camp was immediately formed in the event of a return of the Arabs from

the south or east. All the natives, and small detached bands of Arabs, submitted; and Lothaire took Raschid, Said-ben-a-Bedi, Miserera, and Amici prisoners. Said-ben-a-Bedi had conducted Emin Pasha from the Equatorial province to the neighbourhood of Kabungi, where Emin was murdered by the Chief Kibungi, and was accused of being himself concerned in the murder. After trial by court-martial he was acquitted, and afterwards came to Europe with us.

On the 12th of March, Mr. Mohun, the American Consul, returned from Basoko, having collected about a hundred men, who were following him under the command of Lieutenant Baldwin. It will be remembered that after the refusal of Commandant Chaltin to send us help, on the 1st of January, the Consul had offered to go down the river and get together what men he could, we being very hard pressed at the time. He returned having successfully accomplished this voluntary work, though, fortunately for us, the danger was then already averted. Lieutenant Baldwin arrived with the men in due course.

CHAPTER XV

DESCRIPTION OF EXPEDITION TO EXPLORE THE UPPER WATERS OF THE LUALABA RIVER

THE country being for the moment practically quiet, and a road open to Tanganyika, the Commandant was anxious to find out if a water-way to the Great Lake were possible to discover. On the old caravan road through Kabambari everything had to be carried on men's heads, which was naturally a very expensive method, and a water-way for even part of the road would mean enormous advantages. I received an order to take over Baldwin's men and to form a caravan to explore the upper waters of the Lualaba, which till then were unknown to Europeans.

My instructions were in the following terms:—

KASONGO, *le 16 Mars*, 1894.

MONSIEUR LE DOCTEUR,—J'ai l'honneur de vous faire savoir que je vous charge de conduire une expédition de reconnaissance vers le Tanganyika.

M. le Consul Mohun exprime le désir de vous accompagner ; vous lui rendrez tous les services que vous pouvez.

Vous partirez avec le détachement de Basoko.

Votre but sera de suivre le Lualaba et le Lukuga, et d'examiner la navigabilité de ces cours d'eau jusqu'au Lac. Vous devez surtout marquer les noms des villages, des chefs, indiquer leur importance, dire le cas échéant de quels Arabes ils dépendaient, indiquer le plus exactement possible jusqu'où s'étendait l'influence Arabe. Je joins d'ailleurs à cette lettre une instruction concernant les itinéraires.

Vous irez jusqu'à M'pala ou Albertville. Si vous le jugez nécessaire vous pouvez aller en tout autre endroit où se trouve le Comt. de la Région Administrative. Si ce n'est pas trop loin.

Dans tous les cas, il faudra lui donner communication de votre rapport et de votre carte de Kasongo au Lac. Il ne faudra rester au Lac que le temps strictement nécessaire pour reposer votre troupe ou pour achever vos relations officielles.

Il faudra rapporter si possible du Lac des pommes de terre d'Europe et des semences de blé ; vous en donnez une petite partie à Kabambari.

J'enverrai votre correspondance à Albertville et vos colis postaux à Kabambari.

Le Commandt. de la Zone Arabe
DHANIS.

Monsieur le Docteur HINDE.

Thomson, Stanley, and others had suggested that the Lukuga, flowing out of Tanganyika, emptied itself into the Lualaba, or indirectly into the Lualaba through Lake Lanchi. It had also been suggested that the Lukuga flowed into Tanganyika, and not out of it. These were, naturally, important points to be solved. The

United States agent, Mohun, wished to accompany me, and we started arranging the caravan. After carefully eliminating the worst men from Baldwin's detachment, I found sixty - five sturdy fellows to take with me. They proved, however, the most undisciplined disobedient set of thieves I had ever to deal with. In addition to their general worthlessness, they could neither swim nor paddle—an exceptional disadvantage in an expedition by water, since, in the matter of transport, it left us entirely in the hands of the natives through whose districts we passed. Among these men were five Abyssinians, the only survivors out of a band of seventy-five who had started from Boma to join us, the rest having died on the way, unable to withstand the bad climate, bad feeding, and want of care to which they had been subjected. These five Abyssinians were in a wretched condition and suffering from fever when they joined us, but it seemed to me that something might be made of them ; and so it proved, for with proper care and feeding they became the most useful, hard-working, and faith-

ful men in the whole detachment. On several occasions, when the detachment was on the verge of mutiny, these Abyssinians kept close to Mohun and myself, and, in fact, usually insisted on sleeping within a yard or two of our tents.

On the 14th of March I distributed a hundred cartridges per head and a new suit of uniform to each man. That night I was wakened by an alarm of fire on our side of Kasongo, and rushing out found that the section of the camp in which the Kwangolas (my new company) were quartered was in flames. A whirlwind, or small tornado, had unluckily at that moment sprung up, and the whole of that section of the camp was quickly in a blaze. My men, though supposed to have been soldiers for more than six months, were absolutely useless, and, as a consequence, I lost three rifles and over seven hundred cartridges, and had also two very narrow escapes from cartridges exploding when I was trying to save them. Notwithstanding this, the Commandant severely reprimanded me for the loss of ammunition, and on the following day I had to start without being allowed to

replace my losses. We marched to Farrhagis on the Lualaba, where we were to be supplied with canoes. Mohun had six men of his own, and a Hausa cook named Philip, who was a useful interpreter and a good cook when he was not drunk. At Farrhagis we lost a whole day hunting up canoes which were supposed to be ready for us. The Waginia, true to their instincts, had made away with, and hidden in the lagoons and swamps, all the best and biggest canoes they could lay their hands on. We, however, eventually got together a dozen canoes, which were sufficient to carry our whole party. These canoes, though simply dug out from a single tree, are a grand means of transport. The largest one, which belonged to Mohun, carried sixty men to paddle; twelve soldiers with their kit and food; Mohun, his bed and luggage, in a house built on the canoe; the cook Philip and two or three other servants; together with a kitchen fire and a couple of milk goats, besides half a ton of stores. This canoe passed through the most extraordinary adventures without damage. Coming down rapids at the rate of

twenty miles an hour, it was often suddenly arrested in full career by a rock, the shock sending half the paddlers flying overboard. (In this region the men all paddle standing up, both the bow and stern being flattened into a platform, three or four feet square, on which numbers of the men stand while at work.) After some months of the roughest work, which I do not think any other kind of boat could have withstood, I left this canoe at Stanley Falls, apparently as good as new.

On the 17th of March we started, and within an hour were poling and dragging the canoes up the first rapids. The whole day was spent in this work. When the current was too strong, or when there was an actual fall of two or three feet to be mounted, we cut long creepers of monkey ropes, and, attaching them to the canoes, set a couple of hundred men hauling, and in this way dragged them up by main force. For a present of a few yards of cloth or a handful or two of beads, we generally got as much help as we wanted from the fishing villages on the

river bank. Occasionally, the only passable part of a cataract or rapid was blocked by enormously strong weirs, some of which were made of whole trees, and had evidently been placed there by the natives when the water was low. Holes, two or three feet square, were left in these weirs, over which fish-traps, formed like an ordinary lobster-pot and made of wicker-work, were placed. The mouths of these traps were always placed down river, in order to catch the fish mounting the stream while on the feed. In one of these traps, which measured over eight feet in diameter, I found a kind of carp about twenty-five pounds weight. This carp is of a golden brown colour, and is the most delicious fish I have tasted from Congo waters.

The rocks in these rapids were a very dark brown—almost black—streaked with red, and apparently exceedingly rich in iron. As a consequence, we had great difficulty in mapping this part of the river, our compasses being practically useless, and always pointing towards the nearest rock. Game was very plentiful, especially in the

rapids. Herons, of various colours and sizes, abounded, from flocks of snowy egrets to enormous solitary birds. One of these latter, which I shot, measured eight feet six inches from wing-tip to wing-tip, and six feet nine inches from the point of his bill to his toe-nails. A species of grey plover, and ducks of half a dozen different colours and sizes, were to be seen in every direction. I shot many sperm-wing geese, which, though rather out of season, were much liked by the caravan. Hippopotami were comparatively scarce, the natives having learnt how to kill them by spearing, or with the ordinary hippo trap. This consists of a spear fixed in a beam, suspended in a likely place near the river bank, the suspending cord being fastened to a trigger placed in the hippo's way. In the villages in which we camped we often found the heads and teeth of hippos, wart hogs, and wild pigs, and occasionally a buffalo or antelope horn. Although elephants and buffalo are numerous all over this district, they are seldom molested, as the natives stand in great awe of them.

On the 20th of March, after a very hard day's work, we arrived at Mona Tambui's village. It was situated on an island, surrounded and interspersed by rapids and streams, with the main river passing in front of the village—a most beautiful situation, and one which completely commanded the surrounding country. Mohun and I sat by the front of the village and amused ourselves by shooting duck, which were constantly passing and repassing overhead, to and from their feeding-grounds. The whole population turned out, manifesting intense surprise and delight to find that it was possible to kill birds on the wing, flocks of which they were in the habit of seeing pass before them every day of their lives.

Whenever it was possible, instead of sleeping in the boats or putting up our tents, we slept in native villages. Most of these villages were hostile, though throughout a great part of the district the natives did not know what a gun was, and, under the impression that we were only armed with clubs, even twenty or thirty of them were willing to attack us with their

arrows and spears. I found the best way of approaching a village (the warriors of which were usually all grouped on the beach, with their arrows on the string) was to leave the rest of the flotilla at some distance, and to exhibit, from my canoe, handkerchiefs and strings of beads as I drew near—as soon as possible throwing a few handfuls of beads on shore. If anyone in the village could speak Swahili, or one of the other languages known to us, I then put myself into communication with the chief. After giving him a present, and promising a bigger one the next day, I allowed him half an hour to clear the village of all the women, goods, and chattels, explaining that my men were bad, and would probably take anything that he left behind. In this way I generally succeeded in passing through the country without disturbances with the natives. As soon as we took possession of a village, and such food as was left in it, we started a market and bought whatever more was necessary. This greatly astonished the natives, who always consider that they must feed

travellers for nothing, if the said travellers are strong enough to demand it. We generally brought our marketing transactions to a close by scrambling a few handfuls of beads, handkerchiefs, or wire ; or by starting races, for which a handkerchief or a small bell, fixed on the top of a tree or a hut, was the prize. The whole population would race and fight for the prize, often bringing the establishment, on the top of which it was suspended, to the ground in their efforts to secure it. Having established these relations with the natives, we had usually little difficulty in getting men to paddle us on our way the following morning. If our camp the next evening happened to be situated among people of the same tribe, or among a tribe friendly to our former host, we found that our reputation had preceded us, and we were received with open arms. Occasionally, however, the other side to the question presented itself, and all did not proceed so smoothly, the trouble usually arising through the disobedience of my own men. On one or two occasions when I was on shore arranging matters with the chief, and accom-

panied by only two or three of the Abyssinians, several canoes sneaked into the bank lower down, and, led by the native paddlers—who, like most natives, rob or murder their own kith and kin without hesitation—took the village in the rear and commenced looting. This placed me many times in most uncomfortable and dangerous positions, and, though I made example of several of the worst blackguards, I had trouble almost to the end of the chapter. As soon as we got above Fam-busi village we found no more Waginia, the water race here being called Waujabillio. And a very fine race they are—tall, almost handsome, brown men, with the most fantastic methods of dressing the hair; though, curiously enough, the men only pay attention to this part of their appearance, and I rarely saw a woman who seemed to have taken any trouble at all about her headdress. This, however, may have been owing to the fact that we saw only slaves—the free women and chief's wives being kept out of the way. The men wore festoons of fetishes suspended round their necks and waists, some of which, representing figures of

men and women, were beautifully carved in ivory or wart hogs' teeth. They all wore round their waists a piece of native cloth, woven from palm fibre, called madeba. They were armed with fairly powerful bows and arrows, the arrows being well made, barbed and tipped with iron, and coated with poison. This poison was not, however, invariably fatal, probably owing to the fact that, in common with most of the native poisons I have seen in the Congo Basin, it loses its virulence when not fresh. One of my men who had his thigh transfixed by an arrow, thickly coated with so-called poison, did not die, though the only remedy I used was a drink of ammonia and water, with a couple of drops of ammonia poured into each of the wounds. This pained him so much, and stung his nose, throat, and eyes to such an extent that he concluded the white man's medicine must be more powerful than native poison, and so made up his mind to live. Almost every Waujabillio that I saw carried a curious razor with a triangular blade fixed on a handle, and stuck in a sheath suspended from the waist-belt or neck. These

razors were, for some unaccountable reason, always carried handle down, the blade being jammed so tightly in the sheath that it did not drop out. Their carving in wood and ivory is really beautiful, and I was fortunate in being able to get to England some fine specimens in the shape of paddles, walking-sticks, and axe handles, which are now in the British Museum. The houses of this race are curious: they are built of mud, and consist of two rooms, the front one about seven feet square, and the back one—which is the main part of the house—of circular shape and about ten feet in diameter. The entire hut is thatched, the circular portion having a beehive roof, and the square part a lean-to. In the interior were always twenty or thirty bunks of timber thickly covered with soot. Some of these were evidently used as beds, but for what the others served I could never discover, though the general idea in the caravan was that they were used for forming platforms, on which to smoke fish or flesh. This seems almost incredible, with the far simpler alternative of using lighted sticks. In both the outer and inner rooms were placed raised

platforms of clay, about a yard long and two feet wide, which served as fireplaces. On these hearths three or four conical lumps of clay, shaped like an ordinary flower-pot and inverted, were always found. Three of these, placed close together with the fire between, formed a capital stand for a cooking-pot. This system is common all over the Lualaba and Lomami districts. In other parts of the Congo I have seen the common mushroom-shaped ants' nests used for this purpose. All the houses were infested by myriads of rats, which were fearfully and horribly tame. Enormous numbers of them used, nightly, to swarm up and down the sides of my mosquito net, and on more than one occasion broke the strings and descended in a solid mass upon me in bed. We eventually became so accustomed to them that they ceased to disturb us, unless they were of the musk variety—a grey long-nosed animal about the size of our own drain rat, with the abominable peculiarity that wherever it goes or whatever it touches is infected with the stench of musk for days afterwards. One only of these rats in a hut,

if I did not succeed in catching it, was sufficient to necessitate a change of dwelling. The extraordinary numbers of rats found in these districts led me to suppose that the natives, unlike those of other parts of the Congo Basin, do not make use of them as food.

Once free of the Waginias our daily worries increased—and with reason, for we were outside the sphere of Arab influence. I have always found that peoples and tribes who have had to do with the Arabs are civil and obliging, having doubtless learned that the best way to get rid of both pleasant and unpleasant visitors is to help them on their way. One of the most difficult people we had to deal with was a chief named Kitenge, a powerful and unruly vassal of a good-natured timid old patriarch named Kongolo, whom we afterwards visited. Kitenge's headquarters were on a large island in the middle of the river. The greater part of this island was formed of a beautiful white quartz, and the approach to it was one of the finest pieces of scenery I have ever seen. At the lower end of the island were a series of

falls and rapids called Nyangi. On the left bank of the river, at this point, a magnificent cliff of quartz rose abruptly; at the foot of which, huge blocks, piled up into fantastic shapes, stretched out into the river. In the middle of the rapid a great cone-shaped block of quartz, thirty-five or forty feet high, stood, crowned with a little grass plateau and two or three trees, round which flocks of white and black eagles were circling. On the left side the hill-slope rose sharply from the river bank, forming almost perpendicular cliffs sparsely covered with grass.

Kitenge promised us both food and men to proceed on our journey, and left us without either, to starve on the island. On the following day he renewed his promises, but protested that he had no men handy; he had, he said, sent for some to the interior, but since he possessed neither boats nor paddles we would have to lend him our own to bring the people from the mainland. While so talking, we saw three canoes quietly crossing over to the lower end of the island. Keeping the chief engaged in conversation, I despatched some of my

men with orders to seize the canoes, which they succeeded in doing and in bringing them up to our end of the island, much to the chief's chagrin. In one of the canoes was a fine cat-fish weighing perhaps two hundred pounds, which was very acceptable to the hungry troops. With these canoes, Omarri the interpreter and a few men crossed over to the mainland, the chief meanwhile being detained by us on the island. After a couple of hours they returned with all that we wanted, and we started, under the impression that we had done with Kitenge; we had, however, not seen the last of him. Later in the day, as I had just passed a difficult piece of rapid, and was waiting at the tail of the next one for the rest of the boats to come up, I saw the natives deliberately overturn one canoe in the middle of the stream. Though it was in comparatively smooth water, as the Kwangola were unable to swim, they were all drowned. The canoe fortunately contained only eight men—one of whom was the interpreter Omarri, who swam ashore with his rifle in pursuit of the natives. From my perch on a rock

I could of course do nothing, the roar of the cataract above preventing anyone from hearing the directions I shouted. The catastrophe occupied only a few seconds: I saw a head and two hands appear, and the great river swept on, leaving no sign of what had taken place. Omarri returned to me, but the native paddlers all disappeared into the bush, and I saw none of them again.

Towards evening we were still in the rapids, and, since there was great difficulty in getting Mohun's big canoe along, I joined him in it. At dusk, having only succeeded in getting half the canoe over a ridge of rocks, all the natives jumped overboard and swam to the shore half a mile away in the gloom. By an unfortunate chance the provisions and bedding had preceded us in the other canoes, and we were left in the unenviable position of passing the night in a wet canoe, worried by myriads of mosquitoes, hungry, and drenched by a dense fog. The following morning our servants, the interpreter, and the Abyssinians returned and helped us out of the predicament; the remainder of our men, thinking themselves

quit of us, amusing themselves meanwhile to the annoyance of the natives. We afterwards discovered that Kongolo, to whose village we next came—and who was grand chief of the whole district—had given orders that we were not to be allowed to land. His village was situated above the rapids, and when, in spite of his orders, we put in our appearance, he made the best of what he considered to be a bad job, and treated us very well. From him we learned that we could continue paddling up the river for another three weeks without encountering any more rapids. This was probably not true, and I am sorry that we were unable to test its accuracy; for on the 31st of March, four days afterwards, we reached the mouth of the Lukuga, up which we turned. Before getting there I had rather an unpleasant experience. At Kiembenema village, which was situated half a mile from the shore on which we were encamped, a number of my men broke loose and started off looting into the village. The chief came to me complaining of the treatment his people were receiving, but was pacified when, after following

the men, I took from them the fowls, goats, and other things they had looted, and returned them to him. One of my rascals, however, seeing the position of affairs, bolted with his prey, and when I came up with him dodged behind a bush. I heard his breech-block snick as he opened it. Springing through the bush with a revolver in hand, I was just in time to fell him with the butt-end as he closed the breech and before he had time to draw on me. As he was rather badly injured by the blow, I disarmed him and let him continue the rest of the journey without further punishment. The moral effect of this incident on the men was very marked, and there were never afterwards any open signs of insubordination when I was in the neighbourhood.

The Lukuga, or, as the natives at its mouth call it, the Lumbridgi, was at this time—early in April—not within many feet of the highest water-mark. This river empties itself directly into the Lualaba. There is no sign whatever of Lake Lanchi, which is marked in so many maps at this point. Nor is there even a broadening of the

Lualaba which could be mistaken for a lake either above or below the mouth of the Lukuga. We found the mouth of the river, which here forked, partially blocked by a delta about half a mile wide and a mile and a half long. The river above the delta was about ten feet deep, with perfectly clear water, and varied from a mile and a quarter to a mile in width, with the same depth right across. Long grass was growing in a great portion of it, and there were no signs of swamp about its banks. Some miles up the river we were brought almost to a standstill by the grass, which was six or seven feet above the water and blocked all outlook. The water at this point being more than five or six feet deep, we had great difficulty in paddling, poling, and pushing the canoes through. We felt absolutely lost in this trackless wilderness of grass, and could only follow the course of the river by going against the current, the bank being completely hidden. After several miles of this unpleasant travelling we found an open stretch of water about forty yards wide, which led us up to the village of

Angoma. It has been suggested that, by the growth of this rank grass and other vegetation, together with the *débris* deposited in it by the percolating water, the Lukuga is sometimes dammed, and that this may be a cause for the extraordinary variation of the level which has been noticed on Tanganyika. Sir Francis de Winton told me that in one year when he was at Vivi, near the mouth of the Congo, the river rose over fourteen feet in a single night. On subsequent inquiry he succeeded in getting a report from Stanley Pool to the effect that a great lake had broken out above. There are only two things to be said with regard to this. First, that it is always open to doubt whether the bursting of a dam in the Lukuga would affect the great river sixteen hundred miles lower down to the extent of raising its level fourteen feet in a night; secondly, that what applies in this respect to Tanganyika might also apply to Lake Leopold II., the latter lake being comparatively near to the coast.

When we were in this neighbourhood the spur-

wing geese seemed to be flocking preparatory to migrating. For hours on end I paddled through the largest flock of birds I have ever seen. The river and river banks, islands, and plains, as far as the eye could see, were literally covered with geese, and no other birds but geese were to be seen.

We reached M'Burri, or M'Bulli as the natives (who cannot articulate the letter "r") pronounce it, on the 4th of April. This was the farthest point, from the eastward on the Lukuga, to which either Thomson or Delcommune had penetrated. I am thankful to say that I did not break down until the exploration of the unknown parts of the river had been accomplished. For some days I had been feverish, and here became delirious.

CHAPTER XVI

THE RETURN JOURNEY TO THE COAST

ON the 11th of April Mr. Mohun took command of the expedition, and returned down the river, hoping to get me back to Kasongo alive, where there was some chance of finding the necessary medicines and light food. The very first night (when landing on a strip of sand under a high cliff covered with bush) the natives attacked us, under the impression that we were afraid to proceed, and were not really so strong as they had first thought us when going up the river. I was too weak to sit up, and lay helpless while the skirmish raged around ; everyone was engaged, and I could get no information as to what was happening even on the sandbank, on the edge of which my canoe was drawn up. It ended in the natives being driven off, leaving some prisoners, as well as their dead and dying, in Mohun's hands.

To each of the prisoners he gave a present, and dismissed them in the morning after trying to explain to them that we had not come there to fight. When we got back to the Lualaba we found that the waters had risen many feet, and, as a consequence, were able to shoot down many of the rapids, which would otherwise have necessitated disembarking to negotiate. The journey was not a pleasant one to me, for besides being ill and being unable to eat goat's flesh, which was the staple food, I was several times more than half drowned by the canoe filling with water in shooting the rapids. Of the rest of the journey I have little recollection. We reached Kasongo on the 25th of April, to find that Baron Dhanis had gone down the river to Stanley Falls on his way home; and my great friend, the Chevalier de Wouters d'Oplinter, arrived from Tanganyika in a dying condition. I was carried to see him, and on examination found that he was suffering from an abscess in his liver. This set me thinking; and the next day, when a little rested after the journey, on examining myself as well as I could,

I found that I also was suffering from the same complaint. There was, however, nothing to be done, as we were without instruments; and even had we possessed them, there was no one near us capable of using them. Poor de Wouters died two or three days afterwards. Commandant Lothaire, whose kindness nothing could exceed, on talking over my condition with me, decided that I had better try to get down to Basoko, below Stanley Falls, where there was a doctor. There was still a chance that I could get there in time to be operated on; but since it depended on my keeping alive, in the weak condition I had been in for three weeks, the chance was a small one. I, however, agreed with him that it was better to take it, together with the risks of the road. Commandant Lothaire despatched Captain Rom to convoy me, and, notwithstanding all the trials and worries of looking after a sick man, I can only say that he treated me as if I had been a brother instead of a stranger and a foreigner.

On the 29th of April, two days after the death of poor de Wouters, I left Kasongo, comfortably

installed in the big canoe I have already mentioned. I arrived at Nyangwe on the 1st of May. Here Lieutenant Lemerie, who was in command, insisted on our remaining for two or three days, urging that the cows' milk he had succeeded in obtaining from the herd at Nyangwe would go a long way towards giving me strength to bear the journey. He had, after many difficulties—for the herd of cattle was practically wild—succeeded in getting sixteen cows that were possible to milk, and had established a dairy. He was very proud of being able to make butter, though the milk from the sixteen cows gave him only enough cream to make three or four ounces of butter a day. It had until then always been an accepted theory in the Congo, that, owing to the climate, it was impossible to make butter either from cows' or goats' milk. This idea had most probably originated from the fact that the milk, partly owing to the climate and partly to the rank vegetation on which the animals feed, contains so little fat that no one had before succeeded in getting a sufficient quantity from which it was possible to extract

enough cream, before it became solid, to get any result at all.

From Nyangwe to Riba Riba I suffered a great deal, but on arriving there the abscess in my liver burst successfully, and so saved my life. Lieutenant Rue was established at Riba Riba, and had built three or four houses on the site of the old town, which was burnt by the natives after the Arabs had left, and just before the arrival of Captain Chaltin many months before. It was here that Miserera and the other Beloochies, established as Arab chiefs, had flogged Noblesse and Michels to death, afterwards cutting them up and dividing them among their slaves for food. These were the only two officers of Hodister's ill-fated expedition who were unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the Arabs alive. One of the only relics of the original town left intact was pointed out to me as the identical sugar-cane crusher to which these wretched men were bound while being tortured to death. Of the instigators of the outrages, Mohara, the great chief of Nyangwe (who had ordered the extermination of the white

men), was killed by us in battle on the 9th of January 1892; Boina Losa, one of the chiefs of Riba Riba, was also killed by us, in the battle of the 26th of February 1892; and Miserera and his son were taken prisoners at Kirundu, and hanged after trial by Baron Dhanis.

On the 9th of May we arrived at Kirundu, where we found Dhanis established. He had found the district in so disturbed a state that, instead of starting direct for Europe, he had remained behind to arrange matters. With him I spent a most delightful though painful evening, for he, determined that I should have one more good laugh before I died, gave such a ridiculous description of his doings, and of the state of the district, that he kept me laughing the whole evening. It proved the best thing that could have been done, for the constant shaking, it appears, so effectively emptied the abscess that I got rapidly better from that day forward.

It was at Kirundu that retribution overtook most of the murderers of Emin Pasha and his men. Mohara of Nyangwe had, after the murder of

Hodister and his company, given orders that all the white men in his dominions were to be slaughtered. Said-ben-a-Bedi, an intelligent well-educated young Arab chief (who had accompanied Emin Pasha from the Equatorial province, through the great forest, to within two days' march of the Lualaba, in the neighbourhood of Kirundu), received orders through Kibungi, the chief of Kirundu, to murder the Pasha. Instead of doing so, he immediately went to Nyangwe and begged of Mohara to spare Emin's life. The old tyrant was, however, immovable in his determination, and Said returned, still hoping to be able to save Emin on his own responsibility. When yet a day or two from Kirundu, Kibungi and his company took upon themselves to carry out Mohara's orders. Emin Pasha and his soldiers were shown every mark of friendship, and treated with the greatest hospitality, till any suspicion they may have entertained towards their host was lulled. After establishing relations of trust between Emin and his caravan, each individual—being surrounded by a little group of appar-

ently the most friendly persons—was, at a given signal, slaughtered where he stood. This, so far as I can remember, is the story told to me by two or three members of Emin's harem whom we rescued. At the tribunal, Said-ben-a-Bedi was acquitted of any participation in Emin's murder, he having apparently done all in his power to save him. Eleven of those actually concerned in the massacre, together with Miserera and his son, were hanged the same morning at Kirundu for the murder of Noblesse and Michels. Kibungi himself escaped into the great forest, and it was not until nearly nine months later that he was caught by Captain Lothaire, and tried by court-martial and shot.

We reached Stanley Falls on the 15th of May, and the same day Captain Cock arrived from Stanley Pool in the *Ville de Bruges*. With him I went down to Basoko, where the doctor inclined to think that, though out of danger, it was advisable for me to return to Europe without loss of time, to recruit. Captain Jasen arriving with his ship a few days after, I took a passage with him

to Stanley Pool. I was much struck on the way by the fact that, the farther we descended the river from Stanley Falls, the more savage, uncouth, and dirty the natives seemed to be, though Bomba, on the main river, is the only place where the natives are absolutely naked. Arriving at Leopoldville I found myself so much better, that since both doctors had told me if I chose to take the responsibility I might return to Stanley Falls, I decided to do so. My good friend Captain Jasen was taking his ship up to the Falls again; so after a few days' rest I embarked with him, not caring to go home without Baron Dhanis, who had also been through the whole campaign and still considered that he had some work to do. Our voyage to Stanley Falls was, excepting for one small scrimmage with the natives in Itimberie, uneventful. To my immense disgust I found, on arriving at the Falls, that, while we were in the Itimberie River, Dhanis had passed us on his way home. A despatch from him awaited me with orders to join him at once, he having heard on his way down that I

had gone up again. This I was only too delighted to do, and we joined him at Stanley Pool—Jasen having made a record passage from Stanley Pool to the Falls and back, including a trip to Ibembo, in thirty days. After a few days at Stanley Pool, spent in organising a caravan, the Commandant and I started for the coast, in company with Monseigneur van Aertzlaer, and Père de Deken, the celebrated Asiatic traveller of the Belgian-Chinese African Mission.

On arriving at Congo de Lemba we found a special train awaiting our arrival. I, however, preferred to continue the march, rather than trust myself to the railway in its then insecure state; and having arrived at Matadi a couple of days later, on the 1st of September 1894, a few weeks afterwards took ship for Europe.

NOTES

NOTE ON CANNIBALISM

The Manyema country, which was the scene of the Belgian campaign, lies mid-way between the Arab centre at Zanzibar and the Belgian settlement at the mouth of the Congo. Livingstone, in his endeavours to find the Great River of which the Arabs brought him word, was the first European to cross Manyemaland; and it was under the protection of a party of Arab slave-traders that he entered the country in the year 1869. Travelling with the Arabs, and compelled to follow their erratic course, he was enabled, by the delays this involved, to observe more closely than would otherwise have been possible the habits of the people. Though the cannibalistic propensities of the Manyema were well known, and a subject of great terror to his followers, it was some time before Livingstone himself accepted the fact, and it was with great reluctance that he

became convinced that their cannibalism was the outcome of *gourmandise*, and, from whatever cause it might originally have resulted, had then little to do either with religious ceremony or with superstition. The Manyema freely admitted their practice of eating human flesh, which they described as "saltish in flavour, and requiring little condiment," though certain parts, such as the heart, were sometimes mixed up in a mess of goat's flesh; and on one occasion, after a fight, Livingstone saw the bodies "cut up and cooked with bananas."

In summing up the question of cannibalism, Livingstone finally came to the conclusion that, amongst the Manyema at any rate, a depraved appetite could alone account for the custom, since the country was rich and full of foods (both animal and farinaceous), and starvation, or want of animal matter, could not be urged as a defence. "And yet," said Livingstone, "they are a fine-looking race; I would back a company of Manyema men to be far superior in shape of head, and generally in physical form too, against the whole Anthropological Society. Many of the women are very light-coloured and very pretty."

The practice of cannibalism would seem to be less a matter connected with civilisation than the result of a definite perversion of taste; and it is

frequently the case that cannibal races are less cruel and bloodthirsty than many tribes not addicted to the practice. Mr. Herbert Ward, in his *Five Years with the Congo Cannibals*, says: "It must not be supposed that the cannibal tribes of the interior are altogether brutal in every action of life. On the contrary, I have observed more frequent traits of affection for wife and children among them than are exhibited in the conduct of domestic affairs among the people of the lower, or Ba Congo, country, who are not cannibals, nor addicted to the shedding of blood, save in religious matters."

A note on the "Origin and Distribution of Cannibalism" in the *Geographical Journal* for July 1893 says, that while some writers have attributed the origin of cannibalism to religious motives, others consider that "hunger was the original incentive to the practice, which was afterwards persisted in from choice, the superstitious and religious aspects being later developments. Cannibalism seems to have prevailed to a considerable extent among the primitive inhabitants of Europe, and still more in America. The fact that no traces of it have been found dating back to palæolithic times, while the lower animals rarely devour their own species, seems to show that a

certain degree of intelligence was first attained. With this may be compared the remark of Peschel, that the custom is most prevalent among tribes distinguished by a certain social advance. . . . While instances of resort to human flesh as food in times of famine are widely diffused, the most common motive seems to be the well-known superstition that by eating the heart or other part of an enemy—to which the practice is often restricted—his prowess is acquired. In Polynesia and in Central America it occurs most frequently in connection with religious rites. In the former region, special preference is given to the eye of the victim. Human sacrifices, however, do not always lead to cannibalism. . . . While in many cases the flesh of relatives especially is eaten, this was viewed with abhorrence among the Maoris, who also forbade human flesh to women.”

E. C. M.

NOTE ON GONGO LUTETE'S BODYGUARD

Gongo Lutete's bodyguard consisted of about 600 men, who, as the only members of all his people in whom he could place trust, held special privileges. A day or two after the execution of Gongo, these men, who were devoted to their chief, showed a disposition to avenge his execution. For

his own safety, and the greater security of the station, Lieutenant Scherlink despatched them to Lusambo, and from thence on to Luluaburg, since it was thought that outside their own district they would be less likely to cause trouble.

I arrived at N'Gandu from Nyangwe on the day on which they were ordered to leave ; and, angry at their power being broken, they vowed vengeance against the white man and the rest of Gongo's people, whom they had ruled with brutal severity. As they marched out of N'Gandu they fired on the townspeople, killing and wounding a few, and shouting through the streets that they would come back some day and would kill and eat everyone they found there.

Shortly after their arrival at Luluaburg, they were enlisted as soldiers in the State service, and in this capacity distinguished themselves for intelligence, willingness, and pluck against a rebellious slave-raiding tribe in the Kasai district.

Some two years later they revolted, and, after murdering their officers at Luluaburg, marched through the country, killing white men and raiding natives, till eventually, having raised the whole country against the Government, they arrived at N'Gandu. In the battles that followed, Commandant Lothaire and Captain Doorme were

wounded, and many officers, including Lieutenants Collet, Franken, Augustin, and Sandrad, and also Said-ben-a-Bedi—who came to Lothaire's assistance—were killed. Captain Collignon died of fever, and Captain Bauduin was drowned in Stanley Pool.

S. L. H.

NOTE ON EXPLORATION OF SECTION OF LUALABA RIVER BY CAPTAIN HINDE

As the geographical aspect of Captain Hinde's work has been somewhat hurriedly dealt with in his account of the Belgian campaign, the following epitome of a paper entitled "Three Years' Travel in the Congo Free State," read before the Royal Geographical Society on 11th March 1895, is given:—

Towards the close of the campaign I received orders to survey the Lualaba and Lukuga, from the neighbourhood of Kasongo upwards. This mission was successfully accomplished as far as M'Bulli on 6th March 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 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 United States commercial agent, Mr. Mohun, obtained leave to accompany me.

The journey up the river from the coast, by Leopoldville to the station of Lusambo on the Sankuru, has been frequently described, and I need only draw attention to one or two points concerning the path from Matadi up to Stanley Pool—a way which 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 lb. without much difficulty, while the Manyangas are rarely equal to a burden of more than 60 lb.

After three months spent in the neighbourhood of Stanley Pool, I received instructions to proceed to the district of Lualaba on the Sankuru. I left

Stanley Pool in the *Stanley*, with 500 soldiers and porters, and 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, and we repeatedly 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. 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.

After twenty-two days' steaming we arrived at Benabendi—the Belgian Commercial Company's

station, where the Sankuru joins the Kasai. Three years ago this was the only station on the Kasai, though at the present moment there are, I believe, 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 this time the Sankuru was without a single station; there are now twelve stations engaged in the collection of large quantities of indiarubber.

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 such splendid condition that the station was self-supporting.

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 7 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 17th July 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. 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. For five days south-eastwards to Mona Chellios we found practically no food on the road—the vacancy of this district, devoid alike of men and food, having been created by slave-raiders in Tippu Tib's employ.

Two or three hours beyond Mona Chellios, to the eastward, we came on two villages in clearings, freshly constructed, and inhabited by Baquas, or pygmies, from the surrounding forest.

Immediately beyond the last dwarf village we came to the Lubefu, an extremely rapid stream 200 yards wide, which 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 proposals of peace, and requesting the white man to visit him at his capital, N'Gandu. Commandant Dhanis decided to do so, at the cost of a long deviation north-north-east from the direct road to Katanga.

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. It is, they say, dangerous to sleep near it, drink of it, or bathe in it, and, thanks to this superstition, it is inhabited by two of the largest 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.

We halted for a month at N'Gandu, at the end of which period, leaving a post with two officers behind us, 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. After six days' march we arrived at Kabinda, Lupungu's capital, at which point Dhanis was obliged to return to Lusambo.

Kabinda is in 6° south and $24^{\circ} 35'$ east, and is built on a hill. Its chief industry is the making of native cloth out of palm fibre. Pieces of this cloth, about eighteen inches square, called Madebas, serve as money at Kasongo on the Lualaba, where there are no palms. Iron is also a source of riches to these people, and some of their work is very beautiful, especially 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 twelve miles south of Kabinda. This lake, though only about two miles square, is full of hippopotami.

For six weeks we encamped in the swamps described by Cameron, on the left bank of the Lualaba, opposite to Nyangwe.

On returning to Kasongo I received instructions to try to discover a road from Kasongo, by water if possible, to Lake Tanganyika, the caravan road by Kabambari being one full of 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, since he was anxious to get through to Zanzibar.

We started on 16th March and struck the Lualaba at a commanding 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, and cultivated by the Arabs. The river above the rapids was very fine, 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. This they did by attaching creepers to the canoes, by which means sixty or seventy men hauled them one by one up the rapids. In one place I calculated the fall to be about twenty feet. 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. In going twenty 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, and called the Mountains of Bena Twiti. 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, this 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 ten 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 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 its exact width here was; but I should think that from the mainland on the one hand to the mainland on the other must be about two miles, though this would, to a great extent, depend on the season. We saw large flocks of geese and some hippopotami here. The mountains, com-

mencing about a mile from the river bank on either side, are, as far as the next falls, called Simbi; they are not very high, and are thickly wooded. After having ascended these rapids we arrived at Mutetele; here the Lualaba narrows, and just above the falls is not more than 100 yards across. From this point we could see high blue mountains to the south-west, apparently about twenty miles off. One of these mountains, now called Mount President, was of a curious shape—something like an elephant with the head pointing eastwards. Enormous quantities of geese and duck were shot, with which the entire caravan was fed. 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 because they were anxious to get rid of us. 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 at its fullest 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 frequently been raided in days gone by.

At the top of the rapids we came to the village of Fambusi, at which point there is a sort of pool; it is not a lake, but a mere broad in the river. The mountains are wooded, and are covered with game, and grassy plains run for about two or three miles inland from the river banks. The natives here are of a new race, the Waujabillio, and speak a dialect of the Batetele language. Here, at Fambusi, we saw the elephant-like Mount President, about twenty miles off, to the westward. For the next three hours the river was not difficult of navigation. We then came to fresh rapids, where I saw, for the first time, a quantity 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.

The next rapids were those of Lukalonga, formed of dark-coloured rocks. In the middle of the river was a very large island, thickly populated by a settlement of a vassal of Sefu's. There we arrived on 23rd March, and were told that this was the last point at which the Arabs had posts. We went

on to Kinsali, and then to Kufi. The country seemed very thickly populated in this district, having apparently never been raided. Forests came down to the river banks, in which enormous troops of monkeys were to be seen. To the east, apparently about ten miles off, were some very fine mountains. This stretch of the river is about one mile wide at high water, not improbably two 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, and was free from rapids, very slow, and apparently very deep. I found no bottom at thirty-five feet.

We passed the mouth of the Mukalli, an apparently insignificant tributary, on the right bank. In the angle between the left bank of the Mukalli and the Lualaba there was a high range of hills, and here the rapids again began. After working up them for many hours we came to a specially difficult one called Nyangi. The fall here cannot be less than fifteen feet. A curious cone-shaped rock, about forty feet high, apparently of white quartz, juts out in the middle of the river, on both sides of which are enormous blocks of quartz, while on the left bank is a cliff of quartz about ninety feet high. 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 Kitenge, after the chief who owns it, and is about three miles long, and from half a mile to a mile wide.

We had great trouble with the natives here, and, after working all day to make an advance of three-quarters of a mile, Kitenge refused us food, and was very ferocious. From our position on an island we should have starved, but that my men were fortunate enough to catch a cat-fish weighing 200 lb. We had further difficulties when we left, for the chief would find us neither canoes nor men. When at last we got started, we found the country very thickly populated, the people turning out in thousands to see us off. Kongolo, the great chief in this region, had apparently given orders that we were not to proceed. Our paddlers told us that it was impossible to mount the rapids, but, despite the impossibility, we succeeded in persuading them to do so. Kongolo's village was situated at the head of the rapids, where the river forms a pool, and looks almost like a lake : here we were told that there were no more rapids, and 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 people, 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. Two splendid ranges of hills rose, 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 Batetele, 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.

On the 31st we came to the mouths of the Lukuga, which form a delta. The northern mouth is about thirty yards wide, the southern about eighty 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, since 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 ten feet deep, and was at this season perfectly clear, varying from one and a quarter to a mile wide, with the same depth right across. A great part 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 were able to follow the course of the river by going against the current, though we could not see the banks. After three or four miles through the grass we came to an open stretch of water forty 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 Batetele language, which a man from Lusuna, in the Malela, whom we had with us, could understand. We reached M'Bulli (passed by Delcommune a year and a half previously) on the 5th, and here I was taken ill. Opposite M'Bulli was a high range of hills, which seemed to grow higher towards the east. 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.

S. L. H.

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