ACROSS AFRICA

WITH

STANLEY AND EMIN-PASHA

Father SCHYNSE's travel diary

PUBLISHED BY

CHARLES HESPERS

PARIS

W. HINRICHSEN, PUBLISHER

22, Rue de Verneuil, 22

1890

TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

It was on March 24, 1887, that Father Auguste Wilhelm Schynse, a member of the Society of Algerian Missions, encountered Mr. Stanley in Matadi on the lower Congo. This missionary, a native of the Rhine countries, had spent approximately two years on the banks of the Congo and was returning from the mouth of the Kasai river, where he had established the Bungana Mission among the Bayanzi people with the assistance of several other members of the Society[1].

Stanley was on the verge of ascending the Congo with a large expedition intending to reach Lake Albert-Nyanza via the Aruwimi River, and then proceed to the aid of Emin Pasha.

[1] Fr. Auguste Schynse, *Deux Ans au Congo*; adventures and descriptions; published by Kart Hespers. Cologne, Bachem, 1889.

More than two years later, at the end of August 1889, the famous African explorer again encountered the German missionary, but in the opposite part of Africa, on the southern shore of Lake Victoria-Nyanza. Having long been given up for dead in Europe, Stanley had in the meantime crossed the forests of the Aruwimi at the cost of the greatest dangers and severest privations. He had met Emin Pasha and on April 10, 1889, had taken the route southward with Emin and his retinue. Following first the valley of the Semliki, the expedition reached Lake Albert-Edward then, continuing their course in a south easterly direction, Stanley and Emin arrived on August 28 at the southern extremity of Lake Victoria-Nyanza[2].

[2]Stanley's Letters on the Rescue of Emin Pasha, published by J. Scott Keltie. German edition. Leipzig, Brockhaus, 1890.

The European members of the Stanley Expedition lacked the most essential items, such as clothing, shoes, and other necessities. Bishop Livinhac therefore instructed Fathers Schynse and Girault, missionaries at the station of Bukumbi on the Nyanza, to provide the travellers—who had stopped at the station of the English missionary Mackay—with the assistance they requested, and at the same time to convey the compliments of the Mission.

On this occasion, Father Girault, who was suffering from an eye ailment, requested a consultation with Dr. Emin Pasha, who diagnosed the beginning of a cataract and recommended an operation that could only be performed in Europe. It was therefore decided at Bukumbi that Father Girault would accompany Stanley's expedition to the coast, and Father Schynse was assigned the task of accompanying the patient.

Meanwhile, Stanley had departed on September 16 from Mackay's station, and soon disturbing news arrived of fighting that the expedition had encountered in the territory of Nera. The two missionaries, consequently unaware of the route Stanley had taken, delayed their departure until October 4. On that date they set out to find him and located him on the 17th in Kungu. Stanley and Emin Pasha gave them an excellent welcome and granted them permission to join their porters in the great caravan. It was with this caravan that the two missionaries arrived on December 4, 1889, at Bagamoyo on the coast.

How had Father Schynse travelled from the Middle Congo to the southern shore of Lake Victoria-Nyanza? Whilst Stanley was making his bold march through the still unexplored region of the Aruwimi to Lake Albert Nyanza, establishing that Lake Albert Edward was the southwestern source of the Nile, discovering the legendary Mountains of the Moon, and discovering the unknown countries between Lake Albert Nyanza and Lake Victoria, a series of events had led the German missionary from the Congo Basin to the Mission of Bukumbi.

When, as a result of a new distribution of mission territories, Father Schynse was required to abandon the station of Bungana, which he had founded on the Kasai river, his intention was to transport the equipment of his mission to the stations of the Algerian Society located on Lake Tanganyika by taking it up the Congo via Nyangwe. However, this plan was not carried out. Schynse returned with his companions to the mouth of the Congo, embarked on May 18, and arrived on June 19 in Algiers by way of Lisbon.

In Algiers, he devoted himself for some time to the education of the mission's wards at the minor seminary of Saint-Eugene. Then he received orders to accompany a new caravan of missionaries to Unyanyembé in East Africa.

The leader of the expedition was M. Bridoux, recently appointed Apostolic Vicar for Tanganyika. Consecrated bishop on July 1, 1888, he was to succeed Father Charbonnier who had died the previous March 16th at Lake Tanganyika. In his retinue were Fathers Auguste Carmoi for Tanganyika, Chantemerle for Lake Victoria-Nyanza, Édouard Herrebaut for the pro-vicariate of upper Lualaba, and Auguste Schynse for the pro-vicariate of Unyanyembé; also two brothers of the Congregation - Alexandre Andrieux for Tanganyika and Pierre Tarteyre for Lake Victoria-Nyanza.

In addition, the expedition was accompanied by three African doctors who had studied at the University of Malta. Purchased from slavery by the missionaries in the interior of Africa at the age of eight or ten, they had been raised in Europe.

On July 18th 1888, the expedition embarked at Marseilles on the *Madura* and landed on August 22nd at Zanzibar. The necessary arrangements were quickly made. On August 21st, a few days before the outbreak of the insurrection in East Africa, they left Saadani to reach Tabora. The following letters of Father Schynse provide a vivid account of the journey from Marseilles to Zanzibar, and from there to Unyanyembe.

ACROSS AFRICA

WITH

STANLEY AND EMIN-PASHA

From Marseilles to Kipalapala, near Tabora

I

Momboya, September 29, 1888

At last, I have an hour of freedom—assuming no one comes to offer me eggs, chickens, goats, porters, or guns. The treasurer of a caravan is never certain of the time that lies ahead, and when one finally manages to make oneself free, one uses the time to sleep.

We made a two-day stop in Momboya. This marks the beginning of the Usagara,[1] a superb country that is, in places—here, for example—very populous and well cultivated.

[1]On the route from Saadani to Mpwapwa.

We are encamped in a valley surrounded by mountains over two thousand metres high, at an altitude of about nine hundred metres above sea level, and near an English station located some four hundred metres higher still. The purity of the air and the mildness of the temperature exert the most beneficial influence on our health, which has remained consistently good until now.

We embarked on July 18 at Marseilles and then passed Naples, though I had never visited this city—much to the great annoyance of the captain of a boat wandering through the dirty streets. He could not understand how a stranger could refuse to be impressed by the superb situation of the city. We then crossed the Straits of Messina despite Charybdis and Scylla, which have doubtless been tamed over the centuries. Scylla is now a small village, and Charybdis merely a place agitated by whirlpools, hardly dangerous except for small boats. Shortly before entering the strait (about four hours prior), we saw Stromboli erupting.

Vesuvius, constantly veiled in fog, showed us its plume of smoke for a few minutes. The coast of Calabria is romantically wild. It appears stony and arid, yet there are many villages perched on the headlands like eagles' nests. In the valleys, vines and olive trees are cultivated. On July 23rd, our steamer sailed along the southern coast of Crete. On the 25th we saw the lights of Damietta, and during the night we entered Port Said—a new town built almost entirely of wood, offering interest only to merchants.

We crossed through the Suez Canal very slowly—a ditch fifty to one hundred metres wide, dug through a desert of sand broken here and there by a few gardens. In its third section it crosses the Bitter Lakes, through which our ship sails at full steam before entering the Red Sea on the 27th and anchoring off Suez. The next morning we departed.

On our left lay Arabia Petraea (with Sinai); on the right, the heights of the Libyan desert. The temperature remained temperate (33°C) until Suakim, where we were seriously inconvenienced by the heat which lasted until Aden. We saw Suakim, Massawa—a veritable hell where the poor Italians suffer greatly from the climate—Jeddah, the port of Mecca, and Hodeidah, the port of Mocha.

The Indian Ocean was very rough.

On August 22nd we arrived in Zanzibar.

After several days of hard work and fruitless errands on all sides, occasioned by the new customs system of the German East African Company, we embarked on the 28th for Saadani, where we found Mr. Stokes[2] waiting for us. Having completed our final preparations, we proceeded on the 3rd to the "schamba" (plantation) of the Saadani governor. We waited three days there for all the porters to be assembled.

[2]Mr. Stokes is in charge of leading the caravan—an English merchant responsible for equipping and accompanying caravans going to the interior of the country.

There are thirteen hundred porters, only a quarter of them assigned to us; we therefore need worry only about ourselves, our donkeys, our soldiers, and the indispensable baggage.

From Saadani we proceeded westward, climbing gently across a very fertile and densely populated plain. Eight days later we were at an altitude of three hundred metres above sea level, which we maintained until reaching the Ngulu Mountains. Up to this point the country had been gently hilly, but then, after skirting the southern slope of a chain of hills for two days, we began to climb up. Maintaining ourselves at an altitude of seven hundred to one thousand metres, we crossed by forced march through a "pori"—an uncultivated and waterless region—until we reached a small stream. The sturdiest of the porters immediately turned back to help those who were exhausted. One man died along the way. We had walked for six hours, which for the porters amounts to nearly double the time. Our donkeys suffered greatly.

From there we crossed southward, through a pass at an altitude of one thousand metres, over a chain of mountains that forms the boundary between Kungulu and Usagara, and we descended into the Momboya Valley.

The "pori" abounded in romantic vistas. The heights are generally covered with thick forests or enormous walls of rock standing out boldly against the horizon. At the bottom of the valleys there is indeed water, but the caravan path passes wherever possible over the ridges to avoid steep ascents and descents. Ahead (to the southwest) rise mountains more than two thousand metres high, through which we must find our way tomorrow. I believe that a deep valley must accommodate the many caravans that, bound for Bagamoyo, prefer this northern route to the southern one. On the latter there are no heights, but there are swamps and the resulting fevers instead. Here the air is excellent. So far we have not suffered from any disease. In Zanzibar I did not feel nearly so well. From here we shall reach Mpwapwa in four days.

Mpwapwa, October 3rd

On the 27th we walked only two hours and had to stop as part of the caravan had fallen behind. We encountered isolated Masai who possess very fine herds of cattle, but they refuse to sell anything. We had already climbed to fourteen hundred metres and made camp at twelve hundred and fifty metres elevation. It was quite cool; the night was quite cold. On the 28th, continuing our ascent, we stopped after two hours in a district called Lubeo, which had been raided by the Masai. The next day we set out to cross, in a march of four and a half hours, a very beautiful and fertile plain. Three days later we reached Mpwapwa, where the German flag was flying. The commanding officer, Lieutenant Giese, is a very amiable man who came to visit us at once.

II

Kuikuru (Uyui), November 7, 1888

Departing on October 4th from Mpwapwa, where I had found in the German governor a man as learned as he was amiable, we crossed the "mkali of Marenga" (bitter waters) in a nine-hour march and reached Ugogo on the 7th. We crossed this country by little-frequented paths and by forced marches, for water is scarce there and we had to buy it at 50 to 60 cents per litre.

In Ugogo we suffered greatly from the heat. Monsignor Bridoux and Father Chantemerle were seized with high fever, and I had to intervene energetically to make them take care of themselves. In three days we had mastered the disease. The sick were transported to Ikungu through the "pori," which took six days to cross. Nothing but brambles and very little water! I had considerable trouble, and my donkey had a hard time.

As for my clothes, they were completely torn to shreds.

At Ikungu, where we arrived on October 28th, the great caravan had to separate. One part accompanied us as far as Kipalapala, near Tabora; the other, with Mr. Stokes, heads north to Victoria-Nyanza. When we tried to leave Ikungu on the 31st, the porters refused to continue their journey. Only the assurance that we are going to Tabora via Uyui—their homeland—could reassure them. For four days we crossed a waterless pori. On the last night, a lion devoured a stray donkey - the next day, however, we found the saddle.

Deprived of water, we set out on the evening of November 4th, despite having marched six hours that morning, and we walked until midnight. After an hour's rest, we set out again until five o'clock, when we found water. The exhauseted porters advanced very very slowly.

I took the head of the column and, with God's help, managed—despite a dark, stormy night—to follow the path for six hours over a ravaged terrain until we found a guide. At five o'clock we came upon villages, and good "pombé" (beer) restored us.

The next day, November 5th, we arrived at Kuikuru, the capital of Uyui, where our porters abandoned us en masse. Father Hauttecoeur from the Kipalapala station was waiting for us at this place. We visited the Sultan of Uyui; he does not demand "hongo" (tribute), but rather a gift, which amounts to the same thing. We gave him 200 francs worth of cloth, and he seemed satisfied with that. In exchange, he sent us two jugs of "pombé" and promised us an ox. Bishop Bridoux continued his journey with the others to Kipalapala, only a day's walk away. I am staying here with Father Herrebaut to find new porters and to get the caravan moving again tomorrow.

We are well lodged in the abandoned buildings of the English mission with all our provisions near at hand. The Sultan of Uyui has sent us his finest and most vicious ox. It took thirty men to drive him into our yard, but it was impossible to handle him until I shot him in the head. So we have beefsteak and all possible luxuries.

With his new crew of porters the caravan of Father Schynse arrived on November 8th at his destination: the Mission of Kipalapala, near Tabora.

In Kipalapala

Meanwhile, news of the events that had taken place on the coast had reached Tabora and thrown the Arabs of the region into the greatest agitation. From the day of Father Schynse's arrival, it became known that they had advised Sultan Sike of Tabora to massacre all the Europeans.[3]

But let us give the floor to Father Schynse himself.

III[4]

Kipalapala, December 12, 1888

Only once a month do we have postal communication with the rest of the world by means of couriers, but these are all too often stopped and robbed along the way, leaving us for entire months without news.

[3] Letter from the Apostolic Vicar, Msgr. Bridoux, November 10, 1888.

[4] This letter appeared in full in the Cologne People's Gazette, morning edition, February 26, 1889.

13 IN KIPALAPALA

We have been leading a very precarious existence, doubly precarious since news of the events on the Zanzibar coast reached us. Every day fighting could break out. The Arabs prepare in silence and seek to incite the natives.

The "tembé" (fortified building) of the Mission forms a square 70 metres on each side, completely surrounded by walls and reinforced at the four corners by bastions equipped with arrow holes. The well is inside, and we usually maintain a supply of provisions sufficient for several months. Twenty resolute men could defend the Mission against an army, but we lack them. The ill-disposition of the Wangwana of Tabora forced the missionaries to send their adult pupils north to Usambiro, where Arab influence had not yet penetrated. Therefore, in the Mission, besides the four Fathers, there are only four individuals capable of bearing arms. The limited resources of the Society do not allow maintaining a greater number.

And yet the expense would not be so great. Among the hundreds of Baganda emigrants who are now on the southern shore of the Nyanza, one could easily find a certain number of Christians or catechumens who would agree, in return for a suitable salary, to settle in Unyanyembe to protect the Mission there. (Baganda warriors are feared everywhere for their bravery.) Beyond armaments, the expenses would be reduced to perhaps 250 marks (312 francs 50 centimes) per year per person, and the aversion of the Baganda for the Wangwana—slaves and partisans of the Arabs—is so great that there would be no fear of an alliance between them. None of the native chiefs would dare incur the hostility of such a force.

The situation grows worse and worse. Already the Arabs have given Sultan Sike of Unyanyembe friendly advice to massacre all Europeans in his territory. It is out of self-interest that Sike refrains from doing so, because he hopes for gifts, and also out of fear of punishment.

Perhaps, too, he does not wish to give the Arabs complete free rein, being happy to balance the influence of these present masters with another element.

IV

Kipalapala, near Tabora, February 3, 1889

There is a deathly silence here. No messanger leaves for the coast, not one arrives. I do not know whether the letters from Mpwapwa and from here have made it through. Two couriers were arrested and robbed on the coast. These days we await the post from Zanzibar, but with great resignation. We have little hope of seeing it arrive. We do not know what is happening on the coast or in Europe. For the moment we have nothing to fear from local events and as for the future, it troubles us little, for God is its master and we will accept what He sends us. Our "tembé," protected by its enclosure of walls and towers complete with arrow holes, shelters us from attack. Our seven large dogs, feared for their ferocity, watch over us at night; but, as I have said, the future belongs to God.

So do not worry, even if our Mission has several difficult months ahead, and if perhaps—should things not improve on the coast—it may be a long time you will not hear from us. Bad news always finds its way to Europe - so no news is good news.

As for the land itself, it is beautiful and fertile as far as the border of Usagara, but from there on it becomes sad and deserted. From Mpwapwa to here (500 kilometres) I have not seen a single river. This country cannot be compared to the Upper Congo. The natives are the same, but less trusting than on the other side. The language belongs to the same family (Bantu); I am beginning to express myself with ease.

The terrain is flat, slightly undulating, but the soil is unfortunately sandy and barren. In the dry season there is no water; in the rainy season it finds little drainage and flows through the Malagarasi toward Tanganyika and the Congo.

The dwellings are called "tembés"; they are square buildings grouped around a courtyard where the cattle spend the night, sheltered from lions and leopards. We have about 50 oxen and cows, plus goats and sheep, but they give us little milk—though enough for the four of us. We have 60 children; for the moment we are not buying any more, until the situation improves. Half an hour a day I serve as schoolmaster; another half hour I conduct catechism. The rest of the time I am a tailor, and at present a wheelwright. I have made a two-wheeled cart that already excites the envy of the Mtemi (sultan). He demands one as well, for he wants to rebuild his capital half a league from here; however, he can wait. He would have to furnish me with four times as much wood and iron as I needed for mine, and he never will. He is an abominable drunkard.

My health is good. The first weeks I had a slight fever every fortnight (on Sundays), but for more than a month I have felt nothing, and I dare say I feel just as well as I did in the Congo. We have enough trade goods in our stores to live for two years, thank God.

V

Kipalapala, June 4, 1889[5]

Times are hard; everything is enormously expensive. Gunpowder, even the worst quality, costs 50 to 55 piastres per twenty pounds here. The price of cloth has doubled. Moreover, trade is completely stagnant; the Arabs therefore have time to attend to external affairs. So far we have not yet suffered directly from their hostility. The Mtemi (Sultan) of Unyanyembe does not permit any acts of violence, but we must purchase his goodwill through hard sacrifices, which in the long run we will be unable to continue.

[5]First published in the Cologne People's Gazette, December 1889.

So I think I shall write to you from another place at the next opportunity. The situation here is intolerable. At Victoria-Nyanza, on the other hand, there is great security. Were it not for the children, we would have already left.

You ask me for a description of our house and the surrounding area. Unyanyembe is gently undulating, crossed by granite ridges, and presents a pleasant appearance in the rainy season when everything is green. But fertility leaves much to be desired and cannot be compared to that of the Upper Congo. In our immediate vicinity the soil is sandy and produces only sweet potatoes and cassava. Cereals can only be grown on the large termite mounds (kisugulu). Nowhere is there running water; from Mpwapwa to here we have seen neither river nor stream. During the rainy season small streams form, which dry up after three days, and vast pools occupy the hollows, hindering and sometimes stopping progress because one sinks at every step.

Frequent accidents occur; the unwary sink into the completely saturated ground and meet their death. These wet and swampy places are used for rice cultivation.

Unyanyembein itself is worthless. What makes it important is its position between the coast, Tanganyika, and the Nyanza. The nomadic spirit of its inhabitants who, once their fields are cultivated, enlist by the thousands as porters in caravans. This is what led the Arab merchants to choose Unyanyembe as the centre of their enterprises. From the colonial point of view, this country has no value; but it is quite another matter if Germany wishes to combat energetically the traffic of the slave traders. All slaves exported from Zanzibar pass through here; it is here that the caravans of the North and West meet; it is from here that they depart for Tanganyika and the Nyanza as far as Karagwe. A fortified post could exert decisive influence. However, I do not believe that Wissmann will extend his resources this far; his means are too limited.

On the coast, a certain number of posts with garrisons of 50 to 100 men each, scattered throughout the country but close enough to each other to provide mutual assistance, would suffice to keep the territory in check. To be master of the situation here in Tabora, Germany would need 400 to 500 rifles in some fortified position. Thus it would dominate the country, but it could not do so without these, and it would cost half a million a year. There are Arabs who can field 200 or 300 slaves armed with guns. As for the natives, they could be more easily overcome.

Since I am speaking of fortified posts, I want to describe ours. Our Mission is utterly impregnable. If we had 100 men with good guns, no one would think of troubling us. It forms a square of 70 metres on each side, flanked at the four corners by towers containing arrow holes, and has only one entrance. The well is inside.

In the centre are the chapel, the storehouse, and several rooms forming a single building. The side buildings contain the church, the “baraza” (reception room), the workshop, the refectory, and the dormitories for the children. One and a half sides of the square are simply surrounded by walls; nothing has been built there. To protect the buildings from fire, they have been covered with clay, which is very unpleasant during the rainy season as the clay loosens and allows water to seep through. We were thinking of firing tiles during this season, but God seems to have decided otherwise. The compound currently houses 4 families, 4 missionaries, and 60 children. The older ones have already left for the North, and in a fortnight, God willing, I will follow them with the younger ones to bring them to safety.

In addition, we sometimes receive visitors. Recently some noise awakened me during the night. I searched with a light but found nothing. When I lay down, I felt something cold against my foot in the bed. Quick as lightning, I sprang up, relit the lamp, and seized my gun, but too late.

My black visitor—a spitting snake—had slipped behind a chest of drawers and thence into the roof, where I could not see him. The next day, after evening prayers, I went to my room, but as I passed through the door I felt the snake's tail brush against my neck and cheek. This time I succeeded in spotting the animal above the door, where my gun could not reach it. Father Superior brought two spears, and in this way, having pinned him by head and tail, we were able to bring him down. A shot finished him off; he was a metre and a half long and as thick as an arm.

Fortunately this animal never attacks; if you get too close to him, he spits his venom at you, and bites only if you mistreat him or step on him without seeing him. Besides, he is killed everywhere. Two days later, another visitor forced me to leave my room, but this time the danger was not so great. Whilst I was writing this letter, the children called me to the adjacent baraza; there was, they said, a very strange serpent—

I entered with my rifle and found a lizard two feet long. A vigorous blow with my stick forever ended its desire to warm itself in my bed. It is indeed beginning to get cold in this country; we have pigeons, and they attract vermin. We have to fight against many enemies here, beginning with the Arabs and ending with insects and reptiles—though the latter are still the least disagreeable.

There is news from the coast, and these gentlemen are beginning to feel the heat. It will cost us another 800 to 1,000 francs to persuade the Mtemi that everything is right and that we are his best friends. This has been going on for six months; God knows when and how it will end. That is why we are looking for an expedient solution. In the long run, this situation cannot continue, and for the rest of the journey, where things stand, half-measures are insufficient. Or else Germany must tolerate the machinations of the Arabs, including their hunting and slave trade, and then the Arabs will be favourable to her.

It matters little to them who rules on the coast, whether it is Saïd Pasha or Germany, provided that their caravans arrive and depart without hindrance, and that no one interferes with their trade—then they are content. Either Germany will put Christian civilization in opposition to Islam in her program, and then she can only maintain herself in East Africa by force, until the Arabs, hampered in their machinations, withdraw or submit, albeit grudgingly.

As for the natives, resistance is to be expected only if they are under Arab influence—that is to say, if they are converted to Mohammedanism. But to make slavery disappear completely from this country will take several centuries of work. It has become so deeply embedded in the life and ideas of the people that it can only be combated through the progress of Christian civilization, and that is our task. However, as I have already observed in the Congo, slavery among the Negro tribes is much less frightful than the slave trade organized by Islam.

Flight from Kipalapala to Victoria-Nyanza

Day by day, the situation of the missionaries at Kipalapala became more difficult, and the attitude of Sultan Sike more threatening. At every moment he demanded new "hongos" (presents), ever more expensive. The natives were forbidden to hire themselves out as porters to the missionaries. Moreover, the most insane accusations were spread against them; they were accused of having dug a mine from their dwelling to the residence of the sultan, in order to blow him up along with his entire capital[6].

Under these conditions, the missionaries along with the wards of the Mission resolved to abandon the station and take refuge on the southern bank of Victoria-Nyanza. To avoid any suspicion, they wanted to leave Kipalapala in two groups: Fr. Schynse first, with the youngest children; the others, with the older ones, were to follow them at a distance of four days.

[6]Letter from Fr. Chevalier, Notre-Dame-des-Exilés, Nyagezi, September 20, 1889.

Fr. Schynse recounts the flight and the journey to Nyanza in the following two letters[7]:

VI

Usongo (4° 13' .mid), July 12, 1889.

What I had foreseen in my last letter has happened; we have abandoned Kipalapala. It was high time! I left on June 30th with about 280 porters, 36 children (all small or sick), 11 soldiers (askari), and one lay brother (Fr. Pierre). Fortunately, without losing a single load or child, and without firing a shot, I arrived at Uyui, the chief town of a neighboring tribe, where Sultan Kanoni taxed me heavily, it is true, but nevertheless let me pass without hindrance.

[7]Both published in the Cologne People's Gazette, morning edition, November 26, 1889.

After a day's rest, I left Uyui, heading northeast in short stages and waiting for news from Kipalapala. Frs. Hauttecœur and Chevalier were to leave on the evening of July 4 with the rest of the children. However, on July 6th they were not yet at Uyui, when they should have arrived there on the morning of the 5th. Full of anxiety, I pressed on another day, but then I heard various news which convinced me to reach this place (Usongo) in two forced marches. The Mtemi (prince) is favorable to the Europeans and offers us his protection. I waited two more long days. At last some messangers arrived who told me that the Fathers were at Uyui, but completely despoiled. Yesterday they arrived here exhausted, and here we are reunited again.

What had happened? My caravan had been saved by a miracle. Some of our enemies, Arabs from Kuihara, near Tabora, had sent their slaves to Mashemo, our first encampment, in order to plunder the caravan.

It is customary to stop for a few days at the first camp, so that everyone can gather there. However, I had enough porters. Replacing a few stragglers, I set out the next morning, instead of lingering, for I was in a hurry to cross the notorious "pori" which separated me from Uyui. When the Arabs arrived around noon, they found the nest empty, and no doubt learned that I must already be near Uyui, and that there was nothing more to be done. They set off, meditating a new move, which this time half succeeded.

At Unyanyembe the rumour had spread that my caravan had been plundered, that I had been shot in the leg, but that I had nevertheless escaped, and other similar tales. It was added that I had been robbed again at Uyui, and from all this the Fathers decided to wait another day. But Sike came to them (see the end of the letter of August 14) and said to them: 'The Arabs want to kill you. Give me 100 pieces of cloth (worth 2,500 francs) and I will prevent them.' But the house was entirely empty; I had taken everything with me, except for 6 rolls.

We bought 40 loads from an Arab friend of ours (Seif ben Saïd) and we gave a promissory note on Zanzibar for the rest.

Thus came July 5th. In the evening, around 9 o'clock, under an overcast sky, the Fathers left the house under the guidance of two Zanzibari, perfectly familiar with the road and in our service for seven years. They were traitors who sold out the missionaries. Instead of taking them to Uyui, they led them with the children and seven porters, heavily laden with church ornaments, to Kuihara, where they disappeared. Ignorant of the route, the Fathers waited until morning, when they found their way again; but it was too late. They were immediately attacked and separated by a mob of Wangwanas and Wanyamuesi. The Father Superior wanted to take refuge in the house of an Arab from Kuihara; he was shown the door; he was treated in the same way by another.

Some Wasukuma defended their charges with rifle fire; others fled. The Father Superior forbade the use of arms and took the road to Tabora, surrounded by a screaming crowd that was constantly growing.

Fortunately, he arrived at the house of Seif ben Saïd who received him with true Arab hospitality, immediately armed his slaves, and had his windows walled up, thus putting his house in a state of defence. At the same time he sent ten of his most resolute men to Kuihara, to assist Father Chevalier. They arrived in time to save him— a bullet from his own gun had already whistled by his ears. Five children, almost all the guns, and all the luggage were lost. However, three of the children returned; Sike had taken them prisoner and was sending them back, trembling for the payment of his draft. A fourth child had run away and followed my trail. He joined my men at Ndala, four leagues north of Uyui, where I had left my donkeys, my tents, etc. Finally, a fifth child had also fled and was safe with Seif benSaïd.

The latter behaved like a true gentleman. They threatened to burn down his house, but he swore that they would only get to the whites by passing over his body. Another Arab from Tabora made the following statement:

“Let the Fathers stay with Seif until they have made him spend his last roll of cloth, and then come to me; as long as I have a load of powder and an “upande” (two dollars), they will lack nothing, and then we will all go together to our neighbour’s.”

We see that not all the Arabs are our enemies; on the contrary, the most powerful wish us well. Kuihara is hostile to us, but on the other hand Tabora is generally favourable to us. The Fathers stayed three days at Seif's; then, under the guard of the Arab and his slaves, they left this hospitable house at midnight, walking barefoot so as not to leave any recognizable traces. Seif left them at the border of Unyanyembe, but his slaves accompanied them to Usongo, marching day and night, and covering one hundred and forty kilometres in three stages. Tomorrow we intend to leave all together for the North, now that the danger is over. We are reunited and have only resolute people around us.

The traitors are gone, and from among our soldiers some cowards have fled at the first rumours, among them a brother of the one who betrayed the Fathers to Kuihara. The loss amounted to twenty guns, a few bed-covers, two chalices, a ciborium with its lid, and finally six rolls of cloth. Seif gave his guests provisions for the journey, cloths, and ammunition. His conduct cannot be praised enough.

VII

Our Lady of Kamoga (Bukumbi, on the southern bank of Victoria-Nyanza), August 14, 1889.

If my last letter, dated from Usongo on July 12, reached you, it informed you that we have abandoned Kipalapala. I left our house on June 29, with almost all the luggage, accompanied by 280 porters and 36 children, all small or sick. My hasty departure on June 30 thwarted the plans of the Arabs and Wangwanas of Kuihara, who wanted to plunder the caravan. They arrived at the abandoned camp around noon, but we were six hours ahead, and they could not think of reaching us.

Unmolested, I crossed the 'pori' (uncultivated and waterless country, covered with brushwood) so ill-reputed, and from there I slowly reached Usongo after having paid a large 'hongo' (tribute) to the 'Mtemi' (prince). Only once, during the crossing of the pori, did I hear a war-cry resounding to the right and left, which caused a general panic and made the whole caravan run. However, we put on a good face; I ran with a few askari (soldiers) to the rear of the column and, threatening to fire, I made the crowd that followed us retreat. At the end of half an hour all was calm, but the children were horribly tired.

At Usongo I was received in a friendly manner by the wife of the Mtemi, and lodged in the house of Mr. Stokes, (I had travelled with him from Zanzibar). He himself is at this moment on the Nyanza. At the end of three days Frs. Hauttecœur and Chevalier arrived with the oldest of our children.

They had been saved as if by a miracle. Seif ben Saïd protected them, lodged them for three days, and then had them accompanied by his people to Usongo.

We left this place on July 13th. The same evening a gale tore our large tent into three pieces. This gave us a lot of trouble for the rest of the journey. We encamped at Ngulu, and then marched nine hours across the sun-scorched plain of Wayonga, stopping only when we found water. The next day after two and a half hours, we reached the river Samui which the Mtemi calls Masali; but we were too tired to go any further. After camping on the frontier, we set out the next day, July 16th, for Kuikuru (the capital). There we got underway on July 17th. The year before, Father Girault had been attacked in Usanda, but the attackers were badly beaten, and they lost 5 dead. So we could not go there, and we had to take the direction of Kisumbi, Shinyanga, and Nindo.

In all these villages it was necessary to pay a hongo; 60 to 70 dotis of cloth. A doti measures 2m,50.

In Usongo, that part of the country which is not cultivated is a vast plain scorched by the sun, almost entirely devoid of trees, and often rendered impassable by thickets of thorny mimosas.

During the rainy season, almost the entire land is flooded. At present, as a result of the heat, the ground is entirely cracked, which makes walking very difficult. Our children suffered terribly. We had found Mr. Stokes' donkey in Usongo; we had three of these animals, each of which bore two or three children. Eight to ten others were carried on the shoulders of the porters, two in hammocks. A boy died on arriving in Nindo.

In this place, a pharmaceutical error, for which no one was responsible, put me on the verge of death. From then on my part in the caravan was over.

My bed was tied to a pole, and a dozen Wasukuma carried me to the next camp in the pori, and thence to Sarawi, where I was deposited in a native hut. We stayed there two days, during which I was able to take a little milk. Later we continued the march to the frontier of Urima, in the direction of Kwa Shikimayi (named after the village chief), where my porters stretched me out under a granite rock. After an hour came a vigorous Msukuma, who spoke to me in his language, of which I understood only the word 'tent'; then he lifted me up, carried me to the village under the tent that had served me for my journey from the coast, and laid me on Father Girault's bed. The latter had come to meet us. Near Shikimayi begins the tortuous gulf of Urima, which I must soon recall. This good tent and a few delicacies (eggs and milk) comforted me so much that the next day I was able to take twenty paces, leaning on a man. Then another walk to Nkengé, where we stayed for two days.

Then a boat arrived from Bukumbi. Bishop Livinhac, informed of my condition, had sent it to take me quickly to his house. These two days spent in Nkengé had done me good; I could already walk alone, though my head was as troubled as that of a drunken man. Strange to say, the best remedy for my condition was wine. For two days I suffered from complete paralysis of the intestines; whatever I ate or drank I threw up after a quarter of an hour. Then I drank half a bottle of wine at once, and my recovery began.

"On August 1st I embarked at the port of Nkengé. This very picturesque country made little impression on me; I was still too weak. After a rowing trip that lasted four hours, we landed at Bukumbi. I walked the twenty minutes to the Mission of Our Lady of Kamoga, leaning on a spear. My head was still too weak to be able to mount the donkey that had been sent to meet me, and my limbs were as if broken through the journey on the backs of the porters.

When I arrived at the Mission, I was cared for by Mr. Livinhac himself. He brought me some chartreuse, wine, milk, eggs, etc.; I am afraid that he has made a great breach in our scanty provisions. But after two days I was already able to devote myself to some work and appear in the refectory. In spite of everything, however, I had to drink half a bottle of good red wine (from Maison-Carrée) every day until my strength was completely restored. Now it's all happily over.

Here in Bukumbi, I am involved in scientific work and wood cutting. Yesterday we went out on our donkeys to go see and measure some tree trunks. On Monday, August 19th, I will go to Usambiro to determine the geographical position and also to choose tree trunks in the forest. The station begun at this place has been abandoned, the population decreasing every day as a result of emigration. We have from 15 to 20 natives busy felling wood, but they chop at the trunks that have not been indicated to them.

So I go there to show them the wood that must be felled. We have a house in good condition. Djuma, an excellent saddle donkey, which his masters sold to us because he disconcerted all the Arabs who wanted to ride him, carries me there in a few hours. The distance is about 25 kilometres.

Now this animal is very gentle; our children can play between his legs and tease him without him moving. His former master regrets having gotten rid of him, but too late.

There are at present sixteen of us on the south bank of the Nyanza, and in addition four English missionaries and Mr. Stokes. Three days' walk from here there is an Arab station and a caravan. These Arabs are very afraid that we will make them pay for what they did to us in Uganda and Kipalapala. For four nights they did not sleep, expecting an attack that would have been fatal for them, the whole country being hostile to them. Their business is very bad in Uganda; from Usongo to the present time we hear nothing but curses against them.

A word from us, and in two days their station would be in flames. But God will judge between them and us. If anyone wanted to trouble us here, guns would decide. We have enough guns and ammunition, and our young men—for we have adults here—know how to use them. Our house is well fortified and furnished with arrow holes. At Kipalapala they wanted to attack us in our house but, it was said, one of these whites was at each corner, and the attack would have cost too many lives. Here I am called 'fundi yabunduki' (master of the gun) and 'kimarrandege' (bird eater).

Mwanga was our guest for three months, and then the Waganda begged him to return. He did so, followed by all the Christians, defeated the Arabs in several encounters and besieged them in the capital; the whole country is devoted to him. The second king installed by the Arabs had died as a result of circumcision. Karema, the third of their type, has burned all his brothers and sisters, the children of Mtesa, and reigns with such cruelty that he has driven away all the Mwanga people.

He frankly declared that his cruelty had its source in certain prejudices, or had been inspired by bad advisers, all of whom had already ended badly. His most faithful servants were, he said, the Christians, and his kingdom was in future open to whites. At present three of his boats are still here (on the south bank of Victoria-Nyanza) and the crews have come to invite us to return to Uganda. We could choose anywhere in the country the place where we would like to settle. If we did not come to him, he would come to us with all his followers; he no longer wanted to live apart from us.

Consequently, three missionaries will no doubt embark for Uganda, in order to go and see what is happening and to distribute spiritual aid to the many Christians of that region.

According to a rumour that has reached here in recent days, Karema has fled to the north, leaving the kingdom to his brother. Emin Pasha is said to have victoriously invaded Unyoro and is said to be very close to the frontier of Uganda.

Mwanga is said to have sent an ambassador to inform him that his kingdom was open to him. However, this rumour deserves confirmation. Casati would be safe near Emin Pasha. An Arab from Tripoli (North Africa), who was in their service, was killed in Unyoro; Casati would have escaped. I have no news from Stanley.

If God arranges things for the better, abandoning Kipalapala will have had only happy consequences. There are so many of us here that we can vigorously continue the mission of Uganda. Besides, we are safe. The Arabs and the Wangwanas were hated and had to leave their post at Magu after the final victory of Mwanga (Magu is located 80 kilometres east of us, on the lake). Mwanga is determined not to suffer them on the Nyanza; a word from him will suffice for the Wasukuma to expel them. Hitherto he has respected the lives of the Arabs and Wangwanas who have fallen into his hands, because they have not shed the blood of the whites, his friends, and he wants to continue to spare them; but he insists on keeping them away from the country for good.

This year, as we can see, the situation has changed a great deal. Uganda was torn from the hands of Islam and opened up to Europeans. The latter will find a more direct route through this country to get from the coast to Nyanza. We will be able to receive our supplies by this route, but it will take a few more years. Fortunately we still have trade goods for three or four years; what we will miss will be European products such as clothes, shoes, tea, wine, tools, etc. Coffee we find in the country itself; we receive more than we need from Uganda and the coast of Nyanza, where it grows in the wild. We replace sugar with honey. Our garden gives us vegetables and wheat which allows us to make bread from time to time.

A long and deep ditch brings water to the garden, which allows us to irrigate it in all seasons. The natives bring us more rice than we use. Meat is not expensive; an ox costs from 20 to 25 francs. Our pharmacy at Kipalapala, so well stocked, arrived here without the slightest accident; so we have everything we need to spend a few years in this country, until the road is opened.

"There is talk of bloody defeats that the Arabs might have suffered on the coast. Wissmann, it was said, had lured Buschiri into a trap and completely beaten him. Buschiri wanted to take revenge on the German post of Mpwapwa, but our two brave compatriots, informed of the approach of the band by the natives, took up arms, distributed powder and bullets to a few hundred Wagogo, their allies, and surprised the Arab camp at daybreak when nothing was suspected, and caused a terrible carnage there. Only a few escaped and scattered into the undergrowth.

One of the Arab chiefs, or, according to other reports, Buschiri himself, remained on the field of battle[8].

If these rumours are well founded, and it must be known in Germany, the route will soon be open. The Arabs of Tabora have even more interest in it than we do. They have ivory in their stores, but few items of exchange. Twenty pounds of gunpowder (for us completely unusable) is worth 55 piastres, at 4 fr. 70 c. per piastre. The distress of the Arabs may well have contributed to the protection that those among them, who trade with the coast, have granted to Father Hauttecœur against their non-merchant compatriots and against the rabble of the Wangwanas. They wanted to conciliate the goodwill of the Europeans so that their caravans could cross the territory occupied by the Germans without hindrance.

[8]In these rumours there is truth and falsehood. They relate to the assault on Buschiri's camp by Wissmann (May 8) and to the attempted coup de main on the German station of Mpwapwa by Buschiri on June 28. In this surprise attack, Nielsen was killed, and Lieutenant Giese owed his salvation only to the rapidity of his flight.

For Seif ben Saïd, however, we must suppose that he had more honourable motives. He had many dealings with us, we saw him coming every week, and he was always very loyal in the many affairs we dealt with together. On the other hand, Ali ben Sultan is a rascal, no better than Sike, the Mtemi of Unyanyembe, whose son robbed Father Chevalier and would have killed him without the intervention of Seif ben Saïd's people. Sike himself had established posts on all the roads to have the missionaries killed on their departure from Unyanyembe, but he could not succeed. The next day he sent a 'mitumba' (one man's load) of various fabrics to Uyui in order to persuade the Mtemi Canoni to send the missionaries and children back to Unyanyembe. But Canoni, who is an enemy of Sike, refused. The articles stolen from the missionaries almost all went to the house of Sike, who had shown himself to be a royal bandit in this instance. However, in the presence of the rumours related above, he must be feeling quite uncomfortable.

He often sends ivory caravans to the coast, and now that we have escaped from him, he fears that we will have them seized as compensation for the theft he has committed to our prejudice.

It has also been claimed that 'Bwana Makonga' (the well-known and feared African traveller, Mr. Reichard) was coming with several hundred men to subdue Unyanyembe to the “Wadeutschi” (Germans), and, as he had promised three years ago, to plant Sike's head on the end of a pike. This would give great pleasure to his subjects, whom he forbids to hire themselves out as porters. A German post in Unyanyembe would certainly exercise a great deal of influence over the Arabs, and one can only hope for its creation in the interest of civilization and the security of the Europeans. But Germany is quite busy on the coast, so we cannot hope for a post in Unyanyembe any time soon.

On the other hand, such a post could only be considered as a way station on the route to Tanganyika and Nyanza, since ivory—the sole export commodity—is found now only in small quantities between the two lakes. The ivory trade comes from Uganda, Karagwé, and Manyéma.

I would gladly write longer letters, but we must keep our packages as small as possible, sending only the most essential items apart from correspondence with our superiors. In order to pass through safely, our couriers are obliged to hide everything carefully among their provisions and beneath their clothing. For if they are recognized as being in the service of Europeans, they are robbed and sometimes killed. We are all in the same predicament—English, French, and German alike."

We now add a more recent letter from Father Schynse, which provides interesting details about the course of events in Uganda and the complete defeat of the Arabs.

VIII.

Zanzibar, March 4, 1890

Yesterday I was interrupted by the arrival of mail from Uganda. Thanks be to God and the courage of the Christians, Islam has been definitively defeated. At the beginning of October, after several, often unfortunate, battles, the two Christian forces—that of the mainland and that of the islands—met in the vicinity of Rubaga. On the 4th, with 2,000 rifles and many spears they attacked the Mohammedan army, which was said to have 5,000 rifles, many of them breech-loading, and completely defeated it. Far from accepting the pardon offered to them, with their lives spared and favourable treatment, the Arabs fortified themselves in the ruins of our old mission at Rubaga, where they rallied their supporters and slaves during the night.

See the Cologne People's Gazette, morning edition of March 28, 1890. The Journal de Bruxelles (supplement of March 30) has published a long letter from Fr. Denoit on the victory of Mwanga, the subject of Fr. Schynse's present account.

On the morning of October 5th, the Christians attacked this position; repulsed three times, they breached the ruins on the fourth assault, and victory was complete. Those enemies who did not fall sought safety in flight.

Karéma himself was swept along by the routed masses. The Christians pursued the fugitives as far as the borders of Unyoro. The greater part of the Arabs and their slaves perished, three were taken prisoner, and a few reached Unyoro, where Karéma rallied his scattered followers. He had again assembled 700 men, with whom he intended to fight his way to the Mahdists. Kabarega, chief of Unyoro forbade him to remain in his kingdom, and Mwanga immediately sent a strong detachment to the borders of Unyoro. On October 11th, Mwanga made a triumphal entry. On the 12th, the missionaries, Father Lourdel and Father Denoit, arrived.

Our house having been partially looted and being uninhabitable because of the corpses piled up in it, Mwanga assigned to the Fathers the house formerly inhabited by Katekiro—the same man who, just one year before on October 12, 1888, had driven them from their home.

—*Digitus Dei est hic*: the finger of God is here.

The first battle was fought on the hill where the Christians were burned in 1886, the decisive battle in the ruins of our Mission, and amid the acclamations of the people, the missionaries took possession of the house of their persecutor, which had been ruined by the war. On October 5th, the Christians had many wounded but no deaths, and among the natives the wounds almost always heal. Despite its many losses during the war, our Christian community has grown considerably. A young man was able to present to the missionaries 40 catechumens, all perfectly instructed; it is said that the number of Catholics increased by 300 during the one-year absence of the missionaries; this is an assertion of the Wagandas, which may well be correct.

Mwanga sent a flotilla across the lake to Bukumbi, and Bishop Livinhac embarked for Uganda with two missionaries. Now more than ever the word of the Lord is justified: 'The harvest is rich, but the labourers are few.'

From Tanganyika only uncertain rumours reach us. It is known from the Arabs that they fought against each other on the shore of the lake and that, in a battle fought at Ujiji, 24 Arabs were killed."

Father Schynse's stay in Bukumbi, where he had arrived on August 1, 1889, was not to be of long duration. When Stanley and Emin Pasha appeared on Victoria-Nyanza, the Missionary quickly made preparations to leave for the coast with Father Girault, who had become half blind.

It was during the journey from Lake Victoria to Zanzibar that Father Schynse kept this diary.

The same qualities which *Petermann's Mittheilungen* extol in the author of the *Journal of a Journey to the Congo*—sound and considered judgment, gift of observation—are also displayed in this travelogue.

The narration is simple and natural, leaving the impression of fresh reality and complete truth. The countries through which the missionary travels, the native tribes with whom he comes into contact, the hardships of a journey into the interior of Africa—all this is described in a concise but perfectly clear manner. The diary becomes more interesting from the moment when the author meets Stanley and Emin Pasha along the way.

Stanley's expedition had been in progress for more than two years in the dark continent heading toward Emin Pasha and his companions. These two famous African explorers are presented to us in characteristic detail.

.

The author, who is still in Zanzibar today, is preparing to undertake another great journey into the interior of Equatorial Africa. It was his family who graciously made available to the publisher the journal he had dedicated to them

In general, I publish it as it was written during the journey. Since the narrative was not accompanied by an exact map of the route travelled, and the geographical positions were not recorded, it was not possible to make use of the many new matters it contained. The various maps of this part of Africa, which have recently appeared, give a very sufficient overview of it. Among others is the famous map of Africa in ten sheets, edited by Habenicht, on a scale of 1:4,000,000, Section of the Territory of the Lakes (VIII), 2nd edition, Gotha.

Cologne, May 8, 1890.

Karl HESPERS.