

Correspondence.

CAPTAIN BURTON AND MR. COOLEY.
To the Editor of "OCEAN HIGHWAYS."

SIR,—If I am a "skilful artist in words," Mr. Cooley is not, except in the noble art of shrewing. If "truth may be briefly told," Mr. Cooley has not attempted to tell it in the five lengthy columns inflicted upon you and your readers. If I endeavour to fly, however humbly, Mr. Cooley *serpit humi*, his specialty is to crawl, and to bruise heels. This exhibition of peevishness cannot cause "blind fury and desperation." After a hearty laugh at the portrait of myself, I felt a manner of pity towards the writer, mixed with something less complimentary.

With a new and interesting field of archæology before me, the "Castellieri" of Istria and Cherso Island, I find it a waste of time, and a dreary task, to occupy your valuable space with answers to the tissue of sneers, irrelevance, and personal abuse; the special pleading, and the obsolete fallacies, which cannot even be touched upon without a sacrifice of time and space. It is weary work to slay the slain; to notice that the "Zambeze at Sena has always been called the Cuama;" to read about the map dictated by the "very intelligent Arab;" the fifteen-year-old wrangling anent the "Sea of Ujiji," and the "Sea of Tanganyika," *versus* "Lake Tanganyika" and Unyamwezi—words accepted by the geographical world, which numbers millions, not including this "little Mortara;" to mortify oneself with the non-existing town "Zangañica," with the time-dishonoured details about "Nasib the Miao," Captain Speke and Mr. Erhardt; with the blundering "Sowahily," and the unvenerable nonsense "Muenemuzi." Again, "Kinyika, or mainland dialect," is used to explain a Central African word. Would your readers believe that "Kinyika" is the tongue absolutely confined to a small tribe behind Mombasah? Is it not hard for me, after drawing up five vocabularies—Kisawahili, Kizaramo, Kisagara, Kigogo, and Kinyamwezi—with specimens of sundry others, doctorally to be told such an absurdity? But, as a duty to the Royal Geographical Society, and to those who read the *Lands of the Cazembe*, I feel bound, for this last time, to intrude the "Opener of Inner Africa" upon you and your readers. The least intelligent critic will gather from his latest effusion how few and unimportant are the errors which he has picked out. One of the counts in his charge, indeed, is that I have not applied the pleasant term "totally untrue" to some insignificant mistake of Dr. Livingstone! The greatest African traveller of this, or of any age, cannot be forgiven a small inaccuracy about "Pereira and Lacerda!" Worse still, Dr. Livingstone "persists"—with all the world, be it said "by way of deference to his patrons,—in calling Nyanja (the ex-N'yassi), 'Nyassa!'" What a wilful waste of precious time to write or to read such a farrago!

I am asked to "endeavour to answer, in plain and few words," four questions, which are put in a style both diffuse and unintelligent. Nothing is easier than to dispose of the little which is tangible and comprehensible in them.

No. 1. I know from those who have conversed with Major Gamitto that he particularly objected to taking upon himself the whole credit of the volume. He insisted upon its being called Monteiro and Gamitto's. This little detail well illustrates what we may expect from the "Great Comparative." He *may* know something of the inside of books; he certainly knows nothing beyond them. And his incuriousness is peculiar; apparently he never asked the "black fellow" (Nasib) what his African name was.

No. 2. Had the opener of Inner Africa objected only to my assertion, that Dr. de Lacerda "was nine months

in the (Cazembe's) country," I should simply have owned my mistake. But with his usual uncandid hypercriticism he made me assert that the Brazilian traveller entered the capital, as he indeed did, when I asserted nothing of the kind. Exploring like campaigning is a series of mistakes, and he is the greatest who makes the least. But please observe how just and generous it is for the "Geographer of N'yassi" to dwell upon a trivial error made in 1859-60. He who informs us that the "followers of the unfortunate governor, panic-struck, fled precipitately, and the whole property, including a good sum in gold, remained in the Cazembe's hands"—that Cazembe Lequéza, whose humanity, justice, and hospitality are so highly praised by the Second Expedition! He who assures us in another page that the Cazembe refused the explorer "permission to proceed westward," when he tells us (*Daily Telegraph*, August 27th, 1869), "the truth is that Lacerda was not received at all, but died before he reached the place." He who wrote (*Ocean Highways*, June, 1873,) that "Lacerda died at a distance from the capital of two days' journey, when his cenotaph was shown to Monteiro and Gamitto (pp. 317, 327) at Pêmbué the old—distant about a league and a half from the modern—settlement! He who, in opening *Inner Africa* (p. 34), makes the good Cazembe send to "draw two of Padre Francisco's teeth," and, in 1869 (*Daily Telegraph*), extended the threat to all the clerical dentition! With these important errors, important because they show how superficially the "carping critic" reads, and how loose is the texture of the "punctilious writer's" mind and memory, one might have expected him to be silent about my one mistake of nine months, made nearly a decade and a half ago. "The mote and the beam" have in his case been spoken to no purpose.

No. 3. Monteiro and Gamitto were not comparative geographers, thank goodness! They recorded what they saw; and, when repeating what they heard, they often objected to offer an opinion, a modesty contrasting singularly with his who created the "Central Sea." They were told of two lakes, the Nhanja Mercurio (Greater Nyanja) and Nhanja Pangono (Lesser Nyanja). I have assumed the latter to mean the Nyassa, or Kilwa water, because we are expressly told (p. 48) that the Mujaos (Waheáo) dwell near its eastern bank. This tribe is known to inhabit the interior between Kilwa and the Nyassa water (not "drinking-water" by-the-bye), and no eye-witness has made it extend northwards into the Tanganyika basin. Consequently, I believe the Greater Nyanja to represent the Tanganyika, a feature of which travellers to the Cazembe's country cannot but have heard. But it must be remembered that the explorers knew as little about the Tanganyika as Mr. Cooley himself, who, after a quarter of a century's study, only now begins coyly to admit its possible existence. The reports of old travellers applied to fresh discoveries, will always, I need hardly say, be a matter of conjecture, concerning which different people will have different opinions: some will prefer to explain the two Nhanjas by the Nyassa and Shirwa waters. But none but one, and one only, will, I presume, think of the "Central Sea."

No. 4. The sufficient reply to this rambling and disjointed query is a reference to the maps of 1845 and of 1852, embodying Mr. Cooley's unintelligent appreciation of the venial errors made by the Portuguese explorers, and his servile copying of what he could not rectify. It is hardly worth while here to repeat what has been said upon this point in the *Lands of the Cazembe* (pp. 76, 99). Mr. Keith Johnston's map shows the Luapula River connecting, as Dr. Livingstone ascertained by personal inspection, the Bangweolo with the Moero, the latter provisionally considered to be one of the reservoirs of the Nzádi, Zaire or Congo River. It has abolished that Luapula which Cooleyan acumen began from a range of hills, and ended by throwing into "The Lake." The Bua is shown flowing to the

Nhanja (Nyassa), whose reservoir is easily confounded with its main affluent the Shire. "Rio," in fact, here corresponds with our provincial word "broad" or "broads," recommended by Southey. And why wrangle about Dr. de Lacerda when neither the first nor the second Portuguese expeditions saw either of the lakes, about which Dr. Livingstone has sent home exact details?

Mr. Cooley's other objections are disposed of as easily as his questions are answered. I should have explained that the word "Pombeiros" does not necessarily mean "black slaves." Mostly, these men were free; and, Merolla (*Pinkerton*, xvi., vocabulary and elsewhere) makes them buyers of slaves, and as a rule Mulattos. They became servile in the later day of which Lopes de Lima speaks. Monteiro and Gamitto (p. 412) call the two Pombeiros in question "*Agentes commerciaes*." A whole paragraph of Mr. Cooley's last attack of spleen is given to a "*lapsus calami*" (p. 50), where "lower" Aruanga was written for "upper." In p. 23, I have inadvertently confused Dr. Livingstone's information about the meaning of "Zambezi" with that of Mr. Cooley, who seems to have "fish on the brain." I apologize to the former, and I shall correct the latter in another place. My "blunder" over the word "Pire," as the uncandid writer well knows, is textually taken from Monteiro and Gamitto (pp. 66 and 426). "Pire" here does not mean No. 2, although Posse the northern fork is No. 1. Mr. Cooley actually affects to ignore that there is a Portuguese league independent of latitude, although the Second Expedition uses at one time (p. xxi) the short league of 3000 paces, and, in reducing total distances, employs (p. 235), the long league of eighteen to the degree.

In my turn, I now ask Mr. Cooley a single question, and I venture to hope that this geographical Proteus, "hard to find and hard to bind," will answer without the usual shuffling, fencing, and skirmishing. It is this, "Does he still hold to the existence of the 'Lake,' of his 'Great Central Sea?'" Let him speak the truth, for once, like a man, and not wriggle, as he has done, out of his old position. Let him cry "Peccavi," and not act it. Already his map in *Nature* (Nov. 18, p. 18), shows the Tanganyika, and, hey presto! whips round the "New Zambesi" (for Chambeze) from east to west. After some thirty years he has thrown overboard, in the latest effusion, his "N'yassi," and he has distinguished the "Tanganyika Lake" from the "Southern-water." At the same time he repeats all the old and obsolete arguments which proved the capital of the Cazembe to be flanked eastward by a single long, narrow lake, extending four degrees north-west, and three degrees south-east of it. Even he can hardly deny that Dr. Livingstone has lately thrice marched over "the Sea," without its being miraculously opened for a passage. May he have the conscience to confess those prodigious errors which during a quarter of a century have defaced and disgraced more than one English map of Africa. Thus only shall we be persuaded, when comparing his crotchets and vagaries with the maps of *Ocean Highways* or any modern map, to cease exclaiming—

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this!"

The reader, after wading through nearly five columns, in which Mr. Cooley has convicted me of not sufficiently explaining "Pombeiros," of substituting "lower" for "upper," and of making him agree in interpreting "Zambeze" with Dr. Livingstone, may be curious to know the meaning of all this bother, the *primum mobile* of this teapot storm. Those behind the scenes have no difficulty in explaining it.

Mr. Cooley began geographical life, in 1832 (No. xix. *Foreign Quarterly*), with detecting certain frauds and fallacies in the journey of the unfortunate adventurer Durville. My forthcoming volume upon the Congo River will show that the review was one succession of mis-

apprehensions and mistakes; in fact, that except only in the purely mechanical part, it was better to be wrong with M. Durville than to be right with Mr. Cooley. His next step was in 1845, when in the geography of N'yassi (Vol. xv., *Journal Royal Geographical Society*) he gave some useful hints, reduced half a dozen lakes to one, distorted half the rivers of the Eastern Interior, and succeeded admirably in making the Lake Regions of Central Africa utterly unlike what they are. His third act, in 1852 (*Inner Africa laid open*), added to his crimes, by barbarously beheading the Zambeze, and by throwing the amputated upper member into a swamp or—nowhere. I will not occupy your space with his later feats, which are not unworthy of his former fame.

The first glance of the explorer demolished all this rubbish heap. Dr. Livingstone and I gave the map of Inner Africa an aspect undreamt of by the "Great Comparative." But he was not to be abolished after that fashion. His "little game" was to deny *in toto* our right to explode his delusions and to postulate that we had orders to upset his theoretical fabrics.

Although the world at large perhaps ignores it, there was in No. 15, Whitehall Place—there is in No. 1, Savile Row—a college of wicked magicians, against whom even the champion of Truth and the Inland Sea cannot prevail. These merlins mostly delight in surrounding travellers with a mysterious darkness, and, like the sirens of old, in misleading them for their own foul ends. The Royal Geographical Society—such is the "respectable mask" worn by the dark conclave—suppressed in Dr. Livingstone's first volume "all the information gleaned from good Portuguese sources" by the comparative Mr. Cooley, and, constituting themselves the great explorer's guides and advisers, they made for him a "disgracefully erroneous map." That Satanic Council had poisoned my mind as to "the Lake" before I left London: "dictated by illiberal jealousy," it could not give me the information whose existence it had denied, and thus I became its "easy dupe." Vainly I published every word of instructions received from my Expedition Committee; vainly I denied all knowledge of the childish disputes between rival pedants; vainly my friends know that many years have elapsed since I have allowed myself morally or physically to go in leading strings. But I had utterly abolished "N'yassi," and a reason, of course an unworthy one from an unworthy source, must be found for the procedure, so great is the littleness of disappointed vanity!

Those who wish to learn more of the subject, will find it all in the *Supplementary Papers to the Muatá Cazembe* (Journal of Dr. de Lacerda), by the translator, lately published by Messrs. Trübner.

Mr. Cooley will have the lash, and he shall have it. *I bring a heavier charge against him even than "alternate servility and insolence." During the last twenty years he has shown himself systematically ungrateful to every traveller who has corrected his misapprehensions and mistakes, and who has taught him his own specialty, the geography of Inner Africa.* This dwarf has attempted to mutilate Ptolemy the Giant. This Sciolist has attacked, with characteristic petulance and futility, Drs. Livingstone, Beke, and Barth; Missionaries Krapf and Rebmann; Baron von der Decken, and, to mention no others, myself. *But his conduct towards the Royal Geographical Society, wears the darkest dye of ingratitude. He owes to that Society, and especially to its late chief Sir R. I. Murchison, a substantial favour not usually granted to the distorter of maps, to the obscure student of mediæval geography, to the writer on such interesting themes as "Marave" and "Monomotapa." He has used the Society, and after using it he has taken every opportunity of abusing it: he has fed upon its benefits and he has ever since attempted to turn and rend it.*

Mr. Cooley ends his last tirade with a puerile threat to expose the "delusions" which I have been the "instrument of propagating." Let him do so and welcome. But

my time and patience will not allow me to follow him for the dozenth time into the important questions of "Zan-gańica" and "Muenemuzi." If he has anything new to say, I will listen; but when so much useful and interesting work awaits me, I cannot engage in a general scolding-match, *de omnibus rebus*, with this professor of pseudo-geography, this ungrateful "Old Man of the Sea."—I am, &c.,
R. BURTON.

TRIESTE, December 8th, 1873.

POINTS IN CENTRAL ASIAN GEOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of "OCEAN HIGHWAYS."

SIR,—As a careful student of Central Asian matters, I trust you will allow me to invite your attention to two points recently mooted in your periodical.

In Michell's interesting summary of M. Fedchenko's recent travels in Kokand, this statement occurs—"The Tarak glacier is traversed on the way to Darwaz from the Isfairam Pass." Do you think this is quite correct? M. Fedchenko passed south from Uch Kurgan, *via* the Isfairam Pass to the Alai range, crossing the Kizil-su *en route*. Had he continued his journey further through the region traversed by Abdu-'l-Majid and other Indian explorers, he would have found a more direct road leading to Darwaz, which is locally utilised, up the banks of the Tus-su or other tributary of the Kizil-su, across the Muk-su River, and so on to Darwaz. To travel *via* the Tarak Pass would be to prolong the journey very considerably, and quite unnecessarily.

Again, the Rev. G. P. Badger, in your September number, cites from El Idrisy, the Arabian geographer, an account of Badakshan (Bazhakhshan). He makes it a dependency of India, bordering on Kanuj, which Mr. Badger very correctly characterises as an absurdity. I offer an easy explanation. El Idrisy probably wrote Kanur not Kanuj; the transcribing of an Arabic "i" instead of an "r" would be a very probable copyist's mistake; while his erroneously recognising Kanur (Kunur) as a dependency of India may well be pardoned when we find Macgregor, our most recent authority on this country, stating that it is a district in Affghanistan, "though its boundaries are not defined by any one."—Yours very sincerely,

J. W. JOHNSTON, F.R.S., & M.D. (Edin.)
Surgeon-Major 4th Punjab Infantry.

ABBOTTABAD, 5th November, 1873.

ANCIENT COLONIES IN GREENLAND.

To the Editor of "OCEAN HIGHWAYS."

SIR,—I very much regret that in my letter of the 28th July I should have given Mr. R. H. Major cause for complaint by overlooking the point of his "important geographical discovery" and beg to apologize to him for so doing. Had I noticed it, my letter, if written at all, would have had another tone. I would have asked Mr. Major if it was not fair to assume that Captain Graah had read Ivar Bardsen's Chorography "with common attention"; and had been led by it to fix the site of the East Bygd on the West Coast of Greenland, as, by the study of it, together with all that I could learn of the East Coast of Greenland, I had long ago been forced to believe.

Permit me further to add, that I did not (knowingly) quote from Sir Henry Rawlinson's address, but from the article in *Ocean Highways*, July number, page 172; the same words are also found in Mr. C. R. Markham's "Threshold of the Unknown Region," in both cases without any marks of quotation or any reference by which they can be known to be a quotation from Sir Henry Rawlinson's address. Had there been anything to show that I was not quoting Mr. Major, or the substance of his remarks, I would not have troubled you with my letter.—Yours, &c.,
ROBERT MORROW.

HALIFAX, N.S., November 18th, 1873.

Proceedings of Geographical Societies.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

December 8th, 1873.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER ON CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE PRESIDENT took the chair at 8:30 P.M. The meeting was densely crowded, there being upwards of 1500 persons present. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Vice-Patron of the Society, and His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh occupied chairs facing the President. Among those present were the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of St. Albans, Lord Lonsborough, Lord Houghton, Lord Arthur Russell, Lady Mayo, Lady Frere, Sir Henry and Lady Rawlinson, Mr. Bernal Osborne, M.P., Mrs. Osborne and Miss Osborne, Lady Baker, the Rev. Dr. Moffatt, Miss Livingstone, Miss Agnes Livingstone, Mrs. Cameron, Lieutenant Baker, R.N., Mr. Waller, &c.

The PRESIDENT said Sir S. Baker's countrymen felt on this occasion very much as stay-at-home people must have felt when on the return of Sea Kings or Crusaders they assembled to hear of regions before utterly unknown to them. He was sure all present would warmly welcome the traveller who would now give some details—till now only matters of distant rumour—of what he had seen, heard, and done in the regions of the Upper Nile.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER, who was enthusiastically received, began by alluding, with deep regret, to the great loss sustained by the Royal Geographical Society in the death of Sir Roderick Murchison, though that loss had been repaired by the appointment of Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir Bartle Frere. He proceeded to say that, in order to understand the short narrative he should now supply of the progress of the Central African expedition, it would be necessary to explain the precise object of the Khedive of Egypt in undertaking such an enterprise. In the distant countries which formed the Nile basin, and were beyond the pale of authority, every species of crime was committed with impunity by bands of slave-hunters, numbering between 10,000 and 15,000 men. These people, who were for the most part outcasts from the Soudan, preferred a life of brigandage to the peaceful occupation of agriculture. Instead of cultivating the soil and paying taxes to the Government, they had quitted Khartoum and devoted themselves to slave-hunting, under the pretext of trading with the natives for ivory. Various bands of them were employed by merchants in Khartoum, who, in lieu of wages, paid the ruffians in their service with slaves kidnapped in the razzias upon the negro tribes. The effect of this wholesale piracy might be foreseen. Not only were magnificent countries in the heart of Africa pillaged and destroyed, the women and children carried off into slavery, villages burnt, the male population massacred, and infants and old women (being unsaleable) murdered in cold blood, but the home provinces of Khartoum suffered by the emigration of the population who had thus abandoned their agricultural occupations for plunder and vagabondage. There was no commerce. Thousands of acres of fertile soil bordering the Nile had been forsaken by the Arabs. Gardens, water-wheels, villages between Khartoum and Berber (a distance of 200 miles) had disappeared. A country that he had seen in his first journey in a high state of cultivation had become a wilderness, the revenue had decreased in default of taxes, and the greater part of the population had engaged in slave-hunting upon the White Nile.

The negro tribes of the Nile basin, always divided among themselves and without a government, fell easy victims to the treachery and force used against them by