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LITERATURE.

How I Crossed Africa. By Major Serpa Pinto, translated from the author's MS. by Alfred Elwes. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

(Second Notice.)

The second volume opens with August 25, 1878, and becomes far more sensational. Let all those who are disposed to prefer the Pagan over the Molem African turn over these pages and see what a sink of iniquity, a scene of abominations, of licentiousness, and of brutal drunkenness a Negro war is. It is some satisfaction to know that all the actors who figure in the villainous drama submitted to the public have been killed off, except, perhaps, one Mambangan, hand-boatman to the Kumari (missionary?) Livingston, who is shown in one of his illustrations (p. 498) taking a frog-like header when a hippopotamus capsized the canoe. Our explorer kindly fills up (chap. iv.) the gap between the conquest of Lui by Chibatano, or Sobunde, and his Basuto, who became "Ma-Kolo," a mixed multitude. He shows King Lobosso, a fat lad, in billycock hat, overalls, socks of Scotch thread, and pink latchet shoes. The killed-one found in the pocket of a Portuguese uniform worn by one of the princes is suggestive. Lastly, we have a profile likeness of Gambella, Prime Minister and murderous villain, who has charge of the "War Office" and the "Foreign Office." These are wild beasts in human shape, apeing civilized men.

The first step was to forbid, under pretext of a civil war in which Mzunguos (Wazungu, or whites) were aiding the enemy, Major Pinto from marching east upon the Zambeze. This line, via Canico, on the River Luwengwe, and through the Chuchuline country, would have shortened the journey by a third. The explorer was invited to act against the Europeans, who proved to be Mr. Selous, an English antelop-e-hunter lately returned home. He refused; accordingly, his party was reduced by desertion to fifty-eight men, and a false attempt was made to asseal him. As the attack was checked by the revolver, his camp was set on fire on September 6; two of his "braves" were killed, and the scene is described as follows:

"It was like a glimpse of the infernal regions to behold those stalwart Negroes, by the light of the lurid flames, darting hither and thither, smearing themselves with scorching pitch, and over advancing nearer, beneath the cover of their shields, while they brandished in the air and then cast their murderous assegais. It was a fearful struggle, but wherein the breech-loading rifles, by their sustained fire, still kept at bay that horde of howling savages. Nitro-glycerine won the day; and the murderers, a hundred to one, fled from the explosive balls.

King Lobosso denied all complicity in the attempt, and proceeded to starve out the explorer. Serpa Pinto retired to a neighbouring village, Catongo, where he could find fish. Then the last card was played. The traitor, Caumbeba, "second in command," who had disappeared during the attack, came into camp, most excite, which was accepted, and superintended the desecration of the whole party, except eight, of whom two were women. Major Pinto was again in despair; it must be in some such state of mind as the one in which I was then plunged that men commit suicide. Yet he had by his side the brave Augusto, the politico Verzucino, and the faithful Camutobmo. The fugitives had walked off with the ammunition; but they left the "King's Rifle" and thirty carbines, which were skimmed by making others. All the weapons had come to the worst. The expedition had failed, but Eusebio Muaçu (English) missionary had applied for leave to enter Lui, and resolved to march upon his station, Patamutenga Kraal, distant 975 miles. He honestly tells us that he would have preferred a Frenchman (p. 39), and a sub-acid flavour runs through his book when speaking of English and the English who treated him so hospitably. Such is Portuguese feeling in our day. National benefits are so far contrary to the "quality of mercy" that they curse those who give and those who take.

When African 'kings' fail to murder you, they become, after a fashion, subject. Lobosso was told to his face that he was a "crusty knave, a robber, and an assassin;" consequently, he was given the truth-teller a "tusk of ivory," and they "parted the best of friends."

On February 24 the expedition started down the Lamiabi; but as the third craft would carry a larger load, the rest marched along the bank, including Captain Groot. Suddenly met with the fate of most pets; but Calungo, the parrot, who travelled on his master's shoulder, reached Lisbon. There is little to say of the voyage. The Ituba house (i. 77) explains the Numidian "Magalai:" the cats must have been brought there by some trader. The shooting of game (a lion and an elephant) and of rapids is described pictorially. The Lamiabi, which runs through the great salt plain of Lui, inundates in ancient days, is broken in the lower bed by a succession of rapids and cataracts. The "gigantic Gona" is forty-nine feet high; and the last bar, called "Cattana-Morina" (fire-extinguisher), recalls one of the Cachoeiras. Tree-ecuadorens (all with your trowers') on the Brazilian Sao Francisco.

These features make pretty pictures; snowy foam sparkling and darting over coal-black rocks; emerald vegetation on the hilly banks and various gem-like sites; clear air, in which the mirage shows birds of animals or brave men turned skyward; and no noise, the trees setting as maulers. These features are caused by the fall of the country eastwards, and by walls of eroding crustal crossing the stream.

The same is the case with the "greatest cataract in the world," the Most-wi-tunaya Falls on the true Zambezi, composed of the Limbasi and the Cuando. Major Pinto would call the upper Zambeze the river from its sources to the Main Falls; the middle course from these to the Kebrabasa Rapids; and the lower to the Indian Ocean. I should prefer the term Limbazi-Zambezi, upper Zambeze, and lower Zambeze. He visited this "wonder of the Zambeze," and erroneously translates it "the Great Water." The words Mosti (smoke, spray) wi-tunaya (does thunder) — i.e., "Thundering Spray" — form the Siisuto (Basuto) name fairly rendered by Dr. Livingstone; it may be "cumbrous," but it is picturesque and appropriate. The explorer took immense trouble with his sextant, and ran some risk. It is to be hoped that a geologist will presently visit the country and determine the centre of erosion whence the basaltic dykes originally flowed. Like the extinct craters of Auvergne, the volcano must have been upon the border of a great lake.

And so to the Colliard Family (the second part of the book). They were meeting two white men, Dr. Benjamin F. Bradenanch and his assistant, Mr. A. Walsh. Presently appeared the Rev. Francois Colliard, ex-director of the Leriba station, and one of the French missionaries who have overspread Basutoland. This gentleman settled upon an unpleasant and even serious "palaver," and the party and treacherous natives, went northwards on business. Major Pinto travelled south-east to Loucampa, where he found "two guardian angels," Mane, and Melle. Elise Colliard, who poured hot tears over checks that were parcelled and crammed with sugar.

Good nursing, chorial, and laudanum enabled the traveler to visit the grand "Thundering Spray." On this trip he again describes those mighty storms which all African travelers have encountered and which none can forget. They dwarf the petty meteors of Europe. In Uraywe I was able to read small print by the electric light, which was continuous as that of the Aurora Borealis, but the North Pole; and the roar of the thunder was an incessant noise, broken by the pattering treble when the "bolt" is supposed to fall. On Camarones Island I saw the "Roman-candle" like display described by Major Pinto. The fireballs in the blazing air seemed near the ground into two, three, four, and even five, which darted along horizontally and struck as many different points — I made my men lie down under their blankets. The Africa-Portuguese explain these meteors by the universal presence of iron in the soil, whose violence must be due to electrical conditions which call for scientific investigation.

As provisions fell short at Patamutenga Kral and Duna, the missionary family, fifteen souls, including Major Pinto and his men, in four canoes set out (December 30) to spend forty days in the desert. They skirted the Eastern edge of the "Sahara of the South, the terrible Kalahari," a counterpoise of the great North-African waste; the two lie south and north of the great rift valley, and taught both ancient and modern the stock phrase "desert in Central Africa." The vast Kalahari sands intersecting the stiff clays
swallow up the huge streams fed by the high-lights nearer the Equator; and hence the environment by the typical "man" called Masaicara is an elliptical depression 9 to 16 feet deep, and measuring 120 to 150 by 80 to 100 miles in length and breadth. The double flow of the Zonga or Botolive River, the lower Colonge, the Colone and the ones, and well explained by Major Pinto. He has named the "great tract between the Zambeze and the Kalahari "Baines Desert;" and that energetic explorer, so ransessed during life, well deserves the posthumous honour.

On the last day of 1879 the party entered "unwholesome Shooshong, the capital of Khama, and king of the widespread Bambangwato tribe, the "most notable nation of South Africa." Shooshong is a big bee-hive of 15,000 souls; the native cattle are mud-and-thatched huts; the missionaries and merchants prefer brick, roofed with galvanised iron. The explorer was well treated by the hard-riding king and the English settlers; it is again a wonder that "beefsteaks, potatoes and tea" did not call him "Mr. Taylor supplied him with "Fly" a "horse of the desert," that had been "salted"—why call it salt?—and a loan of £200. This enabled him to hire a travelling waggon, in wretched condition, from a poor devil of a Traveller-Englishman, called Staunton, and sent him on January 14, 1879, to set out for Pretoria.

After losing the way, our explorer crossed the Limpopo, Oori, or Crocodile River, and entered the Transvaal, a name which has come to mean strong in the British nostril. The journey produced no sporting-episodes with antelope and ostrich, leopard and lion. Presently he reached a Boer camp, and was hospitably welcomed, "because Portuguese, not English." He has no illusions about these Afrikaners; he tells us openly that, "though Europeans in colour and professing the faith of Christ, they are the veriest barbarians in customs and behaviour" (i. 353). Yet most pathetic, as he tells it, is the tale of these unfortunate, whom the weakness of the Colonial Office and by the rapaciousness of the English colonist is a scandal to our history. Their wanderings for liberty and conscience sake, their successive expulsion from the Cape to the Orange River, from the Orange to the Vaal River, from the Vaal to the Transvaal, and from the Transvaal to the drouthy desert, is a commentary on the Jewish exodus as told by the Jews. We may remark that Major Pinto gives no specimen of a Boer "barbaram," he was everywhere well treated by them. Nor can he now complain that "so little has been written about the Boers." One of his sentences sounds quasi-prophetic, "It is devoutly to be wished that they may not one day be attacked into saline. The typical "man" of the Boers, of those who so systematically slander them" (ii. 303).

Major Pinto, "speaking with greater frankness than usual," declares that the sin of the missionaries. He is "no wise anti-missionary; but he paints in vivid colours the practice of pitting the African against the European. "To tell the ignorant savage that he is the equal of the civilised man is a false-