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ART. IV.—TWO YEARS' JOURNEYING IN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

IN THE CHURCHMAN of June, 1881, appeared a review of Major Serpa Pinto's work, "How I Crossed Africa." Major Pinto was one of the three officers sent out by the Portuguese Government, with the best wishes of his Majesty the King, Dom Luiz, to explore and survey in the South-west regions of Africa. The gallant Major's comrades were Messrs. Ivens and Capello, officers of the Royal Portuguese Navy. The expedition left Lisbon in July, 1877. The main object, according to the work before us,[1] was a survey of the river Cuango in its bearings with the Zaire and with the Portuguese territories on the West Coast, together with the region which comprises to the S. and S.E. the sources of the rivers Zambese and Cunene, and extends northwards as far as the hydrographic basins of the Cuanza and Cuango. In traversing some 2,500 miles of African soil, Messrs. Ivens and Capello say, they really covered a greater distance than lies upon the direct route between Benguella and Sofala. Although they did not "cross" the continent, they certainly have done good service; they had to make their way through the basin of the Congo, which, according to Mr. Stanley, is the most pestilential region in Africa; and their maps, with astronomical and other tables, supply proof of the thoroughness of their work. They pay a warm tribute to Mr. Stanley, whose descent of the Congo-Zaire relieved them of a dangerous task.

In Benguella, the place where "the illustrious explorer, Cameron, terminated his adventurous journey," the Portuguese explorers finished the organization of their staff. Benguella is a centre of Portuguese authority, and through it is carried on an extensive trade. Its custom-house revenues amount to £25,000. The imports are arms, powder, cotton goods, and other similar products. From the interior are brought in wax, india-rubber, and ivory; also gums, resins, skins, feathers, and fibres. In the streets may be seen, day after day, some four or five hundred Ban-dombes, Bailundes, Bihénos, and Ganguellas; some of these are not much given to trade, but make themselves useful as carriers. The life of a Portuguese merchant in Benguella is a busy one; the caravans which come in, the products that are brought forward, the prices reckoned current, and his negotia-

[1] "From Benguella to the Territory of Yacca. Description of a Journey into Central and West Africa, comprising Narratives, Adventures, and important Surveys of the Sources of the Rivers Cunene, Cubango, Luando, Cuanza, and Cuango, and of great part of the course of the two latter." By B. Capello and R. Ivens. Translated by Alfred Elwes, Ph.D. Two vols. Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

tions with the natives, absorb his time. Now-a-days the "commercial travellers," or *aviados*, are few; the trade is almost exclusively carried on by the natives themselves. The Bihénos are the chief habitués of the market; they are very shrewd, and will haggle for two or three hours with a merchant before they are satisfied with a bargain.[1] They take the European wares into the interior, and barter them at convenient marts, bringing back the produce of remoter regions.

It was November, 1877, when Pinto, Ivens, and Capello, set forth on their two years' wanderings. The long line of carriers who accompanied the Portuguese expedition, men, women, and children, all intoned at the same time the chant of the march, and with a guide at the head, the troop disappeared over the brow of the eastern hills. Thirteen miles from Benguella they made their first halt. A few days further on they were entertained by a Portuguese landowner; in fertile ground cotton flourishes well; there are extensive plantations of sugar-cane, and the production of *aguardente* is large. The women of the Ban-dombes, we read, are generally dirty and repulsive; their hair is surcharged with clay, or rancid butter, and the faces of some are painted with white or red stripes. The Ban-dombes are extremely superstitious; but of real religion, like other tribes, they have no notion.

Quillengues, a division of the vast district of Benguella, is a stopping-place for the caravans; its climate is said to be "bearable." Maize, beans, manioc, potatoes, ground nuts, sugar-cane, melons, &c., all are met with in abundance. Wild beasts commit great havoc among the flocks and herds. Bananas, orange trees, pineapples, and lovely shrubs meet the eye on every side. From this fertile region the travellers, recovered from fever, set forth on January 1st, 1878. One night they were suddenly awakened by a hoarse roaring: there was no mistaking the voice of the king of the forest; a very heavy breathing, however, was heard within their enclosure; and although at first they fancied the intruder was one of the donkeys, it proved to be a huge buffalo, alarmed most likely by the lion's roar. The donkeys, it seems, were a continual cause of trouble and delay. They were wont to flounder in a bog, or jam themselves and their loads between two trees, or rush into standing maize. Of the half-dozen brought from Benguella, five were drowned in crossing streams; and only one reached the Bihé

[1] The following prices are established on the seaboard:—
One pound of ivory (standard), 6*s.* 9*d.*
One pound of wax, clear, 9½*d.*
A quarter-hundredweight of india-rubber, 38*s* 3*d.*
A panther's skin, 9*s.*

country. The carriers, it seems, esteemed roast donkey a delicious dish; they were always pleased when one of the creatures died.

On the 8th the travellers reached the Portuguese settlement at Caconda. The rainy season had now set in; and the first care of the heads of the expedition was to secure shelter. At Caconda, a pleasant place, many Portuguese traders have dwellings. If only connected with Benguella by a regular road, we read, this elevated district would become very prosperous: sugar-cane, cotton, coffee and rice, as well as corn, might easily be raised. At Caconda our authors met with José de Anchieta, the eminent Portuguese naturalist, whose love of science had detained him in Africa for twelve years. To this "modest and untiring" explorer, it may be noted, they dedicate their second volume.

In a trip of thirty miles to the river Cuene, the explorers saw large herds of *galengues* (*Oryx gazella*) with long straight horns; also *palancas*, with enormous curved horns; also buffaloes, deer, and zebras. Lions, panthers, and leopards are frequent; in the Cunene are hippopotami and crocodiles. The stork and the crane were seen, and rats of various species in astonishing quantities.

At Caconda, the leaders of the Portuguese expedition separated. Major Pinto chose a more northward route to the Bihé; at that place the separation of the travellers was final, the gallant Major journeying across the continent to the Indian Ocean, while Messrs Ivens and Capello travelled in a N. E. and N. direction, returning southerly and westerly to the Atlantic. The prime motor of the separation, we read, was the interest of science. It seems to have been a mistake to send out an expedition without a head. Of the Ganguellas, whose territory lies on the route to the Bihé, Messrs. Ivens and Capello write in praise; ingenious workers in iron they easily make or repair locks, bolts, gun-barrels, assagais, knives, hoes, &c.; they are extremely inclined to music. In the Ganguella region the entomological fauna has representatives of almost every species:—

Black ants with large heads and huge mandibles,[1] and others of various shapes, cross one's path in perfect armies, making a special

[1] On p. 82 we read:—"Upon the road we met an enormous column of *bisondes* (black ants), with huge heads shaped like those of a bull-dog, which, as the natives affirmed, were returning from war. These insects fix on their prey with such tenacity that it is only by severing their heads from their bodies that they will let go their hold; they are therefore greatly feared by the natives. . . . . The object of their warlike incursion in the present instance appeared to have been a colony of termites." Long red ants are even more dangerous than the dreaded *bisondes*. On p. 19, vol.ii., we read of a strange species of black ants, nearly half an

whirring or humming sound, like that of the beetle in its flight. Numerous tribes of termites, which the natives style *Sala-lé*, were busy reconstructing their dwellings, recently destroyed by the abundant rains of the season, and literally covering the ground with their vermilion cones. Myriads of gnats, mixed up with butterflies, locusts, and other insects, darted and fluttered through the air in every direction, in company with the small African bees, which were white with the flour of the manioc they had been stealing from the *senzala* hard by.

On the 8th of March the travellers reached the Bihé; they were hospitably entertained by a Portuguese merchant, whose well-cultivated kitchen garden was surrounded by orange, lemon, and citron trees. Of the Bihé and the Bihénos, their account corresponds with that of Pinto (THE CHURCHMAN vol. iv. p. 194).

On the 19th of May the travellers broke up their camp, and on the 10th of July they arrived at Cangombe, were they were received by the great chief N'Dumba Tembo. His Majesty said that he believed the coming of a white man would bring them good fortune: he had told the Bihénos, who came for wax, to request the whites to visit them, but in vain. N'Dumba Tembo promised the carriers which the travellers required; and, after a few days, the expedition was divided into two parts, Ivens travelling on the west bank of the Cuango and Capello on the east. The surveying work was thus more fully done. On October the 18th they were reunited at Cassange, the rendezvous, on the eastern limit of the Portuguese territory.

The climate of Cassange is very unhealthy; and the Ban-gala,[1] although well versed in trade, are warlike and turbulent. Fetishism is supreme. Horrible cruelties are practised, and some of their ceremonies are most revolting. "The fertility of the natives in creating horrors," we read, "is something in-

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inch in length, which emitted a most pestiferous ("stinking") smell when they were destroyed.

On p. 281 we read of the honey-bird or Indicator (*Cucus indicator* of naturalists) guiding the natives to a store of honey. An ant-hill, the presumed abode of termites, was pointed out; and one of the blacks driving his foot into the mound a swarm of bees immediately issued from the orifice. Burning bundles of dry grass, the natives obtained layers of comb; wax, honey and larvæ disappeared down their voracious jaws. The Indicator did not wait for a share of the plunder.

Mentioning the fondness of the Ban-gala for spirits our travellers write:—"When completing some zoological collections for despatch to Europe, we brought out and put upon our work-table some bottles containing reptiles and other animal specimens preserved in spirit, which owing to the length of time it had been in bottle, was so thick and unsightly that we determined to change it. Two days afterwards, however, noticing a very disagreeable smell, we hunted for the cause, and found, to our astonishment, that one of the bottles was completely dry, two of our fellows, we learned upon inquiry, having sucked out the contents."

credible. One would imagine that they were conceived in a fit of delirium, so foul are they and unnatural."

On the 19th of December, Ivens and Capello set out for the Cuango; and after nine days of fatiguing trial they reached that river, which was bordered by high grass. Their plight was pitiable: weakened and depressed by fever, without shelter, they were exposed to a furious tempest, with torrential rain; the water was soon up to their ankles: at intervals could be heard the beat of a war-drum. After a time they perceived a semicircle of armed natives approaching them. The black hordes brandished their bows and arrows, their assagais—six feet long—and other weapons, the while they kept on shouting with threatening yells. On the opposite bank of the river, also, appeared warriors, so that to advance or retreat was equally difficult. "Let us try and talk to them, senhors," was, plainly enough, the best advice; and an interpreter, waving a piece of gingham as a flag of parley, called out, "Friends, what harm are we doing?" The end of it was, the Sova, taking them to be traders, persisted in his opposition: "No, the whites should not cross the river" (*Cá ná bin-delle ca-pondola ocu-pita*). That most anxious night, wrapped in their dripping coats, the travellers could get but little sleep; in the pestilential air the fever grew worse; and their followers were almost unmanageable through fright.[1] To retreat was the only prudent course; and on Jan. 6, 1879, they again found themselves at "that wretched hole," Cassange.

At Cassange they took six weeks' rest. And here, at the close of their second volume, our sketch of their journeyings must stop. On March 20th they made the fortress of the Duque, where they were cordially received by the Portuguese chefe; on May 25 they reached the extreme limit of the Hungo;[2] on June 9 they reached their extreme northern point, on the border of an arid and silent desert; here they suffered much from lack of food, and decided to return south and west; on

[1] One of their carrier lads, that night, was stung by an immense scorpion, which the travellers caught alive. The repulsive creature belonged to one of the perfectly black varieties, and was nearly four inches long. The poor boy cried out as though, he said, a hundred needles were being driven into his flesh; clutching his wounded arm, he rolled over and over on the ground in agony; after half an hour he felt intense cold, inflammation following. Rejecting the several expedients proposed by the natives, S. Capello made two gashes in the form of a cross, and washed the parts repeatedly with ammonia.

[2] The Ma-hungo men do not plait their hair at all, but either leave the wool alone, or shaving portion of the head, adorn the sides with blue glass beads. They cut away the two front teeth to the gum, and sometimes the two lower ones also. They anoint their bodies with oil and clay. Both men and women smoke incessantly. *Nicotiana tabacum*, with a large lance-shaped leaf, abounds; also another quality. The men of the Hungo—and often the women—take snuff immoderately.

June 27 they again found themselves at the Portuguese outpost, the Duque. On October 11 they made the town of Dondo, and steaming by Cungo they reached Loanda on the 13th.

The story of how they got out of their difficulties on the borders of the desert district is well told.

Somma, an intelligent and active *mu-sumbi*, with three or four more, was instructed to make his way to the south in search of game, or anything else in the shape of food, while José, the guide, was desired to go northwards to see if he could meet with the habitations of man. We ourselves were meanwhile to keep watch and ward with the reserves over our goods, and wait for tidings from the scouts.

When they had departed we set to work to construct an encampment, and scour the neighbourhood in search of edible roots. As the quest was perfectly unsuccessful, we were fain to content ourselves with cold water and such scraps of flour as we could gather from the sack after it was turned inside out like a glove. Then we entered in our diary the laconic phrases which we literally transcribe :—

Portuguese African Expedition.

May 26th, 1879. Page 542.
Aneroid, 2,349ft. Temperature, 84° Fahr.

An awful day. Camped on a mount near the confluence of the Cu-gho and Fortuna. Completely cleared out of provisions. Very down and glumpy. Country deserted. Not a soul yet met with. Hungry, feverish, and sick. Horary for longitude :—

☉ at 2^h = 53,31. H=1^h 50^m 28^s 30^t. Azith.=369,9.
☉ mer.=67,97.

What next? We must wait.

It was the only thing to do, so we did it with resignation, while counting the minutes and listening to catch the slightest sound. But in the immense solitude there reigned a sepulchral silence which we ourselves scarcely ventured to break.

Meanwhile the sun ran his imperturbable course; passed through the stages from brilliant yellow to deep orange, and, nearing the horizon, irradiated the patches of cloud which floated beneath the azure vault of heaven, shot a few grand rays through a rent in the dense vapour, and then, in disappearing, carried with him our last lingering hopes!

"Nothing," we murmured sadly to each other; "otherwise they would have returned."

Night fell, and brought with it increased depression. Extensive fires in the east and the moon, which then rose, seemed to augment the solemnity of the prospect.

Hours passed over, when we were aroused by the report of a gun. It was Somma, with his party; and, shortly after, another report warned us of the arrival of Fortuna. They brought us, unluckily, no comfort; they had found no cultivation, no track, not a vestige of a human thing. The forest, they said, was all around us, but they had sought in vain for a path which could hint of its ever being traversed.

In José, now, lay the sole hope that was left us, and our readers

may believe that we did so with intense anxiety. His route had been northwards, and in that direction we looked and watched.

As early as four in the morning we were on the lookout. We had tried to sleep, but in vain; we had been listening the night through. The morning breeze, as it fanned our fevered temples, was an immense relief; but we were faint and sick for want of sustenance.

The sun reappeared, and lit up all the landscape; but to us it brought little relief as we regarded the worn and haggard looks of our companions in misfortune. As for ourselves, wrapped in our great-coats, seated on the ground, and our backs supported by the open trunks, we wound up our chronometers and recorded the readings of the thermometers, and, having thus performed our duty towards science, restored the instruments to their places, and once more gazed out upon the country.

There was nothing new in it; there was no change from the day before; the same valleys and the same woodland met our eyes, and the same silence reigned over all.

As time sped on, it became urgent upon us, we knew, to take some resolution, to make some effort, unless we intended to wait, with arms folded, for the approach of death by starvation. But what was that resolution, what that effort to be? To return? We were far from any inhabited place; by the road we had come it would take us two long days, and how were they to be got through, fasting, while we had already fasted so long? To go forward? Whither? Amid the frightful obstacles we beheld from our point of observation? And José? Could we, ought we, to abandon him? A thousand times no! Remain we must, and to remain we resolved, further determining to use our efforts to draw fish from the river and to scour the woods in search of game.

The idea was no sooner uttered than it was seized upon with avidity, and once again did the encampment display a semblance of motion. Anything that could serve for a net was hastily rummaged out; lead was cut into little pieces to make small shot for birds; some of the hands set to work to manufacture snares, and parties were in the very act of setting out for the river, when from the forest, in a north-west direction, the report of a couple of guns turned us for the moment into statues!

"It is José!" was the universal cry.

And as we looked, we saw José and his companions emerge from the wood with a firm and elastic step, which was in strong contrast with our own weakness.

From two hunters they found José had obtained, by barter, food sufficient for their present needs; manioc root and dried fish to men who had been next door to starvation was not to be despised; but the supplies were scanty.

The Cuango lay, to a certainty, in an east-north-east direction; and they resolved to push on, at all events, a little farther:—

Ill-luck appeared to pursue us upon this terrible journey, and with cruel irony placed food, so to speak, within our reach only to snatch

it away. As we plodded along, one of the carriers reported that he had seen upon the left, various dark, moving objects, which he took to be *palancas.*

We at once started in search, working round to leeward of the spot, so as to prevent their getting scent of us. In a few minutes we came in sight of them, and could observe their beautiful heads peering between the grass. They were large female antelopes, hornless, with long necks, elegant in shape, with very light and lustrous skins, having the appearance at first sight of a herd of wild asses. On our nearer approach, something caused them to take the alarm, and hesitating for a moment in restless attitude, they darted away with all speed. . . . .

This last misfortune seemed to deprive our crew of what little courage was left them. Ten hours, which appeared as many months in length, had elapsed since we left the banks of the river Fortuna, and still there was no evidence of human habitation. Surely, we thought, one more day of such suffering will decide our fate, and the caravan, already demoralized, must perish of inanition. The very Ban-Sumbi, the most robust of our men, were sinking beneath the strain put upon them, and we expected at any moment they would throw down their loads and refuse to carry them further. The young niggers hobbled along, bent like men; the women, in most instances, overladen with their infants, the perspiration pouring from them as they walked, took every opportunity of stopping by the way, more willing to resign themselves to their fate, if it brought them rest, than to go on seeking for what they deemed undiscoverable. We ourselves, though carrying no loads, did not suffer less than any other of our people. A general debility had taken possession of our entire organism, rendering it difficult for us to stand upright, owing to the indescribable pains in the back and loins.

To dwell at any length on these troubles, say our travellers, must seem to some persons a mistake, and quite undignified. To the man who has never had the misfortune to pass entire days of hunger and thirst with the temperature at 86° of Fahrenheit; who has never suffered from intense fever, aggravated by the anguish of dysentery, the terrible itching caused by parasites; who has never felt the excruciating suffering caused by scorbutic wounds in the legs and feet, so that the pressure of the boot is almost intolerable; the relation of travelling pains and penalties may appear wearisome and undignified. But Mr. Stanley's language about the "tortures" he suffered is not much stronger than that employed by Messrs. Capello and Ivens. Their narrative of the details of their misery at the end of May and beginning of June, is a tissue of suffering from fever, hunger, thirst, and struggles in an "awful desert."

In regard to Missionary work, our travellers quote the remarks of Major Pinto (CHURCHMAN, vol. iv. p. 201). Moreover, they are of opinion that the rivalry of Christian bodies tends to

increase the power of Mohammedanism. They suggest "the establishment of an international Catholic association, which would, by means of a general plan having identical bases, administer spiritual bread to the natives of the dark continent." If the representatives of Christian nations could thus agree to work in harmony, they would be able, these Portuguese travellers believe, to frustrate the efforts of the Arabs.

The region mainly explored by these travellers is, in some respects, one of the most interesting in Africa; its hydrographic system, as many readers of Livingstone's journeys will remember, is extremely complicated. Livingstone, in his first journey, wrote of the bewildering nature of the watershed; a very little, sometimes, would turn an affluent of the Congo into a feeder of the Zambesi.

For many years this region has been a favourite field for German explorers. They have been successful; but in communicating the scientific results of their explorations they did not, so far as we know, write lengthy narratives. In March, 1879, it seems (vol. ii. p. 61) Messrs. Ivens and Capello met Dr. Max Buchner. "We were seated at the entrance of our hut, when there suddenly appeared to our astonished eyes an European gentleman, mounted on an ox, and attended by two or three negroes." Dr. Buchner, a German explorer, introduced himself, and was hospitably entertained.

Art. V.—LITURGICAL IMPROVEMENTS.

LET the Church be careful, lest, while discussing other things of very considerable importance, she omit the practical question of Liturgical alterations and improvements.

This is a practical question, and ought to be dealt with speedily, so far, at least, as relates to the production of more "Offices." The need for additions is great, indeed. No earnest and observing clergyman, who tries to work his parish thoroughly, can be in doubt about it.

To this hour thousands who attend church know not how to find the needful "places" in the Prayer Book. This could be very easily remedied, although never remedied hitherto. Thousands attend church, but their voices are never raised in one act of worship. They appear as if their share of worship consisted in placing their bodies within the walls of a church, while others said or sung whatever was uttered.

The Prayer Book could easily be much enriched, and, by