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Then there are cries, wrung from the very depths of his wounded spirit, which are profoundly affecting. "Oh, my dearest, my dearest, that cannot now know how dear." "Ah me! ah me!" "Ay de mi!" "Blind and deaf that we are! oh, think if thou yet love anybody living, wait not till death sweep down the paltry little dust-clouds and idle dissonances of the moment, and all be at last so mournfully clear and beautiful, when it is too late."

But one more sob of this sorrowful, regretful heart, which will find an echo in many another sorrowful and regretful heart, that only realizes all that it has lost when the dear one has passed away beyond recall, and can never more be told of our infinite love; when remorse is idle, and tears are vain. "Ah me, she never knew fully, nor could I show her in my heavy-laden miserable life how much I had at all times regarded, loved and admired her. No telling of her now. Five minutes more of your dear company in this world. Oh, that I had you yet for but five minutes to tell you all!"

These cries must go to every heart. But what is painful in the book is the absence of any expression of that faith which would be like a healing branch in these waters of bitterness turning their saltness into sweetest streams. Though it would appear that he never quite shook off the early training of his pious father and mother, yet is there too much reason to fear that he cast aside his belief in dogmatic Christianity. For our own part we would gladly exchange all his vague phrases about the "Eternities," and the "Silences," and "The Immensities," "The Everlasting Yea," and "The Everlasting Nay," "Nature and Eternal Fact," for one clear statement of that Christian hope which lightens the gloom of sorrow, and irradiates the darkness of the grave.

CHARLES D. BELL.

ART. IV.—"HOW I CROSSED AFRICA."

How I Crossed Africa: from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean through Unknown Countries. Discovery of the great Zambesi Affluents, &c. By Major SERPA PINTO. Translated from the Author's Manuscript, by Alfred Elwes. Two vols. Maps and Illustrations. Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

A WELL-WRITTEN book of African travels is always welcome. There is a sort of fascination about the interior of Africa; and a careful description of a journey through regions of which but little is known, and about which there is really some-

thing to say, is sure to command readers. The work of Major Serpa Pinto, as an explorer and as a describer, merits hearty praise. His progress, it is true, was not marked by discoveries of great importance. Geographically, his enterprise does not rank with Speke's, or Stanley's, or Cameron's; the general features of our map of Africa are left unchanged. Nevertheless, Major Pinto's description of certain countries is trustworthy, and his narrative is full of interest; his astronomical observations are valuable; he has laid down rivers, and marked out boundaries. Inferior to Livingstone's works, this Portuguese narrative, "*How I Crossed Africa*," from West to East, has its own attractions. In his preface, Major Pinto refers to the aid and advice he obtained from Henry Moreland Stanley. He met Mr. Stanley, that "great explorer, the intrepid traveller who had just terminated the most stupendous journey of modern times," in the year 1877, on the Western Coast. The Major also refers to another "eminent explorer," his friend Captain Cameron. Grateful acknowledgment is made of kindness from French, Belgian, and English, Geographical and Scientific Societies. Thanks to Foreign Sovereigns are tendered, especially to "the illustrious and learned" King Leopold, while the work is dedicated to the author's own Sovereign, the King of Portugal. "Your Majesty," he writes, "gave me the opportunity of connecting the obscure name of a Portuguese soldier with one of the happiest and most auspicious attempts essayed in modern times by Portugal."

Major Serpa Pinto had some experience of Africa twelve years ago. In 1869, he served with a column which came into conflict with the natives in regions of the Lower Zambesi; and he made a hasty journey through the Portuguese possessions of Eastern Africa. On his return to Portugal the study of African questions became, he says, his exclusive pastime; and his desire to be sent out to explore the interior of Africa grew upon him. In 1875 he drew up a plan for the survey of the Portuguese colonies, and submitted it to the Government, but for the time in vain. In May, 1877, while military commandant in the Algarve, a telegram summoned him to Lisbon; and after conference with the Ministers, he undertook to start for Africa on the 5th of July. He had to fit out the expedition in Paris and London, and he had only a month to do it in. To make the necessary purchases, about £1760 was placed to his credit by the Portuguese Ministry.¹ He returned to Lisbon in good

¹ Thirty contos of reis (£6600) had been voted by Parliament for surveying the hydrographic relations between the Congo and Zambesi basins, and the countries comprised between the Portuguese colonies, on

time, and on the 6th of August he arrived at Loanda, the place where he met Mr. Stanley. After a little delay he left Loanda for Benguella.

Benguella, a picturesque town, has a doubtful reputation, as regards salubrity and morality, among the Portuguese possessions of Africa. The greatest of the criminals of the mother country are sent to Benguella; and the "white" portion of the colonial forces are convicts. "One robbery in Benguella," says our author, "was planned by a sergeant and carried out by soldiers." The blacks of which the colonial army is composed, he says, are bad soldiers; but the whites are worse than the negroes.

At Benguella, Major Pinto determined to proceed directly to the Bihé; and on the 12th of November he began his journey. Before leaving he went down to the beach, and feasted his eyes on the expanse of the Atlantic. Two years elapsed before he saw the Western waters again. In the month of March, having first proceeded in a S.E. direction, and then N.E., he arrived at Bihé. This country, small in extent, but for Africa thickly peopled, is a great emporium of the slave trade. The relations between the Bihenos and the Portuguese are friendly; over the tribes between Benguella and Bihé the King of Portugal has a sort of sovereignty, or suzerainty; and in the centre of the country Portuguese traders have a recognized position. The traffic in slaves Major Pinto denounces as "infamous," and insists that the Portuguese Government is not responsible for the conduct of escaped convicts, and runaway black or white rascals. It may be hoped that his statements and suggestions will have weight in the Ministerial circles of Lisbon.

Among the Bihenos the women alone cultivate the soil, which is rich and productive. The men roam about; they journey into the interior after wax, ivory, and slaves; they are capital carriers, but a race "more persistently cruel, more profoundly vicious, and more openly depraved," Major Pinto does not know. Considering the class of Portuguese with whom these natives have had to do, it is not surprising that "contact with the whites has produced no change for the better among them. They have no idea of any religious faith, they adore neither sun nor moon, they set up no idols; but live on, quite satisfied with their sorceries and divinations." A sort of notion as to the immortality of the soul, or at all events, an existence of the soul after death for a season, seems to prevail among them. They are much given to drunkenness; the aguardente has found its way thither, and where that fails they manufacture a sort of

both coasts of South Africa. Subsequent instructions laid stress on a survey of the river Congo, &c. The Major was at liberty to spend three years on his expedition.

beer from Indian corn. No salt is to be found. There are two rainy periods. The climate is such, our author believes, that Europeans could reside there with the utmost comfort. Throughout the territory between the Bihé and Benguella, the tsee-tsee fly—that scourge of so many parts of South Africa, which, by destroying the horse and ox, deprives man of two of his best auxiliaries for practical life—is entirely unknown. The Transvaal has great mineral wealth, which is wanting in the Bihé country, but the Transvaal is no more fertile than the Bihé, and it is isolated from the rest of Africa by arid deserts and the tsee-tsee.

At the beginning of June Major Pinto again set his face eastward. He had waited for the goods which were left behind in November; and when at length his powder came from Benguella, the supply of carriers failed. Sixty-one of their loads had to be destroyed, and the greatest difficulties of the traveller were now to be encountered. He was resolved to make direct for the Upper Zambesi. The passage of his caravan over the River Cuanza, took a couple of hours; his mackintosh boat, bought in London, did him here and elsewhere, the greatest service; canoes were lent by a neighbouring chief.

In the course of this journey he passed through the territories of the Quimbandes, the Luchazes, and the Ambuellas: these three races speak the same language, the Ganguella. He thinks that of all the South African races, the Ambuellas are the most likely to be influenced for good by European traders, and by Missionaries. Of the women of the Quimbandes, he remarks that their headdresses were the most extraordinary he ever beheld:—

Some arrange the hair in such a way that, after it is embellished with cowries, it looks for all the world like a European woman's bonnet. Others friz it out, and twist and turn it, till it wears the aspect of a Roman helmet. Cowries seem to be profusely lavished in the adornment of the female head, and white or red coral is also visible, but not to the extent observable among the people to the west of the Cuanza. The hair on their stupendous headdresses is fixed with a most nauseous red cosmetic, formed of a resinous substance reduced to powder, and castor oil.

The temperature, now and then, in these elevated regions varies greatly. On one occasion, says the traveller, the thermometer registered at 3.30 A.M. 6° F., and at six o'clock in the morning was only two degrees above zero. Sometimes his carriers could get no rest except in the neighbourhood of their fires.¹

¹ It was the habit of our traveller, we read, to wake at three o'clock; he rose and replenished the fire, and examined the thermometer. From three till five he smoked. At five he removed his clothes (as he always slept dressed and armed) and took a bath (mackintosh india rubber).

The inequality between the maximum and minimum for European constitutions is most trying; the thermometer sometimes rises from freezing-point in the night to 80° F. in the day. On the great central plateau the cold in the winter seems to be somewhat bitter.

Some curious particulars are given concerning ants. The forest ants use in the construction of their dwellings whatever materials come first to hand; and, notwithstanding the cement employed in the fabric, the mounds have not such tenacity and durability as those raised by the ants in open ground. The latter employ the stiffened clay, and their habitations are nearly as hard as stone. On one occasion, when cutting down the wood for an encampment, the Major's blacks took flight in every direction. Millions of that terrible ant the *quissonde* were issuing from the earth; and the only safety was to be found in flight. The natives told him that this dreadful insect will even attack and kill an elephant by swarming into his trunk and ears. The length of the *quissonde* is about the eighth of an inch; its mandibles are very strong, and in proportion, of great size. It is the only ant which will attack man. A smaller insect, the black ant, is the fierce enemy of the termites. In some dwellings of the termites, curiously enough, Pinto found *giant* ants, and these were five eighths of an inch long.¹

On June 30th, Major Pinto arrived at a rivulet whose waters ran towards the River Cuito; until then he had met only with streams which ran towards the Atlantic.

In the country of the Luchazes, iron is found and worked. The natives cultivate canary-seed (*massango*), beans, castor, and cotton. They collect wax about the forest, which they barter for dried fish from the Cuanza. They hunt antelopes for the sake of their skins. They import flints and manufacture steel. Almost all the Luchaze men are furnished with a beard beneath the chin, and a small moustache: both men and women have their four front incisors fashioned like a triangle, so that, the teeth being closed, there appears a lozenge-shaped aperture in the middle. They drink a fermented liquor composed of water, honey, and powdered hops.

On July 10th, our traveller arrived at the sheet of water, rather a marsh than a lake, in which the Cuando, the largest affluent of the Zambesi, takes its rise. He terms the Cuando a "magni-

¹ One curious creature was discovered by the Major, a species of antelope, termed by the natives the "Quichobo," which lives chiefly in the water. Owing to the formation of its feet, the Quichobo cannot move quickly on land; it comes out to graze at night-time. It appears to be the superior of the hippopotamus in diving powers; even when it is asleep, it only approaches the surface sufficiently to show the upper portion of its spiral horns above water, the head and body remaining below.

ficient stream.”¹ On the 24th of August, he arrived at Lialui, on the Upper Zambesi, close to the 15th parallel South. The city of Lialui is the new capital,² founded by Lobossi, of the great kingdom of South tropical Africa, known by the three names—Barôze, Lui, and Ungenge. Of the traveller’s public interview with this King, we have the following description :—

I was advised at daybreak that King Lobossi was prepared to receive me. I at once undid my traps, and put on the only complete suit of clothes I possessed; repairing subsequently to the great Square, in which the audience was to be held. I found the King seated in a high-backed chair, in the middle of the open place, and behind him stood a negro, shading him with a parasol. He was a young man about twenty, of lofty stature, and proportionately stout. He wore a cashmere mantle over a coloured shirt, and in lieu of a cravat had a numerous collection of amulets hanging on his chest. His drawers were of coloured cashmere, displaying Scotch thread stockings, perfectly white, and he had on a pair of low well-polished shoes. A large counterpane of several colours, in lieu of capote, and a soft grey hat, adorned with two large and beautiful ostrich-feathers, completed the costume of this great potentate. On his right, on a lower chair, was seated Gambella (Prime Minister), and the three Councillors were on the opposite side. About a thousand persons were squatted on the ground in a semi-circle, displaying their hierarchy by the distance at which they were placed from the Sovereign.

After compliments, Pinto explained to the King that he was not a trader, but an ambassador from the King of Portugal (in South African, the *Mueneputo*³). Lobossi replied in friendly terms, and a private audience was promised. The King and courtiers drank copious draughts of *quimbombo*, but none was offered to the guest, it having been signified that he drank only water. Afterwards, thirty oxen were sent as a present, and the King’s favourite slave hinted that the animals should all at once be slaughtered. Accordingly, some of the best pieces of beef were sent to the Royal kitchen, others to the Prime Minister and

¹ On his journey he came in contact with the Mucassequeres, “the true savages of South tropical Africa.” These strange aborigines never cultivate the soil; they live on roots, honey, and animals caught in the chase. The arrow is their only weapon; their only shelter is a forest tree. A type of the Hottentot race, of a dirty yellow complexion, with flat nose, hair crisp and tufted.

² The people of the Lui are greatly degraded by intoxication and immorality; they smoke *bangue* to a most injurious extent. In few countries of Africa is polygamy more profligate: the Prime Minister of Lobossi had seventy wives. The Luinas are great rearers of cattle; they work in iron, and all their arms and tools are produced at home. They possess many slaves. This country was seen by Livingstone, twenty years before, under the empire of the Macololos.

³ *Muene*, King, and *Puto*, the name given to Portugal.

the chief people of the Court. The hides were sent to the Councillors. Major Pinto's carriers had a good time of it that evening. One of the grandees, "a hale old man, whose sympathetic and expressive face greatly interested" the traveller, was Machauana, the former companion of Livingstone, in his journey from the Zambesi to Loanda, and of whom he wrote in high terms of praise. Machauana afterwards called upon Pinto, and they had a long talk together concerning Livingstone. Illness followed; severe fever being accompanied by depression of spirits. An attack of home-sickness crushed the traveller; the King was greedy, and his messengers impertinent; the people were agitated by rumours of war. Seeing that things were taking an ugly turn, the Biheno carriers declared they would go no further; they returned home in a body. It was proposed by the Prime Minister, Gambella, that the white man should be assassinated; but Machauana in the Council stoutly resisted this proposal, and with success. An attempt was made, however, that night, at the instigation of Gambella; and an assegai grazed the Major's arm. He shot at, and wounded the negro who had been sent to kill him, and hurried to the King's house, where he received promises of protection. The next night, however, the little encampment was attacked; the huts were burnt; and, although breech-loaders kept off the screaming savages for a time, but for a panic produced amongst the negroes at close quarters by nitroglycerine, Pinto and his followers would have been killed to a man. As it was, several were wounded. When the fighting had ceased, Machauana appeared with a large force; and it seems probable the King had prevented this friend of the white man from starting earlier. Fearing further treachery,¹ and also failing to get any food, Pinto made a journey of fifteen miles, and encamped at the base of the mountains. Here they got some fish, which they boiled and ate without salt. But treachery was still at work; one night, having gone to sleep early that he might be called to

¹ Major Pinto had on one occasion liberated a gang of slaves. He seems, in fact, to have defied the slave traders; he terms them "expatriated wretches" whose conduct brings dishonour on the Portuguese name. These men, in revenge, dogged his steps and prejudiced the negroes against him. Many of his misfortunes are traceable to the spiteful slanders and insinuations of the slave traders or their agents. The "Portuguese" slave traders, whether white or coloured, are bitterly opposed to any attempts to set up a legitimate trade. Major Pinto's idea of founding a "colony" in the Bihé valley under the control of the Portuguese Government, seems hardly practicable at present; the difficulties, at all events, would be great. It is much to the credit of the gallant traveller that in regard to the slave trade he speaks out so boldly. Cameron's statements are by him strongly supported; and it may be hoped that the authorities in Lisbon will, in African territories under their control, cease to pursue a policy of masterly inactivity concerning an infamous traffic.

observe a reappearance of the first satellite of Jupiter, the sentry fell asleep. Pinto was woken up with a cry, "Sir, we are betrayed; all our people have fled, and have stolen everything!" The rogues had carried off his goods, and above all his powder and cartridges. His own arms, with his papers, instruments, &c. had been in his own hut; these he had; but one of the stolen loads contained his cartridges. This was, indeed, a heavy blow; no wonder he felt as though he were "lost," left as he was in the centre of Africa, without resources, having at the most only thirty bullets.

It is well told how he suffered. He was brooding, he writes, "with heart and brain alike torn by bitter feelings," when, looking at his rifle, an idea occurred to him. He opened the box containing a sextant, he noticed the leaden weights of his fishing net, and with his rifle, "the King's rifle," in his hand, he felt no longer *lost*:—

The arm which I now fondled so tenderly as one would fondle a beloved child, the arm which was to work out my destiny, and with it the expedition across the broad continent of Africa, was the KING'S RIFLE. Within its case were stored the implements for casting bullets, and all things needful to charge the cartridges, when once the metal envelopes were obtained, each of which, by its system of construction, would serve again and again. A small box, also within the precious case when the King presented to me his valuable gift, contained 500 percussion caps. The thoughts which had trooped so tumultuously through my mind brought to my recollection two tin boxes of powder, which I had used since leaving Benguela, in default of something better, to jam tightly into its place in the trunk the box containing Casella's sextant. Lead only was wanting, and that was now supplied me by my net. I had, therefore, the means within my power to dispose of some hundreds of shots, and with such a supply I could support life in a country where game was to be found.

On the 23rd September, with spirits and strength revived, he set out. Lobossi let him have three canoes and a guide; and his voyage, on the whole, was prosperous. He had heard of a white man, a Missionary; and on the 19th of October, crossing the broad Cuando, the sources of which he had discovered and determined months before, he met with two white men, Dr. Bradshaw, a zoological explorer, and his companion, Walsh. Here he had a breakfast, composed mainly of partridges, and—greatest of luxuries—some bread! The next day he met with the Missionary, François Coillard, and from this time his most pressing difficulties were of a less dangerous type.

After a month's rest, he set out for the cataracts, a trip which he enjoyed greatly. At Daca, he joined the Coillard family, and on December 1 they set out for a long journey southward,

across an unknown desert. After thirty days they arrived at Shoshong, the great capital of the Manguato.

Concerning Missionaries, he writes with candour. As a "good Catholic" he has his own views of Missions, and he expresses them here and there without reserve. Mr. Stanley has argued that the Missionaries should attack Africa through its great potentates; but Major Pinto advocates the establishment of Mission settlements among the smaller and least warlike tribes. A powerful chief, he says, may become a Christian, and his people "follow suit," so far, at least, as to "outwardly observe the law of Christ;" the civilization which their Christianity represents, however, is of the earth earthy; and when the Sovereign dies, the subjects all relapse. But this is not always the case. In certain tribes Christianity has obtained so firm a hold that the commands of a pagan chief are resisted.

Of the Coillard family Major Pinto writes in the warmest terms, and to the good work done by French Protestant Missionaries he bears ungrudging testimony. François Coillard, he writes, "is the best and kindest man I ever came across: to a superior intelligence he unites an indomitable will." The only fault, in fact, of M. Coillard is this: he is slow to see the bad qualities of the natives.

Of the work done among the subjects of King Khama our traveller writes warmly, but he fears the civilization of the Manguato is superficial, and may not be lasting. Three English Missionaries he mentions as deserving especial honour—the Rev. Mr. Price, the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, and the Rev. Mr. Eburn; they are "noble examples" for all Christian workers in the Dark Continent.

On the 12th of February, 1879, he entered Pretoria, the Capital of the Transvaal. An independent account of the Boers is just now full of interest. Defending the Boers, Pinto says:—

The impression abroad concerning them was that they were white savages, possessing all the evil instincts of the savage, with the cunning supplied by semi-civilization, eager for rapine, burning and devastating the villages of the natives (poor martyrs of their brutality and rapacity), and who, strong against the weak, are sneaking curs in the presence of the strong.

As an unprejudiced observer, who had received many favours from Englishmen, our author gives his own view of the Annexation of the Transvaal, and of the moral character of the descendants of the Dutch settlers. He says that the sin of discrediting Boers lies upon Missionaries.¹ He gives no particulars in sup-

¹ On "*bad Missionaries*." Major Pinto writes:—These missionaries, with little knowledge and narrow intellect, commence by instilling into the natives, hour by hour, from the sacred pulpit, whence should only be

port of this charge, and so far as we can see, the charge is based upon the statement that the Boers had "succeeded in *pacifcating by force* [! !], the warlike tribes which disputed their possession of the country." Certain Missionaries, he says, came in and preached rebellion. "It is easy to preach revolt;" and thus—in spite of themselves, as it were—the just, and honest, and moral Boers were led to ill-treat the aborigines!

Oddly enough, in another portion of the work, we read a very different estimate of the Boers. Major Pinto says:—

European by origin, they have in less than a century of time lost all the civilization they brought with them from Europe, have become conquered by the savage element amid which they have been living, and now, though Europeans in colour and professing the faith of Christ, are the veriest barbarians in customs and behaviour.

On March 19, after a journey of twenty-three miles in a dog-cart, he once more saw a railway train and heard a whistle. After a few hours he reached Durban, but he was too late, for that very day the packet had left for Europe! On April, 9, another vessel left Durban, and on June 9, he found himself once more on Portuguese soil. It was November 12, 1877, that he left Benguella; his journey across Africa, therefore, had been accomplished within seventeen months.



ART. V.—THE CHURCH OF IRELAND: SYNOD 1881.

ON Tuesday the 3rd of May, the General Synod concluded its shortest and most harmonious Session. A languid and formal proposal for additional revision was made by a few laymen, rather as a declaration of their views than with any hope of success.

heard the accents of truth, that they are the equals of the white man, that they are on a level with the civilized, when they ought rather to say to them, in the tones of persuasion and authority, "Between you and the European there is a wide gulf which I have come to teach you to bridge over. Regenerate yourselves; quit your habits of brutish sloth; labour and pray; abandon crime and practise the virtue which I will show you; cast off your ignorance and learn; and then but not till then, can you stand on the same level as the white; then and then only will you be his equal." This is the language used by the good Missionaries; this is the truth which the bad ones never dream of inculcating. To tell the ignorant savage that he is the equal of the civilized man is a falsehood; it is a crime. It is to be wanting in all those duties which were imposed upon the teacher when he set out for Africa. It is to be a traitor to his sacred mission.