

Letter to H. Bartle E. Frere, October 1869, May 1870

Livingstone, David, 1813-1873

Published by Livingstone Online (livingstoneonline.org)

[0001]

Manyuema Country - October 1869

My dear Sir Bartle,

I have not the faintest prospect of sending a letter for many months to come but I make a little preparation for the time when the bustle of sending off a packet may arrive. It is refreshing also when brought occasionally to a standstill to hold a little converse on paper with one's friends, and make believe that progress is reported. I am in the Country of the Manyuema the Suaheli say Manyema- the reputed cannibals, and about 150 miles West of Ujiji. As soon as I was recovered from pneumonia I went up Tanganyika fifty miles to an islet called Kasange and then struck Nor West. This was to avoid a great mass of high mountains opposite Ujiji- I had seen the central [line] of drainage of the great Nile Valley pass through Lake Moero and thence go away N.W. as the Lualaba
It

[0002]

It was reported to enter another Lake there, and was joined by the river Lufira therein. [On] coming out it was said to flow West but no one knew whither. I imagined that it might be the Congo, but I have since found in coming West that I am in the great bend this river, which still retains the name Lualaba, makes before turning round, and going N and N.E. into, I suppose, the Nile. It is a very large river, sometimes from eight to ten miles broad. I have to go down and see where it joins the eastern arm Tanganyika - Lualaba - and Tanganyika are evidently the two great head branches into which Ptolemy makes the head waters collect. Were it not so very Burtonesque I

would call them Lacustrine rivers -
extant specimens of the Lake rivers which
abounded

[0003]

abounded in Africa in prehistoric times.
Slowly and surely has the
light dawned on my mind that
the predecessors of Ptolemy the
geographer, who flourished in the second century
of our era must have visited this very
region - and all they have left for us
moderns is the rediscovery of what has sunk
into oblivion, like the circumnavigation
of Africa by the Phoenician admiral of
one of the Pharaohs about B.C. 600?

He was not believed because he said that in
passing round ~~Libya~~ [Libya] he had the sun
on his right hand. This stamps his
tale to us as genuine. Ptolemy, by
placing the springs between ten & twelve
south latitude, and exhibiting the water
collected into [two] great arms shewed that his
informants

[0004]

informants had visited the sources -
They were probably traders in ivory,
tamed elephants, slaves, copper &
gold. A map of the Ethiopian gold mines
at the time of Sethos the II is the oldest in
the world. The copper mines of the Katanga
on my S.W. have been marked for ages &
the malachite is said to be inexhaustible
Bible commentators have been strangely
afraid to place Ethiopia further up than
Nubia - some have ventured to put a
patch of it adjacent to the Red Sea -
if I remember rightly "Timbaka the
Ethiopian" had his seat of empire on the
Euphrates - he must have had a large
slice of Africa to merit his name - Sir
H. Rawlinson thought it was like the
Imaum of Muscat with his African
possessions. I am not without hopes that
the lost city of Meröc may have existed
at the confluences of Lualaba & Tanganyika
the extensive underground houses
reported

[0005]

reported may have been places of sepulture
of a Race which has left no descendants -
the excavations are ascribed to the Deity &
the modern inhabitants build their rude
huts inside. These are my waking dreams
but they will not divert my mind from
following the line of discovery - to whatever
it may lead. Sir Roderick by desiring
me to examine the watershed of South Central
Africa pointed to the true scientific way of
settling the question of the sources. I understood
it to be the wish of the Council too but have
since ~~my~~ doubts. He said to me
"You will be the real discoverer of the Sources
of the Nile" - You will not readily conceive the
difficulty - I had to feel every step of the way -
I was generally groping in the dark for who cared
where the rivers ran - the great upland Valley
revealed itself to the Barometers and then the
courses of the rivers proved it - I am a little
anxious that my friends should understand my

[0006]

reasons for striving to make a complete work of the
exploration - I have had no letters but very old ones
and don't know the state of my affairs or of my family
the only thing I am sure of is that all my friends
will wish me to complete my task before I retire -
In this wish I join and think it better to do so now
than afterwards in vain - It seems indispensable that
I should go down and see where the two great head
branches join. Then go round outside and South
about all the spring so as to be sure no one else
will come and "cut me out" by finding sources South
of mine - This may enable me to visit the rock
excavations and the Copper mines of Katanga - If
we could go straight where we wish the work
would soon be done, but we have to go where it
is safe and where cowardly attendants will not be
frightened out of their small wits and smaller sense
of duty - We have to make friends with one tribe in
order to venture to another. In this region of dense
forests scarcely three Villages own the same headman

[0007]

or know each other - I have a seriously long work
before me but hope that the kind providence which
has helped thus far may aid me through.

In contemplating my work it is impossible not to think of poor Speke - He affords the best example known of the eager pursuit of a foregone conclusion - When he discovered the Victoria Nyanza he at once concluded that therein lay the sources of the River of Egypt. He would suffer no one to doubt this - nor would he allow his own mind to admit a flaw. When he saw that the small River which comes out of it would not account for the Nile he conjectured a "backwater" whatever that may mean as an augmentation of his little "White Nile" - His conclusion admitted of no question, and oddly enough Baker upheld Speke's conclusion - though no large river begins in a lake. Ptolemy's small lake "Coloe" is a more correct view of Okara than that given by Speke and Grant - Three Lakes were run by Speke into one huge Victoria Nyanza. Unless the most intelligent who spent many years on the east of this Lake are grievously mistaken it contains but little water and the River that comes out is

[0008]

less than half the size of the out of Nyassa and at any rate through it could be called a source, the springs and fountains of the Nile are unquestionably from 500 to 700 miles further up the Great Valley than Speke and Baker believed them to be. I feel sorry for Speke's friends If I should say little about him some will be offended. If I say what I think others will take offence - I feel in a difficulty and would fain not hurt the feelings of any one - Grant needs no pity - the sources led to his getting a good wife - £2,000 a year and a London house with her, though he never saw them. I have lost nearly all my teeth and am fast drifting into second Childhood - this is what the sources have done for me. A Dutch lady of whom I know nothing but from scraps in the newspapers moves my sympathy more than any other - By wise foresight in providing a Steamer, and nobly pushing on up the river in spite of the severest domestic affliction - the loss of her two Aunts by fever - until after she was assured by Speke & Grant that they had already discovered in Victoria Nyanza the sources she sought, she must inevitably by boats or on land have reached the head waters had they not given,

[0009]

honestly enough of course, their own mistaken views, I cannot conceive of her turning before she saw Moero or Bangweolo for south of all they had seen. When they had cut off her hope she still lived to go South west and shewed as much pluck as if she had been a descendent of Von Tromp - We great he donkeys say "Exploration did not become her sex" - Well, considering that more than 1600 years have elapsed since the Nile fountains were formally visited,

and Emperors, Kings - all the great men of antiquity, longed to know where the great River, rose, exploration does not seem to have become the other sex either. She came further up than the two Centurians sent by Nero Caesar

The Manyuema Country is in many parts densely peopled by a rather degraded race - The Suaheli firmly believe them to be Cannibals and tell tales of their purchasing dead slaves. The different Villages have no political cohesion and vengeance has been taken sometimes by Suaheli Arabs for supposed acts of murder and cannibalism committed on their attendants. If asked the Manyuema laugh and should they take the enquirer to be credulous, say, Yes we eat people and laughingly go into details. But intelligent men among

[0010]

them speak seriously and point away about North west to the Country of the real men eaters, which may be that of Du Chaillu's Faus - a black stuff smeared on the cheeks is a sign of mourning - one of my attendants who believes everything was told that it was animal charcoal made of the bones of relatives they had eaten - and when he appeared shocked proceeded in their usual peculiar way to shew him the skull of a recent victim - he pointed it out to me in triumph - it was the skull of a Gorillah here called Soko, and this with Serpents they do eat - the Soko or Gorillah is abundant. His cry or mew may be heard any night in the gigantic forests here. It is not very terrible. It is near what I remember of the call of a peacock - or Tom cats on the top of a London house but not so vicious in tones as he sometimes puts - Food is very abundant - Holcus Serghum - Maize - Sweet Potatoes, & Cassava yield farinaceous diet. Ground nuts - palm oil palms and another oil yielding tree supply fatty constituents - Sugar cane, bananas and plantains families Goats Sheep & Fowls in the Villages, and Elephants, Buffaloes Antelopes swarming in the forests afford plenty of nitrogenous matter - Nets are

[0011]

made strong enough to hold lions, and Sokos are deceived by bunches of bananas placed in their way and speared. If the Manyuema are cannibals they are so without reasonable cause. For the present I place them alongside the people who have no knowledge of fire - of a supreme Being - or a language, but have tails - I shall look for evidence before I believe them to be very horrible. They build square houses. The walls entirely of clay, and the Ladies plait their abundant hair into straw bonnet shape. The brim comes out about four inches and protects their eyes by its shade - They will file their teeth to points - the Hussies!

May 1870 - I offered a handsome present to any one who would shew me human flesh cooked or eaten but in

vain - The native Arabs or Suaheli pretended to have seen so much Cannibalism I expected to witness a little - At last a human finger wrapped in a leaf was brought, probably a charm taken from a man who was killed in revenge - One who had lived long among them told me that similar small portions were all he ever saw, and the Medical profession use them - the Doctors seem to have caused the Manyuema or as Suaheli say Manyema to be called Cannibals. If I had

[0012]

believed one tenth part of the horrible tales the traders and adjacent tribes told me I might not have ventured to come among them. Fortunately my mother never frightened me in infancy with "Bogie" so I am not subject to Bogiephobia in which the Patient believes in everything horrible if only it is imputed to be the possessor of a black skin. A worse obstacle than Manyema Cannibalism - the rainy season - has detained me some months - the vegetation is exceedingly rank, through the grass of the Valleys, if grass it can be called which is more than half an inch in diameter in the stalk & ten or twelve feet high nothing but Elephants can walk. Broad belts of forest stand between each district. Into these the vertical sun sends but a few rays - the rain water stands in holes made by Elephants' feet, and the dead leaves decay on the damp soil and make the water of the numerous rills and rivulets of the colour of a strong infusion of tea. The mud of mire (scothice glaur) is awful - bad water - perpetual wettings - brought on choleraic symptoms and great emaciation. I came to a stand till the rains cease with the heads of a Suaheli horde which the needs of cheap ivory brought to Ujiji - They are as kind as I could wish - Rest - boiling all the water I use and a new

[0013]

Potatoe have restored me - but I see that as soon as I find out when the Lualaba goes into the lower Tanganyika I must retire - I must leave the excavations to some one else. Up the back or southern slope of the watershed no River can run - so no one can find sources of the Nile south of mine, but I would put it modestly - I may be mistaken as others have been, though at present I cannot conceive in what.

I did not understand what Arrowsmith meant by my making the Continent broader than it is but I remember now that I took an observation on the Coast - The occultation of the fixed Star by the moon, this is virtually a lunar distance from the edge to the centre of the moon measured with an accuracy which no instrument can attain. The observation was calculated at the Cape Observatory and differed by only 9 from what Commodore Owen would have made it but for an error into which he fell. The Admiralty in order to correct this error pasted a note on the back of all their Charts requesting

the user of it to add 5 9 to every position along the Coast.
My observation added the 5 and it is rather to my credit

[0014]

that I came so near what the Commodore would have put in with his 13 Chronometers on board - Arrowsmith [evidently] never saw the note referred to and he has transferred the erroneous survey to his Maps. Taking his erroneous Maps as the breadth of the Continent mine is 5 or say 6 English miles too broad. A ship sailing by Arrowsmith's Map would have to go six miles overland ere it reached the Africa he has depicted - He has made enormous havoc of my positions of 1853-7. My subsequent observations at some of the same spots prove indubitably that the first were generally correct but John wrote to Germany and elsewhere glorifying himself for finding out my errors. I have no doubt as to making mistakes but considering how I was harassed by fever and fatigue and unpaid it is not very dignified for him to raise a hurrah instead of being sorry that I did not do better. An imperfect sketch of Nyassamas shire &c was sent to Sir Roderick just to give him a general idea of the Country - I gave M^r Arrowsmith nothing till I come home and then gave him observations calculated at the Cape - In these the Assistant Astronomer Royal declared that my

[0015]

position of the Lake could not possibly be four minutes wrong. Our friend had however got hold of our imperfect sketch, and a sketch from this sketch by D^r Kirk and worked away at them though not employed [by] me, had to alter all his work when I gave him the Cape calculations and charged M^r Murray & me £300 chiefly on account of these alterations. M^r Murray says that M^r A. is a Man of the strictest honour - I don't like such a slice to be whisked off my property however honourably - He declared that either my imperfect sketch itself or Kirk's Copy was forty miles wrong. As he got a hold of them long ere I came home and found by the note appended by the Assistant Astronomer Royal that from my repeated series of Chronometric observations I could not possibly be 4 out my worthy old friend might this time have given me a share of German glorification, or at least correct his own maps by the Admiralty note referred to if not the [...] Maps also at the Rooms in Whitehall Gardens

My experience with the pupils from Nassick Schools makes me venture the hint that teaching them to work on board a

[0016]

Man of War anchored in a healthy spot as is done by Lord Shaftesbury's suggestion with the outcasts of London would be a great improvement on [M^r] Price's plan. I discovered

though all asserted at Nassick, that they had been taken in war that all had been Slaves and of the Criminal Class and they dreaded letting me know whence they had come lest they should be taken back and made to work again. Work is what all hate - and in all cases they do as little as they can - they hope to get back to the school to live in idleness - There they had tools, but if their statements which I have overheard scores of times are untrue, they might either work play or do nothing - If made Sailors of and forced to work they would be a benefit to the Country - taught to wash, cook and mend and make their own clothes, and the numerous jobs sailors can do - they would be respected - while coming as Smiths, Carpenters Masons they only give occasion for jeering, for not one I have seen or heard of can handle a tool. If the Sons of my English Gentleman were treated as these poor unfortunates are they would inevitably be spoiled for life - we have all to be taught that work is our lot - a blessing and not a curse - To them work is an

[0017]

unmitigated evil - I look with great anxiety to the Freedmen in America but indulge half a hope that they have more manhood than mine. The way in which the US Christian Commission carried on their gigantic work for the Army may be repeated for the recent Slaves. To elevate 4,000,000 is a superhuman task but the Lord of all seems to be putting forth his power to gather all into his kingdom.

I got a small box from Zanzibar probably from D^r Kirk with some wine and preserves a few Saturday Reviews & Punches but not a scrap of a letter - I gleaned all I could from Advertisements &c - I fear that my letters are kept by an influential man at Unyembe or Garaganza called the "Governor" Syde bin Salem Buxaschid by name for a certain long box was left with him having medicines two English guns letters and despatches therein. I sent for it twice & received no answer and I am uncharitable enough to think that he wants to fall heir to my guns. I have no letters later than 1866 and none from you but they may be at Nyembe - My attendants are too cowardly to go anywhere without me to shelter them and if I had gone I should have been thrown into the rainy season at Ujiji instead of in Manyema. I was much pleased to

[0018]

see by a Saturday Review that Miss Frere had turned Author and had wisely chosen a path in literature but little trodden - Her sister doing the tropical scenery shows that she had been in ~~India~~[Africa] for my drawing is like what little boys do on walls & I have no inducement to try and do better for even photographs shewing good foreheads were by the wood Engravers made into the low conventional negro shape. It seemed that they could not draw anything but the West Coast type, while here very many have finely

shaped heads straight or aquiline thin noses & thin lips
magnificent forms with small feet and hands graceful limbs
and barn door mouths prognathous jaws and dark heels are
never seen. Your name the List of Stewards at the Literary
Fund Dinner told me you were in England but this
was addressed before I saw it - My kindest salutations to
Lady Frere & her family. Although this is grievously prolix
and the Climate has told on the ink I shall add a little
with the latest information.

Affectionately
(signed) David Livingstone

[0019]

Lake Bangweolo, South Central Africa

My dear Sir Bartle,

The route I chose to take up the thread of my
exploration where it was broken by the Banian slaves has proved more
difficult and time consuming than I anticipated. An Arab war at
Unyanymbe led me to go due south so as to avoid bands of marauders
who were incited to lawlessness by the disturbed state of the country.
Four parties of traders had been broken up by them before we started,
but we got away safely, and turning West soon came to Tanganyika.
The eastern shore is very mountainous and the rocks of the Southern
half chiefly mica schist and gneiss are lifted up on edge as the leaves of
a book when turned up on its back and slightly opened. It seems as
if a wedge the breadth of the Lake had been thrust up from below where
the water now stands, and crushed the strata up and away as they
now appear - the marching was excessively severe and it produced
many cases of subcutaneous inflammation limbs - 'black' nose, or
erysipelas and when I mildly proposed surgically to relieve the tension
the idea was too horrible, but they willingly carried the helpless - not a
shower had fallen, and the grass mostly burned off left a surface covered
with blade ashes from which the heat radiated as out of a furnace or

[0020]

say an oven. Yet out of this hard hot surface the flowers generally
without leaves persisted in coming. A species of ginger with its large
purple and yellow blossoms was the most conspicuous in obeying some
law like that of the Medes and Persians - when we came to the south end
of Tanganyika we suddenly mounted 4000 feet up to the highland region -
Unrungu and into the strength of the rainy season there with everything
green, and every place sloppy and slippery - I passed through this region
before and besides almost proving fatal at first, when the rains ceased
and circumstances compelled my remaining for 3 1/2 months at an
altitude of 4,700 feet above the sea it proved eminently restorative - some
folks require a good deal of killing, and then again a mere flea bite
gives the quietus. Three of the Baurunga chiefs had died during my
absence - one - Kasonso - a great friend of mine for he lent me his son to
guide to Liemba as the lower portion of Tanganyika is called, and
sent a large quantity of food after us with no hope of reward - one meets
with good fellows everywhere, and some atrociously bad ones, but I

think that we African travellers have of late years got too much into the travelwriters habit of turning up the whites of our eyes and holding up our pains as pious people are all thought to do, whenever we meet with any trait not exactly "Europe Fashion". The elections had turned the

[0021]

population all topsy turvey - they elect a sister's son or a brother, because say the sly dogs the heir apparent may not be heir real - What blasphemy!! - The old stockades had all been abandoned and new ones built. Forest and virgin land had to be cultivated, and the reclaimed acreage was necessarily small. Food was very scarce, and hunger helped to strengthen our old orthodox faith that chief magistrates ought on no account to be elected - never saw such cloudy weather - no astronomical observations except a few snap latitudes could be made for over three months, and it rained night and day as if it would never tire. Former positions carefully observed were now now of no use, and the people shewed a perverse ingenuity in leading us West - when I insisted on following the compass they had me completely in their power "No food in that line for ten days" and then I had to think of the empty stomachs of my poor fellows who were collecting mushrooms very good no doubt as mushroom ketchup with a joint but no more fattening alone than the east wind which wild asses snuff up - they brought us down to the back or North side of Bangweolo and however much I longed and watched for a lunar distance none could be obtained - then the rivulets spread out in the flat country as they came near the Lake so as to be impossible. Many long return marches for

[0022]

days together had to be made to extricate ourselves from the marshes whose threads were from two to three miles broad - the poor fellows carried me through the waters though it would have been more agreeable to me to wade, as I did when I had unwillingly libertoes. My thighs became sore from resting all my weight by the hour on their shoulders. They have hitherto done remarkably well the highest praise I could bestow would be that they equal the Makakolo but they are cowards, and the system of their education has left out truthfulness as one of the virtues. I always remember the services of the brave, kind hearted, sensible, truthful and albeit rather wicked Makalolo with a warm glow in my heart - The rivulets flowing into this Lake often spread out into estuaries and make Bangweolo look as if she had a string of oblong pearls round her neck. At other seasons this may be different the country adjacent is all flat forest, an hours march in this brings you to a rivulet flowing in a meadow with one or two hundred yards of weeping earthenn sponge on each side, a stream runs along the centre or winds from side to side of the slightly depressed valley - crossing this and ascending a few feet by a gentle slope you enter forest again, or plod through great patches of

[0023]

Brackens and other Ferns into forest again, the rivulets are legion -

none but an eyewitness could believe the prodigious amount of water in the country all flowing into Bangweolo - When its discovery was announced at the coast some one wrote an official description of it to the Bombay Government and stated that it is like Nyassa Tanganyika and the Albert Nyanza, overhung by high mountain slopes which open out into bays and valleys or leave great plains &c &c - The Salse and country adjacent are about 4000 feet above the sea but the only slopes are those of anthills which can scarcely be called high unless thought of as perched on the top of the 4000 feet altitude - the country as far as the eye can reach is remarkable only for extreme flatness - the slope being generally not more than from the Isle of Dogs down to the level of the Thames - the description was possibly penned from Arab palavers and the fascination of describing the unknown had better be resisted or left to the Poets.

The Chambeze and other rivers flow into its North Eastern horn through great spongy Bugas or Prairies - the Portuguese crossed the Chambeze as I did high up where it is small - they were real Portuguese and not black men with Portuguese names so they are the first European discoverers of this river in modern times - the

[0024]

similarity of name to the Zambesi led them to consider it a branch of that river and misled by a map saying "Zambesi (Eastern branch" I stupidly made my first crossing as fruitless as theirs - It cost me full twenty two months to eliminate this error and I was less excusable than they for I ought to have known and remembered that while Chambezi is the true native name of the Northern river Zambesi is not the native name of the Southern river at all. We followed the Portuguese corruption of the name rather than introduce confusion as to a name possessing a rather melancholy interest from the survey and deaths of the officers of Commodore Owen on the river that flows past Zette lama Lupanza and into the sea by Luabo & Kongone. The name by which the natives all know it and speak of it to each other is Dombazi - when they speak to Portuguese or English they call it Zambesi or Zambeze. Above the Victoria Falls its name is Liambai - We followed the same course with the Lake whose rather pretty name is Nyanza or Nyinyesi or Lake of Stars - because the Portuguese corruption Nyassa was known in geography, and it was rather dumbfounding to find it printed as a profoundly learned thing "Nyassi or the Sea" - Nyassi meaning a species of very long grass and nothing else. I gained the first rays

[0025]

of light about Chambeze not from my own acuteness but from the rather bantering remarks of the Cazembe who was lately routed and slain by a party of Bampamwezi whose countryman Funga Funga he murdered. Certain Arab traders made great preparations for his downfall and after going several miles up the boundary on the Kalungwesi thought better of it, told their slaves that the river was too deep and went away to trade in Rua - the Banyamwezi brought the head of Cazembe to the Arabs who are immensely elated in

consequence and after their manner give circumstantial details of their powers in the fight which would be quite interesting did we not know that they contained not a word of truth. On telling this Cazembe that I wished to visit Bangweolo, he said "one piece of water is just like another - you have seen water in Moero and Lupuala, the very water that was in Chambeze and Bangweolo but as your chief ordered you to see it all by all means go after I have procured good guides and food for you" &c &c I was not sure that this was not royal chaff till I stood in the and had an intelligent islander slowly moving his hand around 183° of sea horizon and saying that is Chambeze forming Bangweolo and passing round that Western headland to change its name into

[0026]

It was then that the discovery of this line of drainage was made, but some may feel that our allies the Portuguese being the first to cross of the river deserve all the credit. If so I shall not quarrel over the matter - but pepper and astrology preceded Herschel & Lockyer men whose names I am not worthy to mention - it suits me better to laugh over the great discover of Inner Africa who after the undoubted discovery of the Chambeze made it run East instead of West and toddle away some 4000 feet uphill; and then challenged me in a learned periodical to argue the point whether Chambeze was or was not the "New Zambesi".

The Lake people are of the Bisa stock and have long been eager slave traders. Large caravans of Babisa Bazao & Banyamwezi - frequently went to the coast and the effect of the enterprise has in the first two tribes been depopulation of their own countries. Where no foreign slave trade has existed the people live in peace, and follow peaceful cultivation of the soil - the frequent visits of Arab slavers are followed by chronic warfare and mental soreness against all strangers, this seems to be the invariable effect of their system - but in Central Africa generally war is rare and women have great influence. When men speak of the tribes being

[0027]

always in a state of chronic warfare they refer perhaps unwittingly to people within easy reach of the coast who have had many visits from slavetraders. In this region a man called Motoka took to marauding on his own account. He inspired terror, and many yielded to him without resistance. He built a line of huts completely round a stockade I saw & battled two months in vain - The blood relations of the besieged chief then assembled and coming suddenly on Motoka caused an utter panic and rout, and finished his marauding though he himself escaped - the news of what guns can do and the fate of Cazembe inspired as much fear of us as the most ardent anthropologist could desire. In many places the entire people fled from us, and we got nothing in the villages but damnless chickens - then when we did get a guide he was sure to run away - this with the impossibility of making astronomical observations and cold wet forest gloom made our marches

unpleasant. These I suppose are the Elephantophagi, the Lotophagi the Ichthyophagi into which the ancient anthropologists divided the people - Instead of naming our tribes after their eating an ostrich elephant, fish or lotus eaters we modern anthropoi would divide the nations according to their drinks, as the Scotch = the whiskey fishoid

[0028]

fiddlers - the gin and stout guzzlers - the roaring Portheeuers - the vin ordinaire bibbers - the Lager Bier swillers - and a far off outlying tribe of the "Sherry Cobbler" and "Brandy Cock tail" persuasion. - Fish are abundant - Elephants and buffaloes very numerous and two species of lotus or sacred Lilly grow even on the plains which are flooded only annually - the only drink in use is the everlasting Pombe which instead of strengthening the stomach requires a very strong stomach to master it, and the taste is anything but delicious. It will not drive champagne out of the market in our day. -