

**ANTHROPOPHA
GY**

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Anthropophagy by Charles W. Darling

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BY

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PREFATORY NOTE.

In giving himself to general reading relating to the origin and history of the human family, the writer of the following pages was impressed with the frequent allusion to man-eating among many of the peoples of the world; and although in itself it is an unattractive subject, and perhaps to some repellant; for his own amusement, and it may be for the instruction of others, he has been prompted to collate some of the references to this unhallowed custom, in a connected form. How well he has succeeded in his effort he will leave it to the reader to determine. The only merit to which he might possibly lay claim is fidelity to the facts as recorded by the historians and travelers of the age.

C. W. D.

ANTHROPOPHAGISM.

According to classic mythology, the *Cyclops* were giant cannibals, each of whom had a single eye, conveniently placed in the centre of his forehead. As the account of these Cyclops is so suggestive, let the story concerning them be told with some variations from the history as given by Lamb. Ulysses, after the destruction of Troy by the Grecians, coasted with his fleet along unknown shores, until the land where these Cyclops dwelt was reached. He immediately went on shore with a chosen party of twelve, by whom the land was peopled. The first sign of habitation to which they came was a giant's cave rudely fashioned, but of a size, however, which betokened the vast proportions of its owner. The pillars which supported it were huge oaks, and all about showed marks of strength. Ulysses, having entered, admired the savage contrivances of the place, and while thus occupied, a deafened noise like the falling of a house was heard. It proved to be the owner of the cave, Polyphemus, the largest and most savage of the Cyclops, who had been abroad all day in the mountains, and as he reached home he threw down a pile of fire-wood, which occasioned the startling crash. The Grecians, at sight of the uncouth monster, who looked more like a mountain crag than a man, hid themselves in the remote parts of the cave, and after he had passed in, he blocked up the entrance with

a rock so large that twenty oxen could not draw it. Having kindled a fire, throwing his great eye around the cave, by the glimmering light he discerned at last some of Ulysses' men. "Ho! guests, what are you? Merchants, or wandering thieves?" he bellowed out. Only Ulysses summoned resolution to answer that they came neither for plunder nor traffic, but were Grecians who had lost their way in returning from Troy, which famous city under Agamemnon, they had sacked and laid level with the ground. They now prostrated themselves humbly before his feet, whom they acknowledged to be mightier than they, and besought him that he would bestow upon them the rights of hospitality. Jove was the avenger of wrongs done to strangers, and would fiercely resent any injury they might suffer. "Fool!" said the Cyclop, "to come so far to preach to me the fear of the gods. We Cyclops care not for your Jove; we are stronger than he, and dare bid him to open battle." He then snatched two of the shivering wretches nearest him, dashed out their brains against the earth, and after tearing in pieces their limbs, devoured them, still warm and trembling, as would a lion, lapping up also their blood.

Alexander Pope, in his translation of *Odyssey*, thus gives Ulysses' description of his trials:

"He answered with his deed: his bloody hand
 Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band;
 And dashed like dogs against the stony floor:
 The payment swims with brains and mingled gore.
 Torn limb from limb, he spreads his horrid feast,
 And fierce devours it like a mountain beast;
 He sucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
 Nor entrails, flesh, nor solid bone remains.
 We see the death from which we cannot move,
 And humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.

His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,
 A milky deluge next the giant swill'd;
 Then stretch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd rock,
 Lay senseless, and supine, amidst the flock."

Having now made an end of his supper, he took a great draught of goat's milk, and sank into a deep sleep. Ulysses at once drew his sword, and half resolved to thrust it into the sleeping monster; but desisted when he remembered that only Polyphemus could remove the massive stone which guarded the entrance. The night was passed in great fear.

When daylight appeared the Cyclop awoke, and kindling a fire, made his breakfast on another brace of Greeks; then pushing aside the huge rock, and rolling it to its place again, he stalked toward the mountains. Toward evening he returned, smacked his lips and enjoyed another Phrygian stew. Supper over, Ulysses offered him strong wine, which the brute took and drank. He liked it so well that he told Ulysses he would show him the kindness to eat him last of all his friends. Having thus expressed his thankfulness, he sank into a dead slumber, and then Ulysses gave proof how far manly wisdom excels brutish force.

He chose a stake from among the wood which the Cyclop had piled up for firing, in length and thickness like a mast, which he sharpened and hardened in the fire, and then with the assistance of his men, thrust the sharp red hot end into the eye of the drunken cannibal. The scalded blood gushed out, the eyeball smoked, and the strings of the eye cracked as the burning rafter broke in it; the eye fairly hissed as hot iron hisses when plunged into water. The giant waking, roared with the pain so loudly that the

sound seemed like heavy thunder-claps. He plucked the burning stake from his eye, and hurled the wood madly about the cave. Blind and groaning with pain, he groped through the darkness to find the doorway, from which when found he removed the stone, and sat in the threshold to prevent Ulysses and the survivors of his band from going out. They managed, however, to elude his vigilance, and returned to their ships, where their companions, with tears in their eyes, received them as men escaped from death. Quickly they spread their sails, plied their oars, and moved away from that dreadful spot. The Cyclop hearing the noise pushed to the water's brink, plucked a fragment of rock, and threw it with blind fury at the ships. It narrowly escaped lighting upon the bark in which Ulysses sat. Ulysses cried out to the Cyclop: "Cyclop, thou shouldst not have so much abused thy monstrous strength, as to devour thy guests. If any ask who imposed on thee that unsightly blemish in thine eye, say it was Ulysses, son of Laertes, the King of Ithaca." Then crowding sail, they glided rapidly before the wind, and soon came to Lamos, a port of the *Læstrygonians*.

"Six days and nights a doubtful course we steer,
 The next proud Lamos' stately towers appear,
 And Læstrygonia's gates arise distinct in air.
 Within a long recess a bay there lies,
 Edged round with cliffs high pointing to the skies;
 The jutting shores that swell on either side
 Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.
 Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat,
 And bound within the port their crowded fleet:
 For here retired the sinking billows sleep,
 And smiling calmness silver'd o'er the deep.
 I only in the bay refused to moor,

And fix'd, without, my halsers to the shore.
 From thence we climb'd a point, whose airy brow
 Commands the prospect of the plains below:
 Two with our herald thither we command.
 With speed to learn what men possess'd the land.
 They went, and kept the wheel's smooth-beat road
 Which to the city drew the mountain wood;
 When lo! they met, beside a crystal spring,
 The daughter of Antiphates the king;
 The damsel they approach, and ask'd what race
 The people were? who monarch of the place?
 With joy the maid the unwary strangers heard,
 And show'd them where the royal dome appear'd.
 They went; but as they entering saw the queen
 Of size enormous, and terrific mien
 Swift at her call her husband scour'd away
 To wreck his hunger on the destined prey;
 One for his food the raging glutton slew,
 But two rush'd out, and to the navy flew.
 Balk'd of his prey, the yelling monster flies,
 And fills the city with his hideous cries:
 A ghastly band of giants hear the roar,
 And, pouring down the mountains, crowd the shore.
 Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow
 And dash the ruins on the ships below:
 The crackling vessels burst; hoarse groans arise,
 And mingled horrors echo to the skies;
 The men like fish, they struck upon the flood,
 And crammed their filthy throats with human food."

Following the old classic story a little further, Ulysses
 and his followers pass onward to the abode of the *Sirens*,
 where Pope has brought together their experience in the fol-
 lowing rhyme:

"Unblest the man, whom music wins to stay
 Nigh the cursed shore, and listen to the lay.
 No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,
 His blooming offspring, or his beautiful wife!
 In verdant meads they sport; and wide around
 Lie human bones that whiten all the ground: