

Primitive Love and Love-Stories eBook

Primitive Love and Love-Stories by Henry Theophilus Finck

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Contents

Primitive Love and Love-Stories eBook.....	1
Contents.....	2
Table of Contents.....	27
Page 1.....	40
Page 2.....	43
Page 3.....	46
Page 4.....	49
Page 5.....	51
Page 6.....	53
Page 7.....	55
Page 8.....	56
Page 9.....	57
Page 10.....	59
Page 11.....	61
Page 12.....	62
Page 13.....	63
Page 14.....	64
Page 15.....	65
Page 16.....	66
Page 17.....	67
Page 18.....	68
Page 19.....	70
Page 20.....	71
Page 21.....	72

Page 22.....	73
Page 23.....	74
Page 24.....	76
Page 25.....	77
Page 26.....	79
Page 27.....	80
Page 28.....	81
Page 29.....	83
Page 30.....	84
Page 31.....	86
Page 32.....	87
Page 33.....	88
Page 34.....	89
Page 35.....	90
Page 36.....	91
Page 37.....	92
Page 38.....	93
Page 39.....	94
Page 40.....	95
Page 41.....	96
Page 42.....	98
Page 43.....	99
Page 44.....	101
Page 45.....	103
Page 46.....	105
Page 47.....	106

Page 48.....	108
Page 49.....	110
Page 50.....	112
Page 51.....	113
Page 52.....	114
Page 53.....	116
Page 54.....	118
Page 55.....	120
Page 56.....	121
Page 57.....	123
Page 58.....	124
Page 59.....	126
Page 60.....	127
Page 61.....	129
Page 62.....	131
Page 63.....	132
Page 64.....	134
Page 65.....	136
Page 66.....	138
Page 67.....	139
Page 68.....	140
Page 69.....	141
Page 70.....	142
Page 71.....	143
Page 72.....	145
Page 73.....	146

Page 74.....	147
Page 75.....	149
Page 76.....	150
Page 77.....	151
Page 78.....	152
Page 79.....	154
Page 80.....	155
Page 81.....	156
Page 82.....	158
Page 83.....	160
Page 84.....	161
Page 85.....	162
Page 86.....	163
Page 87.....	165
Page 88.....	166
Page 89.....	167
Page 90.....	168
Page 91.....	169
Page 92.....	170
Page 93.....	171
Page 94.....	172
Page 95.....	173
Page 96.....	174
Page 97.....	175
Page 98.....	176
Page 99.....	178

Page 100.....	180
Page 101.....	182
Page 102.....	183
Page 103.....	185
Page 104.....	187
Page 105.....	189
Page 106.....	191
Page 107.....	192
Page 108.....	194
Page 109.....	196
Page 110.....	198
Page 111.....	200
Page 112.....	201
Page 113.....	203
Page 114.....	204
Page 115.....	206
Page 116.....	207
Page 117.....	209
Page 118.....	210
Page 119.....	211
Page 120.....	213
Page 121.....	215
Page 122.....	216
Page 123.....	218
Page 124.....	219
Page 125.....	220

Page 126.....	221
Page 127.....	222
Page 128.....	224
Page 129.....	225
Page 130.....	226
Page 131.....	227
Page 132.....	228
Page 133.....	229
Page 134.....	230
Page 135.....	232
Page 136.....	233
Page 137.....	234
Page 138.....	235
Page 139.....	236
Page 140.....	238
Page 141.....	239
Page 142.....	241
Page 143.....	242
Page 144.....	243
Page 145.....	244
Page 146.....	245
Page 147.....	246
Page 148.....	248
Page 149.....	249
Page 150.....	250
Page 151.....	252

Page 152.....	253
Page 153.....	254
Page 154.....	256
Page 155.....	257
Page 156.....	258
Page 157.....	259
Page 158.....	260
Page 159.....	262
Page 160.....	264
Page 161.....	266
Page 162.....	268
Page 163.....	270
Page 164.....	272
Page 165.....	274
Page 166.....	276
Page 167.....	277
Page 168.....	278
Page 169.....	279
Page 170.....	280
Page 171.....	281
Page 172.....	282
Page 173.....	283
Page 174.....	284
Page 175.....	286
Page 176.....	287
Page 177.....	288

Page 178.....	289
Page 179.....	291
Page 180.....	292
Page 181.....	293
Page 182.....	294
Page 183.....	296
Page 184.....	297
Page 185.....	298
Page 186.....	299
Page 187.....	300
Page 188.....	301
Page 189.....	302
Page 190.....	303
Page 191.....	304
Page 192.....	305
Page 193.....	306
Page 194.....	307
Page 195.....	308
Page 196.....	309
Page 197.....	310
Page 198.....	312
Page 199.....	313
Page 200.....	314
Page 201.....	316
Page 202.....	318
Page 203.....	320

Page 204.....	321
Page 205.....	322
Page 206.....	323
Page 207.....	324
Page 208.....	325
Page 209.....	326
Page 210.....	327
Page 211.....	328
Page 212.....	329
Page 213.....	330
Page 214.....	331
Page 215.....	332
Page 216.....	333
Page 217.....	334
Page 218.....	335
Page 219.....	336
Page 220.....	338
Page 221.....	340
Page 222.....	341
Page 223.....	342
Page 224.....	344
Page 225.....	346
Page 226.....	347
Page 227.....	348
Page 228.....	350
Page 229.....	351

Page 230.....	352
Page 231.....	353
Page 232.....	354
Page 233.....	355
Page 234.....	357
Page 235.....	358
Page 236.....	359
Page 237.....	360
Page 238.....	362
Page 239.....	364
Page 240.....	365
Page 241.....	366
Page 242.....	367
Page 243.....	368
Page 244.....	370
Page 245.....	371
Page 246.....	372
Page 247.....	373
Page 248.....	375
Page 249.....	376
Page 250.....	377
Page 251.....	378
Page 252.....	379
Page 253.....	380
Page 254.....	381
Page 255.....	382

Page 256.....	384
Page 257.....	385
Page 258.....	386
Page 259.....	387
Page 260.....	388
Page 261.....	389
Page 262.....	390
Page 263.....	391
Page 264.....	392
Page 265.....	393
Page 266.....	395
Page 267.....	396
Page 268.....	397
Page 269.....	398
Page 270.....	400
Page 271.....	402
Page 272.....	403
Page 273.....	404
Page 274.....	405
Page 275.....	406
Page 276.....	407
Page 277.....	409
Page 278.....	411
Page 279.....	413
Page 280.....	415
Page 281.....	416

Page 282.....	418
Page 283.....	420
Page 284.....	422
Page 285.....	424
Page 286.....	425
Page 287.....	426
Page 288.....	428
Page 289.....	430
Page 290.....	431
Page 291.....	432
Page 292.....	433
Page 293.....	435
Page 294.....	436
Page 295.....	437
Page 296.....	438
Page 297.....	439
Page 298.....	441
Page 299.....	443
Page 300.....	445
Page 301.....	446
Page 302.....	448
Page 303.....	449
Page 304.....	451
Page 305.....	452
Page 306.....	454
Page 307.....	455

Page 308.....	457
Page 309.....	458
Page 310.....	460
Page 311.....	462
Page 312.....	463
Page 313.....	464
Page 314.....	465
Page 315.....	466
Page 316.....	468
Page 317.....	469
Page 318.....	470
Page 319.....	472
Page 320.....	474
Page 321.....	475
Page 322.....	477
Page 323.....	478
Page 324.....	479
Page 325.....	480
Page 326.....	482
Page 327.....	484
Page 328.....	486
Page 329.....	487
Page 330.....	489
Page 331.....	490
Page 332.....	492
Page 333.....	493

Page 334.....	494
Page 335.....	495
Page 336.....	496
Page 337.....	497
Page 338.....	499
Page 339.....	500
Page 340.....	502
Page 341.....	504
Page 342.....	505
Page 343.....	507
Page 344.....	508
Page 345.....	510
Page 346.....	511
Page 347.....	513
Page 348.....	515
Page 349.....	517
Page 350.....	519
Page 351.....	520
Page 352.....	522
Page 353.....	524
Page 354.....	526
Page 355.....	527
Page 356.....	529
Page 357.....	530
Page 358.....	531
Page 359.....	533

Page 360.....	534
Page 361.....	535
Page 362.....	536
Page 363.....	537
Page 364.....	539
Page 365.....	540
Page 366.....	542
Page 367.....	544
Page 368.....	545
Page 369.....	546
Page 370.....	547
Page 371.....	548
Page 372.....	549
Page 373.....	551
Page 374.....	552
Page 375.....	553
Page 376.....	554
Page 377.....	555
Page 378.....	556
Page 379.....	557
Page 380.....	558
Page 381.....	560
Page 382.....	561
Page 383.....	563
Page 384.....	565
Page 385.....	567

Page 386.....	568
Page 387.....	569
Page 388.....	570
Page 389.....	571
Page 390.....	573
Page 391.....	574
Page 392.....	575
Page 393.....	576
Page 394.....	578
Page 395.....	580
Page 396.....	582
Page 397.....	583
Page 398.....	585
Page 399.....	587
Page 400.....	588
Page 401.....	589
Page 402.....	591
Page 403.....	593
Page 404.....	595
Page 405.....	596
Page 406.....	598
Page 407.....	599
Page 408.....	600
Page 409.....	601
Page 410.....	602
Page 411.....	603

Page 412.....	604
Page 413.....	606
Page 414.....	607
Page 415.....	608
Page 416.....	609
Page 417.....	610
Page 418.....	611
Page 419.....	612
Page 420.....	614
Page 421.....	616
Page 422.....	618
Page 423.....	619
Page 424.....	620
Page 425.....	622
Page 426.....	623
Page 427.....	625
Page 428.....	627
Page 429.....	628
Page 430.....	630
Page 431.....	632
Page 432.....	634
Page 433.....	635
Page 434.....	636
Page 435.....	637
Page 436.....	638
Page 437.....	640

Page 438.....	641
Page 439.....	642
Page 440.....	643
Page 441.....	645
Page 442.....	647
Page 443.....	648
Page 444.....	649
Page 445.....	651
Page 446.....	653
Page 447.....	655
Page 448.....	657
Page 449.....	658
Page 450.....	659
Page 451.....	660
Page 452.....	662
Page 453.....	663
Page 454.....	664
Page 455.....	665
Page 456.....	667
Page 457.....	669
Page 458.....	670
Page 459.....	671
Page 460.....	672
Page 461.....	673
Page 462.....	675
Page 463.....	676

Page 464.....	678
Page 465.....	680
Page 466.....	681
Page 467.....	682
Page 468.....	684
Page 469.....	685
Page 470.....	687
Page 471.....	688
Page 472.....	689
Page 473.....	690
Page 474.....	691
Page 475.....	692
Page 476.....	694
Page 477.....	696
Page 478.....	698
Page 479.....	700
Page 480.....	702
Page 481.....	704
Page 482.....	706
Page 483.....	707
Page 484.....	708
Page 485.....	709
Page 486.....	710
Page 487.....	712
Page 488.....	713
Page 489.....	714

Page 490.....	715
Page 491.....	716
Page 492.....	717
Page 493.....	719
Page 494.....	720
Page 495.....	722
Page 496.....	723
Page 497.....	724
Page 498.....	726
Page 499.....	728
Page 500.....	730
Page 501.....	731
Page 502.....	732
Page 503.....	733
Page 504.....	734
Page 505.....	735
Page 506.....	736
Page 507.....	737
Page 508.....	738
Page 509.....	739
Page 510.....	741
Page 511.....	743
Page 512.....	744
Page 513.....	745
Page 514.....	747
Page 515.....	748

Page 516.....	749
Page 517.....	751
Page 518.....	752
Page 519.....	753
Page 520.....	754
Page 521.....	755
Page 522.....	757
Page 523.....	758
Page 524.....	759
Page 525.....	760
Page 526.....	761
Page 527.....	762
Page 528.....	764
Page 529.....	765
Page 530.....	766
Page 531.....	768
Page 532.....	769
Page 533.....	770
Page 534.....	771
Page 535.....	773
Page 536.....	775
Page 537.....	776
Page 538.....	778
Page 539.....	779
Page 540.....	781
Page 541.....	782

Page 542.....	783
Page 543.....	784
Page 544.....	785
Page 545.....	786
Page 546.....	787
Page 547.....	788
Page 548.....	789
Page 549.....	790
Page 550.....	791
Page 551.....	792
Page 552.....	794
Page 553.....	795
Page 554.....	796
Page 555.....	797
Page 556.....	798
Page 557.....	799
Page 558.....	800
Page 559.....	801
Page 560.....	802
Page 561.....	803
Page 562.....	804
Page 563.....	805
Page 564.....	806
Page 565.....	807
Page 566.....	808
Page 567.....	809

Page 568.....	810
Page 569.....	811
Page 570.....	812
Page 571.....	813
Page 572.....	814
Page 573.....	815
Page 574.....	816
Page 575.....	817
Page 576.....	818
Page 577.....	819
Page 578.....	820
Page 579.....	821
Page 580.....	822
Page 581.....	823
Page 582.....	824
Page 583.....	825
Page 584.....	826
Page 585.....	827
Page 586.....	829
Page 587.....	831
Page 588.....	832
Page 589.....	834
Page 590.....	837
Page 591.....	839
Page 592.....	841
Page 593.....	843

Page 594.....	845
Page 595.....	847
Page 596.....	849
Page 597.....	850
Page 598.....	852
Page 599.....	854
Page 600.....	856
Page 601.....	858
Page 602.....	860
Page 603.....	862
Page 604.....	864
Page 605.....	865
Page 606.....	866
Page 607.....	868
Page 608.....	870
Page 609.....	872
Page 610.....	873
Page 611.....	875
Page 612.....	876
Page 613.....	878
Page 614.....	879
Page 615.....	880
Page 616.....	881
Page 617.....	882
Page 618.....	883
Page 619.....	884

Page 620.....	885
Page 621.....	886
Page 622.....	887
Page 623.....	889
Page 624.....	892
Page 625.....	895
Page 626.....	898
Page 627.....	901
Page 628.....	904
Page 629.....	907
Page 630.....	910
Page 631.....	913
Page 632.....	916
Page 633.....	919
Page 634.....	922
Page 635.....	925
Page 636.....	929
Page 637.....	933
Page 638.....	936
Page 639.....	939
Page 640.....	943
Page 641.....	947
Page 642.....	951
Page 643.....	955

Table of Contents

Section	Page
Start of eBook	1
MISTAKES REGARDING	1
CONJUGAL LOVE	
SPECIMENS OF AFRICAN LOVE	1
ISLAND LOVE ON THE PACIFIC	2
BIBLIOGRAPHY AND INDEX OF	4
AUTHORS	
INDEX OF SUBJECTS	4
AND	4
HISTORY OF AN IDEA	4
ORIGIN OF A BOOK	4
SKEPTICAL CRITICS	5
ROBERT BURTON	5
HEGEL ON GREEK LOVE	6
SHELLEY ON GREEK LOVE	8
MACAULAY, BULWER-LYTTON,	9
GAUTIER	
GOLDSMITH AND ROUSSEAU	9
LOVE A COMPOUND FEELING	10
HERBERT SPENCER'S ANALYSIS	11
ACTIVE IMPULSES MUST BE	13
ADDED	
SENSUALITY THE ANTIPODE OF	13
LOVE	
THE WORD ROMANTIC	14
ANIMALS HIGHER THAN SAVAGES	14
LOVE THE LAST, NOT THE FIRST,	15
PRODUCT OF CIVILIZATION	
PLAN OF THIS VOLUME	16
GREEK SENTIMENTALITY	16
IMPORTANCE OF LOVE	16
HOW SENTIMENTS CHANGE AND	17
GROW	
NO LOVE OF ROMANTIC	18
SCENERY	
NO LOVE IN EARLY RELIGION	18
MURDER AS A VIRTUE	23
SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.	25
HONORABLE POLYGAMY	28
CURIOSITIES OF MODESTY	30



INDIFFERENCE TO CHASTITY	33
HORROR OF INCEST	36
WHAT IS ROMANTIC LOVE?	40
INGREDIENTS OF LOVE	41
I. INDIVIDUAL PREFERENCE	41
ALL GIRLS EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE	42
SHALLOW PREDILECTION	43
REPRESSION OF PREFERENCE	43
UTILITY VERSUS SENTIMENT	44
A STORY OF AFRICAN LOVE	45
SIMILARITY OF INDIVIDUALS AND SEXES	45
PRIMARY AND SECONDARY SEXUAL CHARACTERS	46
FASTIDIOUS SENSUALITY IS NOT LOVE	47
TWO STORIES OF INDIAN LOVE	47
FEMININE IDEALS SUPERIOR TO MASCULINE	48
SEX IN BODY AND MIND	49
TRUE FEMININITY AND ITS FEMALE ENEMIES	49
MYSTERIES OF LOVE	51
AN ORIENTAL LOVE-STORY	52
II. MONOPOLISM	53
JULIET AND NOTHING BUT JULIET	54
BUTTERFLY LOVE	54
ROMANTIC STORIES OF NON-ROMANTIC LOVE	55
OBSTACLES TO MONOPOLISM	57
WIVES AND GIRLS IN COMMON TRIAL MARRIAGES	58
TWO ROMAN LOVERS	59
III. JEALOUSY	60
RAGE AT RIVALS	61
WOMEN AS PRIVATE PROPERTY	61
HORRIBLE PUNISHMENTS	62
ESSENCE OF TRUE JEALOUSY	63
ABSENCE OF MASCULINE	63
JEALOUSY	64
PERSIAN AND GREEK JEALOUSY	69
PRIMITIVE FEMININE JEALOUSY	72
ABSENCE OF FEMININE	73
JEALOUSY	77
JEALOUSY PURGED OF HATE	77
A VIRTUOUS SIN	78



ABNORMAL STATES	79
JEALOUSY IN ROMANTIC LOVE	80
IV. COYNESS	81
WOMEN WHO WOO	81
WERE HEBREW AND GREEK	84
WOMEN COY?	
MASCULINE COYNESS	86
SHY BUT NOT COY	86
MILITARISM AND MEDIAEVAL	87
WOMEN	
WHAT MADE WOMEN COY?	88
CAPTURING WOMEN	90
THE COMEDY OF MOCK	91
CAPTURE	
WHY THE WOMEN RESIST	93
QUAINT CUSTOMS	94
GREEK AND ROMAN MERCENARY	95
COYNESS	
MODESTY AND COYNESS	96
UTILITY OF COYNESS	97
HOW WOMEN PROPOSE	98
V. HOPE AND DESPAIR—MIXED	98
MOODS	
AMOROUS ANTITHESES	99
COURTSHIP AND IMAGINATION	100
EFFECTS OF SENSUAL LOVE	100
VI. HYPERBOLE	101
GIRLS AND FLOWERS	102
EYES AND STARS	103
LOCKS AND FRAGRANCE	103
POETIC DESIRE FOR CONTACT	104
NATURE'S SYMPATHY WITH	105
LOVERS	
ROMANTIC BUT NOT LOVING	105
THE POWER OF LOVE	107
VII. PRIDE	108
A MYSTERY EXPLAINED	109
IMPORTANCE OF PRIDE	109
VARIETIES AND GERMS	110
NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL	111
SYMPTOMS OF LOVE	
VIII. SYMPATHY	112
EGOTISM, NAKED OR MASKED	113
DELIGHT IN THE TORTURE OF	114
OTHERS	
INDIFFERENCE TO SUFFERING	115



EXPOSING THE SICK AND AGED	117
BIRTH OF SYMPATHY	117
WOMEN CRUELER THAN MEN	118
PLATO DENOUNCES SYMPATHY	119
SHAM ALTRUISM IN INDIA	120
EVOLUTION OF SYMPATHY	121
AMOROUS SYMPATHY	121
IX. ADORATION	122
DEIFICATION OF PERSONS	122
PRIMITIVE CONTEMPT FOR WOMEN	123
HOMAGES TO PRIESTESSES	127
KINSHIP THROUGH FEMALES ONLY	127
WOMAN'S DOMESTIC RULE	129
WOMAN'S POLITICAL RULE	129
GREEK ESTIMATE OF WOMEN	130
MAN-WORSHIP AND CHRISTIANITY	131
X. UNSELFISH GALLANTRY.	131
THE GALLANT ROOSTER	132
UNGALLANT LOWER RACES OF MEN	132
EGYPTIAN LOVE	135
ARABIAN LOVE	136
THE UNCHIVALROUS GREEKS	137
OVID'S SHAM GALLANTRY	138
MEDIAEVAL AND MODERN GALLANTRY	139
SUMMARY	141
A SURE TEST OF LOVE	142
XI. ALTRUISTIC SELF-SACRIFICE	142
THE LADY AND THE TIGER	143
A GREEK LOVE-STORY	144
PERSIAN LOVE	145
HERO AND LEANDER	147
THE ELEPHANT AND THE LOTOS	147
SUICIDE IS SELFISH	148
XII. AFFECTION	150
EROTIC ASSASSINS	150
THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON	152
STUFF AND NONSENSE	153
SACRIFICES OF CANNIBAL HUSBANDS	153
INCLINATIONS MISTAKEN FOR AFFECTION	154



SELFISH LIKING AND ATTACHMENT	155
FOOLISH FONDNESS	155
UNSELFISH AFFECTION	157
XIII. MENTAL PURITY	158
GERMAN TESTIMONY	159
ENGLISH TESTIMONY	160
MAIDEN FANCIES	161
PATHOLOGIC LOVE	161
A MODERN SENTIMENT	162
PERSIANS, TURKS, AND HINDOOS	162
LOVE DESPISED IN JAPAN AND CHINA	164
GREEK SCORN FOR WOMAN-LOVE	164
PENETRATIVE VIRGINITY	165
XIV. ADMIRATION OF PERSONAL BEAUTY	165
DARWIN'S UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE	166
"DECORATION" FOR PROTECTION	168
WAR "DECORATIONS"	168
AMULETS, CHARMS, MEDICINES.	170
MOURNING LANGUAGE	172
INDICATIONS OF TRIBE OR RANK	174
VAIN DESIRE TO ATTRACT ATTENTION	177
OBJECTS OF TATTOOING	178
TATTOOING ON PACIFIC ISLANDS	179
TATTOOING IN AMERICA	181
TATTOOING IN JAPAN	182
SCARIFICATION.	183
ALLEGED TESTIMONY OF NATIVES	184
MISLEADING TESTIMONY OF VISITORS	185
"DECORATION" AT THE AGE OF PUBERTY	188
"DECORATION" AS A TEST OF COURAGE	190
MUTILATION, FASHION, AND EMULATION	191
PERSONAL BEAUTY VERSUS PERSONAL DECORATION	193
DE GUSTIBUS NON EST DISPUTANDUM (?)	195



INDIFFERENCE TO DIRT	197
REASONS FOR BATHING.	198
CORPULENCE VERSUS BEAUTY	199
FATTENING GIRLS FOR THE	200
MARRIAGE MARKET	
ORIENTAL IDEALS	201
THE CONCUPISCENCE THEORY	202
OF BEAUTY	
UTILITY IS NOT BEAUTY	203
A NEW SENSE EASILY LOST	204
AGAIN	
MORAL UGLINESS	204
BEAUTIFYING INTELLIGENCE	205
THE STRANGE GREEK ATTITUDE	206
A COMPOSITE AND VARIABLE	206
SENTIMENT	
DEFINITION OF LOVE	206
WHY CALLED ROMANTIC	207
SENSUALITY, SENTIMENTALITY,	209
AND SENTIMENT	
APPETITE AND LONGING	209
WIVES OF AN ORIENTAL GIRL	213
RARITY OF TRUE LOVE	215
MISTAKES REGARDING	218
CONJUGAL LOVE	
HOW ROMANTIC LOVE IS	218
METAMORPHOSED	
WHY SAVAGES VALUE WIVES	220
MOURNING TO ORDER	223
MOURNING FOR ENTERTAINMENT	226
THE TRUTH ABOUT WIDOW-	227
BURNING	
FEMININE DEVOTION IN ANCIENT	229
LITERATURE	
WIVES ESTEEMED AS MOTHERS	230
ONLY	
WHY CONJUGAL PRECEDES	231
ROMANTIC LOVE	
OBSTACLES TO ROMANTIC LOVE	234
I. IGNORANCE AND STUPIDITY	234
II. COARSENESS AND	235
OBSCENITY	
III. WAR	236
IV. CRUELTY	237
V. MASCULINE SELFISHNESS	237
VI. CONTEMPT FOR WOMEN	238



VII. CAPTURE AND SALE OF BRIDES	238
VIII. INFANT MARRIAGES	239
IX. PREVENTION OF FREE CHOICE	239
X. SEPARATION OF THE SEXES	247
XI. SEXUAL TABOOS	248
XII. RACE AVERSION	250
XIII. MULTIPLICITY OF LANGUAGES	250
XIV. SOCIAL BARRIERS	251
XV. RELIGIOUS PREJUDICE	253
SPECIMENS OF AFRICAN LOVE	253
BUSHMAN QUALIFICATIONS FOR LOVE	253
FALSE FACTS REGARDING HOTTENTOTS	259
EFFEMINATE MEN AND MASCULINE WOMEN	260
HOW THE HOTTENTOT WOMAN "RULES AT HOME"	261
CAPACITY FOR REFINED LOVE	263
HOTTENTOT COARSENESS	263
FAT VERSUS SENTIMENT	264
SOUTH AFRICAN LOVE-POEMS	265
A HOTTENTOT FLIRT	265
KAFFIR MORALS	266
INDIVIDUAL PREFERENCE FOR—COWS	269
BARGAINING FOR BRIDES	270
AMOROUS PREFERENCES	271
ZULU GIRLS NOT COY	272
CHARMS AND POEMS	273
A KAFFIR LOVE-STORY	274
LOWER THAN BEASTS	275
COLONIES OF FREE LOVERS	276
A LESSON IN GALLANTRY	277
NOT A PARTICLE OF ROMANCE	278
NO LOVE AMONG NEGROES	279
A QUEER STORY	280
SUICIDES	281
POETIC LOVE ON THE CONGO	281
BLACK LOVE IN KAMERUN	282
A SLAVE COAST LOVE-STORY	283
THE MAIDEN WHO ALWAYS REFUSED	284



AFRICAN STORY-BOOKS	285
THE FIVE SUITORS	286
THE SEWING MATCH	287
BALING OUT THE BROOK	287
PROVERBS ABOUT WOMEN	288
AFRICAN AMAZONS	288
WHERE WOMAN COMMANDS	289
NO CHANCE FOR ROMANTIC LOVE	290
PASTORAL LOVE	290
ABYSSINIAN BEAUTY AND FLIRTATION	292
GALLA COARSENESS	293
SOMALI LOVE-AFFAIRS	293
ARABIC INFLUENCES	295
TOUAREG CHIVALRY	296
AN AFRICAN LOVE-LETTER	297
ABORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN LOVE	298
PERSONAL CHARMS OF AUSTRALIANS	298
CRUEL TREATMENT OF WOMEN	299
WERE SAVAGES CORRUPTED BY WHITES?	302
ABORIGINAL HORRORS	303
NAKED AND NOT ASHAMED	304
IS CIVILIZATION DEMORALIZING?	305
ABORIGINAL WANTONNESS	306
LOWER THAN BRUTES	307
INDIFFERENCE TO CHASTITY	308
USELESS PRECAUTIONS	309
SURVIVALS OF PROMISCUITY	310
ABORIGINAL DEPRAVITY	312
THE QUESTION OF PROMISCUITY	313
WHY DO AUSTRALIANS MARRY?	315
CURIOSITIES OF JEALOUSY	315
PUGNACIOUS FEMALES	318
WIFE STEALING	319
SWAPPING GIRLS	321
THE PHILOSOPHY OF ELOPEMENTS	322
CHARMING A WOMAN BY MAGIC	325
OTHER OBSTACLES TO LOVE	326
MARRIAGE TABOOS AND "INCEST."	327
AFFECTION FOR WOMEN AND DOGS	328



A HORRIBLE CUSTOM	330
ROMANTIC AFFLICTION	331
A LOCK OF HAIR	331
TWO NATIVE STORIES	332
BARRINGTON'S LOVE-STORY	334
RISKING LIFE FOR A WOMAN	335
GERSTAECKER'S LOVE-STORY	336
LOCAL COLOR IN COURTSHIP	337
LOVE-LETTERS	337
ISLAND LOVE ON THE PACIFIC	338
WHERE WOMEN PROPOSE	338
BORNEAN CAGED GIRLS	341
CHARMS OF DYAK WOMEN	342
DYAK MORALS	342
NOCTURNAL COURTSHIP	343
HEAD HUNTERS A-WOOING	344
FICKLE AND SHALLOW PASSION	345
DYAK LOVE-SONGS	346
THE GIRL WITH THE CLEAN FACE	347
FIJIAN REFINEMENTS	347
HOW CANNIBALS TREAT WOMEN	348
FIJIAN MODESTY AND CHASTITY	349
EMOTIONAL CURIOSITIES	351
FIJIAN LOVE-POEMS	352
SERENADES AND PROPOSALS	353
SUICIDES AND BACHELORS	353
SAMOAN TRAITS	354
COURTSHIP PANTOMIME	355
TWO SAMOAH LOVE-STORIES	356
PERSONAL CHARMS OF SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS	358
TAHITIANS AND THEIR WHITE VISITORS	358
HEARTLESS TREATMENT OF WOMEN	360
TWO STORIES OF TAHITIAN INFATUATION	361
CAPTAIN COOK ON TAHITIAN LOVE	362
WERE THE TONGANS CIVILIZED?	363
LOVE OF SCENERY	364
A CANNIBAL BARGAIN	365
THE HANDSOME CHIEFS	366
HONEYMOON IN A CAVE	366
A HAWAIIAN CAVE-STORY	367
IS THIS ROMANTIC LOVE?	370



VAGARIES OF HAWAIIAN FONDNESS	371
HAWAIIAN MORALS	372
THE HELEN OF HAWAII	373
INTERCEPTED LOVE-LETTERS	374
MAORIS OF NEW ZEALAND	376
THE MAIDEN OF ROTORUA	377
LOVE IN A FORTRESS	379
STRATAGEM OF AN ELOPEMENT	380
MAORI LOVE-POEMS	382
THE WOOING-HOUSE	384
LIBERTY OF CHOICE AND RESPECT FOR WOMEN	385
MAORI MORALS AND CAPACITY FOR LOVE	387
HOW AMERICAN INDIANS LOVE	389
THE RED LOVER	389
THE FOAM WOMAN	390
THE HUMPBACK MAGICIAN	391
THE BUFFALO KING	392
THE HAUNTED GROVE	393
THE GIRL AND THE SCALP	394
A CHIPPEWA LOVE-SONG	394
HOW "INDIAN STORIES" ARE WRITTEN	395
REALITY VERSUS ROMANCE	397
DECEPTIVE MODESTY	398
WERE INDIANS CORRUPTED BY WHITES?	399
THE NOBLE RED MAN	401
APPARENT EXCEPTIONS	404
INTIMIDATING CALIFORNIA	406
SQUAWS	
GOING A-CALUMETING	406
SQUAWS AND PERSONAL BEAUTY	408
ARE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS GALLANT?	409
SOUTH AMERICAN GALLANTRY	419
HOW INDIANS ADORE SQUAWS	421
CHOOSING A HUSBAND	422
COMPULSORY "FREE CHOICE"	424
A BRITISH COLUMBIA STORY	424
THE DANGER OF COQUETRY	425
THE GIRL MARKET	425
OTHER WAYS OF THWARTING	427



FREE CHOICE	
CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICAN	429
EXAMPLES	
WHY INDIANS ELOPE	430
SUICIDE AND LOVE	432
LOVE-CHARMS	436
CURIOSITIES OF COURTSHIP	437
PANTOMIMIC LOVE-MAKING	440
HONEYMOON	440
MUSIC IN INDIAN COURTSHIP	441
INDIAN LOVE-POEMS	442
MORE LOVE-STORIES	447
THE STORY OF POCAHONTAS	450
VERDICT: NO ROMANTIC LOVE	451
THE UNLOVING ESKIMO	454
INDIA—WILD TRIBES AND TEMPLE	455
GIRLS	
PRACTICAL PROMISCUITY	456
LIBERTY OF CHOICE	459
SCALPS AND FIELD-MICE	461
A TOPSY-TURVY CUSTOM	461
PAHARIA LADS AND LASSES	462
CHILD MURDER AND CHILD	463
MARRIAGE	
MONSTROUS PARENTAL	464
SELFISHNESS	
HOW HINDOO GIRLS ARE	465
DISPOSED OF	
HINDOOS FAR BELOW BRUTES	466
CONTEMPT IN PLACE OF LOVE	467
WIDOWS AND THEIR	469
TORMENTORS	
HINDOO DEPRAVITY	470
TEMPLE GIRLS	472
AN INDIAN ASPASIA	473
SYMPTOMS OF FEMININE LOVE	475
SYMPTOMS OF MASCULINE LOVE	478
LYRICS AND DRAMAS	481
I. THE STORY OF SAKUNTALA	481
II. THE STORY OF URVASI	484
III. MALAVIKA AND AGNIMITRA	488
IV. THE STORY OF SAVITRI	490
V. NALA AND DAMAYANTI	493
ARTIFICIAL SYMPTOMS	496
THE HINDOO GOD OF LOVE	497
DYING FOR LOVE	498



WHAT HINDOO POETS ADMIRE IN WOMEN	499
THE OLD STORY OF SELFISHNESS	500
BAYADERES AND PRINCESSES AS HEROINES	501
VOLUNTARY UNIONS NOT RESPECTABLE	502
DOES THE BIBLE IGNORE ROMANTIC LOVE?	504
THE STORY OF JACOB AND RACHEL	505
THE COURTING OF REBEKAH	509
HOW RUTH COURTED BOAZ	510
NO SYMPATHY OR SENTIMENT	512
A MASCULINE IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD	513
NOT THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL OF LOVE	513
UNCHIVALROUS SLAUGHTER OF WOMEN	514
FOUR MORE BIBLE STORIES	515
ABISHAG THE SHUNAMMITE	516
THE SONG OF SONGS	516
GREEK LOVE-STORIES AND POEMS	521
CHAMPIONS OF GREEK LOVE	521
GLADSTONE ON THE WOMEN OF HOMER	523
ACHILLES AS A LOVER	524
ODYSSEUS, LIBERTINE AND RUFFIAN	527
WAS PENELOPE A MODEL WIFE?	529
HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE	530
BARBAROUS TREATMENT OF GREEK WOMEN	532
LOVE IN SAPPHO'S POEMS	534
MASCULINE MINDS IN FEMALE BODIES	537
ANACREON AND OTHERS	538
WOMAN AND LOVE IN AESCHYLUS	539
WOMAN AND LOVE IN SOPHOCLES	541
WOMAN AND LOVE IN EURIPIDES	544
ROMANTIC LOVE, GREEK STYLE	549



PLATONIC LOVE OF WOMEN	551
SPARTAN OPPORTUNITIES FOR LOVE	552
AMAZONIAN IDEAL OF GREEK WOMANHOOD	553
ATHENIAN ORIENTALISM	555
LITERATURE AND LIFE	556
GREEK LOVE IN AFRICA	558
ALEXANDRIAN CHIVALRY.	560
THE NEW COMEDY	562
THEOCRITUS AND CALLIMACHUS	563
MEDEA AND JASON	565
POETS AND HETAIRAI.	567
SHORT STORIES	569
GREEK ROMANCES	572
DAPHNIS AND CHLOE	573
HERO AND LEANDER	574
CUPID AND PSYCHE	576
UTILITY AND FUTURE OF LOVE	577
FOOTNOTES:	584
BIBLIOGRAPHY AND INDEX OF AUTHORS	622
INDEX OF SUBJECTS	633

Page 1

MISTAKES REGARDING CONJUGAL LOVE

How Romantic Love is Metamorphosed
Why Savages Value Wives
Mourning to Order
Mourning for Entertainment
The Truth about Widow-Burning
Feminine Devotion in Ancient Literature
Wives Esteemed as Mothers Only
Why Conjugal Precedes Romantic Love

OBSTACLES TO ROMANTIC LOVE

I. Ignorance and Stupidity
ii. Coarseness and Obscenity
iii. War
iv. Cruelty
V. Masculine Selfishness
VI. Contempt for Women
vii. Capture and Sale of Brides
VIII. Infant Marriages
IX. Prevention of Free Choice
X. Separation of the Sexes
xi. Sexual Taboos
xii. Race Aversions
XIII. Multiplicity of Languages
xiv. Social Barriers
XV. Religious Prejudice

SPECIMENS OF AFRICAN LOVE

Bushman Qualifications for Love
"Love in all Their Marriages,"
False Facts Regarding Hottentots
Effeminate Men and Masculine Women
How the Hottentot Woman "Rules at Home,"
"Regard for Women"
Capacity for Refined Love
Hottentot Coarseness
Fat versus Sentiment
South African Love-Poems
A Hottentot Flirt



Kaffir Morals
Individual Preference for—Cows, Bargaining for Brides
Amorous Preferences
Zulu Girls not Coy
Charms and Poems
A Kaffir Love-Story
Lower than Beasts
Colonies of Free Lovers
A Lesson in Gallantry
Not a Particle of Romance
No Love Among Negroes
A Queer Story
Suicides
Poetic Love on the Congo
Black Love in Kamerun
A Slave Coast Love-Story
The Maiden who Always Refused
African Story-Books
The Five Suitors
Tamba and the Princess
The Sewing Match
Baling out the Brook
Proverbs about Women
African Amazons
Where Woman Commands
No Chance for Romantic Love
Pastoral Love
Abyssinian Beauty and Flirtation
Galla Coarseness
Somali Love-Affairs
Arabic Influences
Touareg Chivalry
An African Love-Letter

ABORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN LOVE

Personal Charms of Australians
Cruel Treatment of Women
Were Savages Corrupted by Whites?
Aboriginal Horrors
Naked and not Ashamed
Is Civilization Demoralizing?
Aboriginal Wantonness
Lower than Brutes
Indifference to Chastity
Useless Precautions
Survivals of Promiscuity

Aboriginal Depravity
The Question of Promiscuity

Page 2

Why do Australians Marry?
Curiosities of Jealousy
Pugnacious Females
Wife-Stealing
Swapping Girls
The Philosophy of Elopements
Charming a Woman by Magic
Other Obstacles to Love
Marriage Taboos and "Incest"
Affection for Women and Dogs
A Horrible Custom
Romantic Affliction
A Lock of Hair
Two Native Stories
Barrington's Love-Story
Risking Life for a Woman
Gerstaecker's Love-Story
Local Color in Courtship
Love-Letters.

ISLAND LOVE ON THE PACIFIC

Where Women Propose
Bornean Caged Girls
Charms of Dyak Women
Dyak Morals
Nocturnal Courtship
Head Hunters A-Wooing
Fickle and Shallow Passion
Dyak Love-Songs
The Girl With the Clean Face
Fijian Refinements
How Cannibals Treat Women
Fijian Modesty and Chastity
Emotional Curiosities
Fijian Love-Poems
Serenades and Proposals
Suicides and Bachelors
Samoan Traits



Courtship Pantomime
Two Samoan Love-Stories
Personal Charms of South Sea Islanders
Tahitians and Their White Visitors
Heartless Treatment of Women
Two Stories of Tahitian Infatuation
Captain Cook on Tahitian Love
Were the Tongans Civilized?
Love of Scenery
A Cannibal Bargain
The Handsome Chiefs
Honeymoon in a Cave
A Hawaiian Cave-Story
Is this Romantic Love?
Vagaries of Hawaiian Fondness
Hawaiian Morals
The Helen of Hawaii
Intercepted Love-Letters
Maoris of New Zealand
The Maiden of Rotorua
The Man on the Tree
Love in a Fortress
Stratagem of an Elopement
Maori Love-Poems
The Wooing-House
Liberty of Choice and Respect for Women
Maori Morals and Capacity for Love

HOW AMERICAN INDIANS LOVE

The Red Lover
The Foam Woman
The Humpback Magician
The Buffalo King
The Haunted Grove
The Girl and the Scalp
A Chippewa Love-Song
How "Indian Stories" are Written
Reality versus Romance
Deceptive Modesty
Were Indians Corrupted by Whites?
The Noble Red Man
Apparent Exceptions
Intimidating California Squaws
Going A-Calumeting
Squaws and Personal Beauty
Are North American Indians Gallant?



South American Gallantry
How Indians Adore Squaws
Choosing a Husband
Compulsory "Free Choice"
A British Columbia Story
The Danger of Coquetry
The Girl Market
Other Ways of Thwarting Free Choice
Central and South American

Page 3

Examples

Why Indians Elope
Suicide and Love
Love-Charms
Curiosities of Courtship
Pantomimic Love-Making
Honeymoon
Music in Indian Courtship
Indian Love-Poems
More Love-Stories
“White Man Too Much Lie”
The Story of Pocahontas
Verdict: No Romantic Love
The Unloving Eskimo.

India—wild tribes and temple girls.

“Whole Tracts of Feeling Unknown to Them”
Practical Promiscuity
“Marvellously Pretty and Romantic”
Liberty of Choice
Scalps and Field-Mice
A Topsy-Turvy Custom
Paharia Lads and Lasses
Child-Murder and Child-Marriage
Monstrous Parental Selfishness
How Hindoo Girls are Disposed of
Hindoos Far Below Brutes
Contempt in Place of Love
Widows and Their Tormentors
Hindoo Depravity
Temple Girls
An Indian Aspasia
Symptoms of Feminine Love
Symptoms of Masculine Love
Lyrics and Dramas
I. The Story of Sakuntala
ii. The Story of Urvasi
iii. Malavika and Agnimitra
iv. The Story of Savitri
V. Nala and Damayanti
Artificial Symptoms



The Hindoo God of Love
Dying for Love
What Hindoo Poets Admire in Women
The Old Story of Selfishness
Bayaderes and Princesses as Heroines
Voluntary Unions not Respectable

Does the Bible ignore romantic love?

The Story of Jacob and Rachel
The Courting of Rebekah
How Ruth Courted Boaz
No Sympathy or Sentiment
A Masculine Ideal of Womanhood
Not the Christian Ideal of Love
Unchivalrous Slaughter of Women
Four More Bible Stories
Abishag the Shunammite
The Song of Songs

Greek love-stories and poems.

Champions of Greek Love
Gladstone on the Women of Homer
Achilles as a Lover
Odysseus, Libertine and Ruffian
Was Penelope a Model Wife?
Hector and Andromache
Barbarous Treatment of Greek Women
Love in Sappho's Poems
Masculine Minds in Female Bodies
Anacreon and Others
Woman and Love in Aeschylus
Woman and Love in Sophocles
Woman and Love in Euripides
Romantic Love, Greek Style
Platonic Love of Women
Spartan Opportunities for Love
Amazonian Ideal of Greek Womanhood
Athenian Orientalism
Literature and Life
Greek Love in Africa
Alexandrian Chivalry
The New Comedy
Theocritus and Callimachus
Medea and Jason
Poets and Hetairai

Short Stories
Greek Romances
Daphnis and Chloe
Hero and Leander
Cupid and Psyche



Page 4

Utility and future of love.

BIBLIOGRAPHY AND INDEX OF AUTHORS

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

PRIMITIVE LOVE

AND

LOVE-STORIES

HISTORY OF AN IDEA

"Love is always the same. As Sappho loved, fifty years ago, so did people love ages before her; so will they love thousands of years hence."

These words, placed by Professor Ebers in the mouth of one of the characters in his historic novel, *An Egyptian Princess*, express the prevalent opinion on this subject, an opinion which I, too, shared fifteen years ago. Though an ardent champion of the theory of evolution, I believed that there was one thing in the world to which modern scientific ideas of gradual development did not apply—that love was too much part and parcel of human nature to have ever been different from what it is to-day.

ORIGIN OF A BOOK

It so happened that I began to collect notes for a paper on "How to Cure Love." It was at first intended merely as a personal experiment in emotional psychology. Afterward it occurred to me that such a sketch might be shaped into a readable magazine article. This, again, suggested a complementary article on "How to Win Love"—a sort of modern Ovid in prose; and then suddenly came the thought,

"Why not write a book on love? There is none in the English language—strange anomaly—though love is supposed to be the most fascinating and influential thing in the world. It will surely be received with delight, especially if I associate with it some chapters on personal beauty, the chief inspirer of love. I shall begin by showing that the ancient Greeks and Romans and Hebrews loved precisely as we love."

Forthwith I took down from my shelves the classical authors that I had not touched since leaving college, and eagerly searched for all references to women, marriage, and love.

To my growing surprise and amazement I found that not only did those ancient authors look upon women as inferior beings while I worshipped them, but in their descriptions of the symptoms of love I looked in vain for mention of those supersensual emotions and self-sacrificing impulses which overcame me when I was in love. "Can it be," I whispered to myself, "that, notwithstanding the universal opinion to the contrary, love is, after all, subject to the laws of development?"

Page 5

This hypothesis threw me into a fever of excitement, without the stimulus of which I do not believe I should have had the courage and patience to collect, classify, and weave into one fabric the enormous number of facts and opinions contained within the covers of *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty*. I believed that at last something new under the sun had been found, and I was so much afraid that the discovery might leak out prematurely, that for two years I kept the first half of my title a secret, telling inquisitive friends merely that I was writing a book on Personal Beauty. And no one but an author who is in love with his theme and whose theme is love can quite realize what a supreme delight it was—with occasional moments of anxious suspense—to go through thousands of books in the libraries of America, England, France, and Germany and find that all discoverable facts, properly interpreted, bore out my seemingly paradoxical and reckless theory.

SKEPTICAL CRITICS

When the book appeared some of the critics accepted my conclusions, but a larger number pooh-poohed them. Here are a few specimen comments:

“His great theses are, first, that romantic love is an entirely modern invention; and, secondly, that romantic love and conjugal love are two things essentially different.... Now both these theses are luckily false.”

“He is wrong when he says there was no such thing as pre-matrimonial love known to the ancients.”

“I don’t believe in his theory at all, and ... no one is likely to believe in it after candid examination.”

“A ridiculous theory.”

“It was a misfortune when Mr. Finck ran afoul of this theory.”

“Mr. Finck will not need to live many years in order to be ashamed of it.”

“His thesis is not worth writing about.”

“It is true that he has uttered a profoundly original thought, but, unfortunately, the depth of its originality is surpassed by its fathomless stupidity.”

“If in the light of these and a million other facts, we should undertake to explain why nobody had anticipated Mr. Finck’s theory that love is a modern sentiment, we should say it might be because nobody who felt inspired to write about it was ever so extensively unacquainted with the literature of the human passions.”



“Romantic love has always existed, in every clime and age, since man left simian society; and the records of travellers show that it is to be found even among the lowest savages.”

ROBERT BURTON

Page 6

While not a few of the commentators thus rejected or ridiculed my thesis, others hinted that I had been anticipated. Several suggested that Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* had been my model. As a matter of fact, although one of the critics referred to my book as "a marvel of epitomized research," I must confess, to my shame, that I was not aware that Burton had devoted two hundred pages to what he calls Love-Melancholy, until I had finished the first sketch of my manuscript and commenced to rewrite it. My experience thus furnished a striking verification of the witty epitaph which Burton wrote for himself and his book: "Known to few, unknown to fewer still." However, after reading Burton, I was surprised that any reader of Burton should have found anything in common between his book and mine, for he treated love as an appetite, I as a sentiment; my subject was pure, supersensual affection, while his subject is frankly indicated in the following sentences:

"I come at last to that heroical love, which is proper to men and women ... and deserves much rather to be called burning lust than by such an honorable title." "This burning lust ... begets rapes, incests, murders." "It rages with all sorts and conditions of men, yet is most evident among such as are young and lusty, in the flower of their years, nobly descended, high fed, such as live idly, at ease, and for that cause (which our divines call burning lust) this mad and beastly passion ... is named by our physicians heroical love, and a more honorable title put upon it, *Amor nobilis*, as Savonarola styles it, because noble men and women make a common practice of it, and are so ordinarily affected with it." "Carolus a Lorme ... makes a doubt whether this heroical love be a disease.... Tully ... defines it a furious disease of the mind; Plato madness itself."

"Gordonius calls this disease the proper passion of nobility."

"This heroical passion or rather brutish burning lust of which we treat."

The only honorable love Burton knows is that between husband and wife, while of such a thing as the evolution of love he had, of course, not the remotest conception, as his book appeared in 1621, or two hundred and thirty-eight years before Darwin's *Origin of Species*.

HEGEL ON GREEK LOVE

In a review of my book which appeared in the now defunct New York *Star*, the late George Parsons Lathrop wrote that the author

"says that romantic love is a modern sentiment, less than a thousand years old. This idea, I rather think, he derived from Hegel, although he does not credit that philosopher with it."

I read this criticism with mingled emotions. If it was true that Hegel had anticipated me, my claims to priority of discovery would vanish, even though the idea had come to me spontaneously; but, on the

Page 7

other hand, the disappointment at this thought was neutralized by the reflection that I should gain the support of one of the most famous philosophers, and share with him the sneers and the ridicule bestowed upon my theory. I wrote to Mr. Lathrop, begging him to refer me to the volume and page of Hegel's numerous works where I could find the passage in question. He promptly replied that I should find it in the second volume of the *Aesthetik* (178-182). No doubt I ought to have known that Hegel had written on this subject; but the fact that of more than two hundred American, English, and German reviewers of my book whose notices I have seen, only one knew what had thus escaped my research, consoled me somewhat. Hegel, indeed, might well have copied Burton's epitaph. His *Aesthetik* is an abstruse, unindexed, three-volume work of 1,575 pages, which has not been reprinted since 1843, and is practically forgotten. Few know it, though all know of it.

After perusing Hegel's pages on this topic I found, however, that Mr. Lathrop had imputed to him a theory—my theory—which that philosopher would have doubtless repudiated emphatically. What Hegel does is simply to call attention to the fact that in the literature of the ancient Greeks and Romans love is depicted only as a transient gratification of the senses, or a consuming heat of the blood, and not as a romantic, sentimental affection of the soul. He does not generalize, says nothing about other ancient nations,[1] and certainly never dreamt of such a thing as asserting that love had been gradually and slowly developed from the coarse and selfish passions of our savage ancestors to the refined and altruistic feelings of modern civilized men and women. He lived long before the days of scientific anthropology and Darwinism, and never thought of such a thing as looking upon the emotions and morals of primitive men as the raw material out of which our own superior minds have been fashioned. Nay, Hegel does not even say that sentimental love did not exist in the life of the Greeks and Romans; he simply asserts that it is not to be found in their literature. The two things are by no means identical.

Professor Rohde, an authority on the erotic writings of the Greeks, expresses the opinion repeatedly that, whatever their literature may indicate, they themselves were capable of feeling strong and pure love; and the eminent American psychologist, Professor William James, put forth the same opinion in a review of my book.[2] Indeed, this view was broached more than a hundred years ago by a German author, Basil von Ramdohr, who wrote four volumes on love and its history, entitled *Venus Urania*. His first two volumes are almost unreadably garrulous and dull, but the third and fourth contain an interesting account of various phases through which love has passed in literature. Yet he declares (Preface, vol. iii.) that "the nature [*Wesen*] of love is unchangeable, but the ideas we entertain in regard to it and the effects we ascribe to it, are subject to alteration."

Page 8

SHELLEY ON GREEK LOVE

It is possible that Hegel may have read this book, for it appeared in 1798, while the first manuscript sketches of his lectures on esthetics bear the date of 1818. He may have also read Robert Wood's book entitled *An Essay on the Original Genius and Writings of Homer*, dated 1775, in which this sentence occurs:

"Is it not very remarkable, that Homer, so great a master of the tender and pathetic, who has exhibited human nature in almost every shape, and under every view, has not given a single instance of the powers and effects of love, distinct from sensual enjoyment, in the *Iliad*?"

This is as far as I have been able to trace back this notion in modern literature. But in the literature of the first half of the nineteenth century I have come across several adumbrations of the truth regarding the Greeks,[3] by Shelley, Lord Lytton, Lord Macaulay, and Theophile Gautier. Shelley's ideas are confused and contradictory, but interesting as showing the conflict between traditional opinion and poetic intuition. In his fragmentary discourse on "The Manners of the Ancients Relating to the Subject of Love," which was intended to serve as an introduction to Plato's *Symposium*, he remarks that the women of the ancient Greeks, with rare exceptions, possessed

"the habits and the qualities of slaves. They were probably not extremely beautiful, at least there was no such disproportion in the attractions of the external form between the female and male sex among the Greeks, as exists among the modern Europeans. They were certainly devoid of that moral and intellectual loveliness with which the acquisition of knowledge and the cultivation of sentiment animates, as with another life of overpowering grace, the lineaments and the gestures of every form which they inhabit. Their eyes could not have been deep and intricate from the workings of the mind, and could have entangled no heart in soul-enwoven labyrinths." Having painted this life-like picture of the Greek female mind, Shelley goes on to say perversely: "Let it not be imagined that because the Greeks were deprived of its legitimate object, that they were incapable of sentimental love, and that this passion is the mere child of chivalry and the literature of modern times."

He tries to justify this assertion by adding that

"Man is in his wildest state a social being: a certain degree of civilization and refinement ever produces the want of sympathies still more intimate and complete; and the gratification of the senses is no longer all that is sought in sexual connection. It soon becomes a very small part of that profound and complicated sentiment, which we call love, which is rather the universal thirst for a communion not merely of the senses, but of our whole nature, intellectual, imaginative,

Page 9

and sensitive.”

Here Shelley contradicts himself flatly by saying, in two consecutive sentences, that Greek women were “certainly devoid of the moral and intellectual loveliness” which inspires sentimental love, but that the men nevertheless could feel such love. His mind was evidently hazy on the subject, and that is probably the reason why his essay remained a fragment.

MACAULAY, BULWER-LYTTON, GAUTIER

Macaulay, with deeper insight than Shelley showed, realized that the passion of love may undergo changes. In his essay on Petrarch he notes that in the days of that poet love had become a new passion, and he clearly realizes the obstacles to love presented by Greek institutions. Of the two classes of women in Greece, the respectable and the hetairai, he says:

“The matrons and their daughters, confined in the harem—insipid, uneducated, ignorant of all but the mechanical arts, scarcely seen till they were married—could rarely excite interest; while their brilliant rivals, half graces, half harpies, elegant and refined, but fickle and rapacious, could never inspire respect.”

Lord Lytton wrote an essay on “The Influence of Love upon Literature and Real Life,” in which he stated that

“with Euripides commences the important distinction in the analysis of which all the most refined and intellectual of modern erotic literature consists, *viz.*, the distinction between love as a passion and love as a sentiment.... He is the first of the Hellenic poets who interests us *intellectually* in the antagonism and affinity between the sexes.”

Theophile Gautier clearly realized one of the differences between ancient passion and modern love. In *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, he makes this comment on the ancient love-poems:

“Through all the subtleties and veiled expressions one hears the abrupt and harsh voice of the master who endeavors to soften his manner in speaking to a slave. It is not, as in the love-poems written since the Christian era, a soul demanding love of another soul because it loves.... ‘Make haste, Cynthia; the smallest wrinkle may prove the grave of the most violent passion.’ It is in this brutal formula that all ancient elegy is summed up.”

GOLDSMITH AND ROUSSEAU

In *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty* I intimated (116) that Oliver Goldsmith was the first author who had a suspicion of the fact that love is not the same everywhere and at all times. My surmise was apparently correct; it is not refuted by any of the references to love by the several authors just quoted, since all of these were written from about a half a century to a century later than Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World* (published in 1764), which contains his dialogue on "Whether Love be a Natural or

Page 10

a Fictitious Passion.” His assertion therein that love existed only in early Rome, in chivalrous mediaeval Europe, and in China, all the rest of the world being, and having ever been, “utter strangers to its delights and advantages,” is, of course a mere bubble of his poetic fancy, not intended to be taken too seriously, and, is, moreover, at variance with facts. It is odd that he overlooks the Greeks, whereas the other writers cited confine themselves to the Greeks and their Roman imitators.

Ten years before Goldsmith thus launched the idea that most nations were and had ever been strangers to the delights and advantages of love, Jean Jacques Rousseau published a treatise, *Discours sur l'inegalite* (1754), in which he asserted that savages are strangers to jealousy, know no domesticity, and evince no preferences, being as well pleased with one woman as with another. Although, as we shall see later, many savages do have a crude sort of jealousy, domesticity, and individual preference, Rousseau, nevertheless, hints prophetically at a great truth—the fact that some, at any rate, of the phenomena of love are not to be found in the life of savages. Such a thought, naturally, was too novel to be accepted at once. Ramdohr, for instance, declares (III. 17) that he cannot convince himself that Rousseau is right. Yet, on the preceding page he himself had written that “it is unreasonable to speak of love between the sexes among peoples that have not yet advanced so far as to grant women humane consideration.”

LOVE A COMPOUND FEELING

All these things are of extreme interest as showing the blind struggles of a great idea to emerge from the mist into daylight. The greatest obstacle to the recognition of the fact that love has a history, and is subject to the laws of evolution lay in the habit of looking upon it as a simple feeling.

When I wrote my first book on love, I believed that Herbert Spencer was the first thinker who grasped the idea that love is a composite state of mind. I now see, however, that Silvius, in Shakspeare's *As You Like It* (V. 2), gave a broad hint of the truth, three hundred years ago. Phoebe asks him to “tell what 't is to love,” and he replies:

It is to be all made of sighs and tears....
It is to be all made of faith and service....
It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obedience.

Coleridge also vaguely recognized the composite nature of love in the first stanza of his famous poem:

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

And Swift adds, in “Cadenus and Vanessa:”

Page 11

Love, why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?

The eminent Danish critic, George Brandes, though a special student of English literature, overlooked these poets when he declared, in one of his lectures on literary history (1872), that the book in which love is for the first time looked on as something composite and an attempt made to analyze it into its elements, is Benjamin Constant's *Adolphe* (which appeared in 1816). "In *Adolphe*," he says,

"and in all the literature associated with that book, we are informed accurately how many parts, how many grains, of friendship, devotion, vanity, ambition, admiration, respect, sensual attraction, illusion, fancy, deception, hate, satiety, enthusiasm, reasoning calculation, *etc.*, are contained in the *mixtum compositum* which the enamoured persons call love."

This list, moreover, does not accurately name a single one of the essential ingredients of true love, dwelling only on associated phenomena, whereas Shakspeare's lines call attention to three states of mind which form part of the quintessence of romantic love—gallant "service," "adoration," and "purity"—while "patience and impatience" may perhaps be accepted as an equivalent of what I call the mixed moods of hope and despair.

HERBERT SPENCER'S ANALYSIS

Nevertheless the first thinker who treated love as a compound feeling and consciously attempted a philosophical analysis of it was Herbert Spencer. In 1855 he published his *Principles of Psychology*, and in 1870 appeared a greatly enlarged edition, paragraph 215 of which contains the following exposition of his views:

"The passion which unites the sexes is habitually spoken of as though it were a simple feeling; whereas it is the most compound, and therefore the most powerful, of all the feelings. Added to the purely physical elements of it are first to be noticed those highly complex impressions produced by personal beauty; around which are aggregated a variety of pleasurable ideas, not in themselves amatory, but which have an organized relation to the amatory feeling. With this there is united the complex sentiment which we term affection—a sentiment which, as it exists between those of the same sex, must be regarded as an independent sentiment, but one which is here greatly exalted. Then there is the sentiment of admiration, respect, or reverence—in itself one of considerable power, and which in this relation becomes in a high degree active. There comes next the feeling called love of approbation. To be preferred above all the world, and that by one admired beyond all others, is to have the love of approbation gratified in a degree passing every previous experience: especially as there is added that indirect gratification of it which results from the preference being witnessed by unconcerned

Page 12

persons. Further, the allied emotion of self-esteem comes into play. To have succeeded in gaining such attachment from, and sway over, another, is a proof of power which cannot fail agreeably to excite the *amour propre*. Yet again the proprietary feeling has its share in the general activity: there is the pleasure of possession—the two belong to each other. Once more, the relation allows of an extended liberty of action. Toward other persons a restrained behavior is requisite. Round each there is a subtle boundary that may not be crossed—an individuality on which none may trespass. But in this case the barriers are thrown down; and thus the love of unrestrained activity is gratified. Finally, there is an exaltation of the sympathies. Egoistic pleasures of all kinds are doubled by another's sympathetic participation; and the pleasures of another are added to the egoistic pleasures. Thus, round the physical feeling forming the nucleus of the whole, are gathered the feelings produced by personal beauty, that constituting simple attachment, those of reverence, of love of approbation, of self-esteem, of property, of love of freedom, of sympathy. These, all greatly exalted, and severally tending to reflect their excitements on one another, unite to form the mental state we call love. And as each of them is itself comprehensive of multitudinous states of consciousness, we may say that this passion fuses into one immense aggregate most of the elementary excitations of which we are capable; and that hence results its irresistible power."

Ribot has copied this analysis of love in his *Psychologie des Sentiments* (p. 249), with the comment that it is the best known to him (1896) and that he sees nothing to add or to take away from it. Inasmuch as it forms merely an episodic illustration in course of a general argument, it certainly bears witness to the keenness of Spencer's intellect. Yet I cannot agree with Ribot that it is a complete analysis of love. It aided me in conceiving the plan for my first book, but I soon found that it covered only a small part of the ground. Of the ingredients as suggested by him I accepted only two—Sympathy, and the feelings associated with Personal Beauty. What he called love of approbation, self-esteem, and pleasure of possession I subsumed under the name of Pride of Conquest and Possession. Further reflection has convinced me that it would have been wiser if, instead of treating Romantic Love as a phase of affection (which, of course, was in itself quite correct), I had followed Spencer's example and made affection one of the ingredients of the amorous passion. In the present volume I have made the change and added also Adoration, which includes what Spencer calls "the sentiment of admiration, respect, or reverence," while calling attention to the superlative phase of these sentiments which is so characteristic of the lover, who does not say, "I respect you," but "I adore you." I may therefore credit Spencer with having suggested three or four only of the fourteen essential ingredients which I find in love.

Page 13

ACTIVE IMPULSES MUST BE ADDED

The most important distinction between Spencer's analysis of love and mine is that he treats it merely as a composite feeling, or a group of emotions, whereas I treat it as a complex state of mind including not only diverse feelings or sentiments—sympathy, admiration of beauty, jealousy, affection—but the *active, altruistic impulses* of gallantry and self-sacrifice, which are really more essential to an understanding of the essence of love, and a better test of it, than the sentiments named by Spencer. He ignores also the absolutely essential traits of individual preference and monopolism, besides coyness, hyperbole, the mixed moods of hope and despair, and purity, with the diverse emotions accompanying them. An effort to trace the evolution of the ingredients of love was first made in my book, though in a fragmentary way, in which respect the present volume will be found a great improvement. Apart from the completion of the analysis of love, my most important contribution to the study of this subject lies in the recognition of the fact that, "love" being so vague and comprehensive a term, the only satisfactory way of studying its evolution is to trace the evolution of each of its ingredients separately, as I do in the present volume in the long chapter entitled "What Is Romantic Love?"

In *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty* (180) I wrote that perhaps the main reason why no one had anticipated me in the theory that love is an exclusively modern sentiment was that no distinction had commonly been made between romantic love and conjugal affection, noble examples of the latter being recorded in countries where romantic love was not possible owing to the absence of opportunities for courtship. I still hold that conjugal love antedated the romantic variety, but further study has convinced me that (as will be shown in the chapters on Conjugal Love and on India, and Greece) much of what has been taken as evidence of wifely devotion is really only a proof of man's tyrannic selfishness which compelled the woman always to subordinate herself to her cruel master. The idea on which I placed so much emphasis, that opportunity for prolonged courtship is essential to the growth of romantic love, was some years later set forth by Dr. Drummond in his *Ascent of Man* where he comments eloquently on the fact that "affection needs time to grow."

SENSUALITY THE ANTIPODE OF LOVE

The keynote of my first book lies of course in the distinction between sensual love and romantic love. This distinction seemed to me so self-evident that I did not dwell on it at length, but applied myself chiefly to the task of proving that savages and ancient nations knew only one kind, being strangers to romantic or pure love. When I wrote (76) "No one, of course, would deny that sensual passion prevailed in Athens; but sensuality is the very antipode of love," I never dreamed that anyone would object to this distinction in itself. Great, therefore, was my amazement when, on reading the London *Saturday Review's* comments on my book, I came across the following:

Page 14

“and when we find Mr. Finck marking off Romantic Love not merely from Conjugal Love, but from what he is pleased to call ‘sensuality,’ we begin to suspect that he really does not know what he is talking about.”

This criticism, with several others similar to it, was of great use to me, as it led to a series of studies, which convinced me that even at the present day the nature of romantic love is not understood by the vast majority of Europeans and Americans, many of them very estimable and intelligent individuals.

THE WORD ROMANTIC

Another London paper, the *Academy*, took me to task for using the word “romantic” in the sense I applied to it. But in this case, too, further research has shown that I was justified in using that word to designate pure premarital love. There is a passage in Steele’s *Lover* (dated 1714) which proves that it must have been in common use in a similar sense two centuries ago. The passage refers to “the reign of the amorous Charles the Second,” and declares that

“the licenses of that court did not only make the Love which the Vulgar call Romantick, the object of Jest and Ridicule, but even common Decency and Modesty were almost abandoned as formal and unnatural.”

Here there is an obvious antithesis between romantic and sensual. The same antithesis was used by Hegel in contrasting the sensual love of the ancient Greeks and Romans with what he calls modern “romantic” love. Waitz-Gerland, too, in the six volumes of their *Anthropologie der Naturvoelker*, repeatedly refer to (alleged) cases of “romantic love” among savages and barbarians, having in all probability adopted the term from Hegel. The peculiar appropriateness of the word romantic to designate imaginative love will be set forth later in the chapter entitled Sensuality, Sentimentality, and Sentiment. Here I will only add an important truth which I shall have occasion to repeat often—that *a romantic love-story is not necessarily a story of romantic love*; for it is obvious, for instance, that an elopement prompted by the most frivolous sensual passion, without a trace of real love, may lead to the most romantic incidents.

In the chapters on affection, gallantry, and self-sacrifice, I shall make it clear even to a Saturday Reviewer that the gross sensual infatuation which leads a man to shoot a girl who refuses him, or a tramp to assault a woman on a lonely road and afterward to cut her throat in order to hide his crime, is absolutely antipodal to the refined, ardent, affectionate Romantic Love which impels a man to sacrifice his own life rather than let any harm or dishonor come to the beloved.

ANIMALS HIGHER THAN SAVAGES

Page 15

Dr. Albert Moll of Berlin, in his second treatise on sexual anomalies,[4] takes occasion to express his disbelief in my view that love before marriage is a sentiment peculiar to modern man. He declares that traits of such love occur even in the courtship of animals, particularly birds, and implies that this upsets my theory. On the same ground a reviewer in a New York evening paper accused me of being illogical. Such criticisms illustrate the vague ideas regarding evolution that are still current. It is assumed that all the faculties are developed step by step simultaneously as we proceed from lower to higher animals, which is as illogical as it would be to assume that since birds have such beautiful and convenient things as wings, and dogs belong to a higher genus of animals, therefore dogs ought to have better wings than birds. Most animals are cleaner than savages; why should not some of them be more romantic in their love-affairs? I shall take occasion repeatedly to emphasize this point in the present volume, though I alluded to it already in my first book (55) in the following passage, which my critics evidently overlooked:

“In passing from animals to human beings we find at first not only no advance in the sexual relations, but a decided retrogression. Among some species of birds, courtship and marriage are infinitely more refined and noble than among the lowest savages, and it is especially in their treatment of females, both before and after mating, that not only birds but all animals show an immense superiority over primitive man; for male animals fight only among themselves and never maltreat the females.”

LOVE THE LAST, NOT THE FIRST, PRODUCT OF CIVILIZATION

Notwithstanding this striking and important fact, there is a large number of sentimental writers who make the extraordinary claim that the lower races, however savage they may be in everything else, are like ourselves in their amorous relations; that they love and admire personal beauty just as we do. The main object of the present volume is to demolish this doctrine; to prove that sexual refinement and the sense of personal beauty are not the earliest but the latest products of civilization. I have shown elsewhere[5] that Japanese civilization is in many important respects far superior to ours; yet in their treatment of women and estimate of love, this race has not yet risen above the barbarous stage; and it will be shown in this volume that if we were to judge the ancient Greeks and the Hindoos from this point of view, we should have to deny them the epithet of civilized. Morgan found that the most advanced of American Indians, the Iroquois, had no capacity for love. His testimony in detail will be found in its proper place in this volume, together with that of competent observers regarding other tribes and races. Some of this evidence was known to the founders of the modern science of sociology.

Page 16

It led Spencer to write *en passant* (*Pr. Soc.*, I., Sec. 337, Sec.339) that “absence of the tender emotion ... habitually characterizes men of low types;” and that the “higher sentiments accompanying union of the sexes ... do not exist among primitive men.” It led Sir John Lubbock to write (50) regarding the lowest races that “love is almost unknown among them; and marriage, in its lowest phases, is by no means a matter of affection and companionship.”

PLAN OF THIS VOLUME

These are casual adumbrations of a great truth that applies not only to the lowest races (savages) but to the more advanced barbarians as well as to ancient civilized nations, as the present volume will attempt to demonstrate. To make my argument more impressive and conclusive, I present it in a twofold form. First I take the fourteen ingredients of love separately, showing how they developed gradually, whence it follows necessarily that love as a whole developed gradually. Then I take the Africans, Australians, American Indians, *etc.*, separately, describing their diverse amorous customs and pointing out everywhere the absence of the altruistic, supersensual traits which constitute the essence of romantic love as distinguished from sensual passion. All this will be preceded by a chapter on “How Sentiments Change and Grow,” which will weaken the bias against the notion that so elemental a feeling as sexual love should have undergone so great a change, by pointing out that other seemingly instinctive and unalterable feelings have changed and developed.

GREEK SENTIMENTALITY

The inclusion of the civilized Greeks in a treatise on Primitive Love will naturally cause surprise; but I cannot attribute a capacity for anything more than primitive sensual love to a nation which, in its premarital customs, manifested none of the essential *altruistic* traits of Romantic Love—sympathy, gallantry, self-sacrifice, affection, adoration, and purity. As a matter of course, the sensualism of a Greek or Roman is a much less coarse thing than an Australian's, which does not even include kisses or other caresses. While Greek love is not a sentiment, it may be sentimental, that is, an *affectation of sentiment*, differing from real sentiment as adulation does from adoration, as gallantry or the risking of life to secure favors do from genuine gallantry of the heart and self-sacrifice for the benefit of another. This important point which I here superadd to my theory, was overlooked by Benecke when he attributed a capacity for real love to the later Greeks of the Alexandrian period.

IMPORTANCE OF LOVE

Page 17

One of the most important theses advanced in *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty* (323, 424, etc.), was that love, far from being merely a passing episode in human life, is one of the most powerful agencies working for the improvement of the human race. During the reign of Natural Selection, before the birth of love, cripples, the insane, the incurably diseased, were cruelly neglected and allowed to perish. Christianity rose up against this cruelty, building hospitals and saving the infirm, who were thus enabled to survive, marry, and hand down their infirmities to future generations. As a mediator between these two agencies, love comes in; for Cupid, as I have said, “does not kill those who do not come up to his standard of health and beauty, but simply ignores and condemns them to a life of single-blessedness;” which in these days is not such a hardship as it used to be. This thought will be enlarged in the last chapter of the present volume, on the “Utility and Future of Love,” which will indicate how the amorous sense is becoming more and more fastidious and beneficial. In the same chapter attention will be called, for the first time, to the three great strata in the evolution of parental love and morality. In the first, represented by savages, parents think chiefly of their own comfort, and children get the minimum of attention consistent with their preservation. In the second, which includes most of the modern Europeans and Americans, parents exercise care that their children shall make an advantageous marriage—that is a marriage which shall secure them wealth or comfort; but the frequency with which girls are married off to old, infirm, or unworthy men, shows how few parents as yet have a thought of their *grandchildren*. In the next stage of moral evolution, which we are now entering, the grandchildren’s welfare also will be considered. In consequence of the persistent failure to consider the grandchildren, the human race is now anything but a model of physical, intellectual, and moral perfection. Luckily love, even in its sensual stages, has counteracted this parental selfishness and myopia by inducing young folks to marry for health, youth, and beauty, and creating an aversion to old age, disease, and deformity. As love becomes more and more fastidious and more regardful of intellectual worth and moral beauty—that is becomes Romantic Love—its sway becomes greater and greater, and the time will come when questions relating to it will form the most important chapters in treatises on moral philosophy, which now usually ignore them altogether.

HOW SENTIMENTS CHANGE AND GROW

In conversation with friends I have found that the current belief that love must have been always and everywhere the same, because it is such a strong and elemental passion, is most easily shaken in this *a priori* position by pointing out that there are other strong feelings in our minds which were lacking among earlier and lower races. The love of grand, wild scenery, for instance—what we call romantic scenery—is as modern as the romantic love of men and women. Ruskin tells us that in his youth he derived a pleasure from such scenery “comparable for intensity only to the joy of a lover in being near a noble and kind mistress.”

Page 18

NO LOVE OF ROMANTIC SCENERY

Savages, on the other hand, are prevented from appreciating snow mountains, avalanches, roaring torrents, ocean storms, deep glens, jungles, and solitudes, not only by their lack of refinement, but by their fears of wild animals, human enemies, and evil spirits. "In the Australian bush," writes Tylor (*P.C.*, II., 203), "demons whistle in the branches, and stooping with outstretched arms sneak among the trunks to seize the wayfarer;" and Powers (88) writes in regard to California Indians that they listen to night noises with unspeakable horror:

"It is difficult for us to conceive of the speechless terrors which these poor wretches suffer from the screeching of owls, the shrieking of night-hawks, the rustling of the trees ... all of which are only channels of poison wherewith the demons would smite them."

To the primitive mind, the world over, a high mountain is the horror of horrors, the abode of evil spirits, and an attempt to climb it certain death. So strong is this superstition that explorers have often experienced the greatest difficulty in getting natives to serve as porters of provisions in their ascents of peaks.[6] Even the Greeks and Romans cared for landscape only in so far as it was humanized (parks and gardens) and habitable. "Their souls," says Rohde (511),

"could never have been touched by the sublime thrills we feel in the presence of the dark surges of the sea, the gloom of a primeval forest, the solitude and silence of sunlit mountain summits."

And Humboldt, who first noted the absence in Greek and Roman writings of the admiration of romantic scenery, remarked (24):

"Of the eternal snow of the Alps, glowing in the rosy light of the morning or evening sun, of the loveliness of the blue glacier ice, of the stupendous grandeur of Swiss landscape, no description has come down to us from them; yet there was a constant procession over these Alps, from Helvetia to Gallia, of statesmen and generals with literary men in their train. All these travellers tell us only of the steep and abominable roads; the romantic aspect of scenery never engages their attention. It is even known that Julius Caesar, when he returned to his legions in Gaul, employed his time while crossing the Alps in writing his grammatical treatise 'De Analogia.'"

A sceptical reader might retort that the love of romantic scenery is so subtle a sentiment, and so far from being universal even now, that it would be rash to argue from its absence among savages, Greeks, and Romans, that love, a sentiment so much stronger and more prevalent, could have been in the same predicament. Let us

therefore take another sentiment, the religious, the vast power and wide prevalence of which no one will deny.

NO LOVE IN EARLY RELIGION

Page 19

To a modern Christian, God is a deity who is all-wise, all-powerful, infinite, holy, the personification of all the highest virtues. To accuse this Deity of the slightest moral flaw would be blasphemy. Now, without going so far down as the lowest savages, let us see what conception such barbarians as the Polynesians have of their gods. The moral habits of some of them are indicated by their names—"The Rioter," "The Adulterer," "Ndauthina," who steals women of rank or beauty by night or by torchlight, "The Human-brain Eater," "The Murderer." Others of their gods are "proud, envious, covetous, revengeful, and the subject of every basest passion. They are demoralized heathen—monster expressions of moral corruption" (Williams, 184). These gods make war, and kill and eat each other just as mortals do. The Polynesians believed, too, that "the spirits of the dead are eaten by the gods or demons" (Ellis, *P.R.*, I., 275). It might be said that since a Polynesian sees no crime in adultery, revenge, murder, or cannibalism, his attributing such qualities to his gods cannot, from his point of view, be considered blasphemous. Quite true; but my point is that men who have made so little progress in sympathy and moral perception as to see no harm in adultery, revenge, murder and cannibalism, and in attributing them to their gods, are altogether too coarse and callous to be able to experience the higher religious emotions. This inference is borne out by what a most careful observer (Ellis, *P.R.*, I., 291) says:

"Instead of exercising those affections of gratitude, complacency, and love toward the objects of their worship which the living God supremely requires, they regarded their deities with horrific dread, and worshipped only with enslaving fear."

This "enslaving fear" is the principal ingredient of primitive religious emotion everywhere. To the savage and barbarian, religion is not a consolation and a blessing, but a terror. Du Chaillu says of the equatorial Africans (103) that "their whole lives are saddened by the fears of evil spirits, witchcraft, and other kindred superstitions under which they labor." Benevolent deities, even if believed in, receive little or no attention, because, being good, they are supposed to do no harm anyway, whereas the malevolent gods must be propitiated by sacrifices. The African Dahomans, for instance, ignore their Mahu because his intentions are naturally friendly, whereas their Satan, the wicked Legba, has hundreds of statues before which offerings are made. "Early religions," as Mr. Andrew Lang tersely puts it, "are selfish, not disinterested. The worshipper is not contemplative, so much as eager to gain something to his advantage." If the gods fail to respond to the offerings made to them, the sacrificers naturally feel aggrieved, and show their displeasure in a way which to a person who knows refined religion seems shocking and sacrilegious. In Japan, China, and Corea, if the gods fail to do what is expected of them, their images are unceremoniously walloped. In India, if the rains fail, thousands of priests send up their prayers. If the drought still continues, they punish their idols by holding them under water. During a thunderstorm in Africa, Chapman (I., 45) witnessed the following extraordinary scene:

Page 20

“A great number of women, employed in reaping the extensive corn-fields through which we passed were raising their hoes and voices to heaven, and, yelling furiously, cursed ‘Morimo’ (God), as the terrific thunder-claps succeeded each vivid flash of lightning. On inquiry I was informed by ‘Old Booy’ that they were indignant at the interruption of their labors, and that they therefore cursed and menaced the cause. Such blasphemy was awful, even among heathens, and I fully expected to see the wrath of God fall upon them.”

If any pious reader of such details—which might be multiplied a thousand-fold—still believes that religious emotion (like love!) is the same everywhere, let him compare his own devoted feelings during worship in a Christian church with the emotions which must sway those who participate in a religious ceremony like that described in the following passage taken from Rowney’s *Wild Tribes of India* (105). It refers to the sacrifices made by the Khonds to the God of War, the victims of which, both male and female, are often bought young and brought up for this special purpose:

“For a month prior to the sacrifice there was much feasting and intoxication, with dancing round the Meriah, or victim ... and on the day before the rite he was stupefied with toddy and bound at the bottom of a post. The assembled multitude then danced around the post to music, singing hymns of invocation to some such effect as follows: ‘O God, we offer a sacrifice to you! Give us good crops in return, good seasons, and health.’ On the next day the victim was again intoxicated, and anointed with oil, which was wiped from his body by those present, and put on their heads as a blessing. The victim was then carried, in procession round the village, preceded by music, and on returning to the post a hog was sacrificed to ... the village deity ... the blood from the carcass being allowed to flow into a pit prepared to receive it. The victim, made senseless by intoxication, was now thrown into the pit, and his face pressed down till he died from suffocation in the blood and mire, a deafening noise with instruments being kept up all the time. The priest then cut a piece of flesh from the body and buried it with ceremony near the village idol, all the rest of the people going through the same form after him.”

Still more horrible details of these sacrifices are supplied by Dalton (288):

“Major Macpherson notes that the Meriah in some districts is put to death slowly by fire, the great object being to draw from the victim as many tears as possible, in the belief that the cruel Tari will proportionately increase the supply of rain.”“Colonel Campbell thus describes the *modus operandi* in Chinna Kimey: ‘The miserable Meriah is dragged along the fields, surrounded by a crowd of half-intoxicated Kandhs, who, shouting and screaming, rush upon him, and

Page 21

with their knives cut the flesh piece-meal from his bones, avoiding the head and bowels, till the living skeleton, dying from loss of blood, is relieved from torture, when its remains are burnt and the ashes mixed with the new grain to preserve it from insects.”

In some respect, the civilized Hindoos are even worse than the wild tribes of India. Nothing is more sternly condemned and utterly abhorred by modern religion than licentiousness and obscenity, but a well-informed and eminently trustworthy missionary, the Abbe Dubois, declares that sensuality and licentiousness are among the elements of Hindoo religious life:

“Whatever their religion sets before them, tends to encourage these vices; and, consequently, all their senses, passions, and interests are leagued in its favor” (II., 113, etc.).

Their religious festivals “are nothing but sports; and on no occasion of life are modesty and decorum more carefully excluded than during the celebration of their religious mysteries.”

More immoral even than their own religious practices are the doings of their deities. The *Bhagavata* is a book which deals with the adventures of the god Krishna, of whom Dubois says (II., 205):

“It was his chief pleasure to go every morning to the place where the women bathe, and, in concealment, to take advantage of their unguarded exposure. Then he rushed amongst them, took possession of their clothes, and gave a loose to the indecencies of language and of gesture. He maintained sixteen wives, who had the title of queens, and sixteen thousand concubines.... In obscenity there is nothing that can be compared with the *Bhagavata*. It is, nevertheless, the delight of the Hindu, and the first book they put into the hands of their children, when learning to read.”

Brahmin temples are little more than brothels, in each of which a dozen or more young Bayaderes are kept for the purpose of increasing the revenues of the gods and their priests. Religious prostitution and theological licentiousness prevailed also in Persia, Babylonia, Egypt, and other ancient civilized countries. Commenting on a series of obscene pictures found in an Egyptian tomb, Erman says (154): “We are shocked at the morality of a nation which could supply the deceased with such literature for the eternal journey.” Professor Robertson Smith says that “in Arabia and elsewhere unrestricted prostitution was practised at the temples and defended on the analogy of the license allowed to herself by the unmarried mother goddess.” Nor were the early Greeks much better. Some of their religious festivals were sensual orgies, some of their gods nearly as licentious as those of the Hindoos. Their supreme god, Zeus, is an Olympian Don Juan, and the legend of the birth of Aphrodite, their goddess of love, is in its original form unutterably obscene.

Page 22

Before religious emotion could make any approximation to the devout feelings of a modern Christian, it was necessary to eliminate all these licentious, cruel, and blasphemous features of worship—the eating or slaughtering of human victims, the obscene orgies, as well as the spiteful and revengeful acts toward disobedient gods. The progress—like the Evolution of Romantic Love—has been from the sensual and selfish to the supersensual and unselfish. In the highest religious ideal, love of God takes the place of fear, adoration that of terror, self-sacrifice that of self-seeking. But we are still very far from that lofty ideal.

“The lazzarone of Naples prays to his patron saint to favor his choice of a lottery ticket; if it turns out an unlucky number he will take the little leaden image of the saint from his pocket, revile it, spit on it, and trample it in the mud.”

“The Swiss clergy opposed the system of insuring growing crops because it made their parishioners indifferent to prayers for their crops” (Brinton, *R.S.*, 126, 82). These are extreme cases, but Italian lazzaroni and Swiss peasants are by no means the only church-goers whose worship is inspired not by love of God but by the expectation of securing a personal benefit. All those who pray for worldly prosperity, or do good deeds for the sake of securing a happy hereafter for their souls, take a selfish, utilitarian view of the deity, and even their gratitude for favors received is too apt to be “a lively sense of possible favors to come.” Still, there are now not a few devotees who love God for his own sake; and who pray not for luxuries but that their souls may be fortified in virtue and their sympathies widened. But it is not necessary to dwell on this theme any longer, now that I have shown what I started out to demonstrate, that religious emotion is very complex and variable, that in its early stages it is made up of feelings which are not loving, reverential, or even respectful, but cruel, sacrilegious, criminal, and licentious; that religion, in a word, has (like love, as I am trying to prove) passed through coarse, carnal, degrading, selfish, utilitarian stages before it reached the comparatively refined, spiritual, sympathetic, and devotional attitude of our time.

Besides the growing complexity of the religious sentiment and its gradual ennoblement, there are two points I wish to emphasize. One is that there are among us to-day thousands of intelligent and refined agnostics who are utter strangers to all religious emotions, just as there are thousands of men and women who have never known and never will know the emotions of sentimental love. Why, then, should it seem so very unlikely that whole nations were strangers to such love (as they were strangers to the higher religious sentiment), even though they were as intelligent as the Greeks and Romans? I offer this consideration not as a conclusive argument, but merely as a means of overcoming a preconceived bias against my theory.

Page 23

The other point I wish to make clear is that our emotions change with our ideas. Obviously it would be absurd to suppose that a man whose ideas in regard to the nature of his gods do not prevent him from flogging them angrily in case they refuse his requests are the same as those of a pious Christian, who, if his prayers are not answered, says to his revered Creator: "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven," and humbly prostrates himself. And if emotions in the religious sphere are thus metamorphosed with ideas, why is it so unlikely that the sexual passion, too, should "suffer a sea change into something rich and strange?"

The existence of the wide-spread prejudice against the notion that love is subject to the laws of development, is owing to the fact that the comparative psychology of the emotions and sentiments has been strangely neglected. Anthropology, the Klondike of the comparative psychologist, reveals things seemingly much more incredible than the absence of romantic love among barbarians and partly civilized nations who had not yet discovered the nobler super-sensual fascinations which women are capable of exerting. The nuggets of truth found in that science show that every virtue known to man grew up slowly into its present exalted form. I will illustrate this assertion with reference to one general feeling, the horror of murder, and then add a few pages regarding virtues relating to the sexual sphere and directly connected with the subject of this book.

MURDER AS A VIRTUE

The committing of wilful murder is looked on with unutterable horror in modern civilized communities, yet it took eons of time and the co-operation of many religious, social, and moral agencies before the idea of the sanctity of human life became what it is now when it might be taken for an instinct inherent in human nature itself. How far it is from being such an instinct we shall see by looking at the facts. Among the lowest races and even some of the higher barbarians, murder, far from being regarded as a crime, is honored as a virtue and a source of glory.

An American Indian's chief pride and claim to tribal honor lies in the number of scalps he has torn from the heads of men he has killed. Of the Fijian, Williams says (97):

"Shedding of blood is to him no crime, but a glory. Whoever may be the victim—whether noble or vulgar, old or young, man, woman, or child—whether slain in war or butchered by treachery, to be somehow an acknowledged murderer, is the object of a Fijian's restless ambition."

The Australian feels the same irresistible impulse to kill every stranger he comes across as many of our comparatively civilized gentlemen feel toward every bird or wild animal they see. Lumholtz, while he lived among these savages, took good care to follow the advice "never have a black fellow behind you;" and he relates a story of a squatter who

was walking in the bush with his black boy hunting brush monkeys, when the boy touched him on the shoulder from behind and said, "Let me go ahead." When the squatter asked why he wished to go before him, the native answered, "Because I feel such an inclination to kill you."

Page 24

Dalton (266) says of the Oraons in India: "It is doubtful if they see any moral guilt in murder." But the most astounding race of professional murderers are the Dyaks of Borneo. "Among them," says Earl, "the more heads a man has cut off, the more he is respected." "The white man reads," said a Dyak to St. John: "we hunt heads instead." "Our Dyaks," says Charles Brooke, "were eternally requesting to be allowed to go for heads, and their urgent entreaties often bore resemblance to children crying after sugar-plums." "An old Dyak," writes Dalton, "loves to dwell upon his success on these hunting excursions, and the terror of the women and children taken affords a fruitful theme of amusement at their meetings." Dalton speaks of one expedition from which seven hundred heads were brought home. The young women were carried off, the old ones killed and all the men's heads were cut off. Not that the women always escaped. Among the Dusun, as a rule, says Preyer,

"the heads were obtained in the most cowardly way possible, a woman's or child's being just as good as a man's ... so, as easier prey, the cowards seek them by lying in ambush near the plantations."

Families are sometimes surprised while asleep and their heads cut off. Brooke tells of a man who for awhile kept company with a countrywoman, and then slew her and ran off with her head. "It ought to be called *head-stealing* not *head-hunting*," says Hatton; and Earl remarks:

"The possession of a human head cannot be considered as a proof of the bravery of the owner for it is not necessary that he should have killed the victim with his own hands, his friends being permitted to assist him or even to perform the act themselves."

It is to be noted that the Dyaks[7] are not in other respects a fierce and diabolical race, but are at home, as Doty attests, "mild, gentle, and given to hospitality." I call special attention to this by way of indirectly answering an objection frequently urged against my theory: "How is it possible to suppose that a nation so highly civilized as the Greeks of Plato's time should have known love for women only in its lower, carnal phases?" Well, we have here a parallel case. The Dyaks are "mild, gentle, and hospitable," yet their chief delight and glory is murder! And as one of the main objects of this book is to dwell on the various obstacles which impeded the growth of romantic love, it will be interesting to glance for a moment at the causes which prevented the Dyaks from recognizing the sanctity of life. Superstition is one of them; they believe that persons killed by them will be their slaves in the next world. Pride is another. "How many heads did your father get?" a Dyak will ask; and if the number given is less than his own, the other will say, "Well, then you have no occasion to be proud." A man's rank in this world as in the next depends on the number of his skulls; hence the owner of a large

Page 25

number may be distinguished by his proud bearing. But the head hunter's strangest and strongest motive is *the desire to please women!* No Dyak maiden would condescend to marry a youth who has never killed a man, and in times when the chances for murder were few and far between, suitors have been compelled to wait a year or two before they could bag a skull and lead home their blushing bride. The weird details of this mode of courtship will be given in the chapter on Island Love on the Pacific.

SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

In all these cases we are shocked at the utter absence of the sentiment relating to the sanctity of human life. But our horror at this fiendish indifference to murder is doubled when we find that the victims are not strangers but members of the same family. I must defer to the chapter on Sympathy a brief reference to the savage custom of slaughtering sick relatives and aged parents; here I will confine myself to a few words regarding the maternal sentiment. The love of a mother for her offspring is by many philosophers considered the earliest and strongest of all sympathetic feelings; a feeling stronger than death. If we can find a wide-spread failure of this powerful instinct, we shall have one more reason for not assuming as a matter of course, that the sentiment of love must have been always present.

In Australian families it has been the universal custom to bring up only a few children in each family—usually two boys and a girl—the others being destroyed by their own parents, with no more compunction than we show in drowning superfluous puppies or kittens. The Kurnai tribe did not kill new-born infants, but simply left them behind. “The aboriginal mind does not seem to perceive the horrid idea of leaving an unfortunate baby to die miserably in a deserted camp” (Fison and Howitt, 14). The Indians of both North and South America were addicted to the practice of infanticide. Among the Arabs the custom was so inveterate that as late as our sixth century, Mohammed felt called upon, in various parts of the Koran, to discountenance it. In the words of Professor Robertson Smith (281):

“Mohammed, when he took Mecca and received the homage of the women in the most advanced centre of Arabian civilization, still deemed it necessary formally to demand from them a promise not to commit child-murder.”

Among the wild tribes of India there are some who cling to their custom of infanticide with the tenacity of fanatics. Dalton (288-90) relates that with the Kandhs this custom was so wide-spread that in 1842 Major Macpherson reported that in many villages not a single female child could be found. The British Government rescued a number of girls

and brought them up, giving them an education. Some of these were afterward given in marriage to respectable Kandh bachelors,

Page 26

“and it was expected that they at least would not outrage their own feeling as mothers by consenting to the destruction of their offspring. Subsequently, however, Colonel Campbell ascertained that these ladies had no female children, and, on being closely questioned, they admitted that at their husbands’ bidding they had destroyed them.”

In the South Sea Islands “not less than two-thirds of the children were murdered by their own parents.” Ellis (*P.R.*, I., 196-202) knew parents who had, by their own confession, killed four, six, eight, even ten of their children, and the only reason they gave was that it was the custom of the country.

“*No sense of irresolution or horror appeared to exist in the bosoms of those parents, who deliberately resolved on the deed before the child was born.*” “The murderous parents often came to their (the missionaries’) houses almost before their hands were cleansed from their children’s blood, and spoke of the deed with worse than brutal insensibility, or with vaunting satisfaction at the triumph of their customs over the persuasions of their teachers.”

They refused to spare babies even when the missionaries offered to take care of them (II., 23). Neither Ellis, during a residence of eight years, nor Nott during thirty years’ residence on the South Sea Islands, had known a single mother who was not guilty of this crime of infanticide. Three native women who happened to be together in a room one day confessed that between them they had killed twenty-one infants—nine, seven, and five respectively.

These facts have long been familiar to students of anthropology, but their true significance has been obscured by the additional information that many tribes addicted to infanticide, nevertheless displayed a good deal of “affection” toward those whom they spared. A closer examination of the testimony reveals, however, that there is no true affection in these cases, but merely a shallow fondness for the little ones, chiefly for the sake of the selfish gratification it affords the parents to watch their gambols and to give vent to inherited animal instincts. True affection is revealed only in self-sacrifice; but the disposition to sacrifice themselves for their children is the one quality most lacking in these child-murderers. Sentimentalists, with their usual lack of insight and logical sense, have endeavored to excuse these assassins on the ground that necessity compelled them to destroy their infants. Their arguments have misled even so eminent a specialist as Professor E.B. Tylor into declaring (*Anthropology*, 427) that “infanticide comes from hardness of life rather than from hardness of heart.” What he means, may be made clear by reference to the case of the Arabs who, living in a desert country, were in constant dread of suffering from scarcity of food; wherefore, as Robertson Smith remarks (281), “to bury a daughter was regarded

Page 27

not only as a virtuous but as a generous deed, which is intelligible if the reason was that there would be fewer mouths to fill in the tribe.” This explains the murders in question but does not show them to be excusable; it explains them as being due to the vicious selfishness and hard-heartedness of parents who would rather kill their infants than restrain their sexual appetite when they had all the children they could provide for.

In most cases the assassins of their own children had not even as much semblance of an excuse as the Arabs. Turner relates (284) that in the New Hebrides the women had to do all the work, and as it was supposed that they could not attend to more than two or three, all the others were buried alive; in other words the babes were murdered to save trouble and allow the men to live in indolence. In the instances from India referred to above, various trivial excuses for female infanticide were offered: that it would save the expenses connected with the marriage rites; that it was cheaper to buy girls than to bring them up, or, better still, to steal them from other tribes; that male births are increased by the destruction of female infants; and that it is better to destroy girls in their infancy than to allow them to grow up and become causes of strife afterward. Among the Fijians, says Williams (154, 155), there is in infanticide “no admixture of anything like religious feeling or fear, but *merely whim, expediency, anger, or indolence.*” Sometimes the general idea of woman’s inferiority to man underlies the act. They will say to the pleading missionary: “Why should she live? Will she wield a club? Will she poise a spear?”

But it was among the women of Hawaii that the motives of infanticide reached their climax of frivolity. There mothers killed their children because they were too lazy to bring them up and cook for them; or because they wished to preserve their own beauty, or were unwilling to suffer an interruption in their licentious amours; or because they liked to roam about unburdened by babes; and sometimes for no other reason than because they could not make them stop crying. So they buried them alive though they might be months or even years old (Ellis, *P.R.*, IV., 240).

These revelations show that it is not “hardness of life” but “hardness of heart”—sensual, selfish indulgence—that smothers the parental instinct. To say that the conduct of such parents is brutal, would be a great injustice to brutes. No species of animals, however low in the scale of life, has ever been known to habitually kill its offspring. In their treatment of females and young ones, animals are indeed, as a rule, far superior to savages and barbarians. I emphasize this point because several of my critics have accused me of a lack of knowledge and thought and logic because I attributed some of the elements of romantic love to animals and denied them to primitive human beings. But there is no inconsistency in this. We shall see later on that there are other things in which animals are superior not only to savages but to some civilized peoples as high in the scale as Hindoos.

Page 28

HONORABLE POLYGAMY

Turning now from the parental to the conjugal sphere we shall find further interesting instances showing How Sentiments Change and Grow. The monogamous sentiment—the feeling that a man and his wife belong to each other exclusively—is now so strong that a person who commits bigamy not only perpetrates a crime for which the courts may imprison him for five years, but becomes a social outcast with whom respectable people will have nothing more to do. The Mormons endeavored to make polygamy a feature of their religion, but in 1882 Congress passed a law suppressing it and punishing offenders. Did this monogamous sentiment exist “always and everywhere?”

Livingstone relates (*M.S.A.*, I., 306-312) that the King of the Beetjuans (South Africa) was surprised to hear that his visitor had only one wife:

“When we explained to him that, by the laws of our country, people could not marry until they were of a mature age, and then could never have more than one wife, he said it was perfectly incomprehensible to him how a whole nation could submit voluntarily to such laws.”

He himself had five wives and one of these queens

“remarked very judiciously that such laws as ours would not suit the Beetjuans because there were so great a number of women and the male population suffered such diminutions from the wars.”

Sir Samuel Baker (*A.N.*, 147) says of the wife of the Chief of Latooka:

“She asked many questions, how many wives I had? and was astonished to hear that I was contented with one. This amused her immensely, and she laughed heartily with her daughter at the idea.”

In Equatorial Africa, “if a man marries and his wife thinks that he can afford another spouse, she pesters him to marry again, and calls him a stingy fellow if he declines to do so” (Reade, 259). Livingstone (*N.E.Z.*, 284) says of the Makalolo women:

“On hearing that a man in England could marry but one wife, several ladies exclaimed that they would not like to live in such a country; that they could not imagine how English ladies could relish such a custom, for, in their way of thinking, every man of respectability should have a number of wives, as a proof of his wealth. Similar ideas prevail all down the Zambesi.”

Some amusing instances are reported by Burton (*T.T.G.L.*, I., 36, 78, 79). The lord of an African village appeared to be much ashamed because he had only two wives. His sole excuse was that he was only a boy—about twenty-two. Regarding the Mpongwe of the

Gaboon, Burton says: "Polygamy is, of course, the order of the day; it is a necessity to the men, and even the women disdain to marry a 'one-wifer.'" In his book on the Kafirs of the Hindu-Kush, G.S. Robertson writes:

Page 29

"It is considered a reproach to have only one wife, a sign of poverty and insignificance. There was on one occasion a heated discussion at Kamdesh concerning the best plans to be adopted to prepare for an expected attack. A man sitting on the outskirts of the assembly controverted something the priest said. Later on the priest turned round fiercely and demanded to be told how a man with 'only one wife' presumed to offer an opinion at all."

His religion allowed a Mohammedan to take four legitimate wives, while their prophet himself had a larger number. A Hindoo was permitted by the laws of Manu to marry four women if he belonged to the highest caste, but if he was of the lowest caste he was condemned to monogamy.

King Solomon was held in honor though he had unnumbered wives, concubines, and virgins at his disposal.

How far the sentiment of monogamy—one of the essential ingredients of Romantic Love—had penetrated the skulls of American Indians may be inferred from the amusing and typical details related by the historian Parkman (*O.T.*, chap. xi.) of the Dakota or Sioux Indians, among whom he sojourned. The man most likely to become the next chief was a fellow named Mahto-Tatonka, whose father had left a family of thirty, which number the young man was evidently anxious to beat:

"Though he appeared not more than twenty-one years old, he had oftener struck the enemy, and stolen more horses and more squaws than any young man in the village. We of the civilized world are not apt to attach much credit to the latter species of exploits; but horse-stealing is well-known as an avenue to distinction on the prairies, and the other kind of depredation is esteemed equally meritorious. Not that the act can confer fame from its own intrinsic merits. Any one can steal a squaw, and if he chooses afterward to make an adequate present to her rightful proprietor, the easy husband for the most part rests content; his vengeance falls asleep, and all danger from that quarter is averted. Yet this is esteemed but a pitiful and mean-spirited transaction. The danger is averted, but the glory of the achievement also is lost. Mahto-Tatonka proceeded after a more gallant and dashing fashion. Out of several dozen squaws whom he had stolen, he could boast that he had never paid for one, but snapping his fingers in the face of the injured husband, had defied the extremity of his indignation, and no one had yet dared to lay the hand of violence upon him. He was following close in the footsteps of his father. The young men and the young squaws, each in their way, admired him. The one would always follow him to war, and he was esteemed to have an unrivalled charm in the eyes of the other."

Thus the admiration of the men, the love (Indian style) of the women, and the certainty of the chieftainship—the highest honor accessible to an Indian—were the rewards of actions which in a civilized community

Page 30

would soon bring such a “brave” to the gallows. Some of the agencies by which the belief that wife-stealing and polygamy are honorable was displaced by the modern sentiment in favor of monogamy, will be considered later on. Here I simply wish to enforce the additional moral that not only the *ideas* regarding bigamy and polygamy have changed, but the *emotions* aroused by such actions; execration having taken the place of admiration. Judging by such cases, is it likely that ideas concerning women and love could change so utterly as they have since the days of the ancient Greeks, without changing the emotions of love itself? Sentiments consist of ideas and emotions. If both are altered, the sentiments must have changed as a matter of course. Let us take as a further example the sentiment of modesty.

CURIOSITIES OF MODESTY

There are many Christian women who, if offered the choice between death and walking naked down the street, would choose death as being preferable to eternal disgrace and social suicide. If they preferred the other alternative, they would be arrested and, if known to be respectable, sent to an insane asylum. The English legend relates that “peeping Tom” was struck blind because he did not stay in the house as commanded when the good Lady Godiva was obliged to ride naked through the market-place. So strong, indeed, is the sentiment of modesty in our community that the old-fashioned philosophers used to maintain it was an innate instinct, always present under normal conditions. The fact that every child has to be gradually taught to avoid indecent exposure, ought to have enlightened these philosophers as to their error, which is further made plain to the orthodox by the Biblical story that in the beginning of human life the man and his wife were both naked and not ashamed.

Naked and not ashamed is the condition of primitive man wherever climatic and other motives do not prescribe dress. Writing of the Arabs at Wat El Negur, Samuel Baker says (*N.T.A.*, 265):

“Numbers of young girls and women were accustomed to bathe perfectly naked in the river just before our tent. I employed them to catch small fish for bait; and for hours they would amuse themselves in this way, screaming with excitement and fun, and chasing the small fry with their long clothes in lieu of nets; their figures were generally well-shaped.... The men were constantly bathing in the clear waters of the Athabara, and were perfectly naked, although close to the women; we soon became accustomed to this daily scene, as we do at Brighton and other English bathing towns.”

In his work on German Africa (II., 123) Zoeller says that in Togoland

“the young girls did not hesitate in the least to remove their only article of clothing, a narrow strip of cloth, rub themselves with a native soap and then take a dip in the lagoon, before the eyes of white men as well as black.”

A page would be required merely to enumerate the tribes in Africa, Australia, and South America which never wear any clothing.

Page 31

Max Buchner (352-4) gives a graphic description (1878) of the nude female surf swimmers in the Hawaiian Islands. Nor is this indifference to nudity manifested only by these primitive races. In Japan, to the present day, men and women bathe in the same room, separated merely by a partition, two or three feet high.[8] Zoeller relates of the Cholos of Ecuador (*P. and A.*, 364) that “men and women bathe together in the rivers with a naivete surpassing that of the South Sea Islanders.” A writer in the *Ausland* (1870, p. 294) reports that in Paraguay he saw the women washing their only dress, and while they waited for the sun to dry it, they stood by naked calmly smoking their cigars.

But natural indifference to nudity is the least of the curiosities of modesty. Sometimes nakedness is actually prescribed by law or by strict etiquette. In Rohl all women who are not Arabic are forbidden to wear clothing of any sort. The King of Mandingo allowed no women, not even princesses, to approach him unless they were naked (Hellwald, 77-8). Dubois (I., 265) says that in some of the southern provinces of India the women of certain castes must uncover their body from the head to the girdle when speaking to a man: “It would be thought a want of politeness and good breeding to speak to men with that part of the body clothed.”

In his travels among the Cameroon negroes Zoeller (II., 185) came across a strange bit of religious etiquette in regard to nudity. The women there wear nothing but a loin cloth, except in case of a death, when, like ourselves, they appear all in black—with a startling difference, however. One day, writes Zoeller,

“I was astounded to see a number of women and girls strolling about stark naked before the house of a man who had died of diphtheria. This, I was told, was their mourning dress.... The same custom prevails in other parts of West Africa.”

Modesty is as fickle as fashion and assumes almost as many different forms as dress itself. In most Australian tribes the women (as well as the men) go naked, yet in a few they not only wear clothes but go out of sight to bathe. Stranger still, the Pele islanders were so innocent of all idea of clothing that when they first saw Europeans they believed that their clothes were their skins. Nevertheless, the men and women bathed in different places. Among South American Indians nudity is the rule, whereas some North American Indians used to place guards near the swimming-places of the women, to protect them from spying eyes.

According to Gill (230), the Papuans of Southwestern New Guinea “glory in their nudeness and consider clothing fit only for women.” There are many places where the women alone were clothed, while in others the women alone were naked. Mtesa, the King of Uganda, who died in 1884, inflicted the death penalty on any man who dared to approach him without having every inch of his legs carefully covered; but the women who acted as his servants were stark naked (Hellwald, 78).

Page 32

While the etiquette of modesty is thus subject to an endless variety of details, every nation and tribe enforces its own ideal of propriety as the only correct thing. In Tahiti and Tonga it would be considered highly indecent to go about without being tattooed. Among Samoans and other Malaysians the claims of propriety are satisfied if only the navel is covered. "The savage tribes of Sumatra and Celebes have a like feeling about the knee, which is always carefully covered" (Westermarck, 207). In China it is considered extremely indecent if a woman allows her bare feet to be seen, even by her husband, and a similar idea prevails among some Turkish women, who carefully wrap up their feet before they go to bed (Ploss, I., 344). Hindoo women must not show their faces, but it is not improper to wear a dress so gauzy that the whole figure is revealed through it. "In Moruland," says Emin Bey,

"the women mostly go about absolutely naked, a few only attaching a leaf behind to their waistband. It is curious to note, on meeting a bevy of these uncovered beauties carrying water, that the first thing they do with their free hand is to cover the face."

These customs prevail in all Moslem countries. Mariti relates in his *Viaggi* (II., 288):

"Travelling in summer across the fields of Syria I repeatedly came across groups of women, entirely naked, washing themselves near a well. They did not move from the place, but simply covered the face with one hand, their whole modesty consisting in the desire not to be recognized."

Sentimental topsy-turviness reaches its climax in those cases where women who usually go naked are ashamed to be seen clothed. Such cases are cited by several writers,[9] and appear to be quite common. The most amusing instance I have come across is in a little-known volume on Venezuela by Lavayasse, who writes (190):

"It is known that those [Indians] of the warm climates of South America, among whom civilization has not made any progress, have no other dress than a small apron, or kind of bandage, to hide their nakedness. A lady of my acquaintance had contracted a kindness for a young Paria Indian woman, who was extremely handsome. We had given her the name of Grace. She was sixteen years old, and had lately been married to a young Indian of twenty-five, who was our sportsman. This lady took a pleasure in teaching her to sew and embroider. We said to her one day, 'Grace, you are extremely pretty, speak French well, and are always with us: you ought not therefore to live like the other native women, and we shall give you some clothes. Does not your husband wear trousers and a shirt?' Upon this she consented to be dressed. The lady lost no time in arranging her dress, a ceremony at which I had the honor of assisting. We put on a shift, petticoats, stockings, shoes, and a Madras handkerchief on her head. She looked quite enchanting, and

Page 33

saw herself in the looking-glass with great complacency. Suddenly her husband returned from shooting, with three or four Indians, when the whole party burst into a loud fit of laughter at her, and began to joke about her new habiliments. Grace was quite abashed, blushed, wept, and ran to hide herself in the bed-chamber of the lady, where she stript herself of the clothes, went out of the window, and returned naked into the room. A proof that when her husband saw her dressed for the first time, she felt a sensation somewhat similar to that which a European woman might experience who was surprised without her usual drapery."

Another paradox remains to be noted. Anthropologists have now proved beyond all possibility of doubt that modesty, far from having led to the use of clothing, was itself merely a secondary consequence of the gradual adoption of apparel as a protection. They have also shown^[10] that the earliest forms of dress were extremely scanty, and were intended not to cover certain parts of the body, but actually and wantonly to call attention to them, while in other cases the only parts of the body habitually covered were such as we should consider it no special impropriety to leave uncovered. But enough has been said to demonstrate what we started out to prove: that the strong sentiment of modesty in our community—so strong that many insist it must be part and parcel of human nature (like love!)—has, like all the other sentiments here discussed, grown up slowly from microscopic beginnings.

INDIFFERENCE TO CHASTITY

Closely connected with modesty, and yet entirely distinct from it, is another and still stronger sentiment—the regard for chastity. Many an American officer whose brave wife accompanied him in a frontier war has been asked by her to promise that he would shoot her with his own revolver rather than let her fall into the clutches of licentious Indians. Though deliberate murder is punishable by death, no American jury has ever convicted a man for slaying the seducer of his wife, daughter, or sister. Modern law punishes rape with death, and its victim is held to have suffered a fate worse than death. The brightest of all jewels in a bride's crown of virtues is chastity—a jewel without which all the others lose their value. Yet this jewel of jewels formerly had no more value than a pebble in a brook-bed. The sentiment in behalf of chastity had no existence for ages, and for a long time after it came into existence chastity was known not as a virtue but only as a necessity, inculcated by fear of punishment or loss of worldly advantages.

In support of this statement a whole volume might be written; but as abundant evidence will be given in later chapters relating to the lower races in Africa, Australia, Polynesia, America, and Asia, only a few instances need be cited here. In his recent work on the *Origin and Growth of the Moral Sense* (1898), Alexander Sutherland, an Australian author, writes (I., 180):

Page 34

"In the House of Commons papers for 1844 will be found some 350 printed pages of reports, memoranda, and letters, gathered by the standing committee appointed in regard to the treatment of aboriginals in the Australian colonies. All these have the same unlovely tale to tell of an absolute incapacity to form even a rudimentary notion of chastity. One worthy missionary, who had been for some years settled among tribes of New South Wales, *as yet brought in contact with no other white men*, writes with horror of what he had observed. The conduct of the females, even young children, is most painful; they are cradled in prostitution and fostered in licentiousness. Brough Smith (II., 240) quotes several authorities who record that in Western Australia the women in early youth were almost prostitutes. 'For about six months after their initiation into manhood the youths were allowed an unbounded licence, and there was no possible blame attached to the young unmarried girl who entertained them'" (179).

In Lewis and Clark's account of their expedition across the American Continent they came to the conclusion that there was an utter absence of regard for chastity "among all Indians," and they relate the following as a sample (439):

"Among all the tribes, a man will lend his wife or daughter for a fish-hook or a strand of beads. To decline an offer of this sort is indeed to disparage the charms of the lady, and therefore gives such offence, that, although we had occasionally to treat the Indians with rigor, nothing seemed to irritate both sexes more than our refusal to accept the favors of the females. On one occasion we were amused by a Clatsop, who, having been cured of some disorder by our medical skill, brought his sister as a reward for our kindness. The young lady was quite anxious to join in this expression of her brother's gratitude, and mortified we did not avail ourselves of it."

De Varigny, who lived forty years in the Hawaiian Islands, says (159) that

"the chief difficulty of the missionaries in the Sandwich Islands was teaching the women chastity; they knew neither the word nor the thing. Adultery, incest, fornication, were the common order of things, accepted by public opinion, and even consecrated by religion."

The same is true of other Polynesians, the Tahitians, for instance, of whom Captain Cook wrote that they are

"people who have not even the idea of decency, and who gratify every appetite and passion before witnesses, with no more sense of impropriety than we feel when we satisfy our hunger at a social board with our friends."

Among the highest of all these island peoples, the Tongans, the only restriction to incontinence was that the lover must not be changed too often.

What Dalton says of the Chilikata Mishmis, one of the wild tribes of India, applies to many of the lower races in all parts of the world:

Page 35

“Marriage ceremony there is, I believe, none; it is simply an affair of purchase, and the women thus obtained, if they can be called wives, are not much bound by the tie. The husbands do not expect them to be chaste; they take no cognizance of their temporary liaisons so long as they are not deprived of their services. If a man is dispossessed of one of his wives, he has a private injury to avenge, and takes the earliest opportunity of retaliating, but he cannot see that a woman is a bit the worse for a little incontinency.”

In many cases not only was there complete indifference to chastity, but virginity in a bride was actually looked on with disfavor. The Finnish Votyaks considered it honorable in a girl to be a mother before she was a wife. The Central American Chibchas were like the Philippine Bisayos, of whom a sixteenth century writer, quoted by Jagor, said that a man is unhappy to find his bride above suspicion, “because, not having been desired by anyone, she must have some bad quality which will prevent him from being happy with her.”

The wide prevalence in all parts of the world of the custom of lending or exchanging wives, or offering wife or daughter to a guest,[11] also bears witness to the utter indifference to chastity, conjugal and maiden; as does the custom known as the *jus primae noctis*. Dr. Karl Schmidt has tried very hard to prove that such a “right” to the bride never existed. But no one can read his treatises without noting that his argument rests on a mere quibble, the word *jus*. There may have been no codified *law* or “right” allowing kings, bishops, chiefs, landlords, medicine men, and priests to claim brides first, but that the *privilege* existed in various countries and was extensively made use of, there can be no doubt. Westermarck (73-80), Letourneau (56-62), Ploss (I., 400-405), and others have collected abundant proofs. Here I have room for only a few instances, showing that those whom we would consider the *victims* of such a horrible custom, not only submitted to it with resignation, but actually looked on it as an *honor* and a highly coveted privilege.

“The aboriginal inhabitants of Teneriffe are represented as having married no woman who had not previously spent a night with the chief, which was considered a great honor.”“Navarette tells us that, on the coast of Malabar, the bridegroom brought the bride to the King, who kept her eight days in the palace; and the man took it ‘as a great honor and favor that the King should make use of her.’”“Egede informs us that the women of Greenland thought themselves fortunate if an Angekokk, or prophet, honored them with his caresses; and some husbands even paid him, because they believed that the child of such a holy man could not but be happier and better than others.” (Westermarck, 77, 80.)“In Cumana the priests, who were

Page 36

regarded as holy, slept only with unmarried women, 'porque tenian por honorosa costumbre que ellos las quitassen la virginidad.'" (Bastian, *K.A.A.*, II., 228.)

From this lowest depth of depravity it would be interesting, if space and the architectural plan of this volume permitted, to trace the growth of the sentiment which demands chastity; noting, in the first place, how married women were compelled, by the jealous fury of their masters, to practise continence; how, very much later, virginity began to be valued, not, indeed, at first, as a virtue having a value and charm of its own, but as a means of enhancing the market value of brides. Indifference to masculine chastity continued much longer still. The ancient civilized nations had advanced far enough to value purity in wives and maidens, but it hardly occurred to them that it was man's duty to cultivate the same virtue. Even so austere and eminent a moral philosopher as Cicero declared that one would have to be very severe indeed to ask young men to refrain from illicit relations. The mediaeval church fathers endeavored for centuries to enforce the doctrine that men should be as pure as women, with what success, every one knows. A more powerful agency in effecting a reform was the loathsome disease which in the fifteenth century began to sweep away millions of licentious men, and led to the survival of the fittest from the moral point of view. The masculine standard is still low, but immense progress has been made during the last hundred years. The number of prostitutes in Europe is still estimated at seven hundred thousand, yet that makes only seven to every thousand females, and though there are many other unchaste women, it is safe to say that in England and America, at any rate, more than nine hundred out of every thousand females are chaste, whereas among savages, as a rule, nearly all females are prostitutes (in the moral sense of the word), before they marry. In view of this astounding progress there is no reason to despair regarding man's future. It would be a great triumph of civilization if the average man could be made as pure as the average woman. At the same time, since the consequences of sin are infinitely more serious in women, it is eminently proper that they should be in the van of moral progress.

Chastity, modesty, polygamy, murder, religion, and nature have now furnished us an abundance of illustrations showing the changeableness and former non-existence of sentiments which in us are so strong that we are inclined to fancy they must have been the same always and everywhere. Before proceeding to prove that romantic love is another sentiment of which the same may be said, let us pause a moment to discuss a sentiment which presents one of the most difficult problems in the psychology of love, the Horror of Incest.

HORROR OF INCEST

Page 37

A young man does not fall in love with his sister though she be the most attractive girl he knows. Nor does her father fall in love with her, nor the mother with the son, or the son with the mother. Not only is there no sexual love between them, but the very idea of marriage fills their mind with unutterable horror, and in the occasional cases where such a marriage is made through ignorance of the relationship, both parties usually commit suicide, though they are guiltless of deliberate crime. Here we have the most striking and absolute proof that circumstances, habits, ideas, laws, customs, can and do utterly annihilate sexual love in millions of individuals. Why then should it be so unlikely that the laws and customs of the ancient Greeks, for instance, with their ideas about women and marriage, should have prevented the growth of sentimental love? Note the modesty of my claim. While it is certain that both the sensual and the sentimental sides of sexual love are stifled by the horror of incest, all that I claim in regard to ancient and primitive races is that the sentimental side of love was smothered by unfavorable circumstances and hindered in growth by various obstacles which will be described later on in this volume. Surely this is not such a reckless theory as it seemed to some of my critics.

Like the other sentiments discussed in this chapter, the horror of incest has been found to be absent among races in various stages of development. Incestuous unions occurred among Chippewas and other American Indians. Of the Peruvian Indians, Garcilasso de la Vega says that some cohabited with their sisters, daughters, or mothers; similar facts are recorded of some Brazilians, Polynesians, Africans, and wild tribes of India. "Among the Annamese, according to a missionary who has lived among them for forty years, no girl who is twelve years old and has a brother is a virgin" (Westermarck, 292). Gypsies allow a brother to marry a sister, while among the Veddahs of Ceylon the marriage of a man with his younger sister is considered *the* proper marriage. In the Indian Archipelago and elsewhere there are tribes who permit marriage between parents and their children. The legends of India and Hindoo theology abound in allusions to incestuous unions, and a nation's mythology reflects its own customs. According to Strabo the ancient Irish married their mothers and sisters. Among the love-stories of the ancient Greeks, as we shall see later on, there are a surprising number the subject of which is incest, indicating that that crime was of not infrequent occurrence. But it is especially by royal personages that incest has been practised. In ancient Persia, Parthia, Egypt, and other countries the kings married their own sisters, as did the Incas of Peru, for political reasons, other women being regarded as too low in rank to become queens; and the same phenomenon occurs in Hawaii, Siam, Burma, Ceylon, Madagascar, etc. In some cases incestuous unions for kings and priests are even prescribed by religion. At the licentious festivals common among tribes in America, Africa, India, and elsewhere, incest was one of the many forms of bestiality indulged in; this gives it a wide prevalence.

Page 38

Much ingenuity has been expended in attempts to account for the origin of the horror of incest. The main reason why it has so far remained more or less of a mystery, is that each writer advanced a single cause, which he pressed into service to explain all the facts, the result being confusion and contradiction. In my opinion different agencies must be assumed in different cases. When we find among Australians, American Indians (and even the Chinese), customs, enforced by the strongest feelings, forbidding a man to marry a woman belonging to the same clan or having the same surname, though not at all related, while allowing a marriage with a sister or other near blood relative, we are obviously not dealing with a question of incest at all, but with some of the foolish taboos prevalent among these races, the origin of which they themselves have forgotten. Mr. Andrew Lang probably hit the nail on the head when he said (258) in regard to the rule which compels savages to marry only outside of the tribe, that these prohibitions “must have arisen in a stage of culture when ideas of kindred were confused, included kinship with animals and plants, and were to us almost, if not quite, unintelligible.” To speak of instinct and natural selection teaching the Veddahs to abhor marriage with an elder sister while making union with a younger sister *the* proper marriage (Westermarck, 292) is surely to assume that instinct and natural selection act in an asinine way, which they never do—except in asses.

In a second class of cases, where lower races have ideas similar to ours, I believe that the origin of domestic chastity must be sought in utilitarian practices. In the earlier stages of marriage, girls are usually bought of their parents, who profit by the sale or barter. Now when a man marries a girl to be his wife and maid of all work, he does not want to take her to his home hampered by a bevy of young children. Fathers guilty of incestuous practices would therefore be unable to dispose of their daughters to advantage, and thus a prejudice in favor of domestic purity would gradually arise which a shrewd medicine man would some day raise to the rank of a religious or social taboo.

As regards modern society, Darwin, Brinton, Hellwald, Bentham, and others have advocated or endorsed the view that the reason why such a horror of incestuous unions prevails, is that novelty is the chief stimulus to the sexual feelings, and that the familiarity of the same household breeds indifference. I do not understand how any thinker can have held such a view for one moment. When Bentham wrote (*Theory of Legislation*, pt. iii., chap. V.) that “individuals accustomed to see each other from an age which is capable neither of conceiving desire nor of inspiring it, will see each other with the same eyes to the end of life,” he showed infinitely less knowledge of human nature than the author of *Paul and Virginia*, who makes a boy and a girl

Page 39

grow up almost like brother and sister, and at the proper time fall violently in love with one another. Who cannot recall in his own experience love marriages of schoolmates or of cousins living in intimate association from their childhood? To say that such bringing up together creates “indifference” is obviously incorrect; to say that it leads to “aversion” is altogether unwarranted; and to trace to it such a feeling as our horror at the thought of marrying a sister, or mother, is simply preposterous.

The real source of the horror of incest in civilized communities was indicated more than two thousand years ago by Plato. He believed that the reason why incestuous unions were avoided and abhorred, was to be found in the constant inculcation, at home and in literature, that

“They are unholy, hated of God, and most infamous.... Everyone from his earliest childhood has heard men speaking in the same manner about them always and everywhere, whether in comedy or in the graver language of tragedy. When the poet introduces on the stage a Thyestes or an Oedipus, or a Macareus having secret intercourse with his sister, he represents him, when found out, ready to kill himself as the penalty of his sin.” (*Laws*, VIII., 838.)

Long before Plato another great “medicine man,” Moses, saw the necessity of enforcing a “taboo” against incest by the enactment of special severe laws relating to intercourse between relatives; and that there was no “instinct” against incest in his time is shown by the fact that he deemed it necessary to make such circumstantial laws for his own people, and by his specific testimony that “in all these things the nations are defiled which I cast out from before you, and the land is defiled.” Regarding his motives in making such laws, Milman has justly remarked (*H.J.*, I., 220),

“The leading principle of these enactments was to prohibit near marriage between those parties among whom, by the usage of their society, early and frequent intimacy was unavoidable and might lead to abuse.”

If Moses lived now, he would still be called upon to enact his laws; for to this day the horror of incest is a sentiment which it is necessary to keep up and enforce by education, moral precept, religion, and law. It is no more innate or instinctive than the sentiment of modesty, the regard for chastity, or the disapproval of bigamy. Children are not born with it any more than with the feeling that it is improper to be seen naked. Medical writers bear witness to the wide prevalence of unnatural practices among children, even in good families, while in the slums of the large cities, where the families are herded like swine, there is a horrible indulgence in every kind of incest by adults as well as children.

Page 40

Absolute proof that the horror of incest is not innate lies furthermore in the unquestionable fact that a man can escape the calamity of falling in love with his sister or daughter only if he *knows* the relationship. There are many instances on record—to which the daily press adds others—of incestuous unions brought about by ignorance of the consanguinity. Oedipus was not saved by an instinct from marrying his mother. It was only after the discovery of the relationship that his mind was filled with unutterable horror, while his wife and mother committed suicide. This case, though legendary, is typical—a mirror of actuality—showing how potent *ideas* are to alter *emotions*. Yet I am assailed for asserting that the Greeks and the lower races, whose ideas regarding women, love, polygamy, chastity, and marriage were so different from ours, also differed from us in their feelings—the quality of their love. There were numerous obstacles to overcome before romantic love was able to emerge—obstacles so serious and diverse that it is a wonder they were ever conquered. But before considering those obstacles it will be advisable to explain definitely just what romantic love is and how it differs from the sensual “love” or lust which, of course, has always existed among men as among other animals.

WHAT IS ROMANTIC LOVE?

How does it feel to be in love?

When a man loves a girl, he feels such an overwhelming *individual preference* for her that though she were a beggar-maid he would scorn the offer to exchange her for an heiress, a princess, or the goddess of beauty herself. To him she seems to have a monopoly of all the feminine charms, and she therefore monopolizes his thoughts and feelings to the exclusion of all other interests, and he longs not only for her reciprocal affection but for a monopoly of it. “Does she love me?” he asks himself a hundred times a day. “Sometimes she seems to treat me with cold indifference—is that merely the instinctive assertion of feminine *coyness*, or does she prefer another man?” The pangs, the agony of *jealousy* overcome him at this thought. He hopes one moment, despairs the next, till his *moods* become so *mixed* that he hardly knows whether he is happy or miserable. He, who is usually so bold and self-confident, is humbled; feels utterly unworthy of her. In his fancy she soars so far above all other women that calling her an angel seems not a *hyperbole*, but a compliment to the angel. Toward such a superior being the only proper attitude is *adoration*. She is spotless as an angel, and his feelings toward her are as *pure*, as free from coarse cravings, as if she were a goddess. How royally *proud* a man must feel at the thought of being preferred above all mortals by this divine being! In *personal beauty* had she ever a peer? Since Venus left this planet, has such

Page 41

grace been seen? In face of her, the strongest of all impulses—selfishness—is annihilated. The lover is no longer “number one” to himself; his own pleasures and comforts are ignored in the eager desire to please her, to show her *gallant* attentions. To save her from disaster or grief he is ready to *sacrifice* his life. His cordial *sympathy* makes him share all her joys and sorrows, and his *affection* for her, though he may have known her only a few days—nay, a few minutes—is as strong and devoted as that of a mother for the child that is her own flesh and blood.

INGREDIENTS OF LOVE

No one who has ever been truly in love will deny that this description, however romantic it may seem in its apparent exaggeration, is a realistic reflection of his feelings and impulses. As this brief review shows, Individual Preference, Monopolism, Coyness, Jealousy, Mixed Moods of Hope and Despair, Hyperbole, Adoration, Purity, Pride, Admiration of Personal Beauty, Gallantry, Self-sacrifice, Sympathy, and Affection, are the essential ingredients in that very composite mental state, which we call romantic love. Coyness, of course, occurs only in feminine love, and there are other sexual differences which will be noted later on. Here I wish to point out that the fourteen ingredients named may be divided into two groups of seven each—the egoistic and the altruistic. The prevailing notion that love is a species of selfishness—a “double selfishness,” some wiseacre has called it—is deplorably untrue and shows how little the psychology of love has heretofore been understood.

It has indeed an egoistic side, including the ingredients I have called Individual Preference, Monopolism, Jealousy, Coyness, Hyperbole, Mixed Moods, and Pride; and it is not a mere accident that these are also the seven features which may be found in sensual love too; for sensuality and selfishness are twins. But the later and more essential characteristics of romantic love are the altruistic and supersensual traits—Sympathy, Affection, Gallantry, Self-sacrifice, Adoration, Purity, and Admiration of Personal Beauty. The two divisions overlap in some places, but in the main they are accurate. It is certain that the first group precedes the second, but the order in which the ingredients in each group first made their appearance cannot be indicated, as we know too little of the early history of man. The arrangement here adopted is therefore more or less arbitrary. I shall try in this long chapter to answer the question “What is Romantic Love?” by discussing each of its fourteen ingredients and tracing its evolution separately.

I. INDIVIDUAL PREFERENCE

If a man pretended to be in love with a girl while confessing that he liked other girls equally well and would as soon marry one as another, everybody would laugh at him; for however ignorant many persons may be as to the subtler traits of sentimental love, it is known universally that a decided and obstinate preference for one particular individual is an absolute condition of true love.

Page 42

ALL GIRLS EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE

As I have just intimated, a modern romantic lover would not exchange a beloved beggar-maid for an heiress or princess; nor would he give her for a dozen other girls, however charming, and with permission to marry them all. Now if romantic love had always existed, the lower races would have the same violent and exclusive preference for individuals. But what are the facts? I assert, without fear of contradiction from any one familiar with anthropological literature, that a savage or barbarian, be he Australian, African, American, or Asiatic, would laugh at the idea of refusing to exchange one woman for a dozen others equally young and attractive. It is not necessary to descend to the lowest savages to find corroboration of this view. Dr. Zoeller, an unusually intelligent and trustworthy observer, says, in one of his volumes on German Africa (III., 70-71), that

“on the whole no distinction whatever is made between woman and woman, between the good-looking and the ugly, the intelligent and the stupid ones. In all my African experiences I have never heard of a single young man or woman who conceived a violent passion for a particular individual of the opposite sex.”

So in other parts of Africa. The natives of Borgou, we are told by R. and J. Lander, marry with perfect indifference. “A man takes no more thought about choosing a wife than he does in picking a head of wheat.” Among the Kaffirs, says Fritsch (112) it may occur that a man has an inclination toward a particular girl; but he adds that “in such cases the suitor is obliged to pay several oxen more than is customary, and as he usually takes cattle more to heart than women, such cases are rare;” and though, when he has several wives, he may have a favorite, the attachment to her is shallow and transient, for she is at any moment liable to displacement by a new-comer. Among the Hottentots at Angra Pequena, when a man covets a girl he goes to her hut, prepares a cup of coffee and hands it to her without saying a word. If she drinks half of it, he knows the answer is Yes. “If she refuses to touch the coffee, the suitor is not specially grieved, but proceeds to another hut to try his luck again in the same way.” (Ploss, I., 454.)

Of the Fijians Williams (148) says: “Too commonly there is no express feeling of connubial bliss, men speak of ‘our women’ and women of ‘our men’ without any distinctive preference being apparent.” Catlin, speaking (70-71) of the matrimonial arrangements of the Pawnee Indians, says that daughters are held as legitimate merchandise, and, as a rule, accept the situation “with the apathy of the race.” A man who advertised for a wife would hardly be accused of individual preference or anything else indicating love. From a remark made by George Gibbs (197) we may infer that the Indians of Oregon and Washington used to advertise for wives, in their own fashion:

Page 43

“It is not unusual to find on the small prairies human figures rudely carved upon trees. These I have understood to have been cut by young men who were in want of wives, as a sort of practical intimation that they were in the market as purchasers.”

It might be suggested that such a crude love-letter *to the sex in general*, as compared with one of our own love-letters to a particular girl, gives a fair idea of what Indian love is, compared with the love of civilized men and women.

SHALLOW PREDILECTION

Even where there is an appearance of predilection it is apt to be shallow and fragile. In the *Jesuit Relations* (XVIII., 129) we read how a Huron youth came to one of the missionaries and said he needed a wife to make his snow-shoes and clothes. “I am in love with a young girl,” said he. “I beg you to call my relatives together and to consider whether she is suitable for me. If you decide that it is for my good, I will marry her; if not, I will follow your advice.” Other young Indians used to come to the missionaries to ask them to find wives for them. I have been struck, in reading Indian love-stories, by the fact that their gist usually lies not in an exhibition of decided preference for one man but of violent *aversion* to another—some old and disagreeable suitor. It is well known, too, that among Indians, as among Australians, marriage was sometimes considered an affair of the tribe rather than of the individual; and we have some curious illustrations of the way in which various tribes of Indians would try to crush the germs of individual preference.

REPRESSION OF PREFERENCE

Thus Hunter relates (243) of the Missouri and Arkansas tribes that “It is considered disgraceful for a young Indian publicly to prefer one woman to another until he has distinguished himself either in war or in the chase.” Should an Indian pay any girl, though he may have known her from childhood, special attention before he has won reputation as a warrior, “he would be sure to suffer the painful mortification of a rejection; he would become the derision of the warriors and the contempt of the squaws.” In the *Jesuit Relations* (III., 73) we read of some of the Canadian Indians that

“they have a very rude way of making love; for the suitor, as soon as he shows a preference for a girl, does not dare look at her, nor speak to her, nor stay near her unless accidentally; and then he must force himself not to look her in the face, nor to give any sign of his passion, otherwise he would be the laughing-stock of all, and his sweetheart would blush for him.”

Not only must he show no preference, but the choice, too, is not left to him; for the relatives take up the matter and decide whether his age, skill as a hunter, reputation, and family make him a desirable match.

Page 44

In the face of such facts, can we agree with Rousseau that to a savage one woman is as good as another? The question is very difficult to answer, because if a man is to marry at all, he must choose a particular girl, and this choice can be interpreted as preference, though it may be quite accidental. It is probable, as I have suggested, that with a people as low as the Australians it would be difficult to find a man having sufficient predilection for one young woman to refuse to exchange her for two others. Probably the same is true of the higher savages and even of the barbarians, as a rule.

UTILITY VERSUS SENTIMENT

We do, indeed, find, at a comparatively early stage, evidences of one girl or man being chosen in preference to others; but when we examine these cases closely we see that the choice is not based on *personal* qualities but on utilitarian considerations of the most selfish or sensual description. Thus Zoeller, in the passage just referred to, says of the negro:

“It is true that when he buys a woman he prefers a young one, but his motive for so doing is far from being mental admiration of beauty. He buys the younger ones because they are youthful, strong, and able to work for him.”

Similarly Belden, who lived twelve years among the Plains Indians, states (302) that “the squaws are valued by the middle-aged men only for their strength and ability to work, and no account whatever is taken of their personal beauty.” The girls are no better than the men. Young Comanche girls, says Parker (Schoolcraft, V., 683) “are not averse to marry very old men, particularly if they are chiefs, as they are always sure of something to eat.” In describing Amazon Valley Indians, Wallace says (497-498) that there is

“a trial of skill at shooting with the bow and arrow, and if the young man does not show himself a good marksman, the girl refuses him, on the ground that he will not be able to shoot fish and game enough for the family.”

These cases are typical, and might be multiplied indefinitely; they show how utterly individual preference on personal grounds is out of the question here. It is true that many of our own girls marry for such utilitarian reasons; but no one would be so foolish as to speak of these marriages as love-matches, whereas in the cases of savages we are often invited by sentimentalists to witness the “manifestation of love” whenever a man shows a utilitarian or sensual interest in a particular girl. A modern civilized lover marries a girl for her own sake, because he is enamoured of her individuality, whereas the uncivilized suitor cares not a fig for the other’s individuality; he takes her as an instrument of lust, a drudge, or as a means of raising a family, in order that the superstitious rites of ancestor-worship may be kept up and his selfish soul rest in peace in the next world. He cares not for her personally, for if she proves barren he repudiates

her and marries another. Trial marriages are therefore widely prevalent. The Dyaks of Borneo, as St. John tells us, often make as many as seven or eight such marriages; with them marriage is “a business of partnership for the purpose of having children, dividing labor, and by means of their offspring providing for their old age.”

Page 45

A STORY OF AFRICAN LOVE

An amusing incident related by Ernst von Weber (II., 215-6) indicates how easily utilitarian considerations override such skin-deep preference as may exist among Africans. He knew a girl named Yanniki who refused to marry a young Kaffir suitor though she confessed that she liked him. "I cannot take him," she said, "as he can offer only ten cows for me and my father wants fifteen." Weber observed, that it was not kind of her father to let a few cows stand in the way of her happiness; but the African damsel did not fall in with his sentimental view of the case. Business and vanity were to her much more important matters than individual preference for a particular lover, and she exclaimed, excitedly:

"What! You expect my father to give me away for ten cows? That would be a fine sort of a bargain! Am I not worth more than Cilli, for whom the Tambuki chief paid twelve cows last week? I am pretty, I can cook, sew, crochet, speak English, and with all these accomplishments you want my father to dispose of me for ten miserable cows? Oh, sir, how little you esteem me! No, no, my father is quite right in refusing to yield in this matter; indeed, in my opinion he might boldly ask thirty cows for me, for I am worth that much."

SIMILARITY OF INDIVIDUALS AND SEXES

It is not difficult to explain why among the lower races individual preference either does not occur at all or is so weak and utilitarian that the difference of a few cows more or less may decide a lover's fate. Like sunflowers in the same garden, the girls in a tribe differ so little from one another that there is no particular cause for discrimination. They are all brought up in exactly the same way, eat the same food, think the same thoughts, do the same work—carrying water and wood, dressing skins, moving tents and utensils, *etc.*; they are alike uneducated, and marry at the same childish age before their minds can have unfolded what little is in them; so that there is small reason why a man should covet one of them much more than another. A savage may be as eager to possess a woman as a miser is to own a gold piece: but he has little more reason to prefer one girl to another than a miser has to prefer one gold piece to another of the same size.

Humboldt observed (*P.E.*, 141) that "in barbarous nations there is a physiognomy peculiar to the tribe or horde rather than to any individual." It has been noted by various observers that the lower the race is the more do its individuals thus resemble one another. Nay, this approximation goes so far as to make even the two sexes much less distinct than they are with us. Professor Pritsch, in his classical treatise on the natives of South Africa (407), dwells especially on the imperfect sexual differentiation of the Bushmen. The faces, stature, limbs, and even the chest and hips of the women differ so little from those of the men that in looking at photographs (as he says and illustrates

by specimens), one finds it difficult to tell them apart, though the figures are almost nude. Both sexes are equally lean and equally ugly. The same may be said of the typical Australians, and in Professor and Mrs. Agassiz's *Journey in Brazil* (530) we read that

Page 46

“the Indian woman has a very masculine air, extending indeed more or less to her whole bearing; for even her features have rarely the feminine delicacy of higher womanhood. In the Negro, on the contrary, the narrowness of chest and shoulder characteristic of the woman is almost as marked in the man; indeed, it may well be said, that, while the Indian female is remarkable for her masculine build, the negro male is equally so for his feminine aspect.”

In the *Jesuit Relations* there are repeated references to the difficulty of distinguishing squaws from male Indians except by certain articles of dress. Burton writes of the Sioux (C.O.S., 59) that “the unaccustomed eye often hesitates between the sexes.” In Schoolcraft (V., 274) we are told concerning the Creek women that “being condemned to perform all the hard labor, they are *universally masculine in appearance*, without one soft blandishment to render them desirable or lovely.” Nor is there anything alluringly feminine in the disposition which, as all observers agree, makes Indian women more cruel in torture than the most pitiless men. Equally decisive is the testimony regarding the similarity of the sexes, physical and mental, in the islands of the Pacific. Hawkesworth (II., 446) found the women of New Zealand so lacking in feminine delicacy that it was difficult to distinguish them from the men, except by their voices. Captain Cook (II., 246) observed in Fiji differences in form between men and females, but little difference in features; and of the Hawaiians he wrote that with few exceptions they

“have little claim to those peculiarities that distinguish the sex in other countries. There is, indeed, a more remarkable equality in the size, color, and figure of both sexes, than in most places I have visited.”

PRIMARY AND SECONDARY SEXUAL CHARACTERS

A most important inference may be deduced from these facts. A man does not, normally, fall in love with a man. He falls in love with a woman, because she is a woman. Now when, as in the cases cited, the men and women differ only in regard to the coarsest anatomical peculiarities known as the primary sexual qualities, it is obvious that their “love” also can consist only of such coarse feelings and longings as these primary qualities can inspire. In other words they can know the great passion only on its sensual side. Love, to them, is not a sentiment but an appetite, or at best an instinct for the propagation of the species.

Of the secondary sexual qualities—those not absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the species—the first to appear prominently in women is *fat*; and as soon as it does appear, it is made a ground of individual preference. Brough Smyth tells us that in Australia a fat woman is never safe from being stolen, no matter how old and ugly she may be. In the chapter on Personal

Page 47

Beauty I shall marshal a number of facts showing that among the uncivilized and Oriental races in general, fat is the criterion of feminine attractiveness. It is so among coarse men (*i.e.*, most men) even in Europe and America to this day. Hindoo poets, from the oldest times to Kalidasa and from Kalidasa to the present day, laud their heroines above all things for their large thighs—thighs so heavy that in walking the feet make an impression on the ground “deep as an elephant’s hoofs.”

FASTIDIOUS SENSUALITY IS NOT LOVE

It is hardly necessary to say that the “love” based on *these* secondary qualities is not sentimental or romantic. It may, however—and this is a very important point to remember—be extremely violent and stubborn. In other words, there may be a strong individual preference in love that is entirely sensual. Indeed, lust may be as fastidious as love. Tarquinius coveted Lucretia; no other woman would have satisfied him. Yet he did not *love* her. Had he loved *her* he would have sacrificed his own life rather than offered violence to one who valued her honor more than her life. He loved only *himself*; his one object was to please his beloved ego; he never thought of her feelings and of the consequences of his act to her. The literature of ancient Rome, Greece, and Oriental countries is full of such cases of individualized “love” which, when closely examined, reduce themselves to cases of selfish lust—eagerness to gratify an appetite with a particular victim, for whom the “lover” has not a particle of affection, respect, or sympathy, not to speak of adoration or gallant, self-sacrificing devotion. Unless we have positive evidence of the presence of these traits of unselfish affection, we are not entitled to assume the existence of genuine love; especially among races that are coarse, unsympathetic, and cruel.

TWO STORIES OF INDIAN LOVE

From this point of view we must judge two Indian love-stories related by Keating (II., 164-166):

I. A Chippewa named Ogemans, married to a woman called Demoya, fell in love with her sister. When she refused him he affected insanity. His ravings were terrible, and nothing could appease him but her presence; the moment he touched her hand or came near her he was gentle as they could wish. One time, in the middle of a winter night, he sprang from his couch and escaped into the woods, howling and screaming in the wildest manner; his wife and her sister followed him, but he refused to be calmed until the sister (Okoi) laid her hand on him, when he became quiet and gentle. This kind of performance he kept up a long time till all the Indians, including the girl, became

convinced he was possessed by a spirit which she alone could subdue. So she married him and never after was he troubled by a return of madness.

Page 48

II. A young Canadian had secured the favor of a half-breed girl who had been brought up among the Chippewas and spoke only their language. Her name was Nisette, and she was the daughter of a converted squaw who, being very pious, induced the young couple to go to an Algonquin village and get regularly married by a clergyman. Meanwhile the Canadian's love cooled away, and by the time they reached the village he cared no more for the poor girl. Soon thereafter she became the subject of fits and was finally considered to be quite insane. The only lucid intervals she had were in the presence of her inconstant husband. Whenever he came near her, her reason would return, and she would appear the same as before her illness. Flattered by what he deemed so strong an evidence of his influence over her, the Canadian felt a return of kindness toward her, and was finally induced to renew his attentions, which, being well received, they were soon united by a clergyman. Her reason appeared to be restored, and her improving health showed that her happiness was complete.

FEMININE IDEALS SUPERIOR TO MASCULINE

Keating's guide was convinced that in both these cases the insanity was feigned for the selfish purpose of working upon the feelings of the unwilling party. Even apart from that, there is no trace of evidence in either story that the feelings of the lovers rose above sensual attachment, though the girl, being half white, might have been capable of an approximation to a higher feeling. Indeed it is among women that such approximations to a higher type of attachment must be sought; for the uncivilized woman's basis of individual preference, while apt to be utilitarian, is less sensual than the man's. She is influenced by his manly qualities of courage, valor, aggressiveness, because those are of value to her, while he chooses her for her physical charms and has little or no appreciation of the higher feminine qualities. Schoolcraft (V., 612) cites the following as an Indian girl's ideal:

"My love is tall and graceful as the young pine waving on the hill—and as swift in his course as the stately deer. His hair is flowing, and dark as the blackbird that floats through the air, and his eyes, like the eagle's, both piercing and bright. His heart, it is fearless and great—and his arm it is strong in the fight."

Now it is true that Schoolcraft is a very unreliable witness in such matters, as we shall see in the chapter on Indians. He had a way of taking coarse Indian tales, dressing them up in a fine romantic garb and presenting them as the aboriginal article. An Indian girl would not be likely to compare a man's hair to a blackbird's feathers, and she certainly would never dream of speaking of a "tall and graceful pine waving on the hill." She might, however, compare his swiftness to a deer's, and she might admire his sharp sight, his fearlessness, his strong arm in a fight; and that is enough to illustrate what I have just said—that her preference, though utilitarian, is less sensual than the man's. It includes mental elements, and as moreover her duties as mother teach her sympathy

and devotion, it is not to be wondered at that the earliest approximations to a higher type of love are on the part of women.

Page 49

SEX IN BODY AND MIND

As civilization progresses, the sexes become more and more differentiated, thus affording individual preference an infinitely greater scope. The stamp of sex is no longer confined to the pelvis and the chest, but is impressed on every part of the body. The women's feet become smaller and more daintily shaped than the men's, the limbs more rounded and tapering and less muscular, the waist narrower, the neck longer, the skin smoother, softer, and less hairy, the hands more comely, with more slender fingers, the skeleton more delicate, the stature lower, the steps shorter, the gait more graceful, the features more delicately cut, the eyes more beautiful, the hair more luxuriant and lustrous, the cheeks rounder and more susceptible to blushes, the lips more daintily curved, the smile sweeter.

But the mind has sex as well as the body. It is still in process of evolution, and too many individuals still approximate the type of the virago or the effeminate man; but the time will come for all, as it has already come for many, when a masculine trait in a woman's character will make as disagreeable an impression as a blacksmith's sinewy arm on the body of a society belle would make in a ball-room. To call a woman pretty and sweet is to compliment her; to call a man pretty and sweet would be to mock or insult him. The ancient Greeks betrayed their barbarism in amorous matters in no way more conspicuously than by their fondness for coy, effeminate boys, and their admiration of masculine goddesses like Diana and Minerva. Contrast this with the modern ideal of femininity, as summed up by Shakspeare:

Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?

TRUE FEMININITY AND ITS FEMALE ENEMIES

A woman's voice differs from a man's not only in pitch but in timbre; its quality suggests the sex. There is great scope for variety, from the lowest contralto to the highest soprano, as there is in man's from the lowest bass to the highest tenor; a variety so great that voices differ as much as faces and can be instantly recognized; but unless it has the proper sexual quality a voice affects us disagreeably. A coarse, harsh voice has marred many a girl's best marriage chances, while, on the other hand, it may happen that "the ear loveth before the eye." Now what is true of the male and female voice holds true of the male and female mind in all its diverse aspects. We expect men to be not only bigger, stronger, taller, hardier, more robust, but more courageous and aggressive, more active, more creative, more sternly just, than women; while

coarseness, cruelty, selfishness, and pugnacity, though not virtues in either sex, affect us much less repulsively in men than in women, for

Page 50

the reason that the masculine struggle for existence and competition in business foster selfishness, and men have inherited pugnacious instincts from their fighting ancestors, while women, as mothers, learned the lessons of sympathy and self-sacrifice much sooner than men. The distinctively feminine virtues are on the whole of a much higher order than the masculine, which is the reason why they were not appreciated or fostered at so early an epoch. Gentleness, modesty, domesticity, girlishness, coyness, kindness, patience, tenderness, benevolence, sympathy, self-sacrifice, demureness, emotionality, sensitiveness, are feminine qualities, some of which, it is true, we expect also in gentlemen; but their absence is not nearly so fatal to a man as it is to a woman. And as men gradually approach women in patience, tenderness, sympathy, self-sacrifice, and gentleness, it behooves women to keep their distance by becoming still more refined and feminine, instead of trying, as so many of them do, to approach the old masculine standard—one of the strangest aberrations recorded in all social history.

Men and women fall in love with what is unlike, not with what is like them. The refined physical and mental traits which I have described in the preceding paragraphs constitute some of the secondary sexual characters by which romantic love is inspired, while sensual love is based on the primary sexual characters. Havelock Ellis (19) has well defined a secondary sexual character as “one which, by more highly differentiating the sexes, helps to make them more attractive to each other,” and so to promote marriages. And Professor Weissmann, famed for his studies in heredity, opens up deep vistas of thought when he declares (II., 91) that

“all the numerous differences in form and function which characterize sex among the higher animals, all the so-called ‘secondary sexual characters,’ affecting even the highest mental qualities of mankind, are nothing but adaptations to bring about the union of the hereditary tendencies of two individuals.”

Nature has been at work on this problem of differentiating the sexes ever since it created the lowest animal organisms, and this fact, which stands firm as a rock, gives us the consoling assurance that the present abnormal attempts to make women masculine by giving them the same education, employments, sports, ideals, and political aspirations as men have, must end in ignominious failure. If the viragoes had their way, men and women would in course of time revert to the condition of the lowest savages, differing only in their organs of generation. How infinitely nobler, higher, more refined and, fascinating, is that ideal which wants women to differ from men by every detail, bodily and mental; to differ from them in the higher qualities of disposition, of character, of beauty, physical and spiritual, which alone make possible the existence of romantic love as distinguished from lust on one side and friendship on the other.

Page 51

MYSTERIES OF LOVE

If these secondary sexual characters could be destroyed by the extraordinary—one might almost say criminal—efforts of unsexed termagants to make all women ape men and become like them, romantic love, which was so slow in coming, would disappear again, leaving only sensual appetite, which may be (selfishly) fastidious and intense, but has no depth, duration, or altruistic nobility, and which, when satiated, cares no more for the object for which it had temporarily hungered. It is these secondary sexual characters, with their subtle and endless variations, that have given individual preference such a wide field of choice that every lover can find a girl after his heart and taste. A savage is like a gardener who has only one kind of flowers to choose between—all of one color too; whereas we, with our diverse secondary characters, our various intermixtures of nationalities, our endless shades of blonde and brunette, and differences in manners and education can have our choice among the lilies, roses, violets, pansies, daisies, and thousands of other flowers—or the girls named after them. Samuel Baker says there are no broken hearts in Africa. Why should there be when individuals are so similar that if a man loses his girl he can easily find another just like her in color, face, rotundity, and grossness? A civilized lover would mourn the loss of his bride—though he were offered his choice of the beauties of Baltimore—because it would be *absolutely impossible to duplicate her*.

In that last line lies the explanation of one of the mysteries of modern love—its stubborn fidelity to the beloved after the choice has been made. But there is another mystery of individual preference that calls for an explanation—its capriciousness, apparent or real, in making a choice—that quality which has made the poets declare so often that “love is blind.” On this point much confusion of ideas prevails.

Matters are simplified if we first dispose of those numerous cases in which the individual preference is only approximate. If a girl of eighteen has the choice between a man of sixty and a youth of twenty, she will, if she exercises a *personal* preference, take the youth, as a matter of course, though he may be far from her ideal. Such preference is generic rather than individual. Again, in most cases of first love, as I have remarked elsewhere (*R.L.P.B.*, 139) “man falls in love with woman, woman with man, not with a particular man or woman.” Young men and women inherit, from a long series of ancestors, a disposition to love which at puberty reveals itself in vague longings and dreams. The “bump of amateness,” as a phrenologist might say, is like a powder magazine, ready to explode at a touch, and it makes no great difference what kind of a match is applied. In later love affairs the match is a matter of more importance.

Page 52

Robert Burton threw light on the “capriciousness” and accidentally of this kind of (apparent) amorous preference when he wrote that “it is impossible, almost, for two young folks equal in years to live together and not be in love;” and further he says, sagaciously:

“Many a serving man, by reason of this opportunity and importunity, inveigles his master’s daughter, many a gallant loves a dowdy, many a gentleman runs after his wife’s maids; many ladies dote upon their men, as the queen in *Aristo* did upon the dwarf, many matches are so made in haste and they are compelled, as it were by necessity, so to love, which had they been free, come in company with others, seen that variety which many places afford, or compared them to a third, would never have looked upon one another.”

Such passions are merely pent-up emotions seeking to escape one way or another. They do not indicate real, intense preference, but at best an approach to it; for they are not properly individualized, and, as Schopenhauer pointed out, the differences in the intensity of love-cases depend on their different degrees of individualization—an *aperçu* which this whole chapter confirms. Yet these mere approximations to real preference embrace the vast majority of so-called love-affairs. Genuine preference of the highest type finds its explanation in special phases of sympathy and personal beauty which will be discussed later on.

What is usually considered the greatest mystery of the amorous passion is the disposition of a lover to “see Helen’s beauty in a brow of Egypt.” “What can Jack have seen in Jill to become infatuated with her, or she in him?” The trouble with those who so often ask this question is that they fix the attention on the beloved instead of on the lover, whose lack of taste explains everything. The error is of long standing, as the following story related by the Persian poet Saadi (of the thirteenth century) will show (346):

AN ORIENTAL LOVE-STORY

“A king of Arabia was told that Mujnun, maddened by love, had turned his face toward the desert and assumed the manners of a brute. The king ordered him to be brought in his presence and he wept and said: ‘Many of my friends reproach me for my love of her, namely Laila; alas! that they could one day see her, that my excuse might be manifest for me.’ The king sent for her and beheld a person of tawny complexion, and feeble frame of body. She appeared to him in a contemptible light, inasmuch as the lowest menial in his harem, or seraglio, surpassed her in beauty and excelled her in elegance. Mujnun, in his sagacity, penetrated what was passing in the king’s mind and said: ‘It would behove you, O King, to contemplate the charms of Laila through the wicket of a Mujnun’s eye, in order that the miracle of such a spectacle might be illustrated to you.’”

This story was referred to by several critics of my

Page 53

first book as refuting my theory regarding the modernity of true love. They seemed to think, with the Persian poet, that there must be something particularly wonderful and elevated in the feelings of a lover who is indifferent to the usual charms of femininity and prefers ugliness. This, indeed, is the prevalent sentiment on the subject, though the more I think of it, the more absurd and topsy turvy it seems to me. Do we commend an Eskimo for preferring the flavor of rancid fish oil to the delicate bouquet of the finest French wine? Does it evince a particularly exalted artistic sense to prefer a hideous daub to a Titian or Raphael? Does it betoken a laudable and elevated taste in music to prefer a vulgar tune to one that has the charms of a romantic or classical work of acknowledged beauty? Why, then, should we specially extol Mujnun for admiring a woman who was devoid of all feminine charms? The confusion probably arises from fancying that she must have had mental charms to offset her ugliness, but nothing whatever is said about such a notion, which, in fact, would have been utterly foreign to the Oriental, purely sensual, way of regarding women.

Fix the attention on the man in the story instead of on the woman and the mystery vanishes. Mujnun becomes infatuated with an ugly woman simply because he has no taste, no sense of beauty. There are millions of such men the world over, just as there are millions who cannot appreciate choice wines, good music, and fine pictures. Everywhere the majority of men prefer vulgar tunes, glaring chromos, and coarse women—luckily for the women, because most of them are coarse, too. “Birds of a feather flock together”—there you have the philosophy of preference so far as such love-affairs are concerned. How often do we see a bright, lovely girl, with sweet voice and refined manners, neglected by men who crowd around other women of their own rude and vulgar caste! Most men still are savages so far as the ability to appreciate the higher secondary sexual qualities in women is concerned. But the exceptions are growing more numerous. Among savages there are no exceptions. Romantic love does not exist among them, both because the women have not the secondary sexual qualities, and because, even if they had them, the men would not appreciate them or be guided by them in their choice of mates.

II. MONOPOLISM

Whenever she speaks, my ravished ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

—Lyttleton.

Every lover of nature must have noticed how the sun monopolizes the attention of flowers and leaves. Twist and turn them whichever way you please, on returning afterward you will find them all facing the beloved sun again with their bright corollas and glossy surface. Romantic love exacts a similar monopoly of its devotees. Be their feelings as various, their thoughts as numerous, as the flowers in a garden, the leaves in a forest, they will always be turned toward the beloved one.

Page 54

JULIET AND NOTHING BUT JULIET

A man may have several intimate friends, and a mother may dote on a dozen or more children with equal affection; but romantic love is a monopolist, absolutely exclusive of all participation and rivalry. A genuine Romeo wants Juliet, the whole of Juliet, and nothing but Juliet. She monopolizes his thoughts by day, his dreams at night; her image blends with everything he sees, her voice with everything he hears. His imagination is a lens which gathers together all the light and heat of a giant world and focuses them on one brunette or blonde. He is a miser, who begrudges every smile, every look she bestows on others, and if he had his own way he would sail with her to-day to a desert island and change their names to Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Crusoe. This is not fanciful hyperbole, but a plain statement in prose of a psychological truth. The poets did not exaggerate when they penned such sentiments as these:

She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all.
—Byron.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.
—Herrick.

Give me but what that ribband bound,
Take all the rest the world goes round.
—Waller.

But I am tied to very thee
By every thought I have;
Thy face I only care to see
Thy heart I only crave.
—Sedley.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
Sae lovely sweet and fair:
I hear her voice in ilka bird,
Wi' music charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonny bird that sings,



But minds me o' my Jean.
—*Burns*.

For nothing this wide universe I call
Save thou, my rose: in it thou art my all.
—*Shakspeare*.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts shall evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
—*James Graham*.

Love, well thou know'st no partnerships allows.
Cupid averse, rejects divided vows.
—*Prior*.

O that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race
And, hating no one, love but only her.
—*Byron*.

BUTTERFLY LOVE

The imperative desire for an absolute monopoly of one chosen girl, body and soul—and *one only*—is an essential, invariable ingredient of romantic love. Sensual love, on the contrary, aims rather at a monopoly of all attractive women—or at least as many as possible. Sensual love is not an exclusive passion for one; it is a fickle feeling which, like a giddy butterfly, flits from flower to flower, forgetting the fragrance of the lily it left a moment ago in the sweet honey of the clover it enjoys at this moment. The Persian poet Sadi, says (*Bustan*, 12), “Choose a fresh wife every spring or New Year’s Day; for the almanack of last year is good for nothing.” Anacreon interprets Greek love for us when he sings:

Page 55

“Can’st count the leaves in a forest, the waves in the sea? Then tell me how oft I have loved. Twenty girls in Athens, and fifteen more besides; add to these whole bevvies in Corinth, and from Lesbos to Ionia, from Caria and from Rhodos, two thousand sweethearts more.... Two thousand did I say? That includes not those from Syros, from Kanobus, from Creta’s cities, where Eros rules alone, nor those from Gadeira, from Bactria, from India—girls for whom I burn.”

Lucian vies with Anacreon when he makes Theomestus (*Dial. Amor.*) exclaim: “Sooner can’st thou number the waves of the sea and the snowflakes falling from the sky than my loves. One succeeds another, and the new one comes on before the old is off.” We call such a thing libertinism, not love. The Greeks had not the name of Don Juan, yet Don Juan was their ideal both for men and for the gods they made in the image of man. Homer makes the king of gods tell his own spouse (who listens without offence) of his diverse love-affairs (*Iliad*, xiv., 317-327). Thirteen centuries after Homer the Greek poet Nonnus gives ([Greek: Dionusiaka], vii.) a catalogue of twelve of Zeus’s amours; and we know from other sources (e.g., *Hygin, fab.*, 155) that these accounts are far from exhaustive. A complete list would match that yard-long document made for Don Juan by Leporello in Mozart’s opera. A French writer has aptly called Jupiter the “Olympian Don Juan;” yet Apollo and most of the other gods might lay claim to the same title, for they are represented as equally amorous, sensual, and fickle; seeing no more wrong in deserting a woman they have made love to, than a bee sees in leaving a flower whose honey it has stolen.

Temporarily, of course, both men and gods focus their interest on one woman—maybe quite ardently—and fiercely resent interference, as an angry bee is apt to sting when kept from the flower it has accidentally chosen; but that is a different thing from the monopolism of true love.

ROMANTIC STORIES OF NON-ROMANTIC LOVE

The romantic lover’s dream is to marry one particular woman and her alone; the sensual lover’s dream embraces several women, or many. The unromantic ideal of the ancient Hindoo is romantically illustrated in a story told in the *Hitopadesa* of a Brahman named Wedasarman. One evening someone made him a present of a dish of barley-meal. He carried it to the market hall and lay down in a corner near where a potter had stored his wares. Before going to sleep, the Brahman indulged in these pleasant reveries:

Page 56

"If I sell this dish of meal I shall probably get ten farthings for it. For that I can buy some of these pots, which I can sell again at a profit; thus my money will increase. Then I shall begin to trade in betel-nuts, dress-goods and other things, and thus I may bring my wealth up to a hundred thousand. With that I shall be able to marry *four wives*, and to the youngest and prettiest of them I shall give my tenderest love. How the others will be tortured by jealousy! But just let them dare to quarrel. They shall know my wrath and feel my club!"

With these words he laid about him with his club, and of course broke his own dish besides many of the potter's wares. The potter hearing the crash, ran to see what was the matter, and the Brahman was ignominiously thrown out of the hall.

The polygamous imagination of the Hindoos runs riot in many of their stories. To give another instance: *The Kathakoca, or Treasury of Stories* (translated by C.H. Tawney, 34), includes an account of the adventures of King Kanchanapura, who had five hundred wives; and of Sanatkumara who beheld eight daughters of Manavega and married them. Shortly afterward he married a beautiful lady and her sister. Then he conquered Vajravega and married one hundred maidens.

Hindoo books assure us that women, unless restrained, are no better than men. We read in the same *Hitopadesa* that they are like cows—always searching for new herbs in the meadows to graze on. In polyandrous communities the women make good use of their opportunities. Dalton, in his book on the wild tribes of Bengal, tells this quaint story (36):

"A very pretty Dophla girl once came into the station of Luckimpur, threw herself at my feet and in most poetical language asked me to give her protection. She was the daughter of a chief and was sought in marriage and promised to a peer of her father who had many other wives. She would not submit to be one of many, and besides she loved and she eloped with her beloved. This was interesting and romantic. She was at the time in a very coarse travelling dress, but assured of protection she took fresh apparel and ornament from her basket and proceeded to array herself, and very pretty she looked as she combed and plaited her long hair and completed her toilette. In the meantime I had sent for the 'beloved,' who had kept in the background, and alas! how the romance was dispelled when a *dual* appeared! *She had eloped with two men!*"

Every reader will laugh at this denouement, and that laugh is eloquent proof that in saying there can be no real love without absolute monopolism of one heart by another I simply formulated and emphasized a truth which we all feel instinctively. Dalton's tale also brings out very clearly the world-wide difference between a romantic love-story and a story of romantic love.

Turning from the Old World to the New we find stories illustrating the same amusing disregard of amorous monopolism. Rink, in his book of Eskimo tales and traditions, cites a song which voices the reveries of a Greenland bachelor:

Page 57

"I am going to leave the country—in a large ship—for that sweet little woman. I'll try to get some beads—of those that look like boiled ones. Then when I've gone abroad—I shall return again. My nasty little relatives—I'll call them all to me—and give them a good thrashing—with a big rope's end. Then I'll go to marry—*taking two at once*. That darling little creature—shall only wear clothes of the spotted seal-skins, and the other little pet shall have clothes of the young hooded seals."

Powers (227) tells a tragic tale of the California Indians, which in some respects reminds one of the man who jumped into a bramble-bush and scratched out both his eyes.

"There was once a man who loved two women and wished to marry them. Now these two women were magpies, but they loved him not, and laughed his wooing to scorn. Then he fell into a rage and cursed these two women, and went far away to the North. There he set the world on fire, then made for himself a tule boat, wherein he escaped to sea, and was never seen more."

Belden, who spent twelve years among the Sioux and other Indians, writes (302):

"I once knew a young man who had about a dozen horses he had captured at different times from the enemy, and who fell desperately in love with a girl of nineteen. *She loved him in return*, but said she could not bear to leave her tribe, and go to a Santee village, unless her two sisters, aged respectively fifteen and seventeen, went with her. Determined to have his sweetheart, the next time the warrior visited the Yankton village he took several ponies with him, and bought all three of the girls from their parents, giving five ponies for them."

OBSTACLES TO MONOPOLISM

Heriot, during his sojourn among Canadian Indians, became convinced from what he saw that love does not admit of divided affections, and can hardly coexist with polygamy (324). Schoolcraft notes the "curious fact" concerning the Indian that after a war "one of the first things he thought of as a proper reward for his bravery was to take another wife." In the chapter entitled "Honorable Polygamy" we saw how, in polygamous communities the world over, monogamy was despised as the "poor man's marriage," and was practised, not from choice, but from necessity. Every man who was able to do so bought or stole several women, and joined the honorable guild of polygamists. Such a custom, enforced by a strong public opinion, created a sentiment which greatly retarded the development of monopolism in sexual love. A young Indian might dream of marrying a certain girl, not, however, with a view to giving her his whole heart, but only as a beginning. The woman, it is true, was expected to give herself to one husband, but he seldom hesitated to lend her to a friend as an act of hospitality, and in many cases, would hire her out to a stranger in return for gifts.

Page 58

In not a few communities of Asia, Melanesia, Polynesia, Australia, Africa, and America polyandry prevailed; that is, the woman was expected to bestow her caresses in turn on two or more men, to the destruction of the desire for exclusive possession which is an imperative trait of love. Rowney describes (154) what we might call syndicate marriage which has prevailed among the Meeris of India:

“All the girls have their prices, the largest price for the best-looking girl varying from twenty to thirty pigs, and, if one man cannot give so many, he has no objection to take partners to make up the number.”

According to Julius Caesar, it was customary among the ancient Britons for brothers, and sometimes for father and sons, to have their wives in common, and Tacitus found evidence of a similar custom among the ancient Germans; while in some parts of Media it was the ambition of the women to have two or more husbands, and Strabo relates that those who succeeded looked down with pride on their less fortunate sisters. When the Spaniards first arrived at Lanzasote, in South America, they found the women married to several husbands, who lived with their common spouse in turn each a month. The Tibetans, according to Samuel Turner, look on marriage as a disagreeable duty which the members of a family must try to alleviate by sharing its burdens. The Nair woman in India may have up to ten or twelve husbands, with each of whom she lives ten days at a time. Among some Himalayan tribes, when the oldest brother marries, he generally shares his wife with his younger brothers.

WIVES AND GIRLS IN COMMON

Of the Port Lincoln Tribe in Australia, Schuermann says (223) that the brothers practically have their wives in common.

“A peculiar nomenclature has arisen from these singular connections; a woman honors the brothers of the man to whom she is married by the indiscriminate name of husbands; but the men make a distinction, calling their own individual spouses yungaras, and those to whom they have a secondary claim, by right of brotherhood, kartetis.”

R.H. Codrington, a scientifically educated missionary who had twenty-four years' experience on the islands of the Pacific, wrote a valuable book on the Melanesians in which occur the following luminous remarks:

“All women who may become wives in marriage, and are not yet appropriated, are to a certain extent looked upon by those who may be their husbands as open to a more or less legitimate intercourse. In fact, appropriation of particular women to their own husbands, though established by every sanction of native custom, has by no means so strong a hold in native society, nor in all probability anything like so deep a foundation in

the history of the native people, as the severance of either sex by divisions which most strictly limit the intercourse of men and

Page 59

women to those of the section or sections to which they themselves do not belong. Two proofs or exemplifications of this are conspicuous. (1) There is probably no place in which the common opinion of Melanesians approves the intercourse of the unmarried youths and girls as a thing good in itself, though it allows it as a thing to be expected and excused; but intercourse within the limit which restrains from marriage, where two members of the same division are concerned, is a crime, is incest.... (2) The feeling, on the other hand, that the intercourse of the sexes was natural where the man and woman belonged to different divisions, was shown by that feature of native hospitality which provided a guest with a temporary wife." Though now denied in some places, "there can be no doubt that it was common everywhere."

Nor can there be any doubt that what Codrington here says of the Melanesians applies also to Polynesians, Australians, and to uncivilized peoples in general. It shows that even where monogamy prevails—as it does quite extensively among the lower races[12]—we must not look for monopolism as a matter of course. The two are very far from being identical. Primitive marriage is not a matter of sentiment but of utility and sensual greed. Monogamy, in its lower phases, does not exclude promiscuous intercourse before marriage and (with the husband's permission) after marriage. A man appropriates a particular woman, not because he is solicitous for a monopoly of her chaste affections, but because he needs a drudge to cook and toil for him. Primitive marriage, in short, has little in common with civilized marriage except the name—an important fact the disregard of which has led to no end of confusion in anthropological and sociological literature.[13]

TRIAL MARRIAGES

At a somewhat higher stage, marriage becomes primarily an institution for raising soldiers for the state or sons to perform ancestor worship. This is still very far from the modern ideal which makes marriage a lasting union of two loving souls, children or no children. Particularly instructive, from our point of view, is the custom of trial marriage, which has prevailed among many peoples differing otherwise as widely as ancient Egyptians and modern Borneans.[14] A modern lover would loathe the idea of such a trial marriage, because he feels sure that his love will be eternal and unalterable. He may be mistaken, but that at any rate is his ideal: it includes lasting monopolism. If a modern sweetheart offered her lover a temporary marriage, he would either firmly and anxiously decline it, fearing that she might take advantage of the contract and leave him at the end of the year; or, what is much more probable, his love, if genuine, would die a sudden death, because no respectable girl could make such an offer, and genuine love cannot exist without respect for the beloved, whatever may be said to the contrary by those who know not the difference between sensual and sentimental love.

Page 60

TWO ROMAN LOVERS

While I am convinced that all these things are as stated, I do not wish to deny that monopolism of a violent kind may and does occur in love which is merely sensual. In fact, I have expressly classed monopolism among those seven ingredients of love which occur in its sensual as well as its sentimental phases. For a correct diagnosis of love it is indeed of great importance to bear this in mind, as we might otherwise be led astray by specious passages, especially in Greek and Roman literature, in which sensual love sometimes reaches a degree of subtility, delicacy, and refinement, which approximate it to sentimental love, though a critical analysis always reveals the difference. The two best instances I know of occur in Tibullus and Terence. Tibullus, in one of his finest poems (IV., 13), expresses the monopolistic wish that his favorite might seem beautiful to him only, displeasing all others, for then he would be safe from all rivalry; then he might live happy in forest solitudes, and she alone would be to him a multitude:

Atque utinam posses uni mihi bella videri;
Displiceas aliis: sic ego tutus ero.

Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere silvis
Qua nulla humano sit via trita pede.
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.

Unfortunately, the opening line of this poem:

Nulla tuum nobis subducet femina lectum,

and what is known otherwise of the dissolute character of the poet and of all the women to whom he addressed his verses, make it only too obvious that there is here no question of purity, of respect, of adoration, of any of the qualities which distinguish supersensual love from lust.

More interesting still is a passage in the *Eunuchus* of Terence (I., 2) which has doubtless misled many careless readers into accepting it as evidence of genuine romantic love, existing two thousand years ago:

"What more do I wish?" asks Phaedria of his girl Thais: "That while at the soldier's side you are not his, that you love me day and night, desire me, dream of me, expect me, think of me, hope for me, take delight in me, finally, be my soul as I am yours."

Here, too, there is no trace of supersensual, self-sacrificing affection (the only sure test of love); but it might be argued that the monopolism, at any rate, is absolute. But when we read the whole play, even that is seen to be mere verbiage and affectation—sentimentality,[15] not sentiment. The girl in question is a common harlot "never

satisfied with one lover,” as Parmeno tells her, and she answers: “Quite true, but do not bother me”—and her Phaedria, though he talks monopolism, does not *feel* it, for in the first act she easily persuades him to retire to the country for a few days, while she offers herself to a soldier. And again, at the end of the play, when he seems at last to have ousted his military rival, the latter’s parasite Gnatho persuades him, without the slightest difficulty, to continue sharing the girl with the soldier, because the latter is old and harmless, but has plenty of money, while Phaedria is poor.

Page 61

Thus a passage which at first sight seemed sentimental and romantic, resolves itself into flabby sensualism, with no more moral fibre than the “love” of the typical Turk, as revealed, for instance, in a love song, communicated by Eugene Schuyler (l., 135):

“Nightingale! I am sad! As passionately as thou lovest the rose, so loudly sing that my loved one awake. Let me die in the embrace of my dear one, for I envy no one. I know that thou hast many lovers; but what affair of mine is that?”

One of the most characteristic literary curiosities relating to monopolism that I have found occurs in the Hindoo drama, *Malavika and Agnimitra* (Act V.). While intended very seriously, to us it reads for all the world like a polygamous parody by Artemus Ward of Byron’s lines just cited (“She was his life, The ocean to the river of his thoughts, Which terminated all”). An Indian queen having generously bestowed on her husband a rival to be his second wife, Kausiki, a Buddhist nun, commends her action in these words:

“I am not surprised at your magnanimity. If wives are kind and devoted to their husbands they even serve them by bringing them new wives, like the streams which become channels for conveying the water of the rivers to the ocean.”

Monopolism has a watch-dog, a savage Cerberus, whose duty it is to ward off intruders. He goes by the name of Jealousy, and claims our attention next.

III. JEALOUSY

For love, thou know’st, is full of jealousy.
—*Shakspeare*.

Jealousy may exist apart from sexual love, but there can be no such love without jealousy, potential at any rate, for in the absence of provocation it need never manifest itself. Of all the ingredients of love it is the most savage and selfish, as commonly witnessed, and we should therefore expect it to be present at all stages of this passion, including the lowest. Is this the case? The answer depends entirely upon what we mean by jealousy. Giraud-Teulon and Le Bon have held—as did Rousseau long before them—that this passion is unknown among almost all uncivilized peoples, whereas the latest writer on the subject, Westermarck, tries to prove (117) that “jealousy is universally prevalent in the human race at the present day” and that “it is impossible to believe that there ever was a time when man was devoid of that powerful feeling.” It seems strange that doctors should disagree so radically on what seems so simple a question; but we shall see that the question is far from being simple, and that the dispute arose from that old source of confusion, the use of one word for several entirely different things.

RAGE AT RIVALS

Page 62

It is among fishes, in the scale of animal life, that jealousy first makes its appearance, according to Romanes. But in animals “jealousy,” be it that of a fish or a stag, is little more than a transient rage at a rival who comes in presence of the female he himself covets or has appropriated. This murderous wrath at a rival is a feeling which, as a matter of course a human savage may share with a wolf or an alligator; and in its ferocious indulgence primitive man places himself on a level with brutes—nay, below them, for in the struggle he often kills the female, which an animal never does. This wrath is not jealousy as we know it; it lacks a number of essential moral, intellectual, imaginative elements as we shall presently see; some of these are found in the amorous relations of birds, but not of savages, who are now under discussion. If it is true that, as some authorities believe, there was a time when human beings had, like animals, regular and limited annual mating periods, this rage at rivals must have often assumed the most ferocious aspect, to be followed, as with animals, by long periods of indifference.[16]

WOMEN AS PRIVATE PROPERTY

It is obvious, however, that since the human infant needs parental care much longer than young animals need it, natural selection must have favored the survival of the offspring of couples who did not separate after a mating period but remained together some years. This tendency would be further favored by the warrior’s desire to have a private drudge or conjugal slave. Having stolen or bought such a “wife” and protected her against wild beasts and men, he would come to feel a sense of *ownership* in her—as in his private weapons. Should anyone steal his weapons, or, at a higher stage, his cattle or other property, he would be animated by a *fierce desire for revenge*; and the same would be the case if any man stole his wife—or her favors. This savage desire for revenge is the second phase of “jealousy,” when women are guarded like other property, encroachment on which impels the owner to angry retaliation either on the thief or on the wife who has become his accomplice. Even among the lowest races, such as the Fuegians and Australians, great precautions are taken to guard women from “robbers.” From the nature of the case, women are more difficult to guard than any other kind of “movable” property, as they are apt to move of their own accord. Being often married against their will, to men several times their age, they are only too apt to make common cause with the gallant. Powers relates that among the California Indians, a woman was severely punished or even killed by her husband if seen in company with another man in the woods; and an Australian takes it for granted, says Curr, “that his wife has been unfaithful to him whenever there has been an opportunity for criminality.” The poacher may be simply flogged or fined, but he is apt to be mutilated or killed. The “injured husband” reserves the right to intrigue with as many women as he pleases, but his wife, being his absolute property, has no rights of her own, and if she follows his bad example he mutilates or kills her too.

Page 63

HORRIBLE PUNISHMENTS

Strangling, stoning, burning, impaling, flaying alive, tearing limb from limb, throwing from a tower, burying alive, disemboweling, enslaving, drowning, mutilating, are some of the punishments inflicted by savages and barbarians in all parts of the world on adulterous men or women. Specifications would be superfluous. Let one case stand for a hundred. Maximilian Prinz zu Wied relates (I., 531, 572), that the Indians (Blackfeet),

“severely punished infidelity on the part of their wives by cutting off their noses. At Fort Mackenzie we saw a number of women defaced in this hideous manner. In about a dozen tents we saw at least half a dozen females thus disfigured.”

Must we not look upon the state of mind which leads to such terrible actions as genuine jealousy? Is there any difference between it and the feeling we ourselves know under that name? There is—a world-wide difference. Take Othello, who though a Moor, acts and feels more like an Englishman. The desire for revenge animates him too: “I’ll tear her to pieces,” he exclaimed when Iago slanders Desdemona—“will chop her into messes,” and as for Cassio,

Oh, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

* * * * *

Arise, black vengeance from the hollow hell.

ESSENCE OF TRUE JEALOUSY

But this eagerness for revenge is only one phase of his passion. Though it leads him, in a frenzy of despair, to smother his wife, it is yet, even in his violent soul, subordinate to those feelings of *wounded honor and outraged affection* which constitute the essence of true jealousy. When he supposes himself betrayed by his wife and his friend he clutches, as Ulrici remarks (I., 404), with the blind despair of a shipwrecked man to his sole remaining property—*honor*:

“His honor, as he thinks, demands the sacrifice of the lives of Desdemona and Cassio. The idea of honor in those days, especially in Italy, inevitably required the death of the faithless wife as well as that of the adulterer. Othello therefore regards it as his duty to comply with this requirement, and, accordingly it is no lie when he calls himself ‘an honorable murderer,’ doing ‘naught in hate, but all in honor,’.... Common thirst for revenge would have thought only of increasing the sufferings of its victim, of adding to its own satisfaction. But how touching, on the other hand, is Othello’s appeal to Desdemona to pray and to confess her sins to Heaven, that he may not kill her soul with

her body! Here, at the moment of the most intense excitement, in the desperate mood of a murderer, his love still breaks forth, and we again see the indestructible nobility of his soul.”

Schlegel erred, therefore, when he maintained that

Page 64

Othello's jealousy was of the sensual, Oriental sort. So far as it led to the murder, it was; but Shakspeare gave it touches which allied it to the true jealousy of the heart of which Schlegel himself has aptly said that it is "compatible with the tenderest feeling and adoration of the beloved object." Of such tender feeling and adoration there is not a trace in the passion of the Indian who bites off his wife's nose or lower lip to disfigure her, or who ruthlessly slays her for doing once what he does at will. Such expressions as "outraged affection," or "alienated affection," do not apply to him, as there is no affection in the case at all; no more than in that of the old Persian or Turk who sews up one of his hundred wives in a sack and throws her into the river because she was starving and would eat of the fruits of the tree of knowledge. This Oriental jealousy is often a "dog-in-the-manger" feeling. The Iroquois were the most intelligent of North American Indians, yet in cases of adultery they punished the woman solely, "who was supposed to be the only offender" (Morgan, 331). Affection is out of the question in such cases, anger at a slave's disobedience, and vengeance, being the predominant feelings. In countries where woman is degraded and enslaved, as Verplanck remarks (III., 61),

"the jealous revenge of the master husband, for real or imagined evil, is but the angry chastisement of an offending slave, not the *terrible sacrifice of his own happiness involved in the victim's punishment*. When woman is a slave, a property, a thing, all that jealousy may prompt is done, to use Othello's own distinction, 'in hate' and 'not in love.'"

Another equally vital distinction between the jealousy of savagery and civilization is indicated in these lines from *Othello*:

I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For other's uses.

And again:

I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known.

ABSENCE OF MASCULINE JEALOUSY

It is the knowledge, or suspicion, that he has not a monopoly of his wife that tortures Shakspeare's Othello, and constitutes the essence of his jealousy, whereas a savage is his exact antipode in that respect; he cares not a straw if the whole camp shares the embraces of his wife—*provided he knows it and is rewarded for it*. Wounded pride, violated chastity, and broken conjugal vows—pangs which goad us into jealousy—are

considerations unknown to him. In other words, his “jealousy” is not a solicitude for marital honor, for wifely purity and affection, but simply a question of lending his property and being paid for it. Thus, in the case of the Blackfeet Indians referred to a moment ago, the author declares that while they mutilated

Page 65

erring wives by cutting off their noses (the Comanches and other tribes, down to the Brazilian Botocudos, did the same thing), they eagerly offered their wives and daughters in exchange for a bottle of whiskey. In this respect, too, this case is typical. Sutherland found (I., 184) that in regard to twenty-one tribes of Indians out of thirty-eight there was express record of unlimited intercourse before marriage and the loaning or exchanging of wives. In seventeen he could not get express information, and in only four was it stated that a chaste girl was more esteemed than an unchaste one. In the chapter on Indifference to Chastity I cited testimony showing that in Australia, the Pacific Islands, and among aborigines in general, chastity is not valued as a virtue. There are plenty of tribes that attempt to enforce it, but for commercial, sensual, or at best, genealogical reasons, not from a regard for personal purity; so that among all these lower races jealousy in our sense of the word is out of the question.

Care must be taken not to be imposed on by deceptive facts and inaccurate testimony. Thus Westermarck says (119) that

“in the Pelew Islands it is forbidden even to speak about another man’s wife or mention her name. In short, the South Sea Islanders are, as Mr. Macdonald remarks, generally jealous of the chastity of their wives.”

Nothing could be more misleading than these two sentences. The men are *not* jealous of the women’s *chastity*, for they unhesitatingly lend them to other men; they are “jealous” of them simply as they are of their other movable property. As for the Pelew Islanders in particular, what Westermarck cites from Ymer is quite true; it is also true that if a man beats or insults a woman he must pay a fine or suffer the death penalty; and that if he approaches a place where women are bathing he must put them on their guard by shouting. But all these things are mere whimsicalities of barbarian custom, for the Pelew Islanders are notoriously unchaste even for Polynesians. They have no real family life; they have club-houses in which men consort promiscuously with women; and no moral restraint of any sort is put upon boys and girls, nor have they any idea of modesty or decency.[17] (Ploss, II., 416; Kotzebue, III., 215.)

A century ago Alexander Mackenzie wrote (66) regarding the Knistenaux or Cree Indians of the Northwest:

“It does not appear ... that chastity is considered by them as a virtue; or that fidelity is believed to be essential to the happiness of wedded life; though it sometimes happens that the infidelity of a wife is punished by the husband with the loss of her hair, nose, and perhaps life; such severity proceeds from its having been practised without his permission; for a temporary exchange of wives is not uncommon; and the offer of their persons is considered as a necessary part of the hospitality due to strangers.”

Of the Natchez Indians Charlevoix wrote (267): “There is no such thing as jealousy in these marriages; on the contrary the Natchez, without any ceremony, lend one another their wives.” Concerning the Eskimos we read in Bancroft:

Page 66

"They have no idea of morality, and the marriage relation sits so loosely as to hardly excite jealousy in its abuse. Female chastity is held a thing of value only as men hold property in it." "A stranger is always provided with a female companion for the night, and during the husband's absence he gets another man to take his place" (I., 81, 80).

The evidence collected by him also shows that the Thlinkeets and Aleuts freely exchanged or lent their wives. Of the coast Indians of Southern Alaska and British Columbia, A.P. Niblack says (*Smithson. Rep.*, 1888, 347):

"Jealousy being unknown amongst the Indians, and sanctioned prostitution a common evil, the woman who can earn the greatest number of blankets or the largest sum of money wins the admiration of others for herself and a high position for her husband by her wealth."

In the same government reports (1886, Pt. I.) C. Willoughby writes of the Quinault Agency Washington Indians: "In their domestic relations chastity seems to be almost unknown." Of the Chippewayans Hearne relates (129) that it is a very common custom among the men to exchange a night's lodging with each other's wives. But this is so far from being considered as an act which is criminal, that it is esteemed by them as one of the strongest ties of friendship between two families.[18] The Hurons and many other tribes from north to south had licentious festivals at which promiscuous intercourse prevailed betraying the absence of jealousy. Of the Tupis of Brazil Southey says (I., 241): "The wives who found themselves neglected, consoled themselves by initiating the boys in debauchery. The husbands seem to have known nothing of jealousy." The ancient inhabitants of Venezuela lived in houses big enough to hold one hundred and sixty persons, and Herrera says of them:

"They observed no law or rule in matrimony, but took as many wives as they would, and they as many husbands, quitting one another at pleasure, without reckoning any harm done on either part. There was no such thing as jealousy among them, all living as best pleased them, without taking offence at one another."

The most painstaking research has failed to reveal to me a single Indian tribe in North or South America that showed a capacity for real jealousy, that is, anguish based on a sense of violated wifely chastity and alienated affection. The actions represented as due to jealousy are always inspired by the desire for revenge, never by the anguish of disappointed affection; they are done in hate, not in love. A chief who kills or mutilates one of his ten wives for consorting with another man without his consent, acts no more from jealousy, properly so called, than does a father who shoots the seducer of his daughter, or a Western mob that lynches a horse-thief. Among the Australian aborigines killing an intriguing wife is an every-day occurrence, though "chastity

Page 67

as a virtue is absolutely unknown amongst all the tribes of which there are records,” as one of the best informed authorities, J.D. Wood, tells us (403). Detailed evidence that the same is true of the aborigines of all the continents will be given in later chapters. The natives usually share their females both before and after marriage; monopoly of body and soul—of which true jealousy is the guardian—is a conception beyond their moral horizon. A few more illustrations may be added.

Burton (*T.T.G.L.*, II., 27) cites a writer who says that the natives of Sao Paulo had a habit of changing wives for a time, “alleging, in case of reproof, that they are not able to eat always of the same dish.” Holub testifies (II., 83) that in South Africa jealousy “rarely shows itself very prominently;” and he uses the word in the widest sense. The fierce Masai lend their wives to guests. The Mpongwe of the Gaboon River send out their wives—with a club if necessary—to earn the wages of shame (Campiegne, 192). In Madagascar Ellis (137) found sensuality gross and universal, though concealed. Unchastity in either sex was not regarded as a vice, and on the birth of the king’s daughter “the whole capital was given up to promiscuous debauchery.” According to Mrs. French Sheldon (*Anth. Inst.*, XXL, 360), all along the east coast of Africa no shame attaches to unchastity before marriage. It is needless to add that in all such cases punishment of a wife cannot be prompted by real jealousy for her “chastity.” It is always a question of proprietorship. Cameron relates (*Across Africa*, II., Chap. IV.) that in Urua the chief boasted that he exercised a right to any woman who might please his fancy, when on his journeys about the country.

“Morals are very lax throughout the country, and wives are not thought badly of for being unfaithful; the worst they may expect being severe chastisement from the injured husband. But he never uses excessive violence for fear of injuring a valuable piece of household furniture.”

When Du Chaillu travelled through Ashango Land King Quenqueza rose to receive him.

“With the figurative politeness of a negro chief, he assured me that his town, his forests, his slaves, his wives, were mine (he was quite sincere with regard to the last)” (19).

Asia affords many instances of the absence of jealousy. Marco Polo already noted that in Thibet, when travellers arrived at a place, it was customary to distribute them in the houses, making them temporary masters of all they contained, including the women, while their husbands meanwhile lodged elsewhere. In Kamtschatka it was considered a great insult if a guest refused a woman thus offered him. Most astounding of all is what G.E. Robertson relates of the Kaffirs of Hindu-Kush (553):

Page 68

“When a woman is discovered in an intrigue, a great outcry is made, and the neighbors rush to the scene with much laughter. A goat is sent for on the spot for a peace-making feast between the gallant and the husband. Of course the neighbors also partake of the feast; *the husband and wife both look very happy*, and so does every one else except the lover, who has to pay for the goat, and in addition will have to pay six cows later on.”

Here we see a great value attached apparently to conjugal fidelity, but in reality an utter and ludicrous indifference to it.

Asia is also the chief home of polyandry, though, as we saw in the preceding chapter, this custom has prevailed on other continents too. The cases there cited to show the absence of monopoly also prove the absence of jealousy. The effect of polyandry is thus referred to by Colonel King (23):

“A Toda woman often has three or four husbands, who are all brothers, and with each of whom she cohabits a month at a time. What is more singular, such men as, by the paucity of women among the tribe, are prevented from obtaining a share in a wife, are allowed, with the permission of the fraternal husbands, to become temporary partners with them. Notwithstanding these singular family arrangements, the greatest harmony appears to prevail among all parties—husbands, wives, and lovers.”

Whatever may have been the causes leading to the strange custom of marrying one woman to several men—poverty, the desire to reduce the population in mountainous regions, scarcity of women due to female infanticide, the need of protection of a woman during the absence of one husband—the fact stares us in the face that a race of men who calmly submit to such a disgusting practice cannot know jealousy. So, too, in the cases of *jus primae noctis* (referred to in the chapter on Indifference to Chastity), where the men not only submitted to an outrage so damnable to our sense of honor, affection, and monopoly, but actually coveted it as a privilege or a religious blessing and paid for it accordingly. Note once more how the sentiments associated with women and love change and grow.

Petherick says (151) that among the Hassangeh Arabs, marriages are valid only three or four days, the wives being free the rest of the time to make other alliances. The married men, far from feeling this a grievance,

“felt themselves highly flattered by any attentions paid to their better halves during their free-and-easy days. They seem to take such attentions as evidence that their wives are attractive.”

A readiness to forgive trespasses for a consideration is widely prevalent. Powers says that with the California Indians “no adultery is so flagrant but the husband can be placated with money, at about the same rate that would be paid for murder.” The Tasmanians illustrate the fact that the same tribes

Page 69

that are the most ferocious in the punishment of secret amours—that is, infringements on their property rights—are often the most liberal in lending their wives. As Bonwick tells us (72), they felt honored if white men paid attention to them. A circumstance which seems to have puzzled some naive writers: that Australians and Africans have been known to show less “jealousy” of whites than of their own countrymen, finds an easy explanation in the greater ability of the white man to pay for the husband’s complaisance. In some cases, in the absence of a fine, the husband takes his revenge in other ways, subjecting the culprit’s wife to the same outrage (as among natives of Guiana and New Caledonia) or delivering his own guilty (or rather disobedient) wife to young men (as among the Omahas) and then abandoning her. The custom of accepting compensation for adultery prevailed also among Dyaks, Mandingoes, Kaffirs, Mongolians, Pahari and other tribes of India, *etc.* Falkner says (126) that among the Patagonians in cases of adultery the wife is not blamed, but the gallant is punished “unless he atones for the injury by some valuable present. They have so little decency in this respect, that oftentimes, at the command of the wizards, they superstitiously send their wives to the woods to prostitute themselves to the first person they meet.”

PERSIAN AND GREEK JEALOUSY

Enough has been said to prove the incorrectness of Westermarck’s assertion (515) that the lack of jealousy is “a rare exception in the human race.” Real jealousy, as a matter of fact, is unknown to the lower races, and even the feeling of revenge that passes by that name is commonly so feeble as to be obliterated by compensations of a more or less trifling kind. When we come to a stage of civilization like that represented by Persians and other Orientals, or by the ancient Greeks, we find that men are indeed no longer willing to lend their wives. They seem to have a regard for chastity and a desire for conjugal monopoly. Other important traits of modern jealousy are, however, still lacking, notably affection. The punishments are hideously cruel; they are still inflicted “in hate, not in love.” In other words, the jealousy is not yet of the kind which may form an ingredient of love. Its essence is still “bloody thoughts and revenge.”

Reich cites (256) a typical instance of Oriental ferocity toward an erring wife, from a book by J.J. Strauss, who relates that on June 9, 1671, a Persian avenged himself on his wife for a trespass by flaying her alive, and then, as a warning to other women, hanging up her skin in the house. Strauss saw with his own eyes how the flayed body was thrown into the street and dragged out into a field. Drowning in sacks, throwing from towers, and other fiendish modes of vengeance have prevailed in Persia as far back as historic records go; and the women, when they got a chance, were no better than the men. Herodotus relates how the wife of Xerxes, having found her husband’s cloak in the house of Masista, cut off his wife’s breasts and gave them to the dogs, besides mutilating her otherwise, as well as her daughter.

Page 70

The monogamous Greeks were not often guilty of such atrocities, but their custom (nearly universal and not confined to Athens, as is often erroneously stated) of locking up their women in the interior of the houses, shutting them off from almost everything that makes life interesting, betrays a kind of jealousy hardly less selfish than that of the savages who disposed of their wives as they pleased. It practically made slaves and prisoners of them, quite in the Oriental style. Such a custom indicates an utter lack of sympathy and tenderness, not to speak of the more romantic ingredients of love, such as adoration and gallantry; and it implies a supreme contempt for and distrust of, character in wives, all the more reprehensible because the Greeks did not value purity *per se* but only for genealogical reason, as is proved by the honors they paid to the disreputable hetairai. There are surprisingly few references to masculine jealousy in Greek erotic literature. The typical Greek lover seems to have taken rivalry as blandly as the hero of Terence's play spoken of in the last chapter, who, after various outbursts of sentimentality, is persuaded, in a speech of a dozen lines, to share his mistress with a rich officer. Nor can I see anything but maudlin sentimentality in such conceits as Meleager utters in two of his poems (*Anthology*, 88, 93) in which he expresses jealousy of sleep, for its privilege of closing his mistress's eyes; and again of the flies which suck her blood and interrupt her slumber. The girl referred to is Zenophila, a common wanton (see No. 90). This is the sensual side of the Greek jealousy, chastity being out of the question.

The purely genealogical side of Greek masculine jealousy is strikingly revealed in the *Medea* of Euripides. Medea had, after slaying her own brother, left her country to go with Jason to Corinth. Here Jason, though he had two children by her, married the daughter of the King Creon. With brutal frankness, but quite in accordance with the selfish Greek ideas, he tries to explain to Medea the motives for his second marriage: that they might all dwell in comfort instead of suffering want,

"and that I might rear my sons as doth befit my house; further, that I might be the father of brothers for the children thou hast borne, and raise these to the same high rank, uniting the family in one—to my *lasting bliss*. Thou, indeed, hast no need of more children, but me it profits to help my present family by that which is to be. Have I miscarried here? Not even thou wouldst say so unless a rival's charms rankled in thy bosom. No, but you women have such strange ideas, that you think all is well so long as your married life runs smooth; but if some mischance occur to ruffle your love, all that was good and lovely erst you reckon as your foes. Yea, men should have begotten children from some other source, no female race existing; thus would no evil ever have fallen on mankind."

Page 71

Jason, Greek-fashion, looked upon a woman's jealousy as mere unbridled lust, which must not be allowed to stand in the way of the men's selfish desire to secure filial worship of their precious shades after death. As Benecke remarks (56): "For a woman to wish to keep her husband to herself was a sign that she was at once unreasonable and lascivious." The women themselves were trained and persuaded to take this view. The chorus of Corinthian women admonishes Medea: "And if thy lord prefers a fresh love, be not angered with him for that; Zeus will judge 'twixt thee and him herein." Medea herself says to Jason: "Hadst thou been childless still, I could have pardoned thy desire for this new union." And again: "Hadst thou not had a villain's heart, thou shouldst have gained my consent, then made this match, instead of hiding it from those who loved thee"—a sentiment which would seem to us astounding and inexplicable had we not become familiar with it in the preceding pages relating to savages and barbarians, by whom what we call infidelity was considered unobjectionable, provided it was not done secretly.

By her subsequent actions Medea shows in other ways that her jealousy is entirely of the primitive sort—fiendish revenge proceeding from hate. Of the chorus she asks but one favor: "Silence, if haply I can some way or means devise to *avenge* me on my husband for this cruel treatment;" and the chorus agrees: "Thou wilt be taking a just vengeance on thy husband, Medea." Creon, having heard that she had threatened with mischief not only Jason but his bride and her father, wants her to leave the city. She replies, hypocritically:

"Fear me not, Creon, my position scarce is such that I should seek to quarrel with princes. Why should I, for how hast thou injured me? Thou hast betrothed thy daughter where thy fancy prompted thee. No, 'tis my husband I hate."

But as soon as the king has left her, she sends to the innocent bride a present of a beautifully embroidered robe, poisoned by witchcraft. As soon as the bride has put it on she turns pale, foam issues from her mouth, her eyeballs roll in their sockets, a flame encircles her, preying on her flesh. With an awful shriek she sinks to the earth, past all recognition save to the eye of her father, who folds her in his arms, crying, "Who is robbing me of thee, old as I am and ripe for death? Oh, my child! would I could die with thee!" And his wish is granted, for he

"found himself held fast by the fine-spun robe...and then ensued a fearful struggle. He strove to rise but she still held him back; and if ever he pulled with all his might, from off his bones his aged flesh he tore. At last he gave it up, and breathed forth his soul in awful suffering; for he could no longer master the pain."

Not content with this, Medea cruelly slays Jason's children—her own flesh and blood—not in a frenzied impulse, for she has meditated that from the beginning, but to further glut her revengeful spirit. "I did it," she says to Jason, "to vex thy heart." And when she hears of the effect of the garment she had sent to his bride, she implores the

messenger, "Be not so hasty, friend, but tell the manner of her death, for thou wouldst give me double joy, if so they perished miserably."

Page 72

PRIMITIVE FEMININE JEALOUSY

A passion of which such horrors are a possible outcome may well have led Euripides to write: "Ah me! ah me! to mortal man how dread a scourge is love!" But this passion is not love, or part of love. The horrors of such "jealousy" are often witnessed in modern life, but not where true love—affection—ever had its abode. It is the jealousy of the savage, which still survives, as other low phases of sexual passion do. The records of missionaries and others who have dwelt among savages contain examples of deeds as foul, as irrational, as vindictive as Medea's; deeds in which, as in the play of Euripides, the fury is vented on innocent victims, while the real culprit escapes with his life and sometimes even derives amusement from the situation. In *Oneota* (187-90), Schoolcraft relates the story of an Indian's wife who entered the lodge when his new bride was sitting by his side and plunged a dagger in her heart. Among the Fuegians Bove found (131) that in polygamous households many a young favorite lost her life through the fury of the other wives. More frequently this kind of jealousy vents itself in mutilations. Williams, in his book on the Fijians (152), relates that one day a native woman was asked, "How is it that so many of you women are without a nose?" The answer was: "It grows out of a plurality of wives. Jealousy causes hatred, and then the stronger tries to cut or bite off the nose of the one she hates," He also relates a case where a wife, jealous of a younger favorite, "pounced on her, and tore her sadly with nails and teeth, and injured her mouth by attempting to slit it open," A woman who had for two years been a member of a polygamous family told Williams that contentions among the women were endless, that they knew no comfort, that the bitterest hatred prevailed, while mutual cursings and recriminations were of daily occurrence. When one of the wives is so unfortunate as to fall under the husband's displeasure too, the others "fall upon her, cuffing, kicking, scratching, and even trampling on the poor creature, so unmercifully as to leave her half dead." Bourne writes (89), that Patagonian women sometimes "fight like tigers. Jealousy is a frequent occasion. If a squaw suspects her liege lord of undue familiarity with a rival, she darts upon the fair enchantress with the fury of a wild beast; then ensues such a pounding, scratching, hair-pulling, as beggars description." Meanwhile the gay deceiver stands at a safe distance, chuckling at the fun. The licentiousness of these Indians, he says, is equal to their cruelty. Powers (238) gives this graphic picture of a domestic scene common among the Wintun Indians of California. A chief, he says, may have two or more wives, but the attempt to introduce a second frequently leads to a fight.

Page 73

“The two women dispute for the supremacy, often in a desperate pitched battle with sharp stones, seconded by their respective friends. They maul each other’s faces with savage violence, and if one is knocked down her friends assist her to regain her feet, and the brutal combat is renewed until one or the other is driven from the wigwam. The husband stands by and looks placidly on, and when all is over he accepts the situation, retaining in his lodge the woman who has conquered the territory.”

ABSENCE OF FEMININE JEALOUSY

As a rule, however, there is more bark than bite in the conduct of the wives of a polygamous household, as is proved by the ease with which the husband, if he cares to, can with words or presents overcome the objections of his first wife to new-comers; even, for instance, in the case of such advanced barbarians as the Omaha Indians, who are said to have actually allowed a wife to punish a faithless husband—an exception so rare as to be almost incredible. Dorsey says of the Omahas (26):

“When a man wishes to take a second wife he always consults his first wife, reasoning thus with her: ‘I wish you to have less work to do, so I think of taking your sister, your aunt, or your brother’s daughter for my wife. You can then have her to aid you with your work.’ Should the first wife refuse, the man cannot marry the other woman. Generally no objection is offered, if the second woman be one of the kindred of the first wife. Sometimes the wife will make the proposition to her husband: ‘I wish you to marry my brother’s daughter, as she and I are one flesh.’”

Concerning the inhabitants of the Philippine island of Mindanao, a German writer says (*Zeit. fuer Ethn.*, 1885, 12):

“The wives are in no way jealous of one another; on the contrary, they are glad to get a new companion, as that enables them to share their work with another.”

Schwaner says of the Borneans that if a man takes a second wife he pays to the first the *batu saki*, amounting to from sixty to one hundred guilders, and moreover he gives her presents, consisting of clothes, “in order to appease her completely,” In reference to the tribes of Western Washington and Northwestern Oregon, Gibbs says (198):

“The accession of a new wife in the lodge very naturally produces jealousy and discord, and the first often returns for a time in dudgeon to her friends, to be reclaimed by her husband when he chooses, perhaps after propitiating her by some presents.”

Such instances might be multiplied *ad libitum*.

Page 74

In a still larger number of cases primitive woman's objection to rivals is easily overcome by the desire for the social position, wealth, and comfort which polygamy confers. I have already cited, in the chapter on Honorable Polygamy, a number of typical incidents showing how vanity, the desire to belong to a man who can afford several wives, or the wish to share the hard domestic or field work with others, often smothers the feeling of jealousy so completely that wives laugh at the idea of having their husbands all to themselves, beg them to choose other companions, or even use their own hard-earned money to buy them for their husbands. As this point is of exceptional importance, as evidencing radical changes in the ideas relating to sexual relations—and the resulting feelings themselves—further evidence is admissible.

Of the Plains Indians in general Colonel Dodge remarks (20):

“Jealousy would seem to have no place in the composition of an Indian woman, and many prefer to be, even for a time, the favorite of a man who already has a wife or wives, and who is known to be a good husband and provider, rather than tempt the precarious chances of an untried man.”

And again:

“I have known several Indians of middle age, with already numerous wives and children, who were such favorites with the sex that they might have increased their number of wives to an unlimited extent had they been so disposed, and this, too, from among the very nicest girls of the tribe.”

E.R. Smith, in his book on the Araucanians (213-14) tells of a Mapuche wife who, when he saw her,

“was frequently accompanied by a younger and handsomer woman than herself, whom she pointed out, with evident satisfaction, as her 'other self'—that is, her husband's wife number two, a recent addition to the family. Far from being dissatisfied, or entertaining any jealousy toward the newcomer, she said that she wished her husband would marry again; for she considered it a great relief to have someone to assist her in her household duties and in the maintenance of her husband.”

McLean, who spent twenty-five years among the Tacullies and other Indians of the Hudson Bay region, says (301) that while polygamy prevails “the most perfect harmony seems to subsist among them.” Hunter, who knew the Missouri and Arkansas Indians well, says (255) that “jealousy is a passion but little known, and much less indulged, among the Indians.” In cases of polygamy the wives have their own lodges, separated by a short distance. They “occasionally visit each other, and generally live on the most friendly terms.” But even this separation is not necessary, as we see from Catlin, who relates (I., 119) that among the Mandans it is common to see six or eight wives of a chief or medicine man “living under one roof, and all apparently quiet and contented.”

In an article on the Zulus (*Humanitarian*, March, 1897), Miss Colenso refers to the fact that while polygamy is the custom, each wife has her own hut, wherefore

Page 75

“you have none of the petty jealousies and quarrelling which distinguish the harems of the East, among the Zulu women, who, as a rule, are most friendly to each other, and the many wives of a great chief will live in a little colony of huts, each mistress in her own house and family, and interchanging friendly visits with the other ladies similarly situated.”

But in Africa, too, separation is not essential to secure a peaceful result. Paulitschke (*B.E.A.S.*, 30) reports that among the Somali polygamy is customary, two wives being frequent, and he adds that “the wives live together in harmony and have their household in common.” Among the Abyssinian Arabs, Sir Samuel Baker found (127) that “concubinage is not considered a breach of morality; neither is it regarded by the legitimate wives with jealousy.” Chillie (*Centr. Afr.*, 158), says of the Landamas and Nalous: “It is very remarkable that good order and perfect harmony prevail among all these women who are called to share the same conjugal couch.” The same writer says of the polygamous Foulahs (224):

“In general the women appear very happy, and by no means jealous of each other, except when the husbands make a present to one without giving anything to the rest.”

Note the last sentence; it casts a strong light on our problem. It suggests that even where a semblance of jealousy is manifested by such women it may often be an entirely different thing from the jealousy we associate with love; envy, greed, or rivalry being more accurate terms for it. Here is another instance in point. Drake, in his work on the Indians of the United States has the following (I., 178):

“Where there is a plurality of wives, if one gets finer goods than the others, there is sure to be some quarrelling among the women; and if one or two of them are not driven off, it is because the others have not strength enough to do so. The man sits and looks on, and lets the women fight it out. If the one he loves most is driven off, he will go and stay with her, and leave the others to shift for themselves awhile, until they can behave better, as he says.”

The Rev. Peter Jones gives this description (81) of a fight he witnessed between the two wives of an Ojibway chief:

“The quarrel arose from the unequal distribution of a loaf of bread between the children. The husband being absent, the wife who had brought the bread to the wigwam gave a piece of it to each child, but the best and largest portion to her *own*. Such partiality immediately led to a quarrel. The woman who brought the bread threw the remainder in anger to the other; she as quickly cast it back again; in this foolish way they kept on for some time, till their fury rose to such a height that they at length sprang at one another, catching hold of the hair of the head; and when each had uprooted a handful their ire seemed satisfied.”

Page 76

To make clear the difference between such ebullitions of temper and the passion properly called jealousy, let us briefly sum up the contents of this chapter. In its first stage it is a mere masculine rage in presence of a rival. An Australian female in such a case calmly goes off with the victor. A savage looks upon his wife, not as a person having rights and feelings of her own, but as a piece of property which he has stolen or bought, and may therefore do with whatever he pleases. In the second stage, accordingly, women are guarded like other movable property, infringement on which is fiercely resented and avenged, though not from any jealous regard for chastity, for the same husband who savagely punishes his wife for secret adultery, willingly lends her to guests as a matter of hospitality, or to others for a compensation. In some cases the husband's "wounded feelings" may be cured by the payment of a fine, or subjecting the culprit's wife to indignities. At a higher stage, where some regard is paid to chastity—at least in the women reserved for genealogical purposes—masculine jealousy is still of the sensual type, which leads to the life-long imprisonment of women in order to enforce a fidelity which in the absence of true love could not be secured otherwise. As for the wives in primitive households, they often indulge in "jealous" squabbles, but their passion, though it may lead to manifestations of rage and to fierce and cruel fights, is after all only skin deep, for it is easily overcome with soft words, presents, or the desire for the social position and comfort which can be secured in the house of a man who is wealthy enough to marry several women—especially if the husband is rich and wise enough to keep the women in separate lodges; though even that is often unnecessary.

There is no difficulty in understanding why primitive feminine "jealousy," despite seeming exceptions, should have been so shallow and transient a feeling. Everything conspired to make it so. From the earliest times the men made systematic efforts to prevent the growth of that passion in women because it interfered with their own selfish desires. Hearne says of the women of the Northern Indians that "they are kept so much in awe of their husbands, that the liberty of thinking is the greatest privilege they enjoy" (310); and A.H. Keane (*Journ. of Anthropol. Inst.*, 1883) remarks that while the Botocudos often indulge in fierce outbreaks of jealousy, "the women have not yet acquired the right to be jealous, a sentiment implying a certain degree of equality between the sexes." Everywhere the women were taught to subordinate themselves to the men, and among the Hindoos as among the Greeks, by the ancient Hebrews as well as by the mediaeval Arabs freedom from jealousy was inculcated as a supreme virtue. Rachel actually fancied she was doing a noble thing in giving her handmaids to Jacob as concubines. Lane (246) quotes the Arab historian El-Jabartee, who said of his first wife:

Page 77

“Among her acts of conjugal piety and submission was this that she used to buy for her husband beautiful slave girls, with her own wealth, and deck them with ornaments and apparel, and so present them to him confidently looking to the reward and recompense which she should receive [in Paradise] for such conduct.”

“In case of failure of an heir,” says Griffis, in his famous work on Japan (557), “the husband is fully justified, often strongly advised even by his wife, to take a handmaid to raise up seed to preserve their ancestral line.” A Persian instance is given by Ida Pfeiffer (261), who was introduced at Tabreez to the wives of Behmen-Mirza, concerning whom she writes:

“They presented to me the latest addition to the harem—a plump brown little beauty of sixteen; and they seemed to treat their new rival with great good nature and told me how much trouble they had been taking to teach her Persian.”

JEALOUSY PURGED OF HATE

Casting back a glance over the ground traversed, we see that women as well as men—primitive, ancient, oriental—were either strangers to jealousy of any kind, or else knew it only as a species of anger, hatred, cruelty, and selfish sensuality; never as an ingredient of love. Australian women, Lumholtz tells us (203), “often have bitter quarrels about men whom they love[19] and are anxious to marry. If the husband is unfaithful, the wife frequently becomes greatly enraged.” As chastity is not by Australians regarded as a duty or a virtue, such conduct can only be explained by referring to what Roth, for instance, says (141) in regard to the Kalkadoon. Among these, where a man may have as many as four or five wives,

“the discarded ones will often, through jealousy, fight with her whom they consider more favored; on such occasions they may often resort to stone-throwing, or even use fire-sticks and stone-knives with which to mutilate the genitals.”

Similarly, various cruel disfigurements of wives by husbands or other wives, previously referred to as customary among savages, have their motive in the desire to mar the charms of a rival or a disobedient conjugal slave. The Indian chief who bites off an intriguing wife’s nose or lower lip takes, moreover, a cruel delight at sight of the pain he inflicts—a delight of which he would be incapable were he capable of love. To such an Indian, Shakspeare’s lines

But O, what damned minutes tells he o’er
Who dotes yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves,

Page 78

would be as incomprehensible as a Beethoven symphony. With his usual genius for condensation, Shakspeare has in those two lines given the essentials of true jealousy—suspicion causing agony rather than anger, and proceeding from love, not from hate. The fear, distress, humiliation, anguish of modern jealousy are in the mind of the injured husband. He suffers torments, but has no wish to torment either of the guilty ones. There are, indeed, even in civilized countries, husbands who slay erring wives; but they are not civilized husbands: like Othello, they still have the taint of the savage in them. Civilized husbands resort to separation, not to mutilation or murder; and in dismissing the guilty wife, they punish themselves more than her—for she has shown by her actions that she does not love him and therefore cannot feel the deepest pang of the separation. There is no anger, no desire for revenge.

How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy?

It comes in the world through love—through the fact that a man—or a woman—who truly loves, cannot tolerate even the thought of punishing one who has held first place in his or her affections. Modern law emphasizes the essential point when it punishes adultery because of “alienation of the affections.”

A VIRTUOUS SIN

Thus, whereas the “jealousy” of the savage who is transported by his sense of proprietorship to bloody deeds and to revenge is a most ignoble passion, incompatible with love, the jealousy of modern civilization has become a noble passion, justified by moral ideals and affection—“a kind of godly jealousy which I beseech you call a virtuous sin.”

Where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection’s sentinel.

And let no one suppose that by purging itself of bloody violence, hatred, and revenge, and becoming the sentinel of *affection*, jealousy has lost any of its intensity. On the contrary, its depth is quintupled. The bluster and fury of savage violence is only a momentary ebullition of sensual passion, whereas the anguish of jealousy as we feel it is

Agony unmix’d, *incessant* gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love’s paradise.

Anguish of mind is infinitely more intense than mere physical pain, and the more cultivated the mind, the deeper is its capacity for such “agony unmix’d.” Mental anguish



doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw the inwards, and create a condition in which “not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world shall ever medicine” the victim to that sleep which he enjoyed before. His heart is turned to stone; he strikes it and it hurts his hand. Trifles light as air are proofs to him that his suspicions are realities, and life is no longer worth living.

O now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars
That make ambition virtue!

Page 79

ABNORMAL STATES

The assertion that modern jealousy is a noble passion is of course to be taken with reservations. Where it leads to murder or revenge it is a reversion to the barbarous type, and apart from that it is, like all affections of the mind, liable to abnormal and morbid states. Harry Campbell writes in the *Lancet* (1898) that

“the inordinate development of this emotion always betokens a neurotic diathesis, and not infrequently indicates the oncoming of insanity. It is responsible for much useless suffering and not a little actual disease.”

Dr. O'Neill gives a curious example of the latter, in the same periodical. He was summoned to a young woman who informed him that she wished to be cured of jealousy: “I am jealous of my husband, and if you do not give me something I shall go out of my mind.” The husband protested his innocence and declared there was no cause whatever for her accusations:

“The wife persisted in reiterating them and so the wrangle went on till suddenly she fell from her chair on the floor in a fit, the spasmodic movements of which were so strange and varied that it would be almost impossible to describe them. At one moment the patient was extended at full length with her body arched forward in a state of opisthotonos. The next minute she was in a sitting position with the legs drawn up, making, while her hands clutched her throat, a guttural noise. Then she would throw herself on her back and thrust her arms and legs about to the no small danger of those around her. Then becoming comparatively quiet and supine she would quiver all over while her eyelids trembled with great rapidity. This state perhaps would be followed by general convulsive movements in which she would put herself into the most grotesque postures and make the most unlovely grimaces. At last the fit ended, and exhausted and in tears she was put to bed. The patient was a lithe, muscular woman and to restrain her movements during the attack with the assistance at hand was a matter of impossibility, so all that could be done was to prevent her injuring herself and to sprinkle her freely with cold water. The after-treatment was more geographical than medical. The husband ceased doing business in a certain town where the object of his wife's suspicions lived.”

I have been told by a perfectly healthy married woman that when jealous of her husband she felt a sensation as of some liquid welling up in her throat and suffocating her. Pride came into play in part; she did not want others to think that her husband preferred an ignorant girl to her—a woman of great physical and mental charm.

Page 80

Such jealousy, if unfounded, may be of the “self-harming” kind of which one of Shakspeare’s characters exclaims “Fie! beat it hence!” Too often, however, women have cause for jealousy, as modern civilized man has not overcome the polygamous instincts he has inherited from his ancestors since time immemorial. But whereas cause for feminine jealousy has existed always, the right to feel it is a modern acquisition. Moreover, while Apache wives were chaste from fear and Greek women from necessity, modern civilized women are faithful from the sense of honor, duty, affection, and in return for their devotion they expect men to be faithful for the same reasons. Their jealousy has not yet become retrospective, like that of the men; but they justly demand that after marriage men shall not fall below the standard of purity they have set up for the women, and they insist on a conjugal monopoly of the affections as strenuously as the men do. In due course of time, as Dr. Campbell suggests, “we may expect the monogamous instinct in man to be as powerful as in some of the lower animals; and feminine jealousy will help to bring about this result; for if women were indifferent on this point men would never improve.”

JEALOUSY IN ROMANTIC LOVE

The jealousy of romantic love, preceding marriage, differs from the jealousy of conjugal love in so far as there can be no claim to a monopoly of affection where the very existence of any reciprocated affection still remains in doubt. Before the engagement the uncertain lover in presence of a rival is tortured by doubt, anxiety, fear, despair, and he may violently hate the other man, though (as I know from personal experience) not necessarily, feeling that the rival has as much claim to the girl’s attention as he has. Duels between rival lovers are not only silly, but are an insult to the girl, to whom the choice ought to be submitted and the verdict accepted manfully. A man who shoots the girl herself, because she loves another and refuses him, puts himself on a level below the lowest brute, and cannot plead either true love or true jealousy as his excuse. After the engagement the sense of monopoly and the consciousness of plighted troth enter into the lover’s feelings, and intruders are properly warded off with indignation. In romantic jealousy the leading role is played by the imagination; it loves to torture its victim by conjuring visions of the beloved smiling on a rival, encircled by his arm, returning his kisses. Everything feeds his suspicions; he is “dwelling in a continual ‘larum of jealousy.” Oft his jealousy “shapes faults that are not” and he taints his heart and brain with needless doubt. “Ten thousand fears invented wild, ten thousand frantic views of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms for which he melts in fondness, eat him up.” Such passion inflames love but corrodes the soul. In perfect love, as I said at the beginning of this chapter, jealousy is potential only, not actual.

Page 81

IV. COYNESS

When a man is in love he wears his heart on his sleeve and feels eager to have the beloved see how passionately it throbs for her. When a girl is in love she tries to conceal her heart in the innermost recesses of her bosom, lest the lover discover her feelings prematurely. In other words, coyness is a trait of feminine love—the only ingredient of that passion which is not, to some extent, common to both sexes. “The cruel nymph well knows to feign, ... coy looks and cold disdain,” sang Gay; and “what value were there in the love of the maiden, were it yielded without coy delay?” asks Scott.

'Tis ours to be forward and pushing;
'Tis yours to affect a disdain,

Lady Montagu makes a man say, and Richard Savage sings:

You love; yet from your lover's wish retire;
Doubt, yet discern; deny, and yet desire.
Such, Polly, are your sex—part truth, part fiction,
Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

“Part truth, part fiction;” the girl romances regarding her feelings; her romantic love is tinged with coyness. “She will rather die than give any sign of affection,” says Benedick of Beatrice; and in that line Shakspeare reveals one of the two essential traits of genuine modern coyness—*dissemblance of feminine affection*.

Was coyness at all times an attribute of femininity, or is it an artificial product of modern social conditions and culture? Is coyness ever manifested apart from love, or does its presence prove the presence of love? These two important questions are to be answered in the present section.

WOMEN WHO WOO

The opinion prevails that everywhere and always the first advances were made by the men, the women being passive, and coyly reserved. This opinion—like many other notions regarding the relations of the sexes—rests on ignorance, pure ignorance. In collecting the scattered facts bearing on this subject I have been more and more surprised at the number of exceptions to the rule, if, indeed, rule it be. Not only are there tribes among whom women *must* propose—as in the Torres Straits Islands, north of Australia, and with the Garos of India, concerning whom interesting details will be given in later chapters; but among many other savages and barbarians the women, instead of repelling advances, make them.

“In all Polynesia,” says Gerland (VI., 127), “it was a common occurrence that the women wooed the men.” “A proposal of marriage,” writes Gill (*Savage Life in Polynesia*, II.), “may emanate with propriety from a woman of rank to an equal or an inferior.” In an article on Fijian poetry (731-53), Sir Arthur Gordon cites the following native poem:

Page 82

The girls of Vunivanua all had lovers,
But I, poor I, had not even one.
Yet I fell desperately in love one day,
My eye was filled with the beauty of Vasunilawedua.
She ran along the beach, she called the canoe-men.
She is conveyed to the town where her beloved dwells.
Na Ulumatua sits in his canoe unfastening its gear.
He asks her, "Why have you come here, Sovanalasikula?"
"They have been falling in love at Vunivanua," she answers;
"I, too, have fallen in love. I love your lovely son,
Vasunilawedua."
Na Ulumatua rose to his feet. He loosened a tambua whale's
tooth from the canoe.
"This," he said, presenting it to her, "is my offering to
you for your return. My son cannot wed you, lady."
Tears stream from her eyes, they stream down on her breast.
"Let me only live outside his house," she says;
"I will sleep upon the wood-pile. If I may only light his
seluka [cigarette] for him, I shall rejoice.
If I may only hear his voice from a distance, it will
suffice. Life will be pleasant to me."
Na Ulumatua replied, "Be magnanimous, lady, and return.
We have many girls of our own. Return to your own land.
Vasunilawedua cannot wed a stranger."
Sovanalasikula went away crying.
She returned to her own town, forlorn.
Her life was sadness.
Ia nam bosulu.

Tregear (102) describes the "wooing house" in which New Zealand girls used to stand up in the dark and say: "I love so-and-so, I want him for a husband;" whereupon the chosen lover, if willing, would say yes, or cough to signify his assent. Among the Pueblo Indians

"the usual order of courtship is reversed; when a girl is disposed to marry, she does not wait for a young man to propose to her, but selects one to her own liking and consults her father, who visits the parents of the youth and acquaints them with his daughter's wishes. It seldom happens that any objections to the match are made" (Bancroft, I., 547);

and concerning the Spokane Indians the same writer says (276) that a girl "may herself propose if she wishes." Among the Moquis, "instead of the swain asking the hand of the fair one, she selects the young man who is to her fancy, and then her father proposes the match to the sire of the lucky youth" (Schoolcraft, IV., 86). Among the Dariens, says

Heriot (325), "it is considered no mark of forwardness" in a woman "openly to avow her inclination," and in Paraguay, too, women were allowed to propose (Moore, 261). Indian girls of the Hudson River region

"were not debarred signifying their desire to enter matrimonial life. When one of them wished to be married, she covered her face with a veil and sat covered as an indication of her desire. If she attracted a suitor, negotiations were opened with parents or friends, presents given, and the bride taken" (Ruttenber).

A comic mode of catching a husband is described in an episode from the tale "Owasso and Wayoond" (Schoolcraft, *A.R.* II., 210-11):

Page 83

“Manjikuawis was forward in her advances toward him. He, however, paid no attention to it, and shunned her. She continued to be very assiduous in attending to his wants, such as cooking and mending his mocassins. She felt hurt and displeased at his indifference, and resolved to play him a trick. Opportunity soon offered. The lodge was spacious, and she dug a hole in the ground, where the young man usually sat, covering it very carefully. When the brothers returned from the chase the young man threw himself down carelessly at the usual place, and fell into the cavity, his head and feet remaining out, so that he was unable to extricate himself. ‘Ha! ha!’ cried Manjikuawis, as she helped him out, ‘you are mine, I have caught you at last, and I did it on purpose.’ A smile came over the young man’s face, and he said, ‘So be it, I will be yours;’ and from that moment they lived happily as man and wife.”

It was a common thing among various Indian tribes for the women to court distinguished warriors; and though they might have no choice in the matter, they could at any rate place themselves temptingly in the way of these braves, who, on their part, had no occasion to be coy, since they could marry all the squaws they pleased. The squaws, too, did not hesitate to indulge, if not in two husbands, in more than one lover. Commenting on the Mandans, for instance, Maximilian Prinz zu Wied declares (II., 127) that “coyness is not a virtue of the Indian women; they often have two or three lovers at a time.” Among the Pennsylvania Indians it was a common thing for a girl to make suit to a young man.

“Though the first address may be by the man, yet the other is the most common. The squaws are generally very immodest in their words and actions, and will often put the young men to the blush. The men commonly appear to be possessed of much more modesty than the women.” (Bancroft, II., 140.)

Even a coating of culture does not seem to curb the young squaw’s propensity to make the first advances. Captain R.H. Pratt (*U.S. Geol. and G.S.*, IX., 260), of the Carlisle School, relates an amusing story of a Kiowa young man who, under a variety of circumstances, “never cared for girl. ‘But when Laura say she love me, then I began to care for girl.’”

In his *First Footsteps* (85, 86) Burton gives a glimpse of the “coyness” of Bedouin women:

“We met a party of Esa girls, who derided my color and doubted the fact of my being a Moslem. The Arabs declared me to be a shaykh of shaykhs, and translated to the prettiest of the party an impromptu proposal of marriage. She showed but little coyness and stated her price to be an Andulli or necklace, a couple of Tobes—she asked one too many—a few handfuls of beads, and a small present for her papa. She promised, naively enough, to call next day and inspect the goods. The publicity of the town did not deter her,

Page 84

but the shamefacedness of my two companions prevented our meeting again.”

In his book on Southern Abyssinia Johnston relates how, while staying at Murroo, he was strongly recommended to follow the example of his companions and take a temporary wife. There was no need of hunting for helpmates—they offered themselves of their own accord. One of the girls who presented herself as a candidate was stated by her friends to be a very strong woman, who had already had four or five husbands. “I thought this a rather strange recommendation,” he adds, “but it was evidently mentioned that she might find favor in my eyes.” He found that the best way out of such a dilemma was to engage the first old hag that came along and leave it to her to ward off the others. Masculine coyness under such conditions has its risks. Johnston mentions the case of an Arab who, in the region of the Muzeguahs, scorned a girl who wanted to be his temporary wife; whereupon “the whole tribe asserted he had treated them with contempt by his haughty conduct toward the girl, and demanded to know if she was not good enough for him.” He had to give them some brass wire and blue sood before he could allay the national indignation aroused by his refusal to take the girl. Women have rights which must be respected, even in Africa!

In Dutch Borneo there is a special kind of “marriage by stratagem” called *matep*. If a girl desires a particular man he is inveigled into her house, the door is shut, the walls are hung with cloth of different colors and other ornaments, dinner is served up and he is informed of the girl’s wish to marry him. If he declines, he is obliged to pay the value of the hangings and the ornaments. (Roth, II., CLXXXI.)

“Uncertain, coy, and hard to please” obviously cannot be sung of such women.

In one of the few native Australian stories on record the two wives of a man are represented as going to his brother’s hut when he was asleep, and imitating the voice of an emu. The noise woke him, and he took his spear to kill them; but as soon as he ran out the two women spoke and requested him to be their husband. (Wood’s *Native Tribes*, 210.)

The fact that Australian women have absolutely no choice in the assignment of husbands, must make them inclined to offer themselves to men they like, just as Indian girls offer themselves to noted warriors in the hope of thus calling attention to their personal attractions. As we shall see later, one of the ways in which an Australian wins a wife is by means of magic. In this game, as Spencer and Gillen tell us (556), the women sometimes take the initiative, thus inducing a man to elope with them.

WERE HEBREW AND GREEK WOMEN COY?

Page 85

The English language is a queer instrument of thought. While coyness has the various meanings of shyness, modest reserve, bashfulness, shrinking from advances or familiarity, disdainfulness, the verb “to coy” may mean the exact opposite—to coax, allure, entice, woo, decoy. It is in *this* sense that “coyness” is obviously a trait of primitive maidens. What is more surprising is to find in brushing aside prejudice and preconceived notions, that among ancient nations too it is in this second sense rather than in the first that women are “coy.” The Hebrew records begin with the story of Adam and Eve, in which Eve is stigmatized as the temptress. Rebekah had never seen the man chosen for her by her male relatives, yet when she was asked if she would go with his servant, she answered, promptly, “I will go.” Rachel at the well suffers her cousin to kiss her at first sight. Ruth does all the courting which ends in making her the wife of Boaz. There is no shrinking from advances, real or feigned, in any of these cases; no suggestion of disguised feminine affection; and in two of them the women make the advances. Potiphar’s wife is another biblical case. The word coy does not occur once in the Bible.

The idea that women are the aggressors, particularly in criminal amours, is curiously ingrained in the literature of ancient Greece. In the *Odyssey* we read about the fair-haired goddess Circe, decoying the companions of Odysseus with her sweet voice, giving them drugs and potions, making them the victims of swinish indulgence of their appetites. When Odysseus comes to their rescue she tries to allure him too, saying, “Nay, then, pat up your blade within its sheath, and let us now approach our bed that there we too may join in love and learn to trust each other.” Later on Odysseus has his adventure with the Sirens, who are always “casting a spell of penetrating song, sitting within a meadow,” in order to decoy passing sailors. Charybdis is another divine Homeric female who lures men to ruin. The island nymph Calypso rescues Odysseus and keeps him a prisoner to her charms, until after seven years he begins to shed tears and long for home “because the nymph pleased him no more.” Nor does the human Nausicaea manifest the least coyness when she meets Odysseus at the river. Though he has been cast on the shore naked, she remains, after her maids have run away alarmed, and listens to his tale of woe. Then, after seeing him bathed, anointed, and dressed, she exclaims to her waiting maids: “Ah, might a man like this be called my husband, having his home here and content to stay;” while to him later on she gives this broad hint: “Stranger, farewell! when you are once again in your own land, remember me, and how before all others it is to me you owe the saving of your life.”

Nausicaea is, however, a prude compared with the enamoured woman as the Greek poets habitually paint her. Pausanias (II., Chap. 31), speaking of a temple of Peeping Venus says:

Page 86

“From this very spot the enamoured Phaedra used to watch Hippolytus at his manly exercises. Here still grows the myrtle with pierced leaves, as I am told. For being at her wit’s ends and finding no ease from the pangs of love, she used to wreak her fury on the leaves of this myrtle.”

Professor Rohde, the most erudite authority on Greek erotic literature, writes (34):

“It is characteristic of the Greek popular tales which Euripides followed, in what might be called his tragedies of adultery, that they *always make the woman the vehicle of the pernicious passion*; it seems as if Greek feeling could not conceive of a *man* being seized by an unmanly soft desire and urged on by it to passionate disregard of all human conventions and laws.”

MASCULINE COYNESS

Greek poets from Stesichorus to the Alexandrians are fond of representing coy men. The story told by Athenaeus (XIV., ch. 11) of Harpalyke, who committed suicide because the youth Iphiclus coyly spurned her, is typical of a large class. No less significant is the circumstance that when the coy backwardness happens to be on the side of a female, she is usually a woman of masculine habits, devoted to Diana and the chase. Several centuries after Christ we still find in the romances an echo of this thoroughly Greek sentiment in the coy attitude, at the beginning, of their youthful heroes.[20]

The well-known legend of Sappho—who flourished about a thousand years before the romances just referred to were written—is quite in the Greek spirit. It is thus related by Strabo:

“There is a white rock which stretches out from Leucas to the sea and toward Cephalonia, that takes its name from its whiteness. The rock of Leucas has upon it a temple of Apollo, and the leap from it was supposed to stop love. From this it is said that Sappho first, as Menander says somewhere, in pursuit of the haughty Phaon, urged on by maddening desire, threw herself from its far-seen rocks, imploring thee [Apollo], lord and king.”

Four centuries after Sappho we find Theocritus harping on the same theme. His *Enchantress* is a monologue in which a woman relates how she made advances to a youth and won him. She saw him walking along the road and was so smitten that she was prostrated and confined to her bed for ten days. Then she sent her slave to waylay the youth, with these instructions: “If you see him alone, say to him: ‘Simaitha desires you,’ and bring him here.” In this case the youth is not coy in the least; but the sequel of the story is too bucolic to be told here.

SHY BUT NOT COY

It is well-known that the respectable women of Greece, especially the virgins, were practically kept under lock and key in the part of the house known as the gynaikonitis. This resulted in making them shy and bashful—but not coy, if we may judge from the mirror of life known as literature. Ramdohr observes, pertinently (III., 270):

Page 87

“Remarkable is the easy triumph of lovers over the innocence of free-born girls, daughters of citizens, examples of which may be found in the *Eunuchus* and *Adelphi* of Terence. They call attention to the low opinion the ancients had of a woman’s power to guard her sensual impulses, and of her own accord resist attacks on her honor.”

The Abbe Dubois says the same thing about Hindoo girls, and the reason why they are so carefully guarded. It is hardly necessary to add that since no one would be so foolish as to call a man honest who refrains from stealing merely because he has no opportunity, it is equally absurd to call a woman honest or coy who refrains from vice only because she is locked up all the time. The fact (which seems to give Westermarck (64-65) much satisfaction), that some Australians, American Indian and other tribes watch young girls so carefully, does not argue the prevalence of chaste coyness, but the contrary. If the girls had an instinctive inclination to repel improper advances it would not be necessary to cage and watch them. This inclination is not inborn, does not characterize primitive women, but is a result of education and culture.

MILITARISM AND MEDIAEVAL WOMEN

Greatly as Greeks and Indians differ in some respects, they have two things in common—a warlike spirit and contempt for women. “When Greek meets Greek then comes a tug of war,” and the Indian’s chief delight is scalp hunting. The Greeks, as Rohde notes (42),

“depict their greatest heroes as incited to great deeds only by eagerness for battle and desire for glory. The love of women barely engages their attention transiently in hours of idleness.”

Militarism is ever hostile to love except in its grossest forms. It brutalizes the men and prevents the growth of feminine qualities, coyness among others. Hence, wherever militarism prevails, we seek in vain for feminine reserve. An interesting illustration of this may be found in a brochure by Theodor Krabbes, *Die Frau im Altfranzoesischen Karls-Epos* (9-38). The author, basing his inferences on an exhaustive study and comparison of the Chansons de Geste of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, draws the following general conclusions:

“Girlish shyness is not a trait of the daughters, least of all those of heathen origin. Masculine tendencies characterize them from childhood. Fighting pleases them and they like to look on when there is a battle.... Love plays an important role in nearly all the Chansons de Geste.... The woman woos, the man grants: nearly always in these epics we read of a woman who loves, rarely of one who is loved.... In the very first hour of their acquaintance the girl is apt to yield herself entirely to the chosen knight, and she persists in her passion for him even if she is entirely repulsed. There is no more rest for her. Either she woos

Page 88

him in person, or chooses a messenger who invites the coveted man to a rendezvous. The heathen woman who has to guard captured Franks and who has given her heart to one of them, hies herself to the dungeon and offers him her love. She begs for his love in return and seeks in every way to win it. If he resists, she curses him, makes his lot less endurable, withholds his food or threatens him with death until he is willing to accede to her wishes. If this has come to pass she overwhelms him with caresses at the first meeting. She is eager to have them reciprocated; often the lover is not tender enough to please her, then she repeatedly begs for kisses. She embraces him delightedly even though he be in full armor and in presence of all his companions. Girlish shyness and modest backwardness are altogether foreign to her nature.... She never has any moral scruples.... If he is unwilling to give up his campaign, she is satisfied to let him go the next morning if he will only marry her. "The man is generally described as cold in love. References to a knight's desire for a woman's love are very scant, and only once do we come across a hero who is quite in love. The young knight prefers more serious matters; his first desire is to win fame in battle, make rich booty. [21] He looks on love as superfluous, indeed he is convinced that it incapacitates him from what he regards as his proper life-task. He also fears the woman's infidelity. If he allows her to persuade him to love, he seeks material gain from it; delivery from captivity, property, vassals.... The lover is often tardy, careless, too deficient in tenderness, so that the woman has to chide him and invite his caresses. A rendezvous is always brought about only through her efforts, and she alone is annoyed if it is disturbed too soon. Even when the man desires a woman, he hardly appears as a wooer. He knows he is sure of the women's favor; they make it easy for him; he can have any number of them if he belongs to a noble family.... Even when the knight is in love—which is very rare—the first advances are nearly always made by the woman; it is she who proposes marriage. "Marriage as treated in the epics is seldom based on love. The woman desires wedlock, because she hopes thereby to secure her rights and better her chances of protection. It is for this reason that we see her so often eagerly endeavoring to secure a promise of marriage."

WHAT MADE WOMEN COY?

Sufficient evidence has now been adduced to make it clear that the first of the two questions posed at the outset of this chapter must be answered in the negative. Coyness is *not* an innate or universal trait of femininity, but is often absent, particularly where man's absorption in war and woman's need of protection prevent its growth and induce the females to do the courting. This being the case

Page 89

and war being the normal state of the lower races, our next task is to ascertain what were the influences that induced woman to adopt the habit of repelling advances instead of making them. It is one of the most interesting questions in sexual psychology, which has never been answered satisfactorily; it and gains additional interest from the fact that we find among the most ancient and primitive races phenomena which resemble coyness and have been habitually designated as such. As we shall see in a moment, this is an abuse of language, confounding genuine resistance or aversion with coyness.

Chinese maidens often feel so great an aversion to marriage as practised in their country that they prefer suicide to it. Douglas says (196) that Chinese women often ask English ladies, "Does your husband beat you?" and are surprised if answered "No." The gallant Chinaman calls his wife his "dull thorn," and there are plenty of reasons apart from Confucian teachings why "for some days before the date fixed, the bride assumes all the panoply of woe, and weeps and wails without ceasing." She is about to face the terrible ordeal of being confronted for the first time with the man who has been chosen for her, and who may be the ugliest, vilest wretch in the world—possibly even a leper, such cases being on record. Douglas (124) reports the case of six girls who committed suicide together to avoid marriage. There exist in China anti-matrimonial societies of girls and young widows, the latter doubtless, supplying the experience that serves as the motive for establishing such associations.

Descending to the lowest stratum of human life as witnessed in Australia, we find that, as Meyer asserts (11), the bride appears "generally to go very unwillingly" to the man she has been assigned to. Lumholtz relates that the man seizes the woman by the wrists and carries her off "despite her screams, which can be heard till she is a mile away." "The women," he says, "always make resistance; for they do not like to leave their tribe, and in many instances they have the best of reasons for kicking their lovers." What are these reasons? As all observers testify, they are not allowed any voice in the choice of their husbands. They are usually bartered by their father or brothers for other women, and in many if not most cases the husbands assigned to them are several times their age. Before they are assigned to a particular man the girls indulge in promiscuous intercourse, whereas after marriage they are fiercely guarded. They may indeed attempt to elope with another man more suited to their age, but they do so at the risk of cruel injury and probable death. The wives have to do all the drudgery; they get only such food as the husbands do not want, and on the slightest suspicion of intrigue they are maltreated horribly. Causes enough surely for their resistance to obligatory marriage. This resistance is a frank expression of genuine unwillingness, or aversion, and has nothing in common with real coyness, which signifies the mere *semblance* of unwillingness on the part of a woman who is at least *half-willing*. Such expressions as Goldsmith's "the coy maid, half willing to be pressed," and Dryden's

Page 90

When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again,

indicate the nature of true coyness better than any definitions. There are no “coy looks,” no “feigning” in the actions of an Australian girl about to be married to a man who is old enough to be her grandfather. The “cold disdain” is real, not assumed, and there is no “dissemblance of feminine affection.”

CAPTURING WOMEN

The same reasoning applies to the customs attending wife-capturing in general, which has prevailed in all parts of the world and still prevails in some regions. To take one or two instances of a hundred that might be cited from books of travel in all parts of the world: Columbus relates that the Caribs made the capture of women the chief object of their expeditions. The California Indians worked up their warlike spirit by chanting a song the substance of which was, “let us go and carry off girls” (Waitz, IV., 242). Savages everywhere have looked upon women as legitimate spoils of war, desirable as concubines and drudges. Now even primitive women are attached to their homes and relatives, and it is needless to say their resistance to the enemy who has just slain their father and brothers and is about to carry them off to slavery, is genuine, and has no more trace of coyness in it than the actions of an American girl who resists the efforts of unknown kidnappers to drag her from her home.

But besides real capture of women there has existed, and still exists in many countries, what is known as sham-capture—a custom which has puzzled anthropologists sorely. Herbert Spencer illustrates it (*P.S.*, I., Sec. 288) by citing Crantz, who says, concerning the Eskimos, that when a damsel is asked in marriage, she

“directly falls into the greatest apparent consternation, and runs out of doors tearing her hair; for single women always affect the utmost bashfulness and aversion to any proposal of marriage, lest they should lose their reputation for modesty.”

Spencer also quotes Burckhardt, who describes how the bride among Sinai Arabs defends herself with stones, even though she does not dislike the lover; “for according to custom, the more she struggles, bites, kicks, cries, and strikes, the more she is applauded ever after by her own companions.” During the procession to the husband’s camp “decency obliges her to cry and sob most bitterly.” Among the Araucanians of Chili, according to Smith (215) “it is a point of honor with the bride to resist and struggle, however willing she may be.”

Page 91

While conceding that “the manners of the inferior races do not imply much coyness,” Spencer, nevertheless, thinks “we cannot suppose coyness to be wholly absent.” He holds that in the cases just cited coyness is responsible for the resistance of the women, and he goes so far as to make this coyness “an important factor,” in accounting for the custom of marriage by capture which has prevailed among so many peoples in all parts of the world. Westermarck declares (388) that this suggestion can scarcely be disproved, and Grosse (105) echoes his judgment. To me, on the contrary, it seems that these distinguished sociologists are putting the cart before the horse. They make the capture a sequence of “coyness,” whereas in truth the coyness (if it may be so called) is a result of capture. The custom of wife capture can be easily explained without calling in the aid of what we have seen to be so questionable a thing as primitive female coyness. Savages capture wives as the most coveted spoils of war. They capture them, in other instances, because polygamy and female infanticide have disturbed the equilibrium of the sexes, thus compelling the young men to seek wives elsewhere than in their own tribes; and the same result is brought about (in Australia, for instance), by the old men’s habit of appropriating all the young women by a system of exchange, leaving none for the young men, who, therefore, either have to persuade the married women to elope—at the risk of their lives—or else are compelled to steal wives elsewhere. In another very large number of cases the men stole brides—willing or unwilling—to avoid paying their parents for them.

THE COMEDY OF MOCK CAPTURE

Thus the custom of real capture is easily accounted for. What calls for an explanation is the *sham* capture and resistance in cases where both the parents and the bride are perfectly willing. Why should primitive maidens who, as we have seen, are rather apt than not to make amorous advances, repel their suitors so violently in these instances of mock capture? Are they, after all, coy—more coy than civilized maidens? To answer this question let us look at one of Spencer’s witnesses more carefully. The reason Crantz gives for the Eskimo women’s show of aversion to marriage is that they do it, “lest they lose their reputation for modesty.” Now modesty of any kind is a quality unknown to Eskimos. Nansen, Kane, Hayes, and other explorers have testified that the Eskimos of both sexes take off all their clothes in their warm subterranean homes. Captain Beechey has described their obscene dances, and it is well-known that they consider it a duty to lend their wives and daughters to guests. Some of the native tales collected by Rink (236-37; 405) indicate most unceremonious modes of courtship and nocturnal frolics, which do not stop even at incest. To suppose that women so utterly devoid of moral sensibility

Page 92

could, of their own accord and actuated by modesty and bashfulness manifest such a coy aversion to marriage that force has to be resorted to, is manifestly absurd. In attributing their antics to modesty, Crantz made an error into which so many explorers have fallen—that of interpreting the actions of savages from the point of view of civilization—an error more pardonable in an unsophisticated traveller of the eighteenth century than in a modern sociologist.

If we must therefore reject Herbert Spencer's inference as to the existence of primitive coyness and its consequences, how are we to account for the comedy of mock capture? Several writers have tried to crack the nut. Sutherland (l., 200) holds that sham capture is not a survival of real capture, but "the festive symbolism of the contrast in the character of the sexes—courage in the man and shyness in the woman"—a fantastic suggestion which does not call for discussion, since, as we know, the normal primitive woman is anything but shy. Abercromby (l., 454) is another writer who believes that sham capture is not a survival of real capture, but merely a result of the innate general desire on the part of the men to display courage—a view which dodges the one thing that calls for an explanation—the resistance of the women. Grosse indulges in some curious antics (105-108). First he asks: "Since real capture is everywhere an exception and is looked on as punishable, why should the semblance of capture have ever become a general and approved custom?" Then he asks, with a sneer, why sociology should be called upon to answer such questions anyhow; and a moment later he, nevertheless, attempts an answer, on Spencerian lines. Among inferior races, he remarks, women are usually coveted as spoils of war. The captured women become the wives or concubines of the warriors and thus represent, as it were, trophies of their valor. Is it not, therefore, inevitable that the acquisition of a wife by force should be looked on, among warlike races, as the most honorable way of getting her, nay, in course of time, as the only one worthy of a warrior? But since, he continues, not all the men can get wives in that way, even among the rudest tribes, these other men consoled themselves with investing the peaceful home-taking of a bride also with the show of an honorable capture.

In other words, Grosse declares on one page that it is absurd to derive approved sham capture from real capture because real capture is everywhere exceptional only and is always considered punishable; yet two pages later he argues that sham capture *is* derived from real capture because the latter is so honorable! As a matter of fact, among the lowest races known, wife-stealing is not considered honorable. Regarding the Australians, Curr states distinctly (l., 108) that it was not encouraged because it was apt to involve a whole tribe in war for one man's sake. Among the North American Indians, on the other hand, where, as we saw in the chapter on Honorable Polygamy, a wife-stealer is admired by both men and women, sham capture does *not* prevail. Grosse's argument, therefore, falls to the ground.

Page 93

WHY THE WOMEN RESIST

Prior to all these writers Sir John Lubbock advanced (98) still another theory of capture, real and sham. Believing that men once had all their wives in common, he declares that

“capture, and capture alone, could originally give a man the right to monopolize a woman to the exclusion of his fellow-clansmen; and that hence, even after all necessity for actual capture had long ceased, the symbol remained; capture having, by long habit, come to be received as a necessary preliminary to marriage.”

This theory has the same shortcoming as the others. While accounting for the capture, it does not explain the resistance of the women. In real capture they had real reasons for kicking, biting, and howling, but why should they continue these antics in cases of sham capture? Obviously another factor came into play here, which has been strangely overlooked—parental persuasion or command. Among savages a father owns his daughter as absolutely as his dog; he can sell or exchange her at pleasure; in Australia, “swapping” daughters or sisters is the commonest mode of marriage. Now, stealing brides, or eloping to avoid having to pay for them, is of frequent occurrence everywhere among uncivilized races. To protect themselves against such loss of personal property it must have occurred to parents at an early date that it would be wise to teach their daughters to resist all suitors until it has become certain that their intentions are honorable—that is, that they intend to pay. In course of time such teaching (strengthened by the girls’ pride at being purchased for a large sum) would assume the form of an inviolable command, having the force of a taboo and, with the stubbornness peculiar to many social customs, persisting long after the original reasons have ceased to exist.

In other words, I believe that the peculiar antics of the brides in cases of sham capture are neither due to innate feminine coyness nor are they a direct survival of the genuine resistance made in real capture; but that they are simply a result of parental dictation which assigns to the bride the role she must play in the comedy of “courtship.” I find numerous facts supporting this view, especially in Reinsberg-Dueringsfeld’s *Hochzeitsbuch* and Schroeder’s *Hochzeitsgebraeuche der Esten*.

Describing the marriage customs of the Mordvins, Mainow says that the bridegroom sneaks into the bride’s house before daybreak, seizes her and carries her off to where his companions are waiting with their wagons. “Etiquette,” he adds, “*demands* she should resist violently and cry loudly, even if she is entirely in favor of the elopement.” Among the Votyaks girl-stealing (kukem) occurs to this day. If the father is unwilling or asks too much, while the young folks are willing, the girl goes to work in the field and the lover carries her off. *On*

Page 94

the way to his house she is cheerful, but when they reach the lover's house she begins to cry and wail, whereupon she is locked up in a cabin that has no window. The father, having found out where she is, comes and demands payment. If the lover offers too little, the parent plies his whip on him. Among the Ostyaks such elopements, to avoid payment, are frequent. Regarding the Esthonians, Schroeder says (40): "When the intermediary comes, the girl *must* conceal herself in some place until she is either found, *with her father's consent*, or appears of her own accord."

In the old epic "Kalewipoeg," Salme hides in the garret and Linda in the bath-room, and refuse to come out till after much coaxing and urging.

QUAINT CUSTOMS

The words I have italicized indicate the passive role played by the girls, who simply carry out the instructions given to them. The parents are the stage-managers, and they know very well what they want—money or brandy. Among the Mordvins, as soon as the suitor and his friends are seen approaching the bride's house, it is barricaded, and the defenders ask, "Who are you?" The answer is, "Merchants." "What do you wish?" "Living goods." "We do not trade!" "We shall take her by force." A show of force is made, but finally the suitors are admitted, after paying twenty kopeks. In Little Russia it is customary to barricade the door of the bride's house with a wheel, but after offering a bottle of brandy as a "pass" the suitor's party is allowed to enter.

Among the Esthonians custom *demands* (Schroeder, 36), that a comedy like the following be enacted. The intermediary comes to the bride's house and pretends that he has lost a cow or a lamb, and asks permission to hunt for it. The girl's relatives at first stubbornly deny having any knowledge of its whereabouts, but finally they allow the suitors to search, and the bride is usually found without much delay. In Western Prussia (Berent district), after the bridegroom has made his terms with the bride and her parents, he comes to their house and says: "We were out hunting and saw a wounded deer run into this house. May we follow its tracks?" Permission is granted, whereupon the men start in pursuit of the bride, who has hidden away with the other village maidens. At last the "hound"—one of the bridegroom's companions—finds her and brings her to the lover.

Similar customs have prevailed in parts of Russia, Roumania, Servia, Sardinia, Hungary, and elsewhere. In Old Finland the comedy continues even after the nuptial knot has been tied. The bridal couple return each to their home. Soon the groom appears at the bride's house and demands to be admitted. Her father refuses to let him in. A "pass" is thereupon produced and read, and this, combined with a few presents, finally secures admission. In some districts the bride remains invisible even during the wedding-dinner, and it is "good form"

Page 95

for her to let the guests wait as long as possible, and not to appear until after considerable coaxing by her mother. When a Votyak bridegroom comes after the bride on the wedding-day she is denied to him three times. After that she is searched for, dragged from her hiding-place, and her face covered with a cloth, while she screams and struggles. Then she is carried to the yard, placed on a blanket with her face down, and the bridegroom belabors her with a stick on a pillow which has been tied on her back. After that she becomes obedient and amiable. A Mordvin bride must try to escape from the wagon on the way to the church. In Old Finland the bride was barricaded in her house even after the wedding, and the Island Swedes have the same custom. This burlesque of bridal resistance after marriage occurs also among the wild tribes of India. "After remaining with her husband for ten days only," writes Dalton (192), "it is *the correct thing* for the wife to run away from him, and tell all her friends that she loves him not and will see him no more." The husband's duty is to seek her eagerly. "I have seen a young wife thus found and claimed, and borne away, screeching and struggling in the arms of her husband, from the midst of a crowded bazaar. No one interferes on these occasions."

More than enough has now been said to prove that in cases of sham capture the girls simply follow their village customs blindly. Left to themselves they might act very differently, but as it is, all the girls in each district *must* do the same thing, however silly. About the real feelings of the girls these comedies tell us nothing whatever. With coyness—that is, a woman's concealment of her feelings toward a man she likes—these actions have no more to do than the man in the moon has with anthropology. Least of all do they tell us anything about love, for the girls must all act alike, whether they favor a man or not. Regarding the absence of love we have, moreover, the direct testimony of Dr. F. Kreutzwald (Schroeder, 233). That marriages are made in heaven is, he declares, true in a certain sense, so far as the Esthonians are concerned; for "the parties concerned usually play a passive role.... Love is not one of the requisites, it is an unknown phenomenon." Utilitarianism, he adds, is the basis of their marriages. The suitor tries to ascertain if the girl he wants is a good worker; to find this out he may even watch her secretly while she is spinning, thrashing, or combing flax.

"Most of the men proceed at random, and it is not unusual for a suitor who has been refused in one place and another to proceed at once to a third or fourth.... Many a bridegroom sees his bride for the first time at the ceremony of the priestly betrothal, and he cannot therefore be blamed for asking: 'Which of these girls is my bride?'"

GREEK AND ROMAN MERCENARY COYNESS

Page 96

So far our search for that coyness which is an ingredient of modern love has been in vain. At the same time it is obvious that since coyness is widely prevalent at the present day it must have been in the past of use to women, else it would not have survived and increased. The question is: how far down in the scale of civilization do we find traces of it? The literature of the ancient Greeks indicates that, in a certain phase and among certain classes, it was known to them. True, the respectable women, being always locked up and having no choice in the selecting of their partners, had no occasion for the exercise of any sort of coyness. But the hetairai appear to have understood the advantages of assumed disdain or indifference in making a coveted man more eager in his wooing. In the fifteenth of Lucian's [Greek: Etairikoi dialogoi] we read about a wanton who locked her door to her lover because he had refused to pay her two talents for the privilege of exclusive possession. In other cases, the poets still feel called upon to teach these women how to make men submissive by withholding caresses from them. Thus in Lucian, Pythias exclaims:

"To tell the truth, dear Joessa, you yourself spoiled him with your excessive love, which you even allowed him to notice. You should not have made so much of him: men, when they discover that, easily become overweening. Do not weep, poor girl! Follow my advice and keep your door locked once or twice when he tries to see you again. You will find that that will make him flame up again and become frantic with love and jealousy."

In the third book of his treatise on the Art of Love, Ovid advises women (of the same class) how to win men. He says, in substance:

"Do not answer his letters too soon; all delay inflames the lover, provided it does not last too long.... What is too readily granted does not long retain love. Mix with the pleasure you give mortifying refusals, make him wait in your doorway; let him bewail the 'cruel door;' let him beg humbly, or else get angry and threaten. Sweet things cloy, tonics are bitter."

MODESTY AND COYNESS

Feigned unwillingness or indifference in obedience to such advice may perhaps be called coyness, but it is only a coarse primitive phase of that attitude, based on sordid, mercenary motives, whereas true modern coyness consists in an impulse, grounded in modesty, to conceal affection. The germs of Greek venal coyness for filthy lucre may be found as low down as among the Papuan women who, as Bastian notes (Ploss, I., 460) exact payment in shell-money for their caresses. Of the Tongans, highest of all Polynesians, Mariner says (Martin, II., 174):

Page 97

"It must not be supposed that these women are always easily won; the greatest attentions and fervent solicitations are sometimes requisite, even though there be no other lover in the way. This happens sometimes from a spirit of coquetry, at other times from a dislike to the party, *etc.*"

Now coquetry is a cousin of coyness, but in whatever way this Tongan coquetry may manifest itself (no details are given) it certainly lacks the regard for modesty and chastity which is essential to modern coyness; for, as the writer just referred to attests, Tongan girls are permitted to indulge in free intercourse before marriage, the only thing liable to censure being a too frequent change of lovers.

That the anxious regard for chastity, modesty, decorum, which cannot be present in the coquetry of these Tongan women, is one of the essential ingredients of modern coyness has long been felt by the poets. After Juliet has made her confession of love which Romeo overhears in the dark, she apologizes to him because she fears that he might attribute her easy yielding to light love. Lest he think her too quickly won she "would have frowned and been perverse, and said him nay." Then she begs him trust she'll "*prove more true* than those that have more cunning to be strange." Wither's "That coy one in the winning, *proves a true one* being won," expresses the same sentiment.

UTILITY OF COYNESS

Man's esteem for virtues which he does not always practise himself, is thus responsible, in part at least, for the existence of modern coyness. Other factors, however, aided its growth, among them man's fickleness. If a girl did not say nay (when she would rather say yes), and hold back, hesitate, and delay, the suitor would in many cases suck the honey from her lips and flit away to another flower. Cumulative experience of man's sensual selfishness has taught her to be slow in yielding to his advances. Experience has also taught women that men are apt to value favors in proportion to the difficulty of winning them, and the wisest of them have profited by the lesson. Callimachus wrote, two hundred and fifty years before Christ, that his love was "versed in pursuing what flies (from it), but flits past what lies in its mid path"—a conceit which the poets have since echoed a thousand times. Another very important thing that experience taught women was that by deferring or withholding their caresses and smiles they could make the tyrant man humble, generous, and gallant. Girls who do not throw themselves away on the first man who happens along, also have an advantage over others who are less fastidious and coy, and by transmitting their disposition to their daughters they give it greater vogue. Female coyness prevents too hasty marriages, and the girls who lack it often live to repent their shortcomings at leisure. Coyness prolongs the period of courtship and, by keeping the suitor in suspense and doubt, it develops the imaginative, sentimental side of love.

Page 98

HOW WOMEN PROPOSE

Sufficient reasons, these, why coyness should have gradually become a general attribute of femininity. Nevertheless, it is an artificial product of imperfect social conditions, and in an ideal world women would not be called upon to romance about their feelings. As a mark of modesty, coyness will always have a charm for men, and a woman devoid of it will never inspire genuine love. But what I have elsewhere called “spring-chicken coyness”—the disposition of European girls to hide shyly behind their mammas—as chickens do under a hen at the sight of a hawk—is losing its charm in face of the frank confidingness of American girls in the presence of gentlemen; and as for that phase of coyness which consists in concealing affection for a man, girls usually manage to circumvent it in a more or less refined manner. Some girls who are coarse, or have little control of their feelings, propose bluntly to the men they want. I myself have known several such cases, but the man always refused. Others have a thousand subtle ways of betraying themselves without actually “giving themselves away.” A very amusing story of how an ingenious maiden tries to bring a young man to bay has been told by Anthony Hope. Dowden calls attention to the fact that it is Juliet “who proposes and urges on the sudden marriage.” Romeo has only spoken of love; it is she who asks him, if his purpose be marriage, to send her word next day. In *Troilus and Cressida* (III., 2), the heroine exclaims:

But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wished myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first.

In his *Old Virginia* (II., 127) John Fiske tells a funny story of how Parson Camm was wooed. A young friend of his, who had been courting Miss Betsy Hansford of his parish, asked him to assist him with his eloquence. The parson did so by citing to the girl texts from the Bible enjoining matrimony as a duty. But she beat him at his own game, telling him to take his Bible when he got home and look at 2 Sam. xii. 7, which would explain her obduracy. He did so, and found this: “And Nathan said to David, *thou art the man*.” The parson took the hint—and the girl.

V. HOPE AND DESPAIR—MIXED MOODS

She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?

asks Viola in *As You Like It*. It was love indeed; but only two phases of it are indicated in the lines quoted—coyness ("She never told her love") and the mixture of emotions ("smiling at grief"), which is another characteristic of love. Romantic love is a pendulum swinging perpetually between hope and despair. A single unkind word or sign of indifference may make a lover feel the agony of death, while a smile may raise him from the abyss of despair to heavenly heights of bliss. As Goethe puts it:

Page 99

Himmelhoch jauchzend
Zum Tode betruet,
Gluecklich allein
Ist die Seele die liebt.

AMOROUS ANTITHESES

When a Marguerite plucks the petals of a marguerite, muttering “he loves me—he loves me not,” her heart flutters in momentary anguish with every “not,” till the next petal soothes it again.

I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe;
Under love’s heavy burden do I sink,

wails Romeo; and again:

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O anything, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

* * * * *

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers’ eyes;
Being vex’d, a sea nourish’d with lovers’ tears;
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.

In commenting on Romeo, who in his love for Rosaline indulges in emotion for emotion’s sake, and “stimulates his fancy with the sought-out phrases, the curious antitheses of the amorous dialect of the period,” Dowden writes:

“Mrs. Jameson has noticed that in *All’s Well that Ends Well* (l., 180-89), Helena mockingly reproduces this style of amorous antithesis. Helena, who lives so effectively in the world of fact, is contemptuous toward all unreality and affectation.”

Now, it is quite true that expressions like “cold fire” and “sick health” sound unreal and affected to sober minds, and it is also true that many poets have exercised their emulous ingenuity in inventing such antitheses just for the fun of the thing and because it has been the fashion to do so. Nevertheless, with all their artificiality, they were hinting at an emotional phenomenon which actually exists. Romantic love is in reality a state of mind in which cold and heat may and do alternate so rapidly that “cold fire”

seems the only proper expression to apply to such a mixed feeling. It is literally true that, as Bailey sang, "the sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love;" literally true that "the sweets of love are washed with tears," as Carew wrote, or, as H.K. White expressed it, "'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet to love." A man who has actually experienced the feeling of uncertain love sees nothing unreal or affected in Tennyson's

The cruel madness of love
The honey of poisoned flowers,

or in Drayton's

'Tis nothing to be plagued in hell
But thus in heaven tormented,

or in Dryden's

I feed a flame within, which so torments me
That it both pains my heart, and yet enchants me:
'Tis such a pleasing smart, and I so love it,
That I had rather die than once remove it,

Page 100

or in Juliet's

Good-night! good-night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.

This mysterious mixture of moods, constantly maintained through the alternations of hope and doubt, elation and despair,

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng

as Coleridge puts it; or

Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mixed with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear

as Swift rhymes it, is thus seen to be one of the essential and most characteristic ingredients of modern romantic love.

COURTSHIP AND IMAGINATION

Here, again, the question confronts us, How far down among the strata of human life can we find traces of this ingredient of love? Do we find it among the Eskimos, for instance? Nansen relates (II., 317), that

“In the old Greenland days marriage was a simple and speedy affair. If a man took a fancy to a girl, he merely went to her home or tent, caught her by the hair or anything else which offered a hold, and dragged her off to his dwelling without further ado.”

Nay, in some cases, even this unceremonious “courtship” was perpetrated by proxy! The details regarding the marriage customs of lower races already cited in this volume, with the hundreds more to be given in the following pages, cannot fail to convince the reader that primitive courtship—where there is any at all—is habitually a “simple and speedy affair”—not always as simple and speedy as with Nansen’s Greenlanders, but too much so to allow of the growth and play of those mixed emotions which agitate modern swains. Fancy the difference between the African of Yariba who, as Lander tells us (I., 161), “thinks as little of taking a wife as of cutting an ear of corn,” and the modern lover who suffers the tortures of the inferno because a certain girl frowns on him, while her smiles may make him so happy that he would not change places with a king, unless his beloved were to be queen. Savages cannot experience such extremes of anguish and rapture, because they have no imagination. It is only when the

imagination comes into play that we can look for the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, that help to make up the sum and substance of romantic love.

EFFECTS OF SENSUAL LOVE

At the same time it would be a great mistake to assume that the manifestation of mixed moods proves the presence of romantic love. After all, the alternation of hope and despair which produces those bitter-sweet paradoxes of the varying and mixed emotions, is one of the *selfish* aspects of passion: the lover fears or hopes for *himself*, not for the other. There is, therefore, no reason why we

Page 101

should not read of troubled or ecstatic lovers in the poems of the ancient writers, who, while knowing love only as selfish lust, nevertheless had sufficient imagination to suffer the agonies of thwarted purpose and the delights of realized hopes. As a boat-load of shipwrecked sailors, hungry and thirsty, may be switched from deadly despair to frantic joy by the approach of a rescuing vessel, so may a man change his moods who is swayed by what is, next to hunger and thirst, the most powerful and imperious of all appetites. We must not, therefore, make the reckless assumption that the Greek and Sanscrit writers must have known romantic love, because they describe men and women as being prostrated or elated by strong passion. When Euripides speaks of love as being both delectable and painful; when Sappho and Theocritus note the pallor, the loss of sleep, the fears and tears of lovers; when Achilles Tatius makes his lover exclaim, at sight of Leucippe: "I was overwhelmed by conflicting feelings: admiration, astonishment, agitation, shame, assurance;" when King Pururavas, in the Hindoo drama, *Urvashi* is tormented by doubts as to whether his love is reciprocated by the celestial Bayadere (apsara); when, in *Malati*, a love-glance is said to be "anointed with nectar and poison;" when the arrows of the Hindoo gods of love are called hard, though made of flowers; burning, though not in contact with the skin; voluptuous, though piercing—when we come across such symptoms and fancies we have no right as yet to infer the existence of romantic love; for all these things also characterize sensual passion, which is love only in the sense of *self-love*, whereas, romantic love is affection for *another*—a distinction which will be made more and more manifest as we proceed in our discussion of the ingredients of love, especially the last seven, which are altruistic. It is only when we find these altruistic ingredients associated with the hopes and fears and mixed moods that we can speak of romantic love. The symptoms referred to in this paragraph tell us about selfish longings, selfish pleasures and selfish pains, but nothing whatever about affection for the person who is so eagerly coveted.

VI. HYPERBOLE

As long as love was supposed to be an uncompounded emotion and no distinction was made between appetite and sentiment—that is between the selfish desire of eroticism and the self-sacrificing ardor of altruistic affection—it was natural enough that the opinion should have prevailed that love has been always and everywhere the same, inasmuch as several of the traits which characterize the modern passion—stubborn preference for an individual, a desire for exclusive possession, jealousy toward rivals, coy resistance and the resulting mixed moods of doubt and hope—were apparently in existence in earlier and lower stages of human development. We have now seen, however, that these indications

Page 102

are deceptive, for the reason that lust as well as love can be fastidious in choice, insistent on a monopoly, and jealous of rivals; that coyness may spring from purely mercenary motives, and that the mixed moods of hope and despair may disquiet or delight men and women who know love only as a carnal appetite. We now take up our sixth ingredient—Hyperbole—which has done more than any other to confuse the minds of scholars as regards the antiquity of romantic love, for the reason that it presents the passion of the ancients in its most poetic and romantic aspects.

GIRLS AND FLOWERS

Amorous hyperbole may be defined as obvious exaggeration in praising the charms of a beloved girl or youth; Shakspeare speaks of “exclamations hyperbolical ... praises sauced with lies.” Such “praises sauced with lies” abound in the verse and prose of Greek and Roman as well as Sanscrit and other Oriental writers, and they assume as diverse forms as in modern erotic literature. The commonest is that in which a girl's complexion is compared to lilies and roses. The Cyclops in Theocritus tells Galatea she is “whiter than milk ... brighter than a bunch of hard grapes.” The mistress of Propertius has a complexion white as lilies; her cheeks remind him of “rose leaves swimming on milk.”

Lilia non domina sunt magis alba mea;
Ut Moeotica nix minio si certet Eboro,
Utque rosae puro lacte natant folia.

(II., 2.)

Achilles Tatius wrote that the beauty of Leucippe's countenance

“might vie with the flowers of the meadow; the narcissus was resplendent in her general complexion, the rose blushed upon her cheek, the dark hue of the violet sparkled in her eyes, her ringlets curled more closely than do the clusters of the ivy—her face, therefore, was a reflex of the meadows.”

The Persian Hafiz declares that “the rose lost its color at sight of her cheeks and the jasmines silver bud turned pale.” A beauty in the *Arabian Nights*, however, turns the tables on the flowers. “Who dares to liken me to a rose?” she exclaims.

“Who is not ashamed to declare that my bosom is as lovely as the fruit of the pomegranate-tree? By my beauty and grace! by my eyes and black hair, I swear that any man who repeats such comparison shall be banished from my presence and killed

by the separation; for if he finds my figure in the ban-tree and my cheeks in the rose, what then does he seek in me?"

This girl spoke more profoundly than she knew. Flowers are beautiful things, but a spot red as a rose on a cheek would suggest the hectic flush of fever, and if a girl's complexion were as white as a lily she would be shunned as a leper. In hyperbole the step between the sublime and the ridiculous is often a very short one; yet the rose and lily simile is perpetrated by erotic poets to this day.

Page 103

EYES AND STARS

The eyes are subjected to similar treatment, as in Lodge's lines

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow
Resembling heaven by every wink.

Thomas Hood's Ruth had eyes whose "long lashes veiled a light that had else been all too bright." Heine saw in the blue eyes of his beloved the gates of heaven. Shakspeare and Fletcher have:

And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn!

When Romeo exclaims:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, Having some business, do entreat her eyes To twinkle in their spheres till they return. ... her eyes in heaven Would through the airy region stream so bright That birds would sing and think it were not night,

he excels, both in fancy and in exaggeration, all the ancient poets; but it was they who began the practice of likening eyes to bright lights. Ovid declares (*Met.*, I., 499) that Daphne's eyes shone with a fire like that of the stars, and this has been a favorite comparison at all times. Tibullus assures us (IV., 2) that "when Cupid wishes to inflame the gods, he lights his torches at Sulpicia's eyes." In the Hindoo drama *Malati and Madhava*, the writer commits the extravagance of making Madhava declare that the white of his mistresses eyes suffuses him as with a bath of milk!

Theocritus, Tibullus ("candor erat, qualem praefert Latonia Luna"), Hafiz, and other Greek, Roman, and Oriental poets are fond of comparing a girl's face or skin to the splendors of the moon, and even the sun is none too bright to suggest her complexion. In the *Arabian Nights* we read: "If I look upon the heaven methinks I see the sun fallen down to shine below, and thee whom I desire to shine in his place." A girl may, indeed, be superior to sun and moon, as we see in the same book: "The moon has only a few of her charms; the sun tried to vie with her but failed. Where has the sun hips like those of the queen of my heart?" An unanswerable argument, surely!

LOCKS AND FRAGRANCE

When William Allingham wrote: "Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine," he followed in the wake of a hundred poets, who had made a girl's tresses the object of amorous hyperbole. Dianeme's "rich hair which wantons with the love-sick air" is a pretty conceit. The fanciful notion that a beautiful woman imparts her sweetness to the

air, especially with the fragrance of her hair, occurs frequently in the poems of Hafiz and other Orientals. In one of these the poet chides the zephyr for having stolen its sweetness while playing with the beloved's loose tresses. In another, a youth declares that if he should die and the fragrance of his beloved's locks were wafted over his grave, it would bring him back to life. Ben Jonson's famous lines to Celia:

Page 104

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon did'st only breathe
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee!

are a free imitation of passages in the Love Letters (Nos. 30 and 31) of the Greek Philostratus: "Send me back some of the roses on which you slept. Their natural fragrance will have been increased by that which you imparted to them." This is a great improvement on the Persian poets who go into raptures over the fragrant locks of fair women, not for their inherent sweetness, however, but for the artificial perfumes used by them, including the disgusting musk! "Is a caravan laden with musk returning from Khoten?" sings one of these bards in describing the approach of his mistress.

POETIC DESIRE FOR CONTACT

Besides such direct comparisons of feminine charms to flowers, to sun and moon and other beautiful objects of nature, amorous hyperbole has several other ways of expressing itself. The lover longs to be some article of dress that he might touch the beloved, or a bird that he might fly to her, or he fancies that all nature is love-sick in sympathy with him. Romeo's

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

is varied in Heine's poem, where the lover wishes he were a stool for her feet to rest on, a cushion for her to stick pins in, or a curl-paper that he might whisper his secrets into her ears; and in Tennyson's dainty lines:

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear;
For hid in ringlets day and night
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me



In sorrow and in rest;
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would be so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasped at night.

Herein, too, our modern poets were anticipated by the ancients. Anacreon wishes he were a mirror that he might reflect the image of his beloved; or the gown she wears every day; or the water that laves her limbs; or the balm that anoints her body; or the pearl that adorns her neck; or the cloth that covers her breast; or the shoes that are trodden by her feet.

Page 105

The author of an anonymous poem in the Greek *Anthology* wishes he were a breath of air that he might be received in the bosom of his beloved; or a rose to be picked by her hand and fastened on her bosom. Others wish they were the water in the fountain from which a girl drinks, or a dolphin to carry her on its back, or the ring she wears. After the Hindoo Sakuntala has lost her ring in the river the poet expresses surprise that the ring should have been able to separate itself from that hand. The Cyclops of Theocritus wishes he had been born with the gills of a fish so that he might dive into the sea to visit the nymph Galatea and kiss her hands should her mouth be refused. One of the goatherds of the same bucolic poet wishes he were a bee that he might fly to the grotto of Amaryllis. From such fancies it is but a short step to the “were I a swallow, to her I would fly” of Heine and other modern poets.

NATURE’S SYMPATHY WITH LOVERS

In the ecstasy of his feeling Rosalind’s lover wants to have her name carved on every tree in the forest; but usually the lover assumes that all things in the forests, plants or animals, sympathize with him even without having his beloved’s name thrust upon them.

For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or if they sing, ’t is with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter’s near.

“Why are the roses so pale?” asks Heine.

“Why are the violets so dumb in the green grass? Why does the lark’s song seem so sad, and why have the flowers lost their fragrance? Why does the sun look down upon the meadows so cold and morose, and why is the earth so gray and desolate? Why am I ill and melancholy, and why, my love, did you leave me?”

In another poem Heine declares:

“If the flowers knew how deeply my heart is wounded, they would weep with me. If the nightingales knew how sad I am, they would cheer me with their refreshing song. If the golden stars knew my grief, they would come down from their heights to whisper consolation to me.”

This phase of amorous hyperbole also was known to the ancient poets. Theocritus (VII., 74) relates that Daphnis was bewailed by the oaks that stood on the banks of the river, and Ovid (151) tells us, in Sappho’s epistle to Phaon, that the leafless branches sighed over her hopeless love and the birds stopped their sweet song. Musaeus felt



that the waters of the Hellespont were still lamenting the fate which overtook Leander as he swam toward the tower of Hero.

ROMANTIC BUT NOT LOVING

Page 106

If a romantic love-poem were necessarily a poem of romantic love, the specimens of amorous hyperbole cited in the preceding pages would indicate that the ancients knew love as we know it. In reality, however, there is not, in all the examples cited, the slightest evidence of genuine love. A passion which is merely sensual may inspire a gifted poet to the most extravagantly fanciful expressions of covetous admiration, and in all the cases cited there is nothing beyond such sensual admiration. An African Harari compares the girl he likes to “sweet milk fresh from the cow,” and considers that coarse remark a compliment because he knows love only as an appetite. A gypsy poet compares the shoulders of his beloved to “wheat bread,” and a Turkish poem eulogizes a girl for being like “bread fried in butter.” (Ploss, L, 85, 89.)

The ancient poets had too much taste to reveal their amorous desires quite so bluntly as an appetite, yet they, too, never went beyond the confines of self-indulgence. When Propertius says a girl’s cheeks are like roses floating on milk; when Tibullus declares another girl’s eyes are bright enough to light a torch by; when Achilles Tatius makes his lover exclaim: “Surely you must carry about a bee on your lips, they are full of honey, your kisses wound”—what is all this except a revelation that the poet thinks the girl pretty, that her beauty *gives him pleasure*, and that he tries to express that pleasure by comparing her to some other object—sun, moon, honey, flowers—that pleases his senses? Nowhere is there the slightest indication that he is eager to *give her pleasure*, much less that he would be willing to sacrifice his own pleasures for her, as a mother, for instance, would for a child. His hyperboles, in a word, tell us not of love for another but of a self-love in which the other figures only as a means to an end, that end being his own gratification.

When Anacreon wishes he were the gown worn by a girl, or the water that laves her limbs, or the string of pearls around her neck, he does not indicate the least desire to make *her* happy, but an eagerness to please *himself* by coming in contact with her. The daintiest poetic conceit cannot conceal this blunt fact. Even the most fanciful of all forms of amorous hyperbole—that in which the lover imagines that all nature smiles or weeps with him—what is it but the most colossal egotism conceivable?

The amorous hyperbole of the ancients is romantic in the sense of fanciful, fictitious, extravagant, but not in the sense in which I oppose romantic love to selfish sensual infatuation. There is no intimation in it of those things that differentiate love from lust—the mental and moral charms of the women, or the adoration, sympathy, and affection, of the men. When one of Goethe’s characters says: “My life began at the moment I fell in love with you;” or when one of Lessing’s characters exclaims: “To live apart from

Page 107

her is inconceivable to me, would be my death”—we still hear the note of selfishness, but with harmonic overtones that change its quality, the result of a change in the way of regarding women. Where women are looked down on as inferiors, as among the ancients, amorous hyperbole cannot be sincere; it is either nothing but “spruce affectation” or else an illustration of the power of sensual love. No ancient author could have written what Emerson wrote in his essay on Love, of the visitations of a power which

“made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart bound, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form is put in the amber of memory; when he became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone; when the youth becomes a watcher of windows and studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage.... When the head boiled all night on the pillow with the generous deed it resolved on.... When all business seemed an impertinence, and all men and women running to and fro in the streets, mere pictures.”

THE POWER OF LOVE

In the essay “On the Power of Love,” to which I have referred in another place, Lichtenberg bluntly declared he did not believe that sentimental love could make a sensible adult person so extravagantly happy or unhappy as the poets would have us think, whereas he was ready to concede that the sexual appetite may become irresistible. Schopenhauer, on the contrary, held that sentimental love is the more powerful of the two passions. However this may be, either is strong enough to account for the prevalence of amorous hyperbole in literature to such an extent that, as Bacon remarked, “speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but in love.” “The major part of lovers,” writes Robert Burton,

“are carried headlong like so many brute beasts, reason counsels one way, thy friends, fortunes, shame, disgrace, danger, and an ocean of cares that will certainly follow; yet this furious lust precipitates, counterpoiseth, weighs down on the other.”

Professor Bain, discussing all the human emotions in a volume of 600 pages, declares, regarding love (138), that

“the excitement at its highest pitch, in the torrent of youthful sensations and ungratified desires is probably the most furious and elated experience of human nature.”

In whatever sense we take this, as referring to sensual or sentimental love, or a combination of the two, it explains why erotic writers of all times make such lavish use of superlatives and exaggerations. Their strong feelings can only be expressed in strong language. “Beauty inflicts a wound sharper than any arrow,” quoth Achilles

Tatius. Meleager declares: “Even the winged Eros in the air became your prisoner, sweet Timarion, because

Page 108

your eye drew him down;" and in another place: "the cup is filled with joy because it is allowed to touch the beautiful lips of Zenophila. Would that she drank my soul in one draught, pressing firmly her lips on mine" (a passage which Tennyson imitated in "he once drew with one long kiss my whole soul through my lips"). "Not stone only, but steel would be melted by Eros," cried Antipater of Sidon. Burton tells of a cold bath that suddenly smoked and was very hot when Coelia came into it; and an anonymous modern poet cries:

Look yonder, where
She washes in the lake!
See while she swims,
The water from her purer limbs
New clearness take!

The Persian poet, Saadi, tells the story of a young enamoured Dervish who knew the whole Koran by heart, but forgot his very alphabet in presence of the princess. She tried to encourage him, but he only found tongue to say, "It is strange that with thee present I should have speech left me;" and having said that he uttered a loud groan and surrendered his soul up to God.

To lovers nothing seems impossible. They "vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers," as Troilus knew. Mephistopheles exclaims:

So ein verliebter Thor verpufft
Euch Sonne, Mond und alle Sterne
Zum Zeitvertreib dem Liebchen in die Luft.

(Your foolish lover squanders sun and moon and all the stars to entertain his darling for an hour.) Romantic hyperbole is the realism of love. The lover is blind as to the beloved's faults, and color-blind as to her merits, seeing them differently from normal persons and all in a rosy hue. She really seems to him superior to every one in the world, and he would be ready any moment to join the ranks of the mediaeval knights who translated amorous hyperbole into action, challenging every knight to battle unless he acknowledged the superior beauty of his lady. A great romancer is the lover; he retouches the negative of his beloved, in his imagination, removes freckles, moulds the nose, rounds the cheeks, refines the lips, and adds lustre to the eyes until his ideal is realized and he sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.

... For to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.



VII. PRIDE

I dare not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile,
Lest having that or this
I might grow proud the while.
—*Herrick*.

Let fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
Loving their own wild freedom better,
Whilst proud of my triumphant chain
I sit, and court my beauteous fetter.
—*Beaumont*.

COMIC SIDE OF LOVE

"There was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person beloved," said Bacon; "and therefore it is well said that it is impossible to love and be wise."

Page 109

Like everything else in this world, love has its comic side. Nothing could be more amusing, surely, than the pride some men and women exhibit at having secured for life a mate whom most persons would not care to own a day. The idealizing process just described is responsible for this comedy; and a very useful thing it is, too; for did not the lover's fancy magnify the merits and minify the faults of the beloved, the number of marriages would not be so large as it is. Pride is a great match-maker. "It was a proud night with me," wrote Walter Scott,

"when I first found that a pretty young woman could think it worth her while to sit and talk with me hour after hour in a corner of the ball-room, while all the world were capering in our view."

Such an experience was enough to attune the heart-strings to love. The youth felt flattered, and flattery is the food of love.

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED

Pride explains some of the greatest mysteries of love. "How *could* that woman have married such a manikin?" is a question one often hears. Money, rank, opportunity, lack of taste, account for much, but in many instances it was pride that first opened the heart to love; that is, pride was the first of the ingredients of love to capitulate, and the others followed suit. Probably that manikin was the first masculine being who ever showed her any attentions. "He appreciates me!" she mused. "I admire his taste—he is not like other men—I like him—I love him."

The compliment of a proposal touches a girl's pride and may prove the entering-wedge of love; hence the proverbial folly of accepting a girl's first refusal as final. And if she accepts, the thought that she, the most perfect being in the world, prefers him above all men, inflates his pride to the point of exultation; thenceforth he can talk and think only in "three pil'd hyperboles." He wants all the world to know how he has been distinguished. In a Japanese poem translated by Lafcadio Hearn (*G.B.F.*, 38) a lover exclaims:

I cannot hide in my heart the happy knowledge that fills it;
Asking each not to tell, I spread the news all round.

IMPORTANCE OF PRIDE

To realize fully how important an ingredient in love pride is, we need only consider the effect of a refusal. Of all the pangs that make up its agony none is keener than that of wounded pride or vanity. Hence the same lover who, if successful, wants all the world to know how he has been distinguished, is equally anxious, in case of a refusal, to keep

it a secret. Schopenhauer went so far as to assert that both in the pain of unrequited love and the joy of success, vanity is a more important factor than the thwarting of sensual desires, because only a psychic disturbance can stir us so deeply.

Shakspeare knew that while there are many kinds of pride, the best and deepest is that which a man feels in his love. Some, he says, glory in their birth, some in their skill, some in their wealth, some in their body's force, or their garments, or horses; but

Page 110

All these I better in one general best,
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks and horses be
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
—*Sonnet XCI.*

VARIETIES AND GERMS

While amorous pride has also an altruistic aspect in so far as the lover is proud not only of being chosen but also of another's perfections, it nevertheless belongs, in the main, in the egoistic group, and there is therefore no reason why we should not look for it in the lower stages of erotic evolution. Pride and vanity are feelings which characterize all grades of human beings from the highest to the lowest. As regards amorous pride, however, it is obvious that the conditions for its existence are not favorable among such aboriginals, e.g., as the Australians. What occasion is there for pride on the part of a man who exchanges his sister or daughter for another man's sister or daughter, or on the part of the female who is thus exchanged? An American Indian's pride consists not in having won the favor of one particular girl, but in having been able to buy or steal as many women as possible, married or unmarried; and the bride's pride is proportionate to her lover's prowess in this direction. I need not add that the pride at being a successful squaw-stealer differs not only in degree but in kind from the exultation of a white American lover at the thought that the most beautiful and perfect girl in the world has chosen him above all men as her sole and exclusive sweetheart.

Gibbs says (l., 197-200) of the Indians of Western Washington and Northwestern Oregon that they usually seek their wives among other tribes than their own.

"It seems to be a matter of pride, in fact, to unite the blood of several different ones in their own persons. The expression, I am half Snokwalmu, half Klikatat, or some similar one, is of every-day occurrence. With the chiefs, this is almost always the case."

This feeling, however, is of a tribal kind, lacking the individuality of amorous pride. It would approach the latter if a chief won another chiefs daughter in the face of rivalry and felt elated at this feat. Such cases doubtless occur among the Indians.

Shooter gives an amusing account of how the African Kaffirs, when a girl is averse to a marriage, attempt to influence her feelings before resorting to compulsion.

"The first step is to speak well of the man in her presence; the Kraal conspire to praise him—her mother praises him—all the admirers of his cattle praise him—he was never so praised before."

If these praises make her feel proud at the thought of marrying such a man, all is well; if not, she has to suffer the consequences. It is not likely that this praising practice would prevail were it not sometimes successful.

Page 111

If it ever is, we would have here a germ of amorous pride. Others may be found in Hindoo literature, as in *Malati and Madhava*, where the intermediary speaks of having dwelt on the lover's merits and rank in the presence of the heroine, in the hope of influencing her. "Extolling the lover's merits" is mentioned as one of the ten stages of love in the Hindoo *ars amandi*.

In Oriental countries in general, where it is difficult or impossible for young men and women to see one another before the wedding-day, the praising of candidates by and to intermediaries has been a general custom. Dr. T. Loebel (9-14) relates that before a Turk reaches the age of twenty-two his parents look about for a bride for him. They send out female friends and intermediaries who "praise and exaggerate the accomplishments of the young man" in houses where they suspect the presence of eligible girls. These female intermediaries are called *kysz-goeruedschue* or "girl-seers." Having found a maiden that appears suitable, they exclaim, "What a lovely girl! She resembles an angel! What beautiful eyes! True gazelle-eyes! And her hair! Her teeth are like pearls." When the young man hears the reports of this beauty, he forthwith falls in love with her, and, although he has never seen her, declares he "will marry her and no other." A sense of humor is not given to every man: Dr. Loebel remarks seriously that this disproves the slanderous assertion so often made that the Turks are incapable of true love!

In their treatment and estimate of women the ancient Greeks resembled the modern Turks. The poets joined the philosophers in declaring that "nature herself," as Becker sums them up (III., 315), "assigned to woman a position far beneath man." As there is little occasion for pride in having won the favor of so inferior a being, the erotic literature of the Greeks is naturally not eloquent on this subject. Such evidence of amorous pride as we find in it, and in Roman poetry, is usually in connection with mercenary women. The poets, being poor, had only one way of winning the favor of these wantons: they could celebrate their charms in verse. This aroused the pride of the *hetairai*, and their grateful caresses made the poets proud at having a means of winning favor more powerful even than money. But with genuine love these feelings have nothing to do.

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL SYMPTOMS OF LOVE

In common with ambition and other strong passions, love has the power of changing a man's character for the time being. One of the speakers in Plutarch's dialogue on love ([Greek: Erotikos], 17) declares that every lover becomes generous and magnanimous, though he may have been niggardly before; but, characteristically enough, it is the love for boys, not for women, that is referred to. A modern lover is affected that way by love for women. He feels proud of being distinguished by the preference of such a girl, and

Page 112

on the principle of *noblesse oblige*, he tries to become worthy of her. This love makes the cowardly brave, the weak strong, the dull witty, the prosy poetic, the slouches tidy. Burton glows eloquent on this subject (Ill., 2), confounding, as usual, love with lust. Ovid notes that when Polyphemus courted Galatea the desire to please made him arrange his hair and beard, using the water as a mirror; wherein the Roman poet shows a keener sense of the effect of infatuation than his Greek predecessor, Theocritus, who (Id., XIV.) describes the enamoured Aischines as going about with beard neglected and hair dishevelled; or than Callimachus, concerning whose love-story of Acontius and Cydippe Mahaffy says (*G. L. and T.*, 239):

“The pangs of the lover are described just as they are described in the case of his [Shakspeare’s] Orlando—dishevelled hair, blackness under the eyes, disordered dress, a desire for solitude, and the habit of writing the girl’s name on every tree—symptoms which are perhaps now regarded as natural, and which many romantic personages have no doubt imitated because they found them in literature, and thought them the spontaneous expression of the grief of love, while they were really the artificial invention of Callimachus and his school, who thus fathered them upon human nature.”

Professor Mahaffy overlooks, however, an important distinction which Shakspeare makes. The witty Rosalind declares to Orlando, in her bantering way, that

“there is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving ‘Rosalind’ on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind ... *he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.*”

And when Orlando claims that he is that man, she replies, “There is none of my uncle’s marks upon you; he taught me to know a man in love.”

Orlando: “What were his marks?”

Rosalind:

“A lean cheek, *which you have not*, a blue eye and sunken, *which you have not* ... a beard neglected, *which you have not* ... Then your hose *should be* ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation.”

Shakspeare knew that love makes a man tidy, not untidy, hence Rosalind fails to find the artificial Greek symptoms of love in Orlando, while she admits that he carves her name on trees and hangs poems on them; acts of which lovers are quite capable. In Japan it is a national custom to hang love-poems on trees.

VIII. SYMPATHY

“Egotism,” wrote Schopenhauer

Page 113

“is a colossal thing; it overtops the world. For, if every individual had the choice between his own destruction and that of every other person in the world, I need not say what the decision would be in the vast majority of cases.”

“Many a man,” he declares on another page,[22] “would be capable of killing another merely to get some fat to smear on his boots.” The grim old pessimist confesses that at first he advanced this opinion as a hyperbole; but on second thought he doubts if it is an exaggeration after all. Had he been more familiar with the habits of savages, he would have been fully justified in this doubt. An Australian has been known to bait his fish-hook with his own child when no other meat was at hand; and murders committed for equally trivial and selfish reasons are every-day affairs among wild tribes.

EGOTISM, NAKED OR MASKED

Egoism manifests itself in a thousand different ways, often in subtle disguise. Its greatest triumph lies in its having succeeded up to the present day in masquerading as love. Not only many modern egotists, but ancient Egyptians, Persians, and Hindoos, Greeks, and Romans, barbarians and savages, have been credited with love when in reality they manifested nothing but sexual self-love, the woman in the case being valued only as an object without which the beloved Ego could not have its selfish indulgence. By way of example let us take what Pallas says in his work on Russia (III., 70) of the Samoyedes:

“The wretched women of this nomadic people are obliged not only to do all the house-work, but to take down and erect the huts, pack and unpack the sleigh, and at the same time perform slavish duties for their husbands, who, except on a few amorous evenings, hardly bestow on them a look or a pleasant word, while expecting them to anticipate all their desires.”

The typical shallow observer, whose testimony has done so much to prevent anthropology from being a science, would conclude, if he happened to see a Samoyede on one of these “amorous evenings,” that he “loved” his wife, whereas it ought to be clear to the most obtuse that he loves only himself, caring for his wife merely as a means of gratifying his selfish appetites. In the preceding pages I endeavored to show that such a man may exhibit, in his relations to a woman, individual preference, monopolism, jealousy, hope and despair and hyperbolic expression of feeling, yet without giving the slightest indication of love—that is, of affection—for her. It is all egoism, and egoism is the antipode of love, which is a phase of altruism. Not that these selfish ingredients are absent in genuine love. Romantic love embraces both selfish and altruistic elements, but the former are subdued and overpowered by the latter, and sexual passion is not love unless the altruistic ingredients are present. It is these altruistic ingredients that we must now consider, beginning with sympathy, which is the entering wedge of altruism.

Page 114

DELIGHT IN THE TORTURE OF OTHERS

Sympathy means sharing the pains and pleasures of another—feeling the other's joys and sorrows as if they were our own, and therefore an eagerness to diminish the other's pains and increase the pleasures. Does uncivilized man exhibit this feeling? On the contrary, he gloats over another's anguish, while the other's joys arouse his envy. Pity for suffering men and animals does not exist in the lower strata of humanity. Monteiro says (*A. and C.*, 134) that the negro

"has not the slightest idea of mercy, pity, or compassion for suffering. A fellow-creature, or animal, writhing in pain or torture, is to him a sight highly provocative of merriment and enjoyment. I have seen a number of blacks at Loanda, men, women, and children, stand round, roaring with laughter, at seeing a poor mongrel dog that had been run over by a cart, twist and roll about in agony on the ground till a white man put it out of its misery."

Cozzens relates (129-30) an instance of Indian cruelty which he witnessed among the Apaches. A mule, with his feet tied, was thrown on the ground. Thereupon two of these savages advanced and commenced with knives to cut the meat from the thighs and fleshy parts of the animal in large chunks, while the poor creature uttered the most terrible cries. Not till the meat had been cut clean to the bone did they kill the beast. And this hideous cruelty was inflicted for no other reason than because meat cut from a live animal "was considered more tender," Custer, who knew the Indian well, describes him as "a savage in every sense of the word; one whose cruel and ferocious nature far exceeds that of any wild beast of the desert." In the *Jesuit Relations* (Vol. XIII., 61) it takes *ten* pages to describe the tortures inflicted by the Hurons on a captive. Theodore Roosevelt writes in his *Winning of the West* (I., 95):

"The nature of the wild Indians has not changed. Not one man in a hundred, and not a single woman, escapes torments which a civilized man cannot so much as look another in the face and speak of. Impalement on charred stakes, finger-nails split off backwards, finger-joints chewed off, eyes burned out—these tortures can be mentioned, but there are others, equally normal and customary, which cannot even be hinted at, especially when women are the victims."

In his famous book, *The Jesuits in North America*, the historian Parkman gives many harrowing details of Indian cruelty toward prisoners; harmless women and children being subjected to the same fiendish tortures as the men. On one occasion he relates of the Iroquois (285) that

"they planted stakes in the bark houses of St. Ignace, and bound to them those of their prisoners whom they meant to sacrifice, male and female, from old age to infancy, husbands, mothers, and children, side by side. Then, as they retreated, they set the



town on fire, and laughed with savage glee at the shrieks of anguish that rose from the blazing dwellings.”

On page 248 he relates another typical instance of Iroquois cruelty. Among their prisoners

Page 115

“were three women, of whom the narrator was one, who had each a child of a few weeks or months old. At the first halt, their captors took the infants from them, tied them to wooden spits, placed them to die slowly before a fire, and feasted on them before the eyes of the agonized mothers, whose shrieks, supplications, and frantic efforts to break the cords that bound them were met with mockery and laughter.”

Later on all the prisoners were subjected to further tortures

“designed to cause all possible suffering without touching life. It consisted in blows with sticks and cudgels, gashing their limbs with knives, cutting off their fingers with clamshells, scorching them with firebrands, and other indescribable tortures.”

They cut off the breasts of one of the women and compelled her to eat them. Then all the women were stripped naked, and forced to dance to the singing of the male prisoners, amid the applause and laughter of the crowd.

If anyone in this hostile crowd had shown the slightest sympathy with the victims of this satanic cruelty, he would have been laughed at and insulted; for to the American Indians ferocity was a virtue, while “pity was a cowardly weakness at which their pride revolted.” They were deliberately trained to cruelty from infancy, children being taught to break the legs of animals and otherwise to torture them. Nor were the women less ferocious than the men; indeed, when it came to torturing prisoners, the squaws often led the men. In the face of such facts, it seems almost like mockery to ask if these Indians were capable of falling in love. Could a Huron to whom cruelty was a virtue, a duty, and whose chief delight was the torture of men and women or animals, have harbored in his mind such a delicate, altruistic sentiment as romantic love, based on sympathy with another’s joys and sorrows? You might as well expect a tiger to make romantic love to the Bengal maiden he has carried into the jungle for his supper. Cruelty is not incompatible with appetite, but it is a fatal obstacle to love based on affection. Facts prove this natural inference. The Iroquois girls were coarse wantons who indulged in free lust before marriage, and for whom the men felt such passion as is possible under the circumstances.

The absurdity of the claim that these cruel Indians felt love is made more glaringly obvious if we take a case nearer home; imagining a neighbor guilty of torturing harmless captive women with the obscene cruelty of the Indians, and yet attributing to him a capacity for refined love! The Indians would honor such a man as a colleague and hero; we should send him to the penitentiary, the gallows, or the madhouse.

INDIFFERENCE TO SUFFERING

Page 116

It would be foolish to retort that the savage's delight in the torture of others is manifested only in the case of his enemies, for that is not true; and where he does not directly exult over the sufferings of others, he still shows his lack of sympathy by his indifference to those sufferings, often even in the case of his nearest relatives. The African explorer Andersson (*O.R.*, 156) describes the "heart-rendering sorrow—at least outwardly," of a Damara woman whose husband had been killed by a rhinoceros, and who wailed in a most melancholy way:

"I heartily sympathized with her, and I am sure I was the only person present of all the members assembled ... who at all felt for her lonely condition. Many a laugh was heard, but no one looked sad. No one asked or cared about the man, but each and all made anxious inquiries after the rhinoceros—such is the life of barbarians. Oh, ye sentimentalists of the Rousseau school—for some such still remain—witness what I have witnessed, and do witness daily, and you will soon cease to envy and praise the life of the savages." "A sick person," writes Galton (190), "meets with no compassion; he is pushed out of his hut by his relations away from the fire into the cold; they do all they can to expedite his death, and when he appears to be dying, they heap oxhides over him till he is suffocated. Very few Damaras die a natural death."

In his book on the Indian Tribes of Guiana (151, 225) the Rev. W.H. Brett gives two typical instances of the lack of sympathy in the New World. The first is that of a poor young girl who was dreadfully burnt by lying in a hammock when it caught fire:

"She seemed a very meek and patient child, and her look of gratitude for our sympathy was most affecting. Her friends, however, took no trouble about her, and she probably died soon after."

The second case is that of an Arawak boy who, during a canoe voyage, was seized with cholera. The Indians simply cast him on the edge of the shore, to be drowned by the rising tide.

Going to the other end of the continent we find Le Jeune writing of the Canadian Indians (in the *Jesuit Relations*, VI., 245): "These people are very little moved by compassion. They give the sick food and drink, but otherwise show no regard for them." In the second volume of the *Relations* (15) the missionary writer tells of a sick girl of nine, reduced to skin and bone. He asked the permission of the parents to baptize her, and they answered that he might take her and keep her, "for to them she was no better than a dead dog." And again (93) we read that in case of illness "they soon abandon those whose recovery is deemed hopeless."

Crossing the Continent to California we find in Powers (118) a pathetic account of the lack of filial piety, or sympathy with old age, which, he says, is peculiar to Indians in general. After a man has ceased to be useful as a warrior, though he may have been a hero of a hundred battles, he is compelled to go with his sons into the forest and bear

home on his poor old shoulders the game they have killed. He totters along behind them “almost crushed to earth beneath a burden which their unencumbered strength is greatly more able to support, but they touch it not with so much as one of their fingers.”

Page 117

EXPOSING THE SICK AND AGED

"The Gallinmeros kill their aged parents in a most coldblooded manner," says Bancroft (I., 390), and this custom, too, prevails on both sides of the Continent. The Canadians, according to Lalemant (*Jesuit Relations*, IV., 199),

"kill their fathers and mothers when they are so old that they can walk no longer, thinking that they are thus doing them a good service; for otherwise they would be compelled to die of hunger, as they have become unable to follow others when they change their location."

Henry Norman, in his book on the Far East, explains (553) why so few deaf, blind, and idiots are found among savages: they are destroyed or left to perish. Sutherland, in studying the custom of killing the aged and diseased, or leaving them to die of exposure, found express testimony to the prevalence of this loveless habit in twenty-eight different races of savages, and found it denied of only one. Lewis and Clarke give a list of Indian tribes by whom the aged were abandoned to starvation (II., Chap. 7), adding:

"Yet in their villages we saw no want of kindness to the aged: on the contrary, probably because in villages the means of more abundant subsistence renders such cruelty unnecessary, old people appeared to be treated with attention."

But it is obvious that kindness which does not go beyond the point where it interferes with our own comfort, is not true altruism. If one of two men who are perishing of thirst in the desert finds a cupful of water and shares it with the other, he shows sympathy; but if he finds a whole spring and shares it with the companion, his action does not deserve that name. It would be superfluous to make this remark were it not that the sentimentalists are constantly pointing to such sharing of abundance as evidence of sympathetic kindness. There is a whole volume of philosophy in Bates's remark (293) concerning Brazilian Indians: "The good-fellowship of our Cucamas seemed to arise, not from warm sympathy, but simply from the absence of eager selfishness in small matters." The Jesuit missionary Le Jeune devotes a whole chapter (V., 229-31) to such good qualities as he could find among the Canadian Indians. He is just to the point of generosity, but he is compelled to end with these words: "And yet I would not dare to assert that I have seen one act of real moral virtue in a savage. They have nothing but their own pleasure and satisfaction in view."

BIRTH OF SYMPATHY

Page 118

Schoolcraft relates a story of an Indian girl who saved her aged father's life by carrying him on her back to the new camping-place (*Oneota*, 88). Now Schoolcraft is not a witness on whom one can rely safely, and his case could be accepted as an illustration of an aboriginal trait only if it had been shown that the girl in question had never been subject to missionary influences. Nevertheless, such an act of filial devotion may well have occurred on the part of a woman. It was in a woman's heart that human sympathy was first born—together with her child. The helpless infant could not have survived without her sympathetic care, hence there was an important use for womanly sympathy which caused it to survive and grow, while man, immersed in wars and selfish struggles, remained hard of heart and knew not tenderness.

Yet in woman, too, the growth of sympathy was painfully slow. The practice of infanticide, for selfish reasons, was, as we shall see in later chapters, horribly prevalent among many of the lower races, and even where the young were tenderly reared, the feeling toward them was hardly what we call affection—a conscious, enduring devotion—but a sort of animal instinct which is shared by tigers and other fierce and cruel animals, and which endures but a short time. In Agassiz's book on Brazil we read (373), that the Indians "are cold in their family affections; and though the mothers are very fond of their babies, they seem comparatively indifferent to them as they grow up." As an illustration of this trait Agassiz mentions a sight he witnessed one day. A child who was to be taken far away to Rio stood on the deck crying, "while the whole family put off in a canoe, talking and laughing gaily, without showing him the least sympathy."

WOMEN CRUELER THAN MEN

Apart from instinctive maternal love, sympathy appears to be as far to seek in the savage women as in the men. Authorities agree that in respect of cruelty the squaws even surpass the warriors. Thus Le Jeune attests (*Jes. Rel.*, VI., 245), that among the Canadians the women were crueller toward captives than the men. In another place (V., 29), he writes that when prisoners were tortured the women and girls "blew and drove the flames over in their direction to burn them." In every Huron town, says Parkman (*Jes. in N.A.*, XXXIV.), there were old squaws who "in vindictiveness, ferocity, and cruelty, far exceeded the men." The same is asserted of the Comanche women, who "delight in torturing the male prisoners." Concerning Chippewa war captives, Keating says (I., 173): "The marriageable women are reduced to servitude and are treated with great cruelty by the squaws." Among the Creeks the women even used to pay a premium of tobacco for the privilege of whipping prisoners of war (Schoolcraft, V., 280). These are typical instances. In Patagonia, writes Falkner (97), the Indian women follow their husbands, armed with

Page 119

clubs, sometimes and swords, and ravage and plunder the houses of everything they can find. Powers relates that when California Indians get too old to fight they have to assist the women in their drudgery. Thereupon the women, instead of setting them a good example by showing sympathy for their weakness, take their revenge and make them feel their humiliation keenly. Obviously among these savages, cruelty and ferocity have no sex, wherefore it would be as useless in one sex as in the other to seek for that sympathy which is an ingredient and a condition of romantic love.

PLATO DENOUNCES SYMPATHY

From a Canadian Indian to a Greek philosopher it seems a far cry; yet the transition is easy and natural. To the Indian, as Parkman points out, "pity was a cowardly weakness," to be sternly repressed as unworthy of a man. Plato, for his part, wanted to banish poetry from his ideal republic because it overwhelms our feelings and makes us give way to sympathies which in real life our pride causes us to repress and which are "deemed the part of a woman" (*Repub.*, X., 665). As for the special form of sympathy which enters into the nobler phases of the love between men and women—fusing their hearts and blending their souls—Plato's inability to appreciate such a thing may be inferred from the fact that in this same ideal republic he wanted to abolish the marriage even of individual bodies. Of the marriage of souls he, like the other Greeks, knew nothing. To him, as to his countrymen in general, love between man and woman was mere animal passion, far inferior in nobility and importance to love for boys, or friendship, or to filial, parental, or brotherly love.

From the point of view of sympathy, the difference between ancient passion and modern love is admirably revealed in Wagner's *Tannhaeuser*. As I have summed it up elsewhere[23]:

"Venus shares only the joys of Tannhaeuser, while Elizabeth is ready to suffer with him. Venus is carnal and selfish, Elizabeth affectionate and self-sacrificing. Venus degrades, Elizabeth ennobles; the depth of her love atones for the shallow, sinful infatuation of Tannhaeuser. The abandoned Venus threatens revenge, the forsaken Elizabeth dies of grief."

There are stories of wifely devotion in Greek literature, but, like Oriental stories of the same kind (especially in India) they have a suspicious appearance of having been invented as object-lessons for wives, to render them more subservient to the selfish wishes of the husbands. Plutarch counsels a wife to share her husband's joys and sorrows, laugh when he laughs, weep when he weeps; but he fails to suggest the virtue of reciprocal sympathy on the husband's part; yet Plutarch had much higher notions regarding conjugal life than most of the Greeks. An approximation to the modern ideal

is found only when we consider the curious Greek adoration of boys. Callicratides, in Lucian's [Greek: Eroides], after expressing his contempt for women and their ways, contrasts with them the manners of a well-bred youth who spends his time associating with poets and philosophers, or taking gymnastic and military exercises. "Who would not like," he continues,

Page 120

“to sit opposite such a boy, hear him talk, share his labors, walk with him, nurse him in illness, go to sea with him, share darkness and chains with him if necessary? Those who hated him should be my enemies, those who loved him my friends. When he dies, I too should wish to die, and one grave should cover us.”

Yet even here there is no real sympathy, because there is no altruism. Callicratides does not say he will die *for* the other, or that the other’s pleasures are to him more important than his own.[24]

SHAM ALTRUISM IN INDIA

India is generally credited with having known and practised altruism long before Christ came to preach it. Kalidasa anticipates a modern idea when he remarks, in *Sakuntala*, that “Among persons who are very fond of each other, grief shared is grief halved.” India, too, is famed for its monks or penitents, who were bidden to be compassionate to all living things, to treat strangers hospitably, to bless those that cursed them (Mann, VI., 48). But in reality the penitents were actuated by the most selfish of motives; they believed that by obeying those precepts and undergoing various ascetic practices, they would get such power that even the gods would dread them; and the Sanscrit dramas are full of illustrations of the detestably selfish use they made of the power thus acquired. In *Sakuntala* we read how a poor girl’s whole life was ruined by the curse hurled at her by one of these “saints,” for the trivial reason that, being absorbed in thoughts of love, she did not hear his voice and attend to his personal comforts at once; while *Kausika’s Rage* illustrates the diabolical cruelty with which another of these saints persecutes a king and queen because he had been disturbed in his incantations. It is possible that some of these penitents, living in the forest and having no other companions, learned to love the animals that came to see them; but the much-vaunted kindness to animals of the Hindoos in general is merely a matter of superstition and not an outcome of sympathy. He has not even a fellow-feeling for suffering human beings. How far he was from realizing Christ’s “blessed are the merciful,” may be inferred from what the Abbe Dubois says:

“The feelings of commiseration and pity, as far as respects the sufferings of others, never enter into his heart. He will see an unhappy being perish on the road, or even at his own gate, if belonging to another caste; and will not stir to help him to a drop of water, though it were to save his life.”

“To kill a cow,” says the same writer (I., 176), “is a crime which the Hindoo laws punish with death;” and these same Hindoos treat women, especially widows, with fiendish cruelty. It would be absurd to suppose that a people who are so pitiless to human beings could be actuated by sympathy in their devout attitude toward some animals. Superstition is the spring of their actions. In Dahomey any person who kills a sacred (non-poisonous) snake is condemned to be buried alive. In Egypt it was a capital

offence to kill an ibis, even accidentally. What we call lynching seems to have arisen in connection with such superstitions:

Page 121

"The enraged multitude did not wait for the slow process of law, but put the offender to death with their own hands." At the same time some animals "which were deemed divinities in one home, were treated as nuisances and destroyed in others." (Kendrick, II., I-21.)

EVOLUTION OF SYMPATHY

If we study the evolution of human sympathy we find that it begins, not in reference to animals but to human beings. The first stage is a mother's feeling going out to her child. Next, the family as a whole is included, and then the tribe. An Australian kills, as a matter of course, everyone he comes across in the wilderness not belonging to his tribe. To the present day race hatred, jingoism, and religious differences obstruct the growth of cosmopolitan sympathy such as Christ demanded. His religion has done much, however, to widen the circle of sympathy and to make known its ravishing delights. The doctrine that it is more blessed to give than to receive is literally true for those who are of a sympathetic disposition. Parents enjoy the pleasures of their children as they never did their own egotistic delights. In various ways sympathy has continued to grow, and at the present day the most refined and tender men and women include animals within the range of their pity and affection. We organize societies for their protection, and we protest against the slaughter of birds that live on islands, thousands of miles away. Our imagination has become so sensitive and vivid that it gives us a keen pang to think of the happy lives of these birds as being ruthlessly cut short and their young left to die in their nests in the agonies of cruel starvation. If we compare with this state of mind that of the African of whom Burton wrote in his *Two Trips to Gorilla Land*, that "Cruelty seems to be with him a necessity of life, and all his highest enjoyments are connected with causing pain and inflicting death"—we need no other argument to convince us that a savage cannot possibly feel romantic love, because that implies a capacity for the tenderest and subtlest sympathy. I would sooner believe a tiger capable of such love than a savage, for the tiger practises cruelty unconsciously and accidentally while in quest of food, whereas the primitive man indulges in cruelty for cruelty's sake, and for the delight it gives him. We have here one more illustration of the change and growth of sentiments. Man's emotions develop as well as his reasoning powers, and one might as well expect an Australian, who cannot count five, to solve a problem in trigonometry as to love a woman as we love her.

AMOROUS SYMPATHY

In romantic love altruism reaches its climax. Turgenieff did not exaggerate when he said that "it is in a man really in love as if his personality were eliminated." Genuine love makes a man shed egoism as a snake sheds its skin. His one thought is: "How can I make her happy and save her from grief" at whatever cost to his own comfort. Amorous sympathy implies a complete self-surrender, an exchange of personalities:



Page 122

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other given.

—*Sidney.*

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

—*Scott.*

To a woman who wishes to be loved truly and permanently, a sympathetic disposition is as essential as modesty, and more essential than beauty. The author of *Love Affairs of Some Famous Men* has wittily remarked that "Love at first sight is easy enough; what a girl wants is a man who can love her when he sees her every day." That, he might have added, is impossible unless she can enter into another's joys and sorrows. Many a spark of love kindled at sight of a pretty face and bright eyes is extinguished after a short acquaintance which reveals a cold and selfish character. A man feels instinctively that a girl who is not a sympathetic sweetheart will not be a sympathetic wife and mother, so he turns his attention elsewhere. Selfishness in a man is perhaps a degree less offensive, because competition and the struggle for existence necessarily foster it; yet a man who does not merge his personality in that of his chosen girl is not truly in love, however much he may be infatuated. There can be sympathy without love, but no love without sympathy. It is an essential ingredient, an absolute test, of romantic love.

IX. ADORATION

Silvius, in *As You Like It*, says that love is "all adoration," and in *Twelfth Night*, when Olivia asks: "How does he love me?" Viola answers: "With adorations." Romeo asks: "What shall I swear by?" and Juliet replies:

Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

DEIFICATION OF PERSONS

Thus Shakspeare knew that love is, as Emerson defined it, the "deification of persons," and that women adore as well as men. Helena, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, says of her love for Bertram:

Thus, Indian-like
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more.

“Shakspeare shared with Goethe, Petrarch, Raphael, Dante, Rousseau, Jean Paul, ... a mystical veneration for the feminine element of humanity as the higher and more divine.” (Dowden, III.) Within the last few centuries, adoration of femininity has become a sort of instinct in men, reaching its climax in romantic love. The modern lover is like a sculptor who takes an ordinary block of marble and carves a goddess out of it. His belief that his idol is a living goddess is, of course, an illusion, but the

Page 123

feeling is real, however fantastic and romantic it may seem. He is so thoroughly convinced of the incomparable superiority of his chosen divinity that "it is marvellous to him that all the world does not want her too, and he is in a panic when he thinks of it," as Charles Dudley Warner puts it. Ouida speaks of "the graceful hypocrisies of courtship," and no doubt there are many such; but in romantic love there is no hypocrisy; its devotion and adoration are absolutely sincere.

The romantic lover adores not only the girl herself but everything associated with her. This phase of love is poetically delineated in Goethe's *Werther*:

"To-day," Werther writes to his friend, "I could not go to see Lotta, being unavoidably detained by company. What was there to do? I sent my valet to her, merely in order to have someone about me who had been near her. With what impatience I expected him, with what joy I saw him return! I should have liked to seize him by the hand and kiss him, had I not been ashamed." "There is a legend of a Bononian stone which being placed in the sun absorbs his rays and emits them at night. In such a light I saw that valet. The knowledge that her eyes had rested on his face, his cheeks, the buttons and the collar of his coat, made all these things valuable, sacred, in my eyes. At that moment I would not have exchanged that fellow for a thousand dollars, so happy was I in his presence. God forbid that you should laugh at this. William, are these things phantasms if they make us happy?"

Fielding wrote a poem on a half-penny which a young lady had given to a beggar, and which the poet redeemed for a half-crown. Sir Richard Steele wrote to Miss Scurlock:

"You must give me either a fan, a mask, or a glove you have worn, or I cannot live; otherwise you must expect that I'll kiss your hand, or, when I next sit by you, steal your handkerchief."

Modern literature is full of such evidences of veneration for the fair sex. The lover worships the very ground she trod on, and is enraptured at the thought of breathing the same atmosphere that surrounded her. To express his adoration he thinks and talks, as we have seen, in perpetual hyperbole:

It's a year almost that I have not seen her;
Oh! last summer green things were greener,
Brambles fewer, the blue sky bluer.

—C.G. Rossetti.

PRIMITIVE CONTEMPT FOR WOMEN

Page 124

The adoration of women, individually or collectively, is, however, an entirely modern phenomenon, and is even now very far from being universal. As Professor Chamberlain has pointed out (345): “Among ourselves woman-worship nourishes among the well-to-do, but is almost, if not entirely, absent among the peasantry.” Still less would we expect to find it among the lower races. Primitive times were warlike times, during which warriors were more important than wives, sons more useful than daughters. Sons also were needed for ancestor worship, which was believed to be essential for bliss in a future life. For these reasons, and because women were weaker and the victims of natural physical disadvantages, they were despised as vastly inferior to men, and while a son was welcomed with joy, the birth of a daughter was bewailed as a calamity, and in many countries she was lucky—or rather unlucky—if she was allowed to live at all.

A whole volume of the size of this one might be made up of extracts from the works of explorers and missionaries describing the contempt for women—frequently coupled with maltreatment—exhibited by the lower races in all parts of the world. But as the attitude of Africans, Australians, Polynesians, Americans, and others, is to be fully described in future chapters, we can limit ourselves here to a few sample cases taken at random.[25] Jacques and Storm relate (Floss, II., 423) how one day in a Central African village, the rumor spread that a goat had been carried off by a crocodile. Everybody ran to and fro in great excitement until it was ascertained that the victim was only a woman, whereupon quiet was restored. If an Indian refuses to quarrel with a squaw or beat her, this is due, as Charlevoix explains (VI., 44), to the fact that he would consider that as unworthy of a warrior, as she is too far beneath him. In Tahiti the head of a husband or father was sacred from a woman’s touch. Offerings to the gods would have been polluted if touched by a woman. In Siam the wife had to sleep on a lower pillow than her husband’s, to remind her of her inferiority. No woman was allowed to enter the house of a Maori chief. Among the Samoyedes and Ostyaks a wife was not allowed in any corner of the tent except her own; after pitching the tent she was obliged to fumigate it before the men would enter. The Zulus regard their women “with haughty contempt.” Among Mohammedans a woman has a definite value only in so far as she is related to a husband; unmarried she will always be despised, and heaven has no room for her. (Ploss, II., 577-78.) In India the blessing bestowed on girls by elders and priests is the insulting

“Mayst thou have eight sons, and may thy husband survive thee.” “On every occasion the poor girl is made to feel that she is an unwelcome guest in the family.” (Ramabai Saravasti, 13.)

William Jameson Reid, who visited some of the unexplored regions of Northeastern Thibet gives a graphic description of the hardness and misery of woman’s lot among the Pa-Urgs:

Page 125

"Although, owing to the scarcity, a woman is a valuable commodity, she is treated with the utmost contempt, and her existence is infinitely worse than the very animals of her lord and master. Polyandry is generally practised, increasing the horror of her position, for she is required to be a slave to a number of masters, who treat her with the most rigorous harshness and brutality. From the day of her birth until her death (few Pa-Urg women live to be fifty) her life is one protracted period of degradation. She is called upon to perform the most menial and degrading of services and the entire manual labor of the community, it being considered base of a male to engage in other labor than that of warfare and the chase...."When a child is to be born the mother is driven from the village in which she lives, and is compelled to take up her abode in some roadside hut or cave in the open country, a scanty supply of food, furnished by her husbands, being brought to her by the other women of the tribe. When the child is born the mother remains with it for one or two months, and then leaving it in a cave, returns to the village and informs her eldest husband of its birth and the place where she has left it. If the child is a male, some consideration is shown to her; should it be a female, however, her lot is frightful, for aside from the severe beating to which she is subjected by her husband, she suffers the scorn and contumely of the rest of the tribe. If a male child, the husband goes to the cave and brings it back to the village; if it is of the opposite sex he is left to his own volition; sometimes he returns with the female infant; as often he ignores it entirely and allows it to perish, or may dispose of it to some other man as a prospective wife."[26]

In Corea women are so little esteemed that they do not even receive separate names, and a husband considers it an act of condescension to speak to his wife. When a young man of the ruling classes marries, he spends three or four days with his bride, then returns to his concubine, "in order to prove that he does not care much for the bride." (Ploss, II., 434.) "The condition of Chinese women is most pitiable," writes the Abbe Hue:

"Suffering, privation, contempt, all kinds of misery and degradation, seize on her in the cradle, and accompany her to the tomb. Her birth is commonly regarded as a humiliation and a disgrace to the family—an evident sign of the malediction of heaven. If she be not immediately suffocated, a girl is regarded and treated as a creature radically despicable, and scarcely belonging to the human race."

He adds that if a bridegroom dies, the most honorable course for the bride is to commit suicide. Even the Japanese, so highly civilized in some respects, look down on women with unfeigned contempt, likening themselves to heaven and the women to earth. There are ten stations on the way up the sacred mount Fuji.

Page 126

Formerly no woman was allowed to climb above the eighth. Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, of the University of Tokyo, has a foot-note in his *Things Japanese* (274) in which he relates that in the introduction to his translation of the *Kojiki* he had drawn attention to the inferior place held by women in ancient as in modern Japan. Some years afterward six of the chief literati of the old school translated this introduction into Japanese. They patted the author on the head for many things, but when they reached the observation anent the subjection of women, their wrath exploded:

"The subordination of women to men," so ran their commentary, "is an extremely correct custom. To think the contrary is to harbor European prejudice.... For the man to take precedence over the woman is the grand law of heaven and earth. To ignore this, and to talk of the contrary as barbarous, is absurd."

The way in which these kind, gentle, and pretty women are treated by the men, Chamberlain says on another page,

"has hitherto been such as might cause a pang to any generous European heart.... At the present moment the greatest duchess or marchioness in the land is still her husband's drudge. She fetches and carries for him, bows down humbly in the hall when my lord sallies forth on his walks abroad, waits upon him at meals, may be divorced at his good pleasure."

This testimony regarding a nation which in some things—especially aesthetic culture and general courteousness—surpasses Europe and America, is of special value, as it shows that love, based on sympathy with women's joys and sorrows, and adoration of their peculiar qualities, is everywhere the last flower of civilization, and not, as the sentimentalists claim, the first. If even the advanced Japanese are unable to feel romantic love—for you cannot adore what you egotistically look down on—it is absurd to look for it among barbarians and savages, such as the Fuegians, who, in times of necessity, eat their old women, or the Australians, among whom not many women are allowed to die a natural death, "they being generally despatched ere they become old and emaciated, that so much good food may not be lost." [27]

There are some apparent exceptions to the universal contempt for females even among cannibals. Thus it is known that the Peruvian Casibos never eat women. It is natural to jump to the conclusion that this is due to respect for the female sex. It is, however, as Tschudi shows, assignable to exactly the opposite feeling:

"All the South American Indians, who still remain under the influence of sorcery and empiricism, consider women in the light of impure and evil beings, and calculated to injure them. Among a few of the less rude nations this aversion is apparent in domestic life, in a certain unconquerable contempt of females. With the anthropophagi the feeling extends, fortunately, to their flesh,

Page 127

which is held to be poisonous.”

The Caribs had a different reason for making it unlawful to eat women. “Those who were captured,” says P. Martyr, “were kept for breeding, as we keep fowl, etc,” Sir Samuel Baker relates (*A.N.*, 240), that among the Latookas it was considered a disgrace to kill a woman—not, however, because of any respect felt for the sex, but because of the scarcity and money value of women.

HOMAGES TO PRIESTESSES

Equally deceptive are all other apparent exceptions to the customary contempt for women. While the women of Fiji, Tonga, and other islands of the Pacific were excluded from all religious worship, and Papuan females were not even allowed to approach a temple, it is not uncommon among the inferior races for women to be priestesses. Bosnian relates (363) that on the African Slave Coast the women who served as priestesses enjoyed absolute sway over their husbands, who were in the habit of serving them on their knees. This, however, was contrary to the general rule, wherefore it is obvious that the homage was not to the woman as such, but to the priestess. The feeling inspired in such cases is, moreover, fear rather than respect; the priestess among savages is a sorceress, usually an old woman whose charms have faded, and who has no other way of asserting herself than by assuming a pretence to supernatural powers and making herself feared as a sorceress. Hysterical persons are believed by savages to be possessed of spirits, and as women are specially liable to hysteria and to hallucinations, it was natural that they should be held eligible for priestly duties. Consequently, if there was any respect involved here at all, it was for an infirmity, not for a virtue—a result of superstition, not of appreciation or admiration of special feminine qualities.[28]

KINSHIP THROUGH FEMALES ONLY

Dire confusion regarding woman's status has been created in many minds by three distinct ethnologic phenomena, which are, moreover, often confounded: (1) kinship and heredity through females; (2) matriarchy, or woman's rule in the family (domestic); (3) gynaeocracy, or woman's rule in the tribe (political).

(1) It is a remarkable fact that among many tribes, especially in Australia, America, and Africa, children are named after their mother, while rank and property, too, are often inherited in the female line of descent. Lafitau observed this custom among American Indians more than a century ago, and in 1861 a Swiss jurist, Bachofen, published a book in which he tried to prove, with reference to this “kinship through mothers only,” that it indicated that there was a time when women everywhere ruled over men. A study

of ethnologic data shows, however, that this inference is absolutely unwarranted by the facts. In Australia, for instance, where children are most commonly named after their mother's clan, there is no trace of woman's rule over man, either in the present or the past. The man treats the woman as a master treats his slaves, and is complete master of her children. Cunow, an authority on Australian relationships, remarks (136):

Page 128

“Nothing could be more perverse than to infer from the custom of reasoning kinship through females, that woman rules there, and that a father is not master of his children. On the contrary, the father regards himself everywhere, even in tribes with a female line of descent, as the real procreator. He is considered to be the one who plants the germ and the woman as merely the soil in which it grows. And as the wife belongs to him, so does the child that comes from her womb. Therefore he claims also those children of his wife concerning whom he knows or assumes that he did not beget them; for they grew on his soil.”

Similarly with the American Indians. Grosse has devoted several pages (73-80) to show that with the tribes among which kinship through females prevails woman’s position is not in the least better than with the others. Everywhere woman is bought, obliged to submit to polygamy, compelled to do the hardest and least honorable work, and often treated worse than a dog. The same is true of the African tribes among whom kinship in the female line prevails.

If, therefore, kinship through mothers does not argue female supremacy, how did that kinship arise? Le Jeune offered a plausible explanation as long ago as 1632. In the *Jesuit Relations* (VI., 255), after describing the immorality of the Indians, he goes on to say:

“As these people are well aware of this corruption, they prefer to take the children of their sisters as heirs, rather than their own, or than those of their brothers, calling in question the fidelity of their wives, and being unable to doubt that these nephews come from their own blood. Also among the Hurons—who are more licentious than our Montagnais, because they are better fed—it is not the child of a captain but his sister’s son, who succeeds the father.”

The same explanation has been advanced by other writers and by the natives of other countries where kinship through females prevails;^[29] and it doubtless holds true in many cases.

In others the custom of naming children after their mothers is probably simply a result of the fact that a child is always more closely associated with the mother than with the father. She brings it into the world, suckles it, and watches over it; in the primitive times, even if promiscuity was not prevalent, marriages were of short duration and divorces frequent, wherefore the male parentage would be so constantly in doubt that the only feasible thing was to name the children after their mothers. For our purposes, fortunately, this knotty problem of the origin of kinship through females, which has given sociologists so much trouble,^[30] does not need to be solved. We are concerned solely with the question, “Does kinship in the female line indicate the supremacy of women, or their respectful treatment?” and that question, as we have seen, must be answered with a most emphatic No. There is not a single fact

Page 129

to bear out the theory that man's rule was ever preceded by a period when woman ruled. The lower we descend, the more absolute and cruelly selfish do we find man's rule over woman. The stronger sex everywhere reduces the weaker to practical slavery and holds it in contempt. Primitive woman has not yet developed these qualities in which her peculiar strength lies, and if she had, the men would be too coarse to appreciate them.

WOMAN'S DOMESTIC RULE

(2) As we ascend in the scale we find a few cases where women rule or at least share the rule with the men; but these occur not among savages but with the lower and higher barbarians, and at the same time they are, as Grosse remarks (161), "among the scarcest curiosities of ethnology." The Garos of Assam have women at the head of their clans. Dyak women are consulted in political matters and have equal rights with the men. Macassar women in Celebes also are consulted as regards public affairs, and frequently ascend the throne. A few similar cases have been noted in Africa, where, e.g., the princesses of the Ashantees domineer over their husbands; but these apply only to the ruling class, and do not concern the sex as a whole. Some strange tales of masculine submission in Nicaragua are told by Herrera. But the best-known instance is that of the Iroquois and Hurons. Their women, as Lafitau relates (I., 71), owned the land, and the crops, they decided upon peace or war, took charge of slaves, and made marriages. The Huron Wyandots had a political council consisting of four women. The Iroquois Seneca women could chase lazy husbands from the premises, and could even depose a chief. Yet these cases are not conclusive as to the real status of the women in the tribe. The facts cited are, as John Fiske remarks (*Disc. Amer.*, I., 68), "not incompatible with the subjection of women to extreme drudgery and ill-treatment." Charlevoix, one of the eye-witnesses to these exceptional privileges granted to some Indian women, declares expressly that their domination was illusory; that they were, at home, the slaves of their husbands; that the men despised them thoroughly, and that the epithet "woman" was an insult.[31] And Morgan, who made such a thorough study of the Iroquois, declares (322) that "the Indian regarded woman as the inferior, the dependent, and the servant of man, and, from nature and habit, she actually considered herself to be so." The two honorable employments among Indians were war and hunting, and these were reserved for the men. Other employments were considered degrading and were therefore gallantly reserved for the women.

WOMAN'S POLITICAL RULE

Page 130

Comanche Indians, who treated their squaws with especial contempt, nevertheless would not hesitate on occasion to submit to the rule of a female chief (Bancroft, I., 509); and the same is true of other tribes in America, Africa, *etc.* (Grosse, 163). In this respect, barbarians do not differ from civilized races; queenship is a question of blood or family and tells us nothing whatever about the status of women in general. As regards the “equal rights” of the Dyak women just referred to, if they really have them, it is not as women, but as men, that is, in so far as they have become like men. This we see from what Schwaner says (I., 161) of the tribes in the Southeast:

“The women are allowed great privileges and liberties. Not infrequently they rule at home and over whole tribes with manly power, incite to war, and often personally lead the men to battle.”

Honors paid to such viragoes are honors to masculinity, not to femininity.

GREEK ESTIMATE OF WOMEN

Here again the transition from the barbarian to the Greek is easy and natural. The ancient Greek looked down on women as women. “One man,” exclaims Iphigenia in Euripides, “is worth more than ten thousand women.” There were, of course, certain virtues that were esteemed in women, but these, as Becker has said, differed but little from those required of an obedient slave. It is only in so far as women displayed masculine qualities that they were held worthy of higher honor. The heroines of Plutarch’s essay on “The Virtues of Women” are women who are praised for patriotic, soldier-like qualities, and actions. Plato believed that men who were bad in this life would, on their next birth, be women. The elevation of women, he held, could be best accomplished by bringing them up to be like men. But this matter will be discussed more fully in the chapter on Greece, as will that of the *adulation* which was paid to wanton women by Greek and Roman poets, and which has been often mistaken for *adoration*. George Eliot speaks of “that adoration which a young man gives to a woman whom he feels to be greater and better than himself.” No Greek ever felt a woman to be “greater and better than himself,” wherefore true adoration—the deification of persons—was out of the question. But there was no reason why a Greek or Roman should not have indulged in servile flattery and hypocritical praise for the selfish purpose of securing the carnal favors of a mercenarily coy courtesan. He was capable of adulation but not of adoration, for one cannot adore a slave, a drudge or a wanton. The author of the *Lover’s Lexicon* claims, indeed, that “love can and does exist without respect,” but that is false. Infatuation of the senses may exist without respect, but refined, sentimental love is blighted by the discovery of impurity or vulgarity. Adoration is essential to true love, and adoration includes respect.

Page 131

MAN-WORSHIP AND CHRISTIANITY

If we must, therefore, conclude that man in primitive and ancient times was unable to feel that love of which adoration is an essential ingredient, how is it with women? From the earliest times, have they not been taught, with club and otherwise, to look up to man as a superior being, and did not this enable them to adore him with true love? No, for primitive women, though they might fear or admire man for his superior power, were too coarse, obscene, ignorant, and degraded—being as a rule even lower than the men—to be able to share even a single ingredient of the refined love that we experience. At the same time it may be said (though it sounds sarcastic) that woman had a natural advantage over man in being gradually trained to an attitude of devotion. Just as the care of her infants taught her sympathy, so the daily inculcated duty of sacrificing herself for her lord and master fostered the germs of adoration. Consequently we find at more advanced stages of civilization, like those represented by India, Greece, and Japan, that whenever we come across a story whose spirit approaches the modern idea of love, the embodiment of that love is nearly always a woman. Woman had been taught to worship man while he still wallowed in the mire of masculine selfishness and despised her as an inferior. And to the present day, though it is not considered decorous for young women to reveal their feelings till after marriage or engagement, they adore their chosen ones:

For love's insinuating fire they fan
With sweet ideas of a god like man.

In this respect, as in so many others, woman has led civilization. Man, too, gradually learned to doff his selfishness, and to respect and adore women, but it took many centuries to accomplish the change, which was due largely to the influence of Christ's teachings. As long as the aggressive masculine virtues alone were respected, feminine gentleness and pity could not but be despised as virtues of a lower grade, if virtues at all. But as war became less and less the sole or chief occupation of the best men, the feminine virtues, and those who exercised them, claimed and received a larger share of respect.

Christianity emphasized and honored the feminine virtues of patience, meekness, humility, compassion, gentleness, and thus helped to place women on a level with man, and in the noblest of moral qualities even above him. Mariolatry, too, exerted a great influence. The worship of one immaculate woman gradually taught men to respect and adore other women, and as a matter of course, it was the lover who found it easiest to get down on his knees before the girl he worshipped.

X. UNSELFISH GALLANTRY.

Page 132

One day while lunching at an African foudak, half way between Tangier and Tetuan, I was led to moralize on the conjugal superiority of Mohammedan roosters to Mohammedan men. Noticing a fine large cock in the yard, I threw him a handful of bread-crumbs. He was all alone at the moment and might have easily gobbled them all up. Instead of doing such a selfish thing, he loudly summoned his harem with that peculiar clucking sound which is as unmistakable to fowls as is the word dinner or the boom of a gong to us. In a few seconds the hens had gathered and disposed of the bread, leaving not a crumb to their gallant lord and master. I need not add that the Sultan of a human harem in Morocco would have behaved very differently under analogous circumstances.

THE GALLANT ROOSTER

The dictionary makers derive the word gallant from all sorts of roots in divers languages, meaning gay, brave, festive, proud, lascivious, and so on. Why not derive it from the Latin *gallus*, rooster? A rooster combines in himself all the different meanings of the word gallant. He is showy in appearance, brave, daring, attentive to females, and, above all, chivalrous, that is, inclined to show disinterested courtesy to the weaker sex, as we have just seen. In this last respect, it is true, the rooster stands not alone. It is a trait of male animals in general to treat their females unselfishly in regard to feeding and otherwise.

UNGALLANT LOWER RACES OF MEN

If we now turn to human beings, we have to ascend many strata of civilization before we come across anything resembling the unselfish gallantry of the rooster. The Australian savage, when he has speared a kangaroo, makes his wife cook it, then selects the juiciest cuts for himself and the other men, leaving the bones to the women and dogs.

Ascending to the much higher Polynesians and American Indians we still find that the women have to content themselves with what the men leave. A Hawaiian even considers it a disgrace to eat at the same place as his wife, or with the same utensils.

What Kowney says (173) of the Nagas of India—"she does everything the husband will not, and he considers it effeminate to do anything but fight, hunt, and fish"—is true of the lower races in general. An African Kaffir, says Wood (73), would consider it beneath his dignity to as much as lift a basket of rice on the head of even his favorite wife; he sits calmly on the ground and allows some woman to help his busy wife. "One of my friends," he continues,

Page 133

“when rather new to Kaffirland, happened to look into a hut and there saw a stalwart Kaffir sitting and smoking his pipe, while the women were hard at work in the sun, building huts, carrying timber, and performing all kinds of severe labor. Struck with a natural indignation at such behavior, he told the smoker to get up and work like a man. This idea was too much even for the native politeness of the Kaffir, who burst into a laugh at so absurd a notion. ‘Women work,’ said he, ‘men sit in the house and smoke.’”

MacDonald relates (in *Africana*, I., 35) that “a woman always kneels when she has occasion to talk to a man.” Even queens must in some cases go on their knees before their husbands. (Ratzel, I., 254.) Caille gives similar testimony regarding the Waissulo, and Mungo Park (347) describes the return of one of his companions to the capital of Dentila, after an absence of three years:

“As soon as he had seated himself upon a mat, by the threshold of his door, a young woman (his intended bride) brought a little water in a calabash, and kneeling down before him, desired him to wash his hands; when he had done this, the girl, with a tear of joy sparkling in her eyes, drank the water; this being considered as the greatest proof she could possibly give him of her fidelity and attachment.”

An Eskimo, when building a house, looks on lazily while his women carry stones “almost heavy enough to break their backs.” The ungallant men not only compel the women to be their drudges, but slyly create a sentiment that it is disgraceful for a man to assist them. Of the Patagonian Indians Falkner asserts that the women are so rigidly “obliged to perform their duty, that their husbands cannot help them on any occasion, or in the greatest distress, without incurring the highest ignominy,” and this is the general feeling, of which other illustrations will be given in later chapters. Foolish sentimentalists have tried to excuse the Indians on the ground that they have no time to attend to anything but fighting and hunting. But they always make the squaws do the hard work, whether there be any war and hunting or not. A white American girl, accustomed to the gallant attentions of her lover, would not smile on the red Dakota suitor of whom Riggs writes (205):

“When the family are abed and asleep, he often visits her in her mother’s tent, or he finds her out in the grove in the day time gathering fuel. She has the load of sticks made up, and when she kneels down to take it on her back, possibly he takes her hand and helps her up and then walks home by her side. Such was the custom in the olden time.”

Still, there is a germ of gallantry here. The Dakota at least helps to load his human donkey, while the Kaffir refuses to do even that.

Page 134

Colonel James Smith, who had been adopted by the Indians, relates (45) how one day he helped the squaws to hoe corn. They approved of it, but the old men afterward chid him for degrading himself by hoeing corn like a squaw. He slyly adds that, as he was never very fond of work, they had no occasion to scold him again. We read in Schoolcraft (V., 268) that among the Creeks, during courtship, the young man used to help the girl hoe the corn in her field, plant her beans and set poles for them to run upon. But this was not intended as an act of gallant assistance; it had a symbolic meaning. The running up of the beans on the poles and the entwining of their vines was "thought emblematical of their approaching union and bondage." Morgan states expressly in his classical work on the Iroquois (332) that "no attempts by the unmarried to please or gratify each other by acts of personal attention were ever made." In other words the Indians knew not gallantry in the sense of disinterested courtesy to the weaker sex—the gallantry which is an essential ingredient of romantic love.

Germes of gallantry may perhaps be found in Borneo where, as St. John relates (I., 161), a young Dyak may help the girl he wants to marry in her farm work, carrying home her load of vegetables or wood, or make her presents of rings, a petticoat, etc. But such a statement must be interpreted with caution.

The very fact that they make the women do the field work and carry the wood habitually, shows that the Dyaks are not gallant. Momentary favors for the sake of securing favors in return, or of arranging an ephemeral Bornean "marriage," are not acts of disinterested courtesy to the weaker sex. The Dyaks themselves clearly understand that such attentions are mere bids for favors. As a missionary cited by Ling Roth (1., 13.1) remarks:

"If a woman handed to a man betel-nut and sirah to eat, or if a man paid her the smallest attention, such as we should term only common politeness, it would be sufficient to excuse a jealous husband for striking a man."

It is the same in India.

"The politeness, attention, and gallantry which the Europeans practise toward the ladies, although often proceeding from esteem and respect, are invariably ascribed by the Hindoos to a different motive."

(Dubois, I., 271.) Here, as everywhere in former times, woman existed not for her own sake but for man's convenience, comfort, and pleasure; why, therefore, should he bother to do anything to please her? In the *Kaniasoutram* there is a chapter on the duties of a model wife, in which she is instructed to do all the work not only at home but in garden, field, and stable. She must go to bed after her husband and get up before him. She must try to excel all other wives in faithfully serving her lord and master. She must not even allow the maid-servant to wash his feet, but must do it with her own hands. The *Laws of Manu* are full of such precepts, most of them amazingly ungallant.

The horrible maltreatment of women in India, which it would be an unpardonable euphuism to call simply ungallant, will be dwelt on in a later chapter.

Page 135

It has been said a thousand times that the best measure of a nation's civilization is its treatment of women. It would be more accurate to say that kind, courteous treatment of women is the last and highest product of civilization. The Greeks and Hindoos had reached a high level of culture in many respects, yet, judged by their treatment of women, the Greeks were barbarians and the Hindoos incarnate fiends. Scholars are sometimes surprisingly reckless in their assumptions. Thus Hommel (1., 417) declares that woman must have held an honored position in Babylonia,[32] because in the ancient texts that have come down to us the words mother and wife always precede the words father and husband. Yet, as Dubois mentions incidentally, the Brahmin texts also place the feminine word before the masculine, and the Brahmins treat women more cruelly than the lowest savages treat them.

EGYPTIAN LOVE

I have not been able to find evidence of a gallant, chivalrous, magnanimous attitude toward women in the records of any ancient nation, and as romantic love is inconceivable without such an attitude, and a constant interchange of kindnesses, we may infer from this alone that these nations were strangers to such love. Professor Ebers makes a special plea for the Egyptians. Noting the statements of Herodotus and Diodorus regarding the greater degree of liberty enjoyed by their women as compared with the Greek, he bases thereon the inference that in their treatment of women the Egyptians were superior to all other nations of antiquity. Perhaps they were; it is not claiming much. But Professor Kendrick notes (I., 46) that although it may be true that the Egyptian women went to market and carried on trades while the men remained at home working at the loom, this is capable of receiving quite a different interpretation from that given by Ebers. The Egyptians regarded work at the loom more as a matter of skill than the Greeks did; and if they allowed the women to do the marketing, that may have been because they preferred to have them carry the heavy burdens and do the harder work, after the fashion of savages and barbarians.

If the Egyptians ever did show any respect for women they have carefully wiped out all traces of it in modern life. To-day,

“among the lower classes and in rural districts the wife is her husband's servant. She works while he smokes and gossips. But among the higher classes, too, the woman actually stands far below the man. He never chats with her, never communicates to her his affairs and cares. Even after death she does not rest by his side, but is separated from him by a wall.” (Ploss, II., 450.)

Polygamy prevails, as in ancient times, and polygamy everywhere indicates a low position of woman. Ebers comments on the circumspection shown by the ancient Egyptians in drawing up their marriage contracts, adding that “in many cases there were even trial

Page 136

marriages”—a most amazing “even” in view of what he is trying to prove. A modern lover, as I have said before, would reject the very idea of such a trial marriage with the utmost scorn and indignation, because he feels certain that his love is eternal and unalterable. Time may show that he was mistaken, but that does not affect his present feeling. That sublime confidence in the eternity of his passion is one of the hall-marks of romantic love. The Egyptian had it not. He not only sanctioned degrading trial marriages, but enacted a barbarous law which enabled a man to divorce any wife at pleasure by simply pronouncing the words “thou art expelled.” In modern Egypt, says Lane (l., 247-51), there are many men who have had twenty, thirty, or more wives, and women who have had a dozen or more husbands. Some take a new wife every month. Thus the Egyptians are matrimonially on a level with the savage and barbarian North American Indians, Tasmanians, Samoans, Dyaks, Malayans, Tartars, many negro tribes, Arabs, *etc.*

ARABIAN LOVE

Arabia is commonly supposed to be the country in which chivalry originated. This belief seems to rest on the fact that the Arabs spared women in war. But the Australians did the same, and where women are saved only to be used as slaves or concubines we cannot speak of chivalry. The Arabs treated their own women well only when they were able to capture or buy slaves to do the hard work for them; in other cases their wives were their slaves. To this day, when the family moves, the husband rides on the camel while the wife trudges along on foot, loaded down with kitchen utensils, bedding, and her child on top. If a woman happens to ride on a camel she must get off and walk if she meets a man, by way of showing her respect for the superior sex. (Niebuhr, 50.) The birth of a daughter is regarded as a calamity, mitigated only by the fact that she will bring in some money as a bride. Marriage is often little more than a farce. Burckhardt knew Bedouins who, before they were fifty years old, had been married to more than fifty different women. Chavanne, in his book on the Sahara (397-401), gives a pathetic picture of the fate of the Arab girls:

“Usually wedded very young (the marriage of a youth of fourteen to a girl of eleven is nothing unusual), the girl finds in most cases, after five or six years, that her conjugal career is at an end. The husband tires of her and sends her back, without cogent reasons, to her parents. If there are no parents to return to, she abandons herself, in many cases, to the vice of prostitution.”

If not discarded, her fate is none the less deplorable. “While young she receives much attention, but when her charms begin to fade she becomes the servant of her husband and of his new wife.”

Page 137

Chavanne gives a glowing description of the ravishing but short-lived beauty of the Arab girl; also a specimen of the amorous songs addressed to her while she is young and pretty. She is compared to a gazelle; to a palm whose fruits grow high up out of reach; she is equal in value to all Tunis and Algiers, to all the ships on the ocean, to five hundred steeds and as many camels. Her throat is like a peach, her eyes wound like arrows. Exaggerations like these abound in the literature of the Arabs, and are often referred to as proof that they love as we do. In truth, they indicate nothing beyond selfish, amorous desires. The proof of unselfish affection lies not in words, however glowing and flattering, but in kind *actions*; and the actions of the Arabs toward their women are disgustingly selfish, except during the few years that they are young and pretty enough to serve as toys. The Arabs, with all their fine talk, are practically on a level with the Samoyedes who, as we saw, ignore or maltreat their wives, "except on an occasional amorous evening"; on a level with the Sioux Indian, of whom Mrs. Eastman remarks that a girl is to him an object of contempt and neglect from her birth to her grave, except during the brief period when he wants her for his wife and may have a doubt of his success.

THE UNCHIVALROUS GREEKS

A few pages back I cited the testimony of Morgan, who lived many years among the Indians and studied them with the intelligence of an expert ethnologist, that "no attempts by the unmarried to please or gratify each other by acts of personal attention were ever made." From this we can, once more, make a natural transition from the aboriginal American to the ancient Greek. The Greek men, says the erudite Becker (III., 335), "were quite strangers to that considerate, self-sacrificing courtesy and those minute attentions to women which we commonly call gallantry," Greek literature and all that we know of Greek life, bear out this assertion fully. It is true the Alexandrian poets and their Roman imitators frequently use the language of sentimental gallantry; they declare themselves the slaves of their mistresses, are eager to wear chains, to go through fire, to die for them, promising to take their love to the next world. But all these things are mere "words, words, words"—adulation the insincerity of which is exposed as soon as we examine the actions and the motives of these poets, of whom more will be said in a later chapter. Their flatteries are addressed invariably to hetairai; they are conceived and written with the selfish desire to tickle the vanity of these wantons in the hope and expectation of receiving favors for which the poets, who were usually poor, were not able to pay in any other way. Thus these poets are below the Arabs, for these sons of the desert at least address their flatteries to the girls whom they are eager to marry, whereas the Greek

Page 138

and Roman poets sought merely to beguile a class of women whose charms were for sale to anyone. One of these profligate men might cringe and wail and cajole, to gain the good will of a capricious courtesan, but he never dreamed of bending his knees to win the honest love of the maid he took to be his wife (that he might have male offspring.) Roman love was not romantic, nor was Greek. It was frankly sensual, and the gallantry of the men was of a kind that made them erect golden images in public places to honor Phryne and other prostitutes. In a word, their gallantry was sham gallantry; it was gallantry not in the sense of polite attentions to women, springing from unselfish courtesy and esteem, but in the sinister sense of profligacy and amorous intrigue. There were plenty of gallants, but no real gallantry.

OID'S SHAM GALLANTRY

While it is undoubtedly true that Ovid exercised a greater influence on mediaeval bards, and through them on modern erotic writers, than any other ancient poet, and while I still maintain that he anticipated and depicted some of the imaginative phases of modern love (see my *R.L.P.B.*, 90-92), a more careful study of the nature of gallantry has convinced me that I erred in finding the "morning dawn of romantic love" in the counsels regarding gallant behavior toward women given in the pages of Ovid.[33] He does, indeed, advise a lover never to notice the faults of a woman whose favor he wishes to win, but to compliment her, on the contrary, on her face, her hair, her tapering fingers, her pretty foot; to applaud at the circus whatever she applauds; to adjust her cushion and put the footstool in its place; to keep her cool by fanning her; and at dinner, when she has put her lips to the wine-cup to seize the cup and put his lips to the same place. But when Ovid wrote this, nothing was farther from his mind than what we understand by gallantry—an eagerness to perform acts of disinterested courtesy and deference for the purpose of pleasing a respected or adored woman. His precepts are, on the contrary, grossly utilitarian, being intended not for a man who wishes to win the heart and hand of an honest girl, but for a libertine who has no money to buy the favors of a wanton, and therefore must rely on flatteries and obsequious fawning.

The poet declares expressly that a rich man will not need his *Ars Amandi*, but that it is written for the poor, who may be able to overcome the greed of the hetairai by tickling their vanity. He therefore teaches his readers how to deceive such a girl with false flattery and sham gallantry. The Roman poet uses the word *domina*, but this *domina*, nevertheless, is his mistress, not in the sense of one who dominates his heart and commands his respect and affection, but of a despised being lower than a concubine, on whom he smiles only till he has beguiled her. It is the story of the cat and the mouse.

Page 139

MEDIAEVAL AND MODERN GALLANTRY

How different this from the modern chivalry which in face of womanhood makes a gentleman even out of a rough California miner. Joaquin Miller relates how the presence of even an Indian girl—"a bud that in another summer would unfold itself wide to the sun," affected the men in one of the camps. Though she seldom spoke with the miners, yet the men who lived near her hut dressed more neatly than others, kept their beards in shape, and shirt-bosoms buttoned up when she passed by:

"On her face, through the tint of brown, lay the blush and flush of maidenhood, the indescribable sacred something that makes a maiden holy to every man of a manly and chivalrous nature; that makes a man utterly unselfish and perfectly content to love and be silent, to worship at a distance, as turning to the holy shrines of Mecca, to be still and bide his time; caring not to possess in the low, coarse way that characterizes your common love of to-day, but choosing rather to go to battle for her—bearing her in his heart through many lands, through storms and death, with only a word of hope, a smile, a wave of the hand from a wall, a kiss, blown far, as he mounts his steed below and plunges into the night. That is love to live for. I say the knights of Spain, bloody as they were, were a noble and a splendid type of men in their day." [34]

While the knights of Spain and other parts of mediaeval Europe doubtless professed sentiments of chivalry like those uttered by Joaquin Miller, there was as a rule nearly as much sham in their pretensions as in Ovid's rules for gallant conduct. In the days of militant chivalry, in the midst of deeds of extravagant homage to individual ladies, women in general were as much despised and maltreated as at any other time. "The chivalrous spirit is above all things a class spirit," as Freeman wrote (V., 482):

"The good knight is bound to endless fantastic courtesies toward men, and still more toward women, of a certain rank; he may treat all below that rank with any degree of scorn and cruelty."

This is still very far removed from the modern ideal; the knight may be considered to stand half-way between the boor and the gentleman: he is polite, at least, to some women, while the gentleman is polite to all, kind, gentle, sympathetic, without being any the less manly. Nevertheless there was an advantage in having some conception of gallantry, a determination and vow to protect widows and orphans, to respect and honor ladies. Though it was at first only a fashion, with all the extravagances and follies usual to fashions, it did much good by creating an ideal for later generations to live up to. From this point of view even the quixotic pranks of the knights who fought duels in support of their challenge that no other lady equalled theirs in beauty, were not without a use. They helped to enforce the fashion of paying deference to women, and made it a point of honor, thus forcing many a boor to assume at least the outward semblance and conduct of a gentleman. The seed sown in this rough and stony soil has slowly grown,

until it has developed into true civilization—a word of which the last and highest import is civility or disinterested devotion to the weak and unprotected, especially to women.

Page 140

In our days chivalry includes compassion for animals too. I have never read of a more gallant soldier than that colonel who, as related in *Our Animal Friends* (May, 1899), while riding in a Western desert at the head of five hundred horsemen, suddenly made a slight detour—which all the men had to follow—because in the direct path a meadow lark was sitting on her nest, her soft brown eyes turned upward, watching, wondering, fearing. It was a nobler deed than many of the most gallant actions in battle, for these are often done from selfish motives—ambition, the hope of promotion—while this deed was the outcome of pure unselfish sympathy.

“Five hundred horses had been turned aside, and five hundred men, as they bent over the defenceless mother and her brood, received a lesson in that broad humanity which is the essence of higher life.”

To this day there are plenty of ruffians—many of them in fine clothes—who are strangers to chivalrous feelings toward defenceless women or animals—men who behave as gentlemen only under compulsion of public opinion. The encouraging thing is that public opinion has taken so strong a stand in favor of women; that it has written *Place aux Dames* on its shield in such large letters. While the red American squaw shared with the dogs the bones left by her contemptuous ungallant husband, the white American woman is served first at table and gets the choicest morsels; she receives the window-seat in the cars, the lower berth in the sleeper; she has precedence in society and wherever she is in her proper place; and when a ship is about to sink, the captain, if necessary (which is seldom the case), stands with drawn revolver prepared to shoot any man who would ungallantly get into a boat before all the women are saved.

“AN INSULT TO WOMAN”

This change from the primitive selfishness described in the preceding pages, this voluntary yielding by man of the place of honor and of the right of the strongest, is little less than a miracle; it is the grandest triumph of civilization. Yet there are viragoes who have had the indecency to call gallantry an “insult to woman.” There is indeed a kind of gallantry—the Ovidian—which is an insult to women; but true masculine gallantry is woman’s chief glory and conquest, indicating the transformation of the savage’s scorn for woman’s physical weakness into courteous deference to her as the nobler, more virtuous and refined sex. There are some selfish, sour, disappointed old maids, who, because of their lack of feminine traits, repel men and receive less than their share of gallant courtesy. But that is their own fault. Ninety-nine per cent. of all women have a happier lot to-day than at any previous time in history, and this change is due to the growth of the disinterested courtesy and sympathy known as gallantry. At the same time the change is strikingly illustrated in the status of old maids themselves. No one now despises an

Page 141

unselfish woman simply because she prefers to remain single; but formerly old maids were looked on nearly everywhere with a contempt that reached its climax among the Southern Slavs, who, according to Krauss (Ploss, II., 491), treated them no better than mangy dogs. No one associated with them; they were not tolerated in the spinning-room or at the dances; they were ridiculed and derided; were, in short, regarded as a disgrace to the family.

SUMMARY

To sum up: among the lower races man habitually despises and maltreats woman, looking on her as a being made, not for her own sake, but for his comfort and pleasure. Gallantry is unknown. The Australian who fights for his family shows courage, not gallantry, for he is simply protecting his private property, and does not otherwise show the slightest regard for his women. Nor does the early custom of serving for a wife imply gallantry; for here the suitor serves the parents, not the maid; he simply adopts a primitive way of paying for a bride. Sparing women in battle for the purpose of making concubines or slaves of them is not gallantry. One might as well call a farmer gallant because, when he kills the young roosters for broilers, he saves the young hens. He lets these live because he needs eggs. The motive in both cases is utilitarian and selfish. Ovidian gallantry does not deserve such a name, because it is nothing but false flattery for the selfish purpose of beguiling foolish women. Arabic flatteries are of a superior order because sincere at the time being and addressed to girls whom the flatterer desires to marry. But this gallantry, too, is only skin deep. Its motives are sensual and selfish, for as soon as the girl's physical charm begins to fade she is contemptuously discarded.

Our modern gallantry toward women differs radically from all those attitudes in being unselfish. It is synonymous with true chivalry—disinterested devotion to those who, while physically weaker, are considered superior morally and esthetically. It treats all women with polite deference, and does so not because of a vow or a code, but because of the natural promptings of a kind, sympathetic disposition. It treats a woman not as a toper does a whiskey bottle, applying it to his lips as long as it can intoxicate him with pleasure and then throwing it away, but cherishes her for supersensual attributes that survive the ravages of time. To a lover, in particular, such gallantry is not a duty, but a natural impulse. He lies awake nights devising plans for pleasing the object of his devotion. His gallantry is an impulse to sacrifice himself for the beloved—an instinct so inbred by generations of practice that now even a child may manifest it. I remember how, when I was six or seven years old, I once ran out the school-house during recess to pick up some Missouri hailstones, while others, large as marbles, were falling about me, threatening to smash my skull. I gave the trophies to a dark-eyed girl of my age—

not with a view to any possible reward, but simply because I loved her more than all the other girls combined and wanted to please her.

Page 142

A SURE TEST OF LOVE

Black relates in his *Things Chinese*, that after the wedding ceremony

“the bride tries hard ... to get a piece of her husband's dress under her when she sits down, for if she does, it will insure her having the upper hand of him, while he tries to prevent her and to do the same thing himself.”

Similar customs prevail in other parts of the world, as among the Esthonians. (Schroeder, 234.) After the priest has united the couple they walk toward the wagon or sleigh, and in doing so each of the two tries to be first to step on the other's foot, because that will decide who is to rule at home. Imagine such petty selfishness, such a disgraceful lack of gallantry, on the very wedding-day! In our own country, when we hear of a bride objecting to the word “obey” in the wedding ceremony, we may feel absolutely sure that the marriage is not a love-match, at least as far as she is concerned. A girl truly in love with a man laughs at the word, because she feels as if she would rather be his slave than any other man's queen; and as for the lover, the bride's promise to “obey” him seems mere folly, for he is determined she shall always remain the autocratic queen of his heart and actions. Conjugal disappointments may modify that feeling, to be sure, but that does not alter the fact that while romantic love exists, one of its essential ingredients is an impulse of gallant devotion and deference on both sides—an impulse which on occasion rises to self-sacrifice, which is simply an extreme phase of gallantry.

XI. ALTRUISTIC SELF-SACRIFICE

In the very olden time, if we may confide in the ingenious Frank Stockton, there lived a semi-barbaric king who devised a highly original way of administering justice, leaving the accused man's fate practically in his own hands. There was an arena with the king's throne on one side and galleries for the people all around. On a signal by the king a door beneath him opened and the accused subject stepped out into the amphitheatre. Directly opposite the throne were two doors, exactly alike, and side by side. The person on trial had to walk to those doors and open either of them. If he opened one, there sprang out a fierce tiger who immediately tore him to pieces; if the other, there came forth a beautiful lady, to whom he was forthwith married. No one ever knew behind which of the doors was the tiger, so that the audience no more than the prisoner knew whether he was to be devoured or married.

Page 143

This semi-barbaric king had a daughter who fell in love with a handsome young courtier. When the king discovered this love-affair he cast the youth into prison and had his realm searched for the fiercest of tigers. The day came when the prisoner had to decide his own fate in the arena by opening one of the doors. The princess, who was one of the spectators, had succeeded, with the aid of gold, in discovering the secret of the doors; she knew from which the tiger, from which the lady, would issue. She knew, too, who the lady was behind the other door—one of the loveliest of the damsels of the court—one who had dared to raise her eyes to her loved one and had thereby aroused her fiercest jealousy. She had thought the matter over, and was prepared for action. The king gave the signal, and the courtier appeared. He had expected the princess to know on which side lay safety for him, nor was he wrong. To his quick and anxious glance at her, she replied by a slight, quick movement of her arm to the right. The youth turned, and without the slightest hesitation opened the door on the right. Now, “which came out of the opened door—the lady or the tiger?”

THE LADY AND THE TIGER

With that question Stockton ends his story, and it is generally supposed that he does not answer it. But he does, on the preceding page, in these words:

“Think of it, fair reader, not as if the decision of the question depended upon yourself, but upon that hot-blooded, semi-barbaric princess, her soul at white heat beneath the combined fires of despair and jealousy. She had lost him, but who should have him?”

In these words the novelist hints plainly enough that the question was decided by a sort of dog-in-the-manger jealousy. If the princess could not have him, certainly her hated rival should never enjoy his love. The tiger, we may be sure, was behind the door on the right.

In allowing the tiger to devour the courtier, the princess showed that her love was of the primitive, barbarous type, being in reality self-love, not other-love. She “loved” the man not for his own sake, but only as a means of gratifying her desires. If he was lost to *her*, the tiger might as well dine on him. How differently an American girl would have acted, under the impulse of romantic love! Not for a moment could she have tolerated the thought of his dying, through her fault—the thought of his agony, his shrieks, his blood. She would have *sacrificed her own happiness instead of her beloved's life*. The lady would have come out of the door opened by him. Suppose that, overcome by selfish jealousy, she acted otherwise; and suppose that an amphitheatre full of cultured men and women witnessed her deed: would there not be a cry of horror, condemning her as worse than the tiger, as absolutely incapable of the feeling of true love? And would not this cry of horror reveal on the part of the spectators an instinctive perception of the truth which this chapter, this whole book, is written to enforce, that voluntary self-sacrifice, where called for, is the supreme, the infallible, test of love?

Page 144

A GREEK LOVE-STORY

If we imagine the situation reversed—a man delivering his “beloved” into the clutches of a tiger rather than to the legitimate caresses of a rival—our horror at his loveless selfishness would be doubled. Yet this is the policy habitually followed by savages and barbarians. In later chapters instances will be given of such wooers killing coveted girls with their own spears as soon as they find that the rival is the winner. After what has been said about the absence of unselfish gallantry among the lower races it would, of course, be useless to look for instances of altruistic self-sacrifice for a woman’s sake, since such sacrifice implies so much more than gallantry. As for the Greeks, in all my extensive reading I have come across only one author who seemingly appreciates the significance of self-sacrifice for a woman loved. Pausanias, in his *Description of Greece* (Bk. VII., chap. 21), relates this love-story:

“When Calydon still existed there was among the priests of Dionysus one named Coresus, whom love made, without any fault of his own, the most wretched of mortals. He loved a girl Callirrhoe, but as great as his love for her was her hatred of him. When all his pleadings and offerings of presents failed to change the girl’s attitude, he at last prostrated himself before the image of Dionysus, imploring his help. The god granted the prayers of his priest, for suddenly the Calydonians began to lose their senses, like drunkards, and to die in fits of madness. They appealed to the oracle of Dodona ... which declared that the calamity was due to the wrath of the god Dionysus, and that it would not cease until Coresus had sacrificed to Dionysus either Callirrhoe or anyone else willing to die for her. Now when the girl saw no way of escaping, she sought refuge with her former educators, but when they too refused to receive her, nothing remained for her but death. When all the preparations for the sacrifice had been made in accordance with the precepts of the oracle of Dodona, she was brought to the altar, adorned like an animal that is to be sacrificed; Coresus, however, whose duty it was to offer the sacrifice, let love prevail in place of hate, and slew himself instead of Callirrhoe, thus proving by his deed that he had been animated by the purest love. But when Callirrhoe saw Coresus as a corpse, overcome by pity and repentance for her treatment of him, she went and drowned herself in the fountain not far from the Calydonian harbor, which since that time is known as the fountain of Callirrhoe.”

If a modern lover, desiring to possess a girl, got her into a predicament which culminated in the necessity of his either slaying her with his own hands or killing himself, and did not choose the latter alternative, we should regard him as more contemptible than the vilest assassin. To us self-sacrifice in such a case would seem not a test of love, nor even of honor so much as of common decency, and we should expect a man to submit to it even if his love of the poor girl had been a mere infatuation of the senses. However, in view of the contempt for women, and for love for women, prevalent among the Greeks in general, we may perhaps discover at least a gleam of better things in this legend of masculine self-sacrifice.

Page 145

PERSIAN LOVE

A closer approximation to our ideal may be found in a story related by the Persian poet Saadi (358):

“There was a handsome and well-disposed young man, who was embarked in a vessel with a lovely damsel: I have read that, sailing on the mighty deep, they fell together into a whirlpool: When the pilot came to offer him assistance; God forbid that he should perish in that distress; he was answering, from the midst of that overwhelming vortex, Leave me and take the hand of my beloved! The whole world admired him for this speech, which, as he was expiring, he was heard to make; learn not the tale of love from that faithless wretch who can neglect his mistress when exposed to danger. In this manner ended the lives of those lovers; listen to what has happened, that you may understand; for Saadi knows the ways and forms of courtship, as well as the Tazi, or modern Arabic, is understood at Baghdad.”

How did this Persian poet get such a correct and modern notion about love into his head? Obviously not from his experiences and observations at home, for the Persians, as the scholarly Dr. Polak observes in his classical work on them (I., 206), do not know love in our sense of the word. The love of which their poets sing has either a symbolical or an entirely carnal meaning. Girls are married off without any choice of their own at the early age of twelve or thirteen; they are regarded as capital and sold for cash, and children are often engaged in the cradle. When a Persian travels, he leaves his wife at home and enters into a temporary marriage with other women in the towns he visits. In rural districts if the traveller is a person of rank, the mercenary peasants eagerly offer their daughters for such “marriages.” (Hellwald, 439.) Like the Greek poets the Persians show their contempt for women by always speaking of boy-favorites when their language rises above the coarsest sensuality. Public opinion regarding Persian stories and poems has been led astray by the changes of sex and the expurgations made freely by translators. Burton, whose version of the *Thousand and One Nights* was suppressed in England, wrote (*F.F.*, 36), that “about one-fifth is utterly unfit for translation, and the most sanguine Orientalist would not dare to render literally more than three-quarters of the remainder.”

Where, then, I repeat, did Saadi get that modern European idea of altruistic self-sacrifice as a test of love? Evidently from Europe by way of Arabia. His own language indicates this—his suspicious boast of his knowledge of real love as of one who has just made a strange discovery, and his coupling it with the knowledge of Arabic. Now it is well known that ever since the ninth century the Persian mind had been brought into a contact with the Arabic which became more and more intimate. The Arabs had a habit of sacrificing their lives in chivalrous efforts

Page 146

to save the life or honor of maidens whom the enemy endeavored to kidnap. The Arabs, on their part, were in close contact with the European minds, and as they helped to originate the chivalrous spirit in Europe, so they must have been in turn influenced by the developments of the troubadour spirit which culminated in such maxims as Montaigne's declaration that "a true lover desires a thousand times more the happiness of his beloved than his own." As Saadi lived in the time of the troubadours—the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—it was easy for him to get a knowledge of the European "ways and forms of courtship." In Persia itself there was no courtship or legitimate lovemaking, for the "lover" hardly ever had met his bride before the wedding-day. Nevertheless, if we may believe William Franklin,[35] a Persian woman might command a suitor to spend all day in front of her house reciting verses in praise of her beauty; and H.C. Trumbull naively cites, as evidence that Orientals love just as we do, the following story:

"Morier tells ... of a large painting in a pleasure-house in Shiraz, illustrative of the treatment of a loyal lover by a heartless coquette, which is one of the popular legends of Persia. Sheik Chenan, a Persian of the true faith, and a man of learning and consequence, fell in love with an Armenian lady of great beauty who would not marry him unless he changed his religion. To this he agreed. Still she would not marry him unless he would drink wine. This scruple also he yielded. She resisted still, unless he consented to eat pork. With this also he complied. Still she was coy, and refused to fulfil her engagement, unless he would be contented to drive swine before her. Even this condition he accepted. She then told him that she would not have him at all, and laughed at him for his pains. The picture represents the coquette at her window, laughing at Sheik Chenan as he is driving his pigs before her."

This story suggests and may have been invented in imitation of the foolish and capricious tests to which mediaeval dames in Europe put their quixotic knights. Few of these knights, as I have said elsewhere (*R.L.P.B.*, 100), "were so manly as the one in Schiller's ballad, who, after fetching his lady's glove from the lion's den, threw it in her face," to show how his feelings toward her had changed. If the Persian in Trumbull's story had been manly and refined enough to be capable of genuine love, his feelings toward a woman who could wantonly subject him to such persistent insults and degradation, would have turned into contempt. Ordinary sensual infatuation, on the other hand, would be quite strong enough and unprincipled enough to lead a man to sacrifice religion, honor, and self-respect, for a capricious woman. This kind of self-sacrifice is not a test of true love, for it is not altruistic. The sheik did not make his sacrifice to benefit the woman he coveted, but to benefit himself, as he saw no other way of gratifying his own selfish desires.[36]

Page 147

HERO AND LEANDER

Very great importance attaches to this distinction between selfish and altruistic self-sacrifice. The failure to make this distinction is perhaps more than anything else responsible for the current belief that romantic love was known to the ancients. Did not Leander risk and sacrifice his life *for Hero*, swimming to her at night across the stormy Hellespont? Gentle reader, he did not. He risked his life for the purpose of continuing his illicit amours with a priestess of Venus in a lonely tower. As we shall see in the chapter devoted to Greek romances, there is in the story told by Musaeus not a single trait rising above frank sensuality. In his eagerness to gratify his appetite, Leander risked Hero's life as well as his own. His swimming across the strait was, moreover, no more than any animal would do to meet its mate on the other side of a river. It was a romantic thing to do, but it was no proof of romantic love. Bearing in mind what Westermarck says (134)—

“With wild animals sexual desire is not less powerful as an incentive to strenuous exertion than hunger and thirst. In the rut-time, the males, even of the most cowardly species, engage in mortal combats”

—we see that Hero's risking of death for the sake of his intrigue was not even a mark of exceptional courage; and regarding the quality and nature of his “love” it tells us nothing whatever.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE LOTOS

In the Hindoo drama *Malavika and Agnimitra*, Kalidasa represents the king as seeking an interview with a new flame of his. When his companion warns him that the queen might surprise them, the king answers:

When the elephant sees the lotos leaves
He fears no crocodile.

Lotos leaves being the elephant's favorite food, these lines admirably sum up the Hindoo idea of risking life for “love”—cupboard love. But would the elephant risk his life to save the beautiful lotos flowers from destruction? Foolish question! Was not the lotos created to gratify the elephant's appetite just as beautiful women were created to subserve man's desires?

Fighting crocodiles for the sake of the sweet lotos is a characteristic of primitive “love” in all its various strata. “Nothing is more certain,” writes M'Lean (135), “than that the enamoured Esquimau will risk life and limb in the pursuit of his object.” Women, he says, are the main cause of all quarrels among the Esquimaux; and the same is true of the lower races in general. If an Australian wants to run away with another man's wife,

the thought of risking his life—and hers too—does not restrain him one moment. Ascending to the Greeks, we may cite Robert Burton's summing up of one of their legends:

Page 148

“Thirteen proper young men lost their lives for that fair Hipodamia’s sake, the daughter of Onomaus, King of Elis: when that hard condition was proposed of death or victory [in a race], they made no account of it, but courageously for love died, till Pelops at last won her by a sleight.”

What is this but another version of the story of the lotos and the elephant? The prize was great, and worth the risk. Men risk their lives daily for gold, and for objects infinitely less attractive to the senses and the selfish ambitions than a beautiful princess. In the following, which Burton quotes from Hoedus, the sensual and selfish basis of all such confronting of death for “love’s” sake is laid bare to the bone:

“What shall I say of the great dangers they undergo, single combats they undertake, how they will venture their lives, creep in at windows, gutters, climb over walls to come to their sweethearts, and if they be surprised, leap out at windows, cast themselves headlong down, bruising or breaking their legs or arms, and sometimes losing life itself, as Calisto did for his lovely Meliboea?”

I have known rich young Americans and Europeans risk their lives over and over again in such “gallant” adventures, but if I had asked them if they loved these women, *i.e.*, felt such a disinterested affection for them (like a mother’s for her child) that they would have risked their lives to *benefit them* when there was *nothing to gain for themselves*—they would have laughed in my face. Whence we see how foolish it is to infer from such instances of “gallantry” and “self-sacrifice” that the ancients knew romantic love in our sense of the word. It is useless to point to passages like this (again from Burton):

“Polienus, when his mistress Circe did but frown upon him, in Petronius, drew his sword, and bade her kill, stab, or whip him to death, he would strip himself naked and not resist.”

Such fine talk occurs in Tibullus and other poets of the time; but where are the *actions* corresponding to it? Where do we read of these Romans and Greeks ever braving the crocodile for the sake of preserving the purity of the lotos herself? Or of sparing a lotos belonging to another, but at their mercy? Perseus himself, much vaunted for his chivalry, did not undertake to save the rock-chained Andromeda from the sea monster until he had extorted a promise that she should be his prize. Fine sort of chivalry, that!

SUICIDE IS SELFISH

Page 149

One more species of pseudo-self-sacrifice remains to be considered. When Hero finds Leander's dead body on the rocks she commits suicide. Is not this self-sacrifice for love's sake? It is always so considered, and Eckstein, in his eagerness to prove that the ancient Greeks knew romantic love,[37] gives a list of six legendary suicides from hopeless or foiled love. The question of suicide is an interesting one and will be considered in detail in the chapter on the American Indians, who, like other savages, were addicted to it, in many cases for the most trivial reasons. In this place I will content myself with noting that if Eckstein had taken the pains to peruse the four volumes of Ramdohr's *Venus Urania* (a formidable task, I admit), he would have found an author who more than a hundred years ago knew that suicide is no test of true love. There are indeed, he says (III., 46), plenty of old stories of self-sacrifice, but they are all of the kind where a man risks comfort and life to secure possession of a coveted body for his own enjoyment, or else where he takes his own life because he feels lonely after having failed to secure the desired union. These actions are no index of love, for they "may coexist with the cruelest treatment" of the coveted woman. Very ambitious persons or misers may commit suicide after losing honor or wealth, and

"a coarse negro, in face of the danger of losing his sweetheart, is capable of casting himself into the ocean with her, or of plunging his dagger into her breast and then into his own."

All this is selfish. The only true index of love, Ramdohr continues, lies in the sacrifice of one's own happiness *for another's sake*; in resigning one's self to separation from the beloved, or even to death, if that is necessary to secure her happiness or welfare. Of such self-sacrifice he declares he cannot find a single instance in the records and stories of the ancients; nor can I.

The suicide of Dido after her desertion by Aeneas is often cited as proof of love, but Ramdohr insists (338) that, apart from the fact that "a woman really in love would not have pursued Aeneas with curses," such an act as hers was the outcome of purely selfish despair, on a par with the suicide of a miser after the loss of his money. It is needless to add to this that Hero's suicide was likewise selfish; for of what possible benefit was it to the dead Leander that she took her own life in a cowardly fit of despondency at having lost her chief source of delight? Had she lost her life in an effort to save his, the case would have been different.



Page 150

Instances of women sacrificing themselves for men's sake abound in ancient literature, though I am not so sure that they abounded in life, except under compulsion, as in the Hindoo suttee.[38] As we shall see in the chapter on India, tales of feminine self-sacrifice were among the means craftily employed by men to fortify and gratify their selfishness. Still, in the long run, just as man's fierce "jealousy" helped to make women chaster than men, so the inculcation in women of self-sacrifice as a duty, gradually made them naturally inclined to that virtue—an inclination which was strengthened by inveterate, deep-rooted, maternal love. Thus it happened that self-sacrifice assumed rank in course of time as a specifically feminine virtue; so much so that the German metaphysician Fichte could declare that "the woman's life should disappear in the man's without a remnant," and that this process is love. No doubt it is love, but love demands at the same time that the man's life should disappear in the woman's.

It is interesting to note the sexual aspects of gallantry and self-sacrifice. Women are prevented by custom, etiquette, and inbred coyness from showing gallant attentions to men before marriage, whereas the impulse to sacrifice happiness or life for love's sake is at least as strong in them as in men, and of longer standing. If a girl of affectionate impulses on hearing that the man she loved—though he might not have proposed to her—lay wounded, or ill of yellow fever, in a hospital, threw away all reserve, coyness, and fear of violating decorum, and went to nurse him day and night, at imminent risk of her own life, all the world would applaud her, convinced that she had done a more feminine thing than if she had allowed coyness to suppress her sympathetic and self-sacrificing impulses.

XII. AFFECTION

A German poem printed in the *Wunderhorn* relates how a young man, after a long absence from home, returns and eagerly hastens to see his former sweetheart. He finds her standing in the doorway and informs her that her beauty pleases his heart as much as ever:

Gott gruess dich, du Huebsche, du Feine,
Von Herzen gefallst du mir.

To which she retorts: "What need is there of my pleasing you? I got a husband long ago—a handsome man, well able to take care of me." Whereupon the disappointed lover draws his knife and stabs her through the heart.

In his *History of German Song* (chap. v.), Edward Schure comments on this poem in the following amazing fashion:

"How necessary yet how tragic is this answer with the knife to the heartless challenge of the former sweetheart! How fatal and terrible is this sudden change of a passionate



soul from ardent love to the wildest hatred! We see him taking one step back, we see how he trembles, how the flush of rage suffuses his face, and how his love, offended, injured, and dragged in the dust, slakes its thirst with the blood of the faithless woman.”

EROTIC ASSASSINS

Page 151

It seems almost incredible that such a villanous sentiment should have been allowed to appear in a book without sending its author to prison. “Necessary” to *murder* a sweetheart because she has changed her mind during a man’s long absence! The wildest anarchist plot never included a more diabolical idea. Brainless, selfish, impulsive young idiots are only too apt to act on that principle if their proposals are not accepted; the papers contain cases nearly every week of poor girls murdered for refusing an unwelcome suitor; but the world is beginning to understand that it is illogical and monstrous to apply the sacred word of love to the feeling which animates these cowardly assassins, whose only motives are selfish lust and a dog-in-the-manger jealousy. Love never “slakes its thirst” with the blood of a woman. Had that man really loved that woman, he would have been no more capable of murdering her than of murdering his father for disinheriting him.

Schure is by no means the only author who has thus confounded love with murderous, jealous lust. A most astounding instance occurs in Goethe’s *Werther*—the story of a common servant who conceived a passion for a well-to-do widow.

He lost his appetite, his sleep, forgot his errands; an evil spirit pursued him. One day, finding her alone in the garret, he made an improper proposal to her, and on her refusing he attempted violence, from which she was saved only through the timely arrival of her brother. In defending his conduct the servant, in a most ungallant, unmanly, and cowardly way, tried to fasten the guilt on the widow by saying that she had previously allowed him to take some liberties with her. He was of course promptly ejected from the house, and when subsequently another man was engaged to take his place, and began to pay his addresses to the widow, the discharged servant fell upon him and assassinated him. And this disgusting exhibition of murderous lust and jealousy leads Goethe to exclaim, rapturously:

“This love, this fidelity(!), this passion, is thus seen to be no invention of the poets(!). It lives, it is to be found in its greatest purity(!) among that class of people whom we call uneducated and coarse.”

In view of the sensual and selfish attitude which Goethe held toward women all his life, it is perhaps not strange that he should have written the silly words just quoted. It was probably a guilty conscience, a desire to extenuate selfish indulgence at the expense of a poor girl’s virtue and happiness, that led him to represent his hero, Werther, as using every possible effort in court to secure the pardon of that erotomaniac who had first attempted rape and then finished up by assassinating his rival.

If Werther’s friend had murdered the widow herself, Goethe would have been logically bound to see in his act still stronger evidence of the “reality,” “fidelity,” and “purity” of love among “people whom we call uneducated and coarse.” And if Goethe had lived to read the Rev. W.W. Gill’s *Savage Life in Polynesia*, he might have found therein (118) a story of cannibal “love” still more calculated to arouse his rapturous enthusiasm—

Page 152

"An ill-looking but brave warrior of the cannibal tribe of Ruanae, named Vete, fell violently in love with a pretty girl named Tanuau, who repelled his advances and foolishly reviled him for his ugliness. His only thought now was how to be revenged for this unpardonable insult. He could not kill her, as she wisely kept to the encampment of Mantara. After some months Tanuau sickened and died. The corpse was conveyed across the island to be let down the chasm of Raupa, the usual burial-place of her tribe."

Vete chose this as the time for revenge. Arrangements were made to intercept the corpse secretly, and he had it carried away. It was too decomposed to be eaten, so they cut it in pieces and burned it—burning anything belonging to a person being the greatest injury one can inflict on a native.

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON

But what have all these disgusting stories to do with affection, the subject of this chapter? Nothing whatever—and that is why I have put them here—to show in a glaring light that what Goethe and Schure, and doubtless thousands of their readers accepted as love is not love, since there is no affection in it. A true patriot, a man who feels an affection for his country, lays down his life for it without a thought of personal advantage; and if his country treats him ungratefully he does not turn traitor and assassin—like the German and Polynesian "lovers" we have just read about. A real lover is indeed overjoyed to have his affection returned; but if it is not reciprocated he is none the less affectionate, none the less ready to lay down his life for the other, and, above all, he is utterly incapable of taking hers. What creates this difference between lust and love is affection, and, so far at least as maternal love is concerned, the nature of affection was known thousands of years ago. When two mothers came before King Solomon, each claiming the same child as her own, the king sent for a sword and said, "Divide the living child in two, and give half to the one and half to the other." To this the false claimant agreed, but the real mother exclaimed, "O my lord, give her the living child and in no wise slay it." Then the king knew that she was the child's mother and gave him to her. "And all Israel saw that the wisdom of God was in Solomon, to do judgment."

If we ask why this infallible test of love was not applied to the sexual passion, the answer is that it would have failed, because ancient love between the sexes was, as all the testimony collected in this book shows, too sensual and selfish to stand such a test. Yet it is obvious that if we to-day are to apply the word love to the sexual relations, we must use the same test of disinterested affection that we use in the case of maternal love or love of country; and that love is not love before affection is added to all the other ingredients heretofore considered. In that servant's "love" which so excited the wonder of Goethe, only three of the fourteen ingredients of love were present—individual preference, monopoly, and jealousy—and those three, as we have seen, occur also in plain lust. Of the tender, altruistic, loving traits of love—sympathy, adoration, gallantry, self-sacrifice, affection—there is not a trace.

Page 153

STUFF AND NONSENSE

When a great poet can blunder so flagrantly in his diagnosis of love, we cannot wonder that minor writers should often be erratic. For instance, in *The Snake Dance of the Moquis of Arizona* (45-46), Captain J.D. Bourke exclaims:

“So much stuff and nonsense has been written about the entire absence of affection from the Indian character, especially in the relations between the sexes, that it affords me great pleasure to note this little incident”

—namely, a scene between an Indian and a young squaw:

“They had evidently only lately had a quarrel, for which each was heartily sorry. He approached, and was received with a disdain tempered with so much sweetness and affection that he wilted at once, and, instead of boldly asserting himself, dared do nothing but timidly touch her hand. The touch, I imagine, was not disagreeable, because the girl’s hand was soon firmly held in his, and he, with earnest warmth, was pouring into her ear words whose purport it was not difficult to conjecture.”

That the simplest kind of a sensual caress—squeezing a young woman’s hand and whispering in her ear—should be accepted as evidence of *affection* is naive, to say the least, and need not be commented on after what has just been said about the true nature of affection and its altruistic test. Unfortunately many travellers who came in contact with the lower races shared Bourke’s crude conception of the nature of affection, and this has done much to mislead even expert anthropologists; Westermarck, for instance, who is induced by such testimony to remark (358) that conjugal affection has among certain uncivilized peoples “reached a remarkably high degree of development.” Among those whom he relies on as witnesses is Schweinfurth, who says of the man-eating African Niam-Niam that “they display an affection for their wives which is unparalleled among natives of so low a grade. ... A husband will spare no sacrifice to redeem an imprisoned wife” (I., 472).

SACRIFICES OF CANNIBAL HUSBANDS

This looks like strong evidence, but when we examine the facts the illusion vanishes. The Nubians, it appears, are given to stealing the wives of these Niam-Niam, to induce them to ransom them with ivory. A case occurred within Dr. Schweinfurth’s own experience (II., 180-187). Two married women were stolen, and during the night

“it was touching, through the moaning of the wind, to catch the lamentations of the Niam-Niam men bewailing the loss of their captured wives; cannibals though they were, they were evidently capable of true conjugal affection. The Nubians remained quite

unaffected by any of their cries, and never for a moment swerved from their purpose of recovering the ivory before they surrendered the women.”

Page 154

Here we see what the expression that the Niam-Niam “spare no sacrifice to redeem their imprisoned women” amounts to: the Nubians counted on it that they would rather part with their ivory than with their wives! This, surely, involved no “sacrifice”; it was simply a question of which the husbands preferred, the useless ivory or the useful women—desirable as drudges and concubines. Why should buying back a wife be evidence of affection any more than the buying of a bride, which is a general custom of Africans? As for their howling over their lost wives, that was natural enough; they would have howled over lost cows too—as our children cry if their milk is taken away when they are hungry. Actions which can be interpreted in such sensual and selfish terms can never be accepted as proof of true affection. That the captured wives, on their part, were not troubled by conjugal affection is evident from Schweinfurth’s remark that they “were perfectly composed and apparently quite indifferent.”

INCLINATIONS MISTAKEN FOR AFFECTION

Let us take one more case. There are plenty of men who would like to kiss every pretty girl they see, and no one would be so foolish as to regard a kiss as proof of *affection*. Yet Lyon (another of the witnesses on whom Westermarck relies) accepts, with a naivete equalling Captain Bourke’s, the rubbing together of noses, which among the Eskimos is an equivalent of our kissing, as a mark of “affection.” In the case of unscientific travellers, such a loose use of words may perhaps be pardonable, but a specialist who writes a history of marriage should not put the label of “affection” on everything that comes into his drag-net, as Westermarck does (pp. 358-59); a proceeding the less excusable because he himself admits, a few pages later (362), that affection is chiefly provoked by “intellectual, emotional, and moral qualities” which certainly could not be found among some of the races he refers to. I have investigated a number of the alleged cases of conjugal “affection” in books of travel, and found invariably that some manifestation of sensual attachment was recklessly accepted as an indication of “affection.”

In part, it is true, the English language is to be blamed for this state of affairs. The word affection has been used to mean almost any disposition of the mind, including passion, lust, animosity, and a morbid state. But in good modern usage it means or implies an altruistic feeling of devotion which urges us to seek the welfare of another even at the expense of our own. We call a mother affectionate because she willingly and eagerly sacrifices herself for her child, toils for it, loses sleep and food and health for its sake. If she merely cared for it [note the subtle double sense of “caring for”] because it is pretty and amusing, we might concede that she “liked” it, was “attached” to it, or “fond” of it; but it would be incorrect to speak of affection. Liking, attachment, and fondness differ from affection not only in degree but in kind; they are selfish, while affection is unselfish; they occur among savages, while affection is peculiar to civilized persons and perhaps some animals.

Page 155

SELFISH LIKING AND ATTACHMENT

Liking is the weakest kind of inclination toward another. It “never has the intensity of love.” To say that I like a man is to indicate merely that he pleases me, gives me selfish pleasure—in some way or other. A man may say of a girl who pleases him by her looks, wit, vivacity, or sympathy, “I like her,” though he may have known her only a few minutes; while a girl who will rather die than give any sign of affection, may be quite willing to confess that she likes him, knowing that the latter means infinitely less and does not betray her; that is, it merely indicates that he pleases her and not that she is particularly anxious to please him, as she would be if she loved him. Girls “like” candy, too, because it gives them pleasure, and cannibals may like missionaries without having the least affection for them.

Attachment is stranger than liking, but it also springs from selfish interests and habits. It is apt to be similar to that gratitude which is “a lively sense of favors to come.” Mrs. Bishop (Isabella Bird) eloquently describes (II, 135-136) the attachment to her of a Persian horse, and incidentally suggests the philosophy of the matter in one sentence: “To him I am an embodiment of melons, cucumbers, grapes, pears, peaches, biscuits, and sugar, with a good deal of petting and ear-rubbing thrown in.” Cases of attachment between husband and wife no doubt abound among savages, even when the man is usually contemptuous and rude in his treatment of the wife. The Niam-Niam husbands of Schweinfurth did not, as we saw, give any evidence of unselfish affection, but they were doubtless attached to their wives, for obvious reasons. As for the women among the lower races, they are apt, like dogs, to cling to their master, no matter how much he may kick them about. They get from him food and shelter, and blind habit does the rest to attach them to his hearth. What habit and association can do is shown in the ease with which “happy families” of hostile animals can be reared. But the beasts of prey must be well fed; a day or two of fasting would result in the lamb lying down inside the lion. The essential selfishness of attachment is shown also in the way a man becomes attached to his pipe or his home, *etc.* At the same time, personal attachment may prove the entering wedge of something higher. “The passing attachments of young people are seldom entitled to serious notice; although sometimes they may ripen by long intercourse into a laudable and steady affection” (Crabb).

FOOLISH FONDNESS

Page 156

The word fondness is sometimes used in the sense of a tender, loving disposition; yet there is nearly always an implication of silly extravagance or unseemly demonstrativeness, and in the most accurate usage it means a foolish, doting indulgence, without discriminating intelligence, or even common-sense. As Crabb puts it in his *English Synonyms*, "A fond parent does not rise above a fool." Everybody knows fathers and mothers whose fondness induces them to indulge all the appetites, desires, and whims of their children, thereby ruining their health and temper, making them greedy and selfish, and laying the foundation for a wretched life for the children themselves and all who are unfortunate enough to come into contact with them. This irrational fondness is what travellers and anthropologists have so often mistaken for genuine affection in the cases of savages and barbarians who were found to be fondling their babes, doting upon them, playing with them, and refusing to punish them for any naughtiness. But it is far from being affection, because it is not only foolish, but *selfish*. To some of my readers this may seem a strange accusation, but it is a fact recognized in the best literary usage, for, as Crabb remarks, "a person is fond, who caresses an object or makes it a source of pleasure *to himself*." Savages fondle their children because in doing so they please and amuse themselves. Their pranks entertain the fathers, and as for the mothers, nature (natural selection) has implanted in them an unconscious instinct of race preservation which, recognizing the selfishness of primitive man, has brought it about that it gives the mother a special pleasure to suckle and fondle her infant. The essential selfishness of this fondness is revealed when there is a conflict between the mother's comfort and the child's welfare. The horrible prevalence among many of the lower races, of infanticide—merely to save trouble—of which many examples are given in various parts of this book (see index)—shows not only how selfish, but how shallow, fondness is. There are thousands of mothers in our modern cities who have not risen above this condition. An Italian, Ferriani, has written a book on degenerate mothers (*Madri Snaturate*), and I have in my note-books a statement of the London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children referring to a record of 2,141 cases of proved cruelty in the one month of August, 1898; which would make at least 25,000 cases a year, in one city alone, or possibly double that number, for many cases are never found out, or else consist of mental torture which is worse than bodily maltreatment. Yet there can be no doubt that all, or nearly all, of these mothers were fond of their babies—*i.e.*, fondled them at first, till the animal instinct implanted in them was overcome by the desire for personal comfort. This animal instinct, given to them by nature, is no virtue, for it is unconscious. A tigress has

Page 157

it, but we do not call it a virtue in her any more than we call her cruelty to her prey a vice; she is acting unconsciously in either case, knowing no distinction between good and evil. Fondness, in a word, is not an ethical virtue. In addition to all its enumerated shortcomings, it is, moreover, transient. A dog mother will care for her young for a few months with the watchfulness and temporary ferocity implanted in her by natural selection, but after that she will abandon them and recognize them no more as her own. Sometimes this instinctive fondness ceases with startling rapidity. I remember once in a California yard, how a hen flew in my face angrily because I had frightened her chicks. A few days later she deserted them, before they were really quite old enough to take care of themselves, and all my efforts to make her return and let them sleep again under her warm feathers failed. She even pecked at them viciously. Some of the lower savages similarly abandon their young as soon as they are able to get along, while those who care for them longer, do so not from affection, but because sons are useful assistants in hunting and fighting, and daughters can be sold or traded off for new wives. That they do not keep them from affection is proved by the fact that in all cases where any selfish advantage can be gained they marry them off without reference to their wishes or chances of happiness.[39]

UNSELFISH AFFECTION

While the fondness of savages, which has been so often mistaken for affection, is thus seen to be foolish, unconscious, selfish, shallow, and transient, true affection is rational, conscious, unselfish, deep, and enduring. Being rational, it looks not to the enjoyment or comfort of the moment, but to future and enduring welfare, and therefore does not hesitate to punish folly or misdeeds in order to avert future illness or misfortune. Instead of being a mere instinctive impulse, liable to cease at any moment, like that of the California hen referred to, it is a conscious altruism, never faltering in its ethical sense of duty, utterly incapable of sacrificing another's comfort or well-being to its own. While fondness is found coexisting with cruelty and even with infanticide and cannibalism (as in those Australian mothers, who feed their children well and carry them when tired, but when a real test of altruism comes—during a famine—kill and eat them, [40] just as the men do their wives when they cease to be sensually attractive), affection is horrified at the mere suggestion of such a thing. No man into whose love affection enters as an ingredient would ever injure his beloved merely to gratify himself. Crabb is utterly wrong when he writes that

“love is more selfish in its nature than friendship; in indulging another it seeks its own, and when this is not to be obtained, it will change into the contrary passion of hatred.”

This is a definition of lust, not of love—a definition of the passion as known to the Greek Euripides, of whose lovers Benecke says (53):

Page 158

"If, or as soon as, they fail in achieving the gratification of their sensual desires, their 'love' immediately turns to hate. The idea of devotion or self-sacrifice for the good of the beloved person, as distinct from one's own, is absolutely unknown. 'Love is irresistible,' they say, and, in obedience to its commands, they set down to reckon how they can satisfy themselves, at no matter what cost to the objects of their passion."

How different this unaffectionate "love" from the love of which our poets sing! Shakspeare knew that absorbing affection is an ingredient of love: Beatrice loves Benedick "with an enraged affection," which is "past the infinite of the night." Rosalind does not know how many fathom deep she is in love: "It cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal." Dr. Abel has truly said that

"affection is love tested and purified in the fire of the intellect. It appears when, after the veil of fancy has dropped, a beloved one is seen in the natural beauty with various human limitations, and is still found worthy of the warmest regards. It comes slowly, but it endures; gives more than it takes and has a tinge of tender gratitude for a thousand kind actions and for the bestowal of enduring happiness. According to English ideas, a deep affection, through whose clear mirror the gold of the old love shimmers visibly, should be the fulfilment of marriage."

Of romantic love affection obviously could not become an ingredient till minds were cultured, women esteemed, men made altruistic, and opportunities were given for youths and maidens to become acquainted with each other's minds and characters before marriage; as Dr. Abel says, affection "comes slowly—but it endures." The love of which affection forms an ingredient can never change to hatred, can never have any murderous impulses, as Schure and Goethe believed. It survives time and sensual charms, as Shakspeare knew:

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds.

* * * * *

Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom:—

If this be error, and upon me proved;
I never writ nor no man ever loved.

XIII. MENTAL PURITY

Romantic love has worked two astounding miracles. We have seen how, with the aid of five of its ingredients—sympathy, adoration, gallantry, self-sacrifice, and affection—it has overthrown the Goliath of selfishness. We shall now see how it has overcome another formidable foe of civilization—sensualism—by means of two other modern ingredients, one of which I will call mental purity (to distinguish it from bodily purity or chastity) and the other *esthetic* admiration of personal beauty.



Page 159

GERMAN TESTIMONY

Modern German literature contains many sincere tributes, in prose and verse, to the purity and nobility of true love and its refining influence. The psychologist Horwicz refers briefly (38) to the way in which

“love, growing up as a mighty passion from the substratum of sexual life, has, under the repressing influence of centuries of habits and customs, taken on an entirely new, *supersensual, ethereal* character, so that to a lover every thought of *naturalia* seems indelicate and improper.” “I feel it deeply that love must ennoble, not crush me,”

wrote the poet Korner; and again,

“Your sweet name was my talisman, which led me undefiled through youth’s wild storms, amid the corruption of the times, and protected my inner sanctum.” “O God!” wrote Beethoven, “let me at last find her who is destined to be mine, and who shall strengthen me in virtue.”

According to Dr. Abel, while love longs ardently to possess the beloved, to enjoy her presence and sympathy, it has also a more or less prominent mental trait which ennobles the passion and places it at the service of the ideal of its fancy. It is accompanied by an enthusiasm for the good and the beautiful in general, which comes to most people only during the brief period of love. “It is a temporary self-exaltation, *purifying the desires* and urging the lover to generous deeds.”

Des hoechste Glueck hat keine Lieder,
Der Liebe Lust ist still und mild;
Ein Kuss, ein Blicken hin und wieder,
Und alle Sehnsucht ist gestillt.
—*Geibel*.

Schiller defined love as an eager “desire for another’s happiness.” “Love,” he adds, “is the most beautiful phenomenon in all animated nature, the mightiest magnet in the spiritual world, the source of veneration and the sublimest virtues.” Even Goethe had moments when he appreciated the purity of love, and he confutes his own coarse conception that was referred to in the last section when he makes Werther write: “She is sacred to me. *All desire is silent in her presence.*”[41]

The French Edward Schure exclaims, in his *History of German Song*:

“What surprises us foreigners in the poems of this people is the unbounded faith in love, as the supreme power in the world, as the most beautiful and *divine thing* on earth, ... the first and last word of creation, its only principle of life, because it alone can urge us to complete self-surrender.”

Schure's intimation that this respect for love is peculiar to the Germans is, of course, absurd, for it is found in the modern literature of all civilized countries of Europe and America; as for instance in Michael Angelo's

The might of one fair face sublimes my love,
For it *hath weaned my heart from low desires*.



Page 160

ENGLISH TESTIMONY

English literature, particularly, has been saturated with this sentiment for several centuries. Love is “all purity,” according to Shakspeare’s Silvius. Schlegel remarked that by the manner in which Shakspeare handled the story of *Romeo and Juliet*, it has become

“a glorious song of praise on that inexpressible feeling which *ennobles the soul* and gives to it its highest sublimity, and which *elevates even the senses* themselves into soul;”

—which reminds one of Emerson’s expression that the body is “ensouled” through love. Steele declared that “Love is a passion of the mind (*perhaps the noblest*), which was planted in it by the same hand that created it;” and of Lady Elizabeth Hastings he wrote that “to love her was a liberal education.” In Steel’s *Lover* (No. 5) we read:

“During this emotion I am highly elated in my Being, and my every sentiment improved by the effects of that Passion.... I am more and more convinced that this Passion is in lowest minds the strongest Incentive that can move the Soul of Man to laudable Accomplishments.”

And in No. 29: “Nothing can *mend the Heart* better than an honorable Love, except Religion.” Thomas Otway sang:

O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you.
There’s in you all that we believe of heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

“Love taught him shame,” said Dryden, and Spenser wrote a Hymn in Honor of Love, in which he declared that

Such is the power of that sweet passion
That it *all sordid baseness doth expel*,
And the refined mind doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer form, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would itself excel.

Leigh Hunt wrote: “My love has made me better and more desirous of improvement than I have been.”

Love, indeed, is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire,

With angels shared, by Allah given,
To *lift from earth our low desire*.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But heaven itself descends in love.
—Byron.

Why should we kill the *best of passions*, love?
It aids the hero, bids ambition rise
To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,
Ev'n *softens brutes*, and adds a grace to virtue.

—Thomson.

Dr. Beddoe, author of the *Browning Cyclopaedia*, declares that “the passion of love, throughout Mr. Browning’s works, is treated as the most *sacred* thing in the human soul.” How Browning himself loved we know from one of his wife’s letters, in which she relates how she tried to discourage his advances:

Page 161

"I showed him how he was throwing away into the ashes his best affections—how the common gifts of youth and cheerfulness were behind me—how I had not strength, even of heart, for the ordinary duties of life—everything I told him and showed him. 'Look at this—and this—and this,' throwing down all my disadvantages. To which he did not answer by a single compliment, but simply that he had not then to choose, and that I might be right or he might be right, he was not there to decide; but that he loved me and should to his last hour. He said that the freshness of youth had passed with him also, and that he had studied the world out of books and seen many women, yet had never loved one until he had seen me. That he knew himself, and knew that, if ever so repulsed, he should love me to his last hour—it should be first and last."

No poet understood better than Tennyson that purity is an ingredient of love:

For indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only *to keep down the base in man*,
But teach high thoughts and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

MAIDEN FANCIES

Bryan Waller Proctor fell in love when he was only five years old: "My love," he wrote afterward, "had the fire of passion, but not the clay which drags it downward; it partook of the innocence of my years, while it etherealized me."

Such ethereal love too is the prerogative of a young maiden, whose imagination is immaculate, ignorant of impurity.

Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers.

No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire shall be,
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissed thee.

In high school, when sentimental impulses first manifest themselves in a girl, she is more likely than not to transfer them to a girl. Her feelings, in these cases, are not merely those of a warm friendship, but they resemble the passionate, self-sacrificing attitude of romantic love. New York schoolgirls have a special slang phrase for this kind of love—they call it a "crush," to distinguish it from a "mash," which refers to an

impression made on a man. A girl of seventeen told me one day how madly she was in love with another girl whose seat was near hers; how she brought her flowers, wiped her pens, took care of her desk; “but I don’t believe she cares for me at all,” she added, sadly.

PATHOLOGIC LOVE

Such love is usually as innocent as a butterfly’s flirtation with a flower.[42] It has a pathologic phase, in some cases, which need not be discussed here. But I wish to call attention to the fact that even in abnormal states modern love preserves its purity. The most eminent authority on mental pathology, Professor Krafft-Ebing, says, concerning erotomania:

Page 162

"The kernel of the whole matter is the delusion of being singled out and loved by a person of the other sex, who regularly belongs to a higher social class. And it should be noted that the love felt by the patient toward this person is a romantic, ecstatic, but entirely 'Platonic' affection."

I have among my notes a remarkable case, relating to that most awful of diseases that can befall a woman—nymphomania.[43] The patient relates:

"I have also noticed that when my affections are aroused, they counteract animal passion. I could never love a man because he was a man. My tendency is to worship the good I find in friends. I feel just the same toward those of my own sex. If they show any regard for me, the touch of a hand has power to take away all morbid feelings."

A MODERN SENTIMENT

There are all sorts and conditions of love. To those who have known only the primitive (sensual) sort, the conditions described in the foregoing pages will seem strange and fantastic if not fictitious—that is, the products of the writers' imaginations. Fantastic they are, no doubt, and romantic, but that they are real I can vouch for by my own experience whenever I was in love, which happened several times. When I was a youth of seventeen I fell in love with a beautiful, black-eyed young woman, a Spanish-American of Californian stock. She was married, and I am afraid she was amused at my mad infatuation. Did I try to flirt with her? A smile, a glance of her eyes, was to me the seventh heaven beyond which there could be no other. I would not have dared to touch her hand, and the thought of kissing her was as much beyond my wildest flights of fancy as if she had been a real goddess. To me she was divine, utterly unapproachable by mortal. Every day I used to sit in a lonely spot of the forest and weep; and when she went away I felt as if the sun had gone out and all the world were plunged into eternal darkness.

Such is romantic love—a supersensual feeling of crystalline purity from which all gross matter has been distilled. But the love that includes this ingredient is a modern sentiment, less than a thousand years old, and not to be found among savages, barbarians, or Orientals. To them, as the perusal of past and later chapters must convince the reader, it is inconceivable that a woman should serve any other than sensual and utilitarian purposes. The whole story is told in what Dodge says of the Indians, who, "animal-like, approach a woman only to make love to her"; and of the squaws who do not dare even go with a beau to a dance, or go a short distance from camp, without taking precautions against rape—precautions without which they "would not be safe for an instant" (210, 213).

PERSIANS, TURKS, AND HINDOOS

We shall read later on of the obscene talk and sights that poison the minds of boys and girls among Indians, Polynesians, *etc.*, from their infancy; in which respect Orientals are not much better than Hurons and Botocudos. "The Persian child," writes Mrs. Bishop (l., 218),

Page 163

“from infancy is altogether interested in the topics of adults; and as the conversation of both sexes is said by those who know them best to be without reticence or modesty, the purity which is one of the greatest charms of childhood is absolutely unknown.”

Of the Turks (at Bagdad) Ida Pfeiffer writes (*L.J.R.W.*, 202-203) that she found it

“very painful to notice the tone of the conversation that goes on in these harems and in the baths. Nothing can exceed the demureness of the women in public; but when they come together in these places, they indemnify themselves thoroughly for the restraint. While they were busy with their pipes and coffee, I took the opportunity to take a glance into the neighboring apartments, and in a few minutes I saw enough to fill me at once with disgust and compassion for these poor creatures, whom idleness and ignorance have degraded almost below the level of humanity. A visit to the women’s baths left a no less melancholy impression. There were children of both sexes, girls, women, and elderly matrons. The poor children! how should they in after life understand what is meant by modesty and purity, when they are accustomed from their infancy to witness such scenes, and listen to such conversation?”

These Orientals are too coarse-fibred to appreciate the spotless, peach-down purity which in our ideal is a maiden’s supreme charm. They do not care to prolong, even for a year what to us seems the sweetest, loveliest period of life, the time of artless, innocent maidenhood. They cannot admire a rose for its fragrant beauty, but must needs regard it as a thing to be picked at once and used to gratify their appetite. Nay, they cannot even wait till it is a full-blown rose, but must destroy the lovely bud. The “civilized” Hindoos, who are allowed legally to sacrifice girls to their lusts before the poor victims have reached the age of puberty, are really on a level with the African savages who indulge in the same practice. An unsophisticated reader of *Kalidasa* might find in the King’s comparison of Sakuntala to “a flower that no one has smelt, a sprig that no one has plucked, a pearl that has not yet been pierced,” a recognition of the charm of maiden purity. But there is a world-wide difference between this and the modern sentiment. The King’s attitude, as the context shows, is simply that of an epicure who prefers his oysters fresh. The modern sentiment is embodied in Heine’s exquisite lines:

DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME.

E’en as a lovely flower
So fair, so pure, thou art;
I gaze on thee and sadness
Comes stealing o’er my heart.

My hands I fain had folded
Upon thy soft brown hair,
Praying that God may keep thee



So lovely, pure, and fair.

—*Trans, of Kate Freiligrath Kroeker.*

It is not surprising that this intensely modern poem should have been set to music—the most modern of all the arts—more frequently than any other verses ever written. To Orientals, to savages, to Greeks, it would be incomprehensible—as incomprehensible as Ruskin’s “there is no true conqueror of lust but love,” or Tennyson’s

Page 164

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

To them the love between men and women seems not a purifying, ennobling emotion, a stimulus to self-improvement and an impulse to do generous, unselfish deeds, but a mere animal passion, low and degrading.

LOVE DESPISED IN JAPAN AND CHINA

The Japanese have a little more regard for women than most Orientals, yet by them, too, love is regarded as a low passion—as, in fact, identical with lust. It is not considered respectable for young folks to arrange their own marriages on a basis of love.

“Among the lower classes, indeed,” says Kuechler,[44] “such direct unions are not infrequent; but they are held in contempt, and are known as yago (meeting on a moor), a term of disrespect, showing the low opinion entertained of it.” Professor Chamberlain writes, in his *Things Japanese* (285):

“One love marriage we have heard of, one in eighteen years! But then both the young people had been brought up in America. Accordingly they took the reins in their own hands, to the great scandal of all their friends and relations.”

On another page (308) he says:

“According to the Confucian ethical code, which the Japanese adopted, a man’s parents, his teacher, and his lord claim his life-long service, his wife standing on an immeasurably lower plane.”[45]

Ball, in his *Things Chinese* comments on the efforts made by Chinamen to suppress love-matches as being immoral; and the French author, L.A. Martin, says, in his book on Chinese morals (171):

“Chinese philosophers know nothing of Platonic love; they speak of the relations between men and women with the greatest reserve, and we must attribute this to the low esteem in which they generally hold the fair sex; in their illustrations of the disorders of love, it is almost always the woman on whom the blame of seduction is laid.”

GREEK SCORN FOR WOMAN-LOVE

The Greeks were in the same boat. They did indeed distinguish between two kinds of love, the sensual and the celestial, but—as we shall see in detail in the special chapter devoted to them—they applied the celestial kind only to friendship and boy-love, never

to the love between men and women. That love was considered impure and degrading, a humiliating affliction of the mind, not for a moment comparable to the friendship between men or the feelings that unite parents and children. This is the view taken in Plato's writings, in Xenophon's *Symposium* and everywhere. In Plutarch's *Dialogue on Love*, written five hundred years after Plato, one of the speakers ventures a faint protest against the current notion that "there is no gust of friendship or heavenly ravishment of mind," in the love for women; but this is a decided innovation on the traditional Greek view, which is thus brutally expressed by one of the interlocutors in the same dialogue:

Page 165

“True love has nothing to do with women, and I assert that you who are passionately inclined toward women and maidens do not love any more than flies love milk or bees honey, or cooks the calves and birds whom they fatten in the dark.... The passion for women consists at the best in the gain of sensual pleasure and the enjoyment of bodily beauty.”

Another interlocutor sums up the Greek attitude in these words: “It behooves respectable women neither to love nor to be loved.”

Goethe had an aperçu of the absence of purity in Greek love when he wrote, in his *Roman Elegies*:

In der heroischen Zeit, da Goetter und Goettinnen liebten.
Folgte Begierde dem Blick, folgte Genuss der Begier.

PENETRATIVE VIRGINITY

The change in love from the barbarian and ancient attitude to the modern conception of it as a refining, purifying feeling is closely connected with the growth of the altruistic ingredients of love—sympathy, gallantry, self-sacrifice, affection, and especially adoration. It is one of the points where religion and love meet. Mariolatry greatly affected men’s attitude toward women in general, including their notions about love. There is a curious passage in Burton worth citing here (III., 2):

“Christ himself, and the Virgin Mary, had most beautiful eyes, as amiable eyes as any persons, saith Baradius, that ever lived, yet withal so modest, so chaste, that whosoever looked on them was freed from that passion of burning lust, if we may believe Gerson and Bonaventure; there was no such antidote against it as the Virgin Mary’s face.”

Mediaeval theologians had a special name for this faculty—Penetrative Virginity—which McClintock and Strong’s *Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature* defines as

“such an extraordinary or perfect gift of chastity, to which some have pretended that it overpowered those by whom they have been surrounded, and created in them an insensibility to the pleasures of the flesh. The Virgin Mary, according to some Romanists, was possessed of this gift, which made those who beheld her, notwithstanding her beauty, to have no sentiments but such as were consistent with chastity.”

In the eyes of refined modern lovers, every spotless maiden has that gift of penetrative virginity. The beauty of her face, or the charm of her character, inspires in him an affection which is as pure, as chaste, as the love of flowers. But it was only very

gradually and slowly that human beauty gained the power to inspire such a pure love; the proof of which assertion is to be unfolded in our next section.

XIV. ADMIRATION OF PERSONAL BEAUTY

“When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind,” exclaimed Dryden; and Romeo asks:

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne’er saw true beauty till this night.

Page 166

In full-fledged romantic love of the masculine type the admiration of a girl's personal beauty is no doubt the most entrancing ingredient. But such love is rare even to-day, while in ordinary love-affairs the sense of beauty does not play nearly so important a role as is commonly supposed. In woman's love, as everybody knows, the regard for masculine beauty usually forms an unimportant ingredient; and a man's love, provided sympathy, adoration, gallantry, self-sacrifice, affection, and purity enter into it, may be of the genuine romantic type, even though he has no sense of beauty at all. And this is lucky for the prospects of love, since, even among the most civilized races to-day, the number of men and women who, while otherwise refined and estimable, have no real appreciation of beauty, personal or otherwise, is astonishingly large.

DARWIN'S UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE

This being true of the average man and woman among the most cultured races, we ought to be able to conclude, as a matter of course and without the necessity of argumentation, that the admiration of personal beauty has still less to do with the motives that lead a savage to marry this or that girl, or a savage girl to prefer this or that suitor. Strange to say, this simple corollary of the doctrine of evolution has been greatly obscured by Darwin himself, by his theory of sexual selection, which goes so far as to attribute the beauty of the male *animals* to the continued preference by the females of the more showy males, and the consequent hereditary transmission of their colors and other ornaments. When we bear in mind how unimportant a role the regard for personal beauty plays even among the females of the most advanced human beings, the idea that the females of the lower animals are guided in their pairing by minute subtle differences in the beauty of masculine animals seems positively comic. It is an idea such as could have emanated only from a mind as unesthetic as Darwin's was.

So far as animals are concerned, Alfred Russell Wallace completely demolished the theory of sexual selection,[46] after it had created a great deal of confusion in scientific literature. In regard to the lower races of man this confusion still continues, and I therefore wish to demonstrate here, more conclusively than I did in my first book (60, 61, 327-30), that among primitive men and women, too, the sense of beauty does not play the important role attributed to it in their love-affairs. "The Influence of Beauty in determining the Marriages of Mankind" is one of the topics discussed in the *Descent of Man*. Darwin tries to show that, "especially" during the earlier period of our long history, the races of mankind were modified by the continued selection of men by women and women by men in accordance with their peculiar standards of beauty. He gives some of the numerous instances showing how savages "ornament" or mutilate their bodies; adding:

Page 167

"The motives are various; the men paint their bodies to make themselves appear terrible in battle; certain mutilations are connected with religious rites, or they mark the age of puberty, or the rank of the man, or they serve to distinguish the tribes. Among savages the same fashions prevail for long periods, and thus mutilations, from whatever cause first made, soon come to be valued as distinctive marks. *But self-adornment, vanity, and the admiration of others seem to be the commonest motives.*"

Among those who were led astray by these views of Darwin is Westermarck, who declares (257, 172) that "in every country, in every race, beauty stimulates passion," and that

"it seems to be beyond doubt that men and women began to ornament, mutilate, paint, and tattoo themselves chiefly in order to make themselves attractive to the opposite sex—that they might court successfully, or be courted"

—an opinion in which Grosse follows him, in his interesting treatise on the *Beginnings of Art* (111, etc.), thereby marring his chapter on "Personal Decoration." In the following pages I shall show, on the contrary, that when we subject these primitive customs of "ornamentation" and mutilation to a critical examination we find in nearly every case that they are either not at all or only indirectly (not esthetically), connected with the relations of the sexes; and that neither does personal beauty exist as a rule among savages, nor have they the esthetic sense to appreciate its exceptional occurrence. They nearly always paint, tattoo, decorate, or mutilate themselves without the least reference to courtship or the desire to please the other sex. It is the easiest thing in the world to fill page after page—as Darwin, Westermarck, Grosse, and others have done—with the remarks of travellers regarding the addiction of savages to personal "ornamentation"; but this testimony rests, as we shall see, on the unwarranted assumptions of superficial observers, who, ignorant of the real reasons why the lower races paint, tattoo, and otherwise "adorn" themselves, recklessly inferred that they did it to "make themselves beautiful." The more carefully the customs and traditions of these races are studied, the more obvious becomes the non-esthetic and non-erotic origin of their personal "decorations." In my extensive researches, for every single fact that seemed to favor the sexual selection theory I have found a hundred against it; and I have become more and more amazed at the extraordinary *sang froid* with which its advocates have ignored the countless facts that speak against it while boosting into prominence the very few that at first sight appear to support it. In the following pages I shall attempt to demolish the theory of sexual selection in reference to the lower races of man as Wallace demolished it in reference to animals; premising that the mass of cumulative evidence here presented is only a very small part of what might be adduced on my side. Let us consider the different motives for personal "decoration" in succession.

Page 168

“DECORATION” FOR PROTECTION

Many of the alleged personal “decorations” of inferior races are merely measures to protect themselves against climate, insects, *etc.* The Maoris of New Zealand besmear themselves with grease and red ochre as a defence against the sand-flies.[47] The Andaman islanders plaster themselves with a mixture of lard and colored earth to protect their skins from heat and mosquitoes.[48] Canadian Indians painted their faces in winter as a protection against frost-bite. In Patagonia

“both sexes smear their faces, and occasionally their bodies with paint, the Indians alleging as the reasons for using this cosmetic that it is a protection against the effects of the wind; and I found from personal experience that it proved a complete preservative from excoriation or chapped skin.”[49]

C. Bock notes that in Sumatra rice powder is lavishly employed by many of the women, but “not with the object of preserving the complexion or reducing the color, but to prevent perspiration by closing the pores of the skin.”[50] Baumann says of the African Bakongo that many of their peculiar ways of arranging the hair “seem to be intended less as ornamental head-dresses than as a bolster for the burdens they carry on their heads;”[51] and Squier says that the reason given by the Nicaraguans for flattening the heads of their children is that they may be better fitted in adult life to bear burdens.[52]

WAR “DECORATIONS”

Equally remote as the foregoing from all ideas of personal beauty or of courtship and the desire to inspire sexual passion is the custom so widely prevalent of painting and otherwise “adorning” the body for war. The Australians diversely made use of red and yellow ochre, or of white pigment for war paint.[53] Caesar relates that the ancient Britons stained themselves blue with woad to give themselves a more horrid aspect in war. “Among ourselves,” as Tylor remarks, “the guise which was so terrific in the Red Indian warrior has comedown to make the circus clown a pattern of folly,”[54] Regarding Canadian Indians we read that

“some may be seen with blue noses, but with cheeks and eyebrows black; others mark forehead, nose, and cheeks with lines of various colors; one would think he beheld so many hobgoblins. They believe that in colors of this description they are dreadful to their enemies, and that otherwise their own line of battle will be concealed as by a veil; finally, that it hardens the skin of the body, so that the cold of the winter is easily borne.”[55]

The Sioux Indians blackened their faces when they went on the warpath. They

Page 169

“highly prize personal bravery, and therefore constantly wear the marks of distinction which they received for their exploits; among these are, especially, tufts of human hair attached to the arms and legs, and feathers on their heads.”[56]

When Sioux warriors return from the warpath with scalps “the squaws as well as the men paint with vermilion a semicircle in front of each ear.”[57] North Carolina Indians when going to war painted their faces all over red, while those of South Carolina, according to DeBrahm, “painted their faces red in token of friendship and black in expression of warlike intentions.” “Before charging the foe,” says Dorsey, “the Osage warriors paint themselves anew. This is called the death paint.” The Algonquins, on the day of departure for war, dressed in their best, coloring the hair red and painting their faces and bodies red and black. The Cherokees when going to war dyed their hair red and adorned it with feathers of various colors.[58] Bancroft says (I., 105) that when a Thlinkit arms himself for war he paints his face and powders his hair a brilliant red. “He then ornaments his head with a white eagle feather as a token of stern, vindictive determination.”

John Adair wrote of the Chickasaws, in 1720, that they “readily know achievements in war by the blue marks over their breasts and arms, they being as legible as our alphabetical characters are to us”—which calls attention to a very frequent use of what are supposed to be ornaments as merely part of a language of signs. Irving remarks in *Astoria*, regarding the Arikara warriors, that “some had the stamp of a red hand across their mouths, a sign that they had drunk the life-blood of an enemy.” In Schoolcraft we read (II., 58) that among the Dakotas on St. Peter’s River a red hand means that the wearer has been wounded by an enemy, while a black hand indicates “I have slain an enemy.” The Hidatsa Indians wore eagle feathers “to denote acts of courage or success in war”; and the Dakotas and others indicated by means of special spots or colored bars in their feathers or cuts in them, that the wearer had killed an enemy, or wounded one, or taken a scalp, or killed a woman, *etc.* A black feather denoted that an Ojibwa woman was killed. The marks on their blankets had similar meanings.[59] Peter Carder, an Englishman captive among the Brazilians, wrote:

“This is to be noted, that how many men these savages doe kill, so many holes they will have in their visage, beginning first in the nether lippe, then in the cheekes, thirdly, in both their eye-browes, and lastly in their eares.”[60]

Of the Abipones we read that,

Page 170

“distrusting their courage, strength, and arms, they think that paint of various colors, feathers, shouting, trumpets, and other instruments of terror will forward their success.”[61]

Fancourt(314) says of the natives of Yucatan that “in their wars, and when they went to their sacrificial dances and festivals, they had their faces, arms, thighs, and legs painted and naked.” In Fiji the men bore a hole through the nose and put in a couple of feathers, nine to twelve inches long, which spread out over each side of the face like immense mustaches. They do this “to give themselves a fiercer appearance.”[62] Waitz notes that in Tahiti mothers compressed the heads of their infant boys “to make their aspect more terrible and thus turn them into more formidable warriors.” The Tahitians, as Ellis informs us, “went to battle in their best clothes, sometimes perfumed with fragrant oil, and adorned with flowers.”[63] Of the wild tribes in Kondhistan, too, we read that “it is only, however, when they go out to battle ... that they adorn themselves with all their finery.”[64]

AMULETS, CHARMS, MEDICINES.

The African tribes along the Congo wear on their bodies

“the horn, the hoof, the hair, the teeth, and the bones of all manner of quadrupeds; the feathers, beaks, claws, skulls, and bones of birds; the heads and skins of snakes; the shells and fins of fishes, pieces of old iron, copper, wood, seeds of plants, and sometimes a mixture of all, or most of them, strung together.”

Unsophisticated travellers speak of these things as “ornaments” indicating the strange “sense of beauty” of these natives. In reality, they have nothing to do with the sense of beauty, but are merely a manifestation of savage superstition. In Tuckey’s *Zaire*, from which the above citation is made (375), they are properly classed as fetiches, and the information is added that in the choice of them the natives consult the fetich men. A picture is given in the book of one appendage to the dress “which the weaver considered an infallible charm against poison.” Others are “considered as protection against the effects of thunder and lightning, against the attacks of the alligator, the hippopotamus, snakes, lions, tigers,” etc., etc. Winstanley relates (II., 68) that in Abyssinia

“the Mateb, or baptismal cord, is *de rigueur*, and worn when nothing else is. It formed the only clothing of the young at Seramba, but was frequently added to with amulets, sure safeguards against sorcery.”

Concerning the Bushmen, Mackenzie says:

Page 171

"Certain marks on the face, or bits of wood on his hair, or tied around his neck, are medicines or charms to be taken in sickness, or proximity to lions, or in other circumstances of danger." [65]

Bastian relates that in many parts of Africa every infant is tattooed on the belly, to dedicate it thereby to a certain fetich. [66] The inland negroes mark all sorts of patterns on their skins, partly "to expel evil influences." [67] The Nicaraguans punctured and scarified their tongues because, as they explained to Oviedo, it would bring them luck in bargains. The Peruvians, says Cieza, pulled out three teeth of each jaw in children of very tender age because that would be acceptable to the gods; and Garcilassa notes that the Peruvians pulled out a hair of an eyebrow when making an offering. Jos. d'Acosta also describes how the Peruvians pulled out eyelashes and eyebrows and offered them to the deities. The natives of Yucatan, according to Fancourt, wore their hair long as "a sign of idolatry." [68] When Franklin relates that Chippewayan Indians "prize pictures very highly and esteem any they can get," we seem to have come across a genuine esthetic sense, till we read that it makes no difference how badly they are executed, and that they are valued "as efficient charms." [69] All Abipones of both sexes

"pluck up the hair from the forehead to the crown of the head, so that the forepart of the head is bald almost for the space of two inches; this baldness they ... account a religious mark of their nation." [70]

The Point Barrow Eskimos believe that clipping their hair on the back of the head in a certain way "prevents snow-blindness in the spring." These Eskimos painted their faces when they went whaling, and the Kadiaks did so before any important undertaking, such as crossing a wide strait, chasing the sea-otter, etc. [71] In regard to the amulets or charms worn by Eskimos, Crantz says:

"These powerful preventives consist in a bit of old wood hung around their necks, or a stone, or a bone, or a beak or claw of a bird, or else a leather strap tied round their forehead, breast, or arm." [72]

Marcano says that "the Indians of French Guiana paint themselves in order to drive away the devil when they start on a journey or for war." [73] In his treatise on the religion of the Dakotas, Lynd remarks:

"Scarlet or red is the religious color for sacrifices.... The use of paint, the Dakotas aver, was taught them by the gods. Unkteh taught the first medicine men how to paint themselves when they worshipped him and what colors to use. Takushkanshan (the moving god) whispers to his favorites what colors to use. Heyoka hovers over them in dreams, and informs them how many streaks to employ upon their bodies and the tinge they must have. No ceremony of worship is complete without the wakan, or sacred application of paint." [74]

Page 172

By the Tasmanians "the bones of relatives were worn around the neck, less, perhaps, as ornaments than as charms." [75] The Ainos of Japan and the Fijians held that tattooing was a custom introduced by the gods. Fijian women believed "that to be tattooed is a passport to the other world, where it prevents them from being persecuted by their own sex." [76] An Australian custom ordained that every person must have the septum of the nose pierced and must wear in it a piece of bone, a reed, or the stalks of some grass. This was not done, however, with the object of adorning the person, but for superstitious reasons: "the old men used to predict to those who were averse to this mutilation all kinds of evil." The sinner, they said, would suffer in the next world by having to eat filth. "To avoid a punishment so horrible, each one gladly submitted, and his or her nose was pierced accordingly." (Brough Smyth, 274.) Wilhelmi says that in the Northwest the men place in the head-band behind the ears pieces of wood decorated with very thin shavings and looking like plumes of white feathers. They do this "on occasions of rejoicings and when engaged in their mystic ceremonies." Nicaraguans trace the custom of flattening the heads of children to instructions from the gods, and Pelew Islanders believed that to win eternal bliss the septum of the nose must be perforated, while Eskimo girls were induced to submit to having long stitches made with a needle and black thread on several parts of the face by the superstitious fear that if they refused they would, after death, be turned into train tubs and placed under the lamps in heaven. [77] In order that the ghost of a Sioux Indian may travel the ghost road in safety, it is necessary for each Dakota during his life to be tattooed in the middle of the forehead or on the wrists. If found without these, he is pushed from a cloud or cliff and falls back to this world. [78] In Australia, the Kurnai medicine men were supposed to be able to communicate with ghosts only when they had certain bones thrust through the nose. [79] The *American Anthropologist* contains (July, 1889) a description of the various kinds of face-coloring to indicate degrees in the Grand Medicine Society of the Ojibwa. These Indians frequently tattooed temples, forehead, or cheeks of sufferers from headache or toothache, in the belief that this would expel the demons who cause the pain. In Congo, scarifications are made on the back for therapeutic reasons; and in Timor-Laut (Malay Archipelago), both sexes tattooed themselves "in imitation of immense smallpox marks, in order to ward off that disease." [80]

MOURNING LANGUAGE

Page 173

Australian women of the Port Lincoln tribes paint a ring around each eye and a streak over the stomach, and men mark their breasts with stripes and paints in different patterns. An ignorant observer, or an advocate of the sexual selection theory, would infer that these "decorations" are resorted to for the purpose of ornamentation, to please individuals of the opposite sex. But Wilhelmi, who understood the customs of these tribes, explains that these divers stripes and paints have a practical object, being used to "indicate the different degrees of relationship between a dead person and the mourners." [81] In South Australia widows in mourning "shave their heads, cover them with a netting, and plaster them with pipe-clay" [82]. A white band around the brow is also used as a badge of mourning [83]. Taplin says that the Narrinyeri adorn the bodies of the dead with bright-red ochre, and that this is a wide-spread custom in Australia. A Dyeri, on being asked why he painted red and white spots on his skin, answered: "Suppose me no make-im, me tumble down too; that one [the corpse] growl along-a-me." A further "ornament" of the women on these occasions consists in two white streaks on the arm to indicate that they have eaten some of the fat of the dead, according to their custom. (Smyth, I., 120.) In some districts the mourners paint themselves white on the death of a blood relation, and black when a relative by marriage dies. The corpse is often painted red. Red is used too when boys are initiated into manhood, and with most tribes it is also the war-color. Hence it is not strange that they should undertake long journeys to secure fresh supplies of ochre: for war, mourning, and superstition are three of the strongest motives of savage activity. African Bushmen anoint the heads of the dead with a red powder mixed with melted fat. Hottentots, when mourning, shave their heads in furrows. Damaras wear a dark-colored skin-cap: a piece of leather round the neck, to which is attached a piece of ostrich egg-shell. Coast negroes bury the head of a family in his best clothes and ornaments, and Dahomans do the same [84]. Schweinfurth says that "according to the custom, which seems to belong to all Africa, as a sign of grief the Dinka wear a cord round the neck." [85] Mourning New Zealanders tie a red cloth round the head or wear headdresses of dark feathers. New Caledonians cut off their hair and blacken and oil their faces [85]. Hawaiians cut their hair in various forms, knock out a front tooth, cut the ears and tattoo a spot on the tongue [86]. The Mineopies use three coloring substances for painting their bodies; and by the way they apply them they let it be known whether a person is ill or in mourning, or going to a festival. [87] In California the Yokaia widows make an unguent with which they smear a white band two inches wide all around the edge of the hair [88]. Of the Yukon Indians of Alaska "some wore hoops of birch wood around the neck and waists, with various

Page 174

patterns of figures cut on them. These were said to be emblems of mourning for the dead.”[89] Among the Snanaimuq “the face of the deceased is painted with red and black paint... After the death of husband or wife the survivor must paint his legs and his blanket red.”[90] Numerous other instances may be found in Mallery, who remarks that “many objective modes of showing mourning by styles of paint and markings are known, the significance of which are apparent when discovered in pictographs.”[91]

INDICATIONS OF TRIBE OR RANK

Among the customs which, in Darwin’s opinion, show “how widely the different races of man differ in their taste for the beautiful,” is that of moulding the skull of infants into various unnatural shapes, in some cases making the head “appear to us idiotic.” One would think that before accepting such a monstrous custom as evidence of any kind of a sense of beauty, Darwin, and those who expressed the same opinion before and after him, would have inquired whether there is not some more rational way of accounting for the admiration of deformed heads by these races than by assuming that they approved of them for *esthetic* reasons. There is no difficulty in finding several non-esthetic reasons why peculiarly moulded skulls were approved of. The Nicaraguans, as I have already stated, believed that heads were moulded in order to make it easier to bear burdens, and the Peruvians also said they pressed the heads of children to make them healthier and able to do more work. But vanity—individual or tribal—and fashion were the principal motives. According to Torquemada, the kings were the first who had their heads shaped, and afterward permission to follow their example was granted to others as a special favor. In their classical work on Peruvian antiquities (31-32) Eivoro and Tschudi describe the skulls they examined., including many varieties “artificially produced, and differing according to their respective localities.”

“These irregularities were undoubtedly produced by mechanical causes, and were considered as the *distinctive marks of families*; for in one Huaca [cemetery] will always be found the same form of crania; while in another, near by, the forms are entirely different from those in the first.”

The custom of flattening the head was practised by various Indian tribes, especially in the Pacific States, and Bancroft (I., 180) says that, “all seem to admire a flattened forehead as a *sign of noble birth*,” and on p. 228, he remarks:

“Failure properly to mould the cranium of her offspring gives the Chinook matron the reputation of a lazy and un-dutiful mother, and subjects the neglected children to the ridicule of their companions; so despotic is fashion.”

The Arab races of Africa alter the shapes of their children's heads because they are jealous of their noble descent. (Bastian, *D.M.*, II., 229.)

Page 175

"The genuine Turkish skull," says Tylor (*Anth.*, 240),

"is of the broad Tatar form, while the natives of Greece and Asia Minor have oval skulls, which gives the reason why at Constantinople it became the fashion to mould the babies' skulls round, so that they grew up with the broad head of the conquering race. Relics of such barbarism linger on in the midst of civilization, and not long ago a French physician surprised the world by the fact that nurses in Normandy were still giving the children's heads a sugar-loaf shape by bandages and a tight cap, while in Brittany they preferred to press it round."

Knocking out some of the teeth, or filing them into certain shapes, is another widely prevalent custom, for which it is inadmissible to invoke a monstrous and problematic esthetic taste as long as it can be accounted for on simpler and less disputable grounds, such as vanity, the desire for tribal distinction, or superstition. Holub found (II., 259), that in one of the Makololo tribes it was customary to break out the top incisor teeth, for the reason that it is "only horses that eat with all their teeth, and that men ought not to eat like horses." In other cases it is not contempt for animals but respect for them that accounts for the knocking out of teeth. Thus Livingstone relates (*L. Tr.*, II., 120), in speaking of a boy from Lomaine, that "the

upper teeth extracted seemed to say that the tribe have cattle. The knocking out of the teeth is in imitation of the animals they almost worship." The Batokas also give as their reason for knocking out their upper front teeth that they wish to be like oxen.

Livingstone tells us (*Zamb.*, 115), that the Manganja chip their teeth to resemble those of the cat or crocodile: which suggests totemism, or superstitious respect for an animal chosen as an emblem of a tribe. That the Australian custom of knocking out the upper front teeth at puberty is part of a religious ceremonial, and not the outcome of a desire to make the boys attractive to the girls, as Westermarck naively assumes (174, 172), is made certain by the details given in Mallery (1888-89, 513-514), including an excerpt from a manuscript by A.W. Howitt, in which it is pointed out that the humming instrument kuamas, the bull-roarer, "has a sacred character with all the Australian tribes;" and that there are marked on it "two notches, one at each end, representing the gap left in the upper jaw of the novice after his teeth have been knocked out during the rites." [92] But perhaps the commonest motive for altering the teeth is the desire to indicate tribal connections. "Various tribes," says Tylor (*Anthr.* 240), "grind their front teeth to points, or cut them away in angular patterns, so that in Africa and elsewhere a man's tribe is often known by the cut of his teeth."

Page 176

Peculiar arrangements of the hair also have misled unwary observers into fancying that they were made for beauty's sake and to attract the opposite sex, when in reality they were tribal marks or had other utilitarian purposes, serving as elements in a language of signs, *etc.* Frazer, *e.g.*, notes (27) that the turtle clan of the Omaha Indians cuts off all the hair from a boy's head except six locks which hang down in imitation of the legs, head, and tail of a turtle; while the Buffalo clan arranges two locks of hair in imitation of horns. "Nearly all the Indian tribes," writes Mallery (419), "have peculiarities of the arrangement of the hair and of some article of apparel or accoutrement by which they can always be distinguished." Heriot relates (294) that among the Indians

"the fashion of trimming the hair varies in a great degree, and an enemy may by this means be discovered at a considerable distance." "The Pueblos generally, when accurate and particular in delineation [pictographs], designate the women of that tribe by a huge coil of hair over either ear. This custom prevails also among the Coyotero Apaches, the woman wearing the hair in coil to denote a virgin or an unmarried person, while the coil is absent in the case of a married woman."

By the Mokis, maidenhood is indicated by wearing the hair as a disk on each side of the head. (Mallery, 231-32.) Similar usages on other continents might be cited.

Besides these arbitrary modifications of the skull and the teeth, and the divers arrangements of the hair, there are various other ways in which the lower races indicate tribal connection, rank, or other conditions. Writing about negroes Burton says (*Abeok.*, I., 106), that lines, welts, and all sorts of skin patterns are used, partly for superstitious reasons, partly to mark the different tribes and families. "A volume would not suffice to explain all the marks in detail." Of the Dahomans, Forbes says (I., 28), "that *according to rank and wealth* anklets and armlets of all metals, and necklaces of glass, coral, and Popae beads, are worn by both sexes." Livingstone relates (*Mis. Trav.*, 276) that the copper rings worn on their ankles by the chiefs of Londa were so large and heavy that they seriously inconvenienced them in walking. That this custom was entirely an outcome of vanity and emulation, and not a manifestation of the esthetic sense, is made clear by the further observations of Livingstone. Men who could not afford so many of these copper rings would still, he found, strut along as if they had them. "That is the way," he was informed, "in which they show off their lordship in these parts." Among the Mojave Indians "nose-jewels designate a man of wealth and rank," and elaborate headdresses of feathers are the insignia of the chiefs[93]. Champlain says that among the Iroquois those who wore three large plumes were chiefs. In Thurn says (305) that each of the Guiana tribes makes its feather head-dresses of special colors; and Martins has the following regarding the Brazilian Indians: "Commonly all the members of a tribe, or a horde, or a family, agree to wear certain ornaments or signs as characteristic marks." Among these are various ornaments of feathers on the head, pieces of wood, stones, or shells, in the ears, the nose, and lips, and especially tattoo marks.

Page 177

VAIN DESIRE TO ATTRACT ATTENTION

Thus we see that an immense number of mutilations of the body and alleged “decorations” of it are not intended by these races as things of beauty, but have special meanings or uses in connection with protection, war, superstition, mourning, or the desire to mark distinctions between the tribes, or degrees of rank within one tribe or horde. Usually the “ornamentations” are prescribed for all members of a tribe of the same sex, and their acceptance is rigidly enforced. At the same time there is scope for variety in the form of deviations or exaggerations, and these are resorted to by ambitious individuals to attract attention to their important selves, and thus to gratify vanity, which, in the realm of fashion, is a thing entirely apart from—and usually antagonistic to—the sense of beauty[94]. At Australian dances various colors are used with the object of attracting attention. Especially fantastic are their “decorations” at the corroborees, when the bodies of the men are painted with white streaks that make them look like skeletons. Bulmer believed that their object was to “make themselves as terrible as possible to the beholders and not beautiful or attractive,” while Grosse thinks (65) that as these dances usually take place by moonlight, the object of the stripes is to make the dancers more conspicuous—two explanations which are not inconsistent with each other.

Fry relates[95] that the Khonds adorn their hair till they may be seen “intoxicated with vanity on its due decoration.” Hearne (306) saw Indians who had a single lock of hair that “when let down would trail on the ground as they walked.” Anderson expresses himself with scientific precision when he writes (136) that in Fiji the men “who like to *attract the attention* of the opposite sex, don their best plumage.” The attention may be attracted by anything that is conspicuous, entirely apart from the question whether it be regarded as a thing of beauty or not. Bourne makes the very suggestive statement (69-70) that in Patagonia the beautiful plumage of the ostrich was not appreciated, but allowed to blow all over the country, while the natives adorned themselves with beads and cheap brass and copper trinkets. We may therefore assume that in those cases where feathers are used for “adornment” it is not because their beauty is appreciated but because custom has given them a special significance. In many cases they indicate that the wearer is a person of rank—chief or medicine man—as we saw in the preceding pages. We also saw that special marks in feathers among Dakotas indicated that the wearer had taken a human life, which, more than anything else, excites the admiration of savage women; so that what fascinates them in such a case is not the feather itself but the deed it stands for. Panlitzschke informs us (*E.N.O.Afr.*, chap. ii.), that among the African Somali and Gallas every man

Page 178

who had killed someone, boastfully wore an ostrich feather on his head to call attention to his deed. The Danakil wore these feathers for the same purpose, adding ivory rods in their ear-lobes and fastening a bunch of white horsehair to their shield. A strip of red silk round the forehead served the same purpose. Lumholtz, describing a festival dance in Australia (237), says that some of the men hold in their mouths tufts of talegalla feathers "for the purpose of giving themselves a savage look." By some Australians bunches of hawk's or eagle's feathers are worn "either when fighting or dancing, and also used as a fan" (Brough Smyth, I., 281-282), which suggests the thought that the fantastic head-dresses of feathers, *etc.*, often seen in warm countries, may be worn as protection against the sun[96].

I doubt, too, whether the lower races are able to appreciate flowers esthetically as we do, apart from their fragrance, which endears them to some barbarians of the higher grades. Concerning Australian women we find it recorded by Brough Smyth (I., 270) that they seem to have no love of flowers, and do not use them to adorn their persons. A New Zealander explained his indifference to flowers by declaring that they were "not good to eat." [97] Other Polynesians were much given to wearing flowers on the head and body; but whether this was for *esthetic* reasons seems to me doubtful on account of the revelations made by various missionaries and others. In Ellis, *e.g.* (*P.R.*, I., 114), we read that in Tahiti the use of flowers in the hair, and fragrant oil, has been in a great degree discontinued, "partly from the connection of these ornaments with the evil practices to which they were formerly addicted."

OBJECTS OF TATTOOING

So far tattooing has been mentioned only incidentally; but as it is one of the most widely prevalent methods of primitive personal "decoration" a few pages must be devoted to it in order to ascertain whether it is true that it is one of those ornamentations which, as Darwin would have us believe, help to determine the marriages of mankind, or, as Westermarck puts it, "men and women began to... tattoo themselves chiefly in order to make themselves attractive to the opposite sex—that they might court successfully, or be courted." We shall find that, on the contrary, tattooing has had from the earliest recorded times more than a dozen practical purposes, and that its use as a stimulant of the passion of the opposite sex probably never occurred to a savage until it was suggested to him by a philosophizing visitor.

Twenty-four centuries ago Herodotus not only noted that the Thracians had punctures on their skins, but indicated the reason for them: they are, he said, "a mark of nobility: to be without them is a testimony of mean descent." [98] This use of skin disfigurements prevails among the lower races to the present day, and it is only one of many utilitarian

and non-esthetic functions subserved by them. In his beautifully illustrated volume on Maori tattooing, Major-General Robley writes:

Page 179

"Native tradition has it that their first settlers used to mark their faces for battle with charcoal, and that the lines on the face thus made were the beginnings of the tattoo. To save the trouble of this constantly painting their warlike decorations on the face, the lines were made permanent. Hence arose the practice of carving the face and the body with dyed incisions. The Rev. Mr. Taylor ... assumes that the chiefs being of a lighter race, and having to fight side by side with slaves of darker hues, darkened their faces in order to appear of the same race."

TATTOOING ON PACIFIC ISLANDS

When Captain Cook visited New Zealand (1769) he was much interested in the tattooing of the Maoris, and noted that each tribe seemed to have a different custom in regard to it; thus calling attention to one of its main functions as a means to distinguish the tribes from each other. He described the different patterns on divers parts of the body used by various tribes, and made the further important observation that "by adding to the tattooing they grow old and honorable at the same time." The old French navigator d'Urville found in the Maori tattooing an analogy to European heraldry, with this difference: that whereas the coat-of-arms attests the merits of ancestors, the Maori moko illustrates the merits of the persons decorated with it. It makes them, as Robley wittily says, "men of mark." One chief explained that a certain mark just over his nose was his name; it served the purposes of a seal in signing documents. It has been suggested that the body of a warrior may have been tattooed for the sake of identification in case the head was separated from it; for the Maoris carried on a regular trade in heads. Rutherford, who was held for a long time as a captive, said that only the great ones of the tribe were allowed to decorate the forehead, upper lip, and chin. Naturally such marks were "a source of pride" (a sign of rank), and "the chiefs were very pleased to show the tattooing on their bodies." To have an untattooed face was to be "a poor nobody." Ellis (*P.R.*, III., 263) puts the matter graphically by saying the New Zealander's tattooing answers the purpose of the particular stripe or color of the Highlander's plaid, marking the clan or tribe to which they belong, and is also said to be employed as "a means of enabling them to distinguish their enemies in battle."

In his great work on Borneo (II., 83), Roth cites Brooke Low, who said that tattooing was a custom of recent introduction: "I have seen a few women with small patterns on their breasts, but they were the exception to the rule and were not regarded with favor." Burns says that the Kayan men do not tattoo, but

Page 180

“many of the higher classes have small figures of stars, beasts, or birds on various parts of their body, chiefly the arms, distinctive of rank. The highest mark is that of having the back of the hands colored or tattooed, which is only conferred on the brave in battle.”

St. John says that “a man is supposed to tattoo one finger only, if he has been present when an enemy has been killed, but tattoos hand and fingers if he has taken an enemy’s head.” Among the Ida’an a man makes a mark on his arm for each enemy slain. One man was seen with thirty-seven such stripes on the arm. A successful head-hunter is also allowed to “decorate” his ears with the canine teeth of a Bornean leopard. “In some cases tatu marks appear to be used as a means of communicating a fact,” writes Roth (II., 291). Among the Kayan it indicates rank. Slaughter of an enemy, or mere murder of a slave, are other reasons for tattooing. “A Murut, having run away from the enemy, was tatued on his back. So that we may justly conclude that tatuing among the natives of Borneo is one method of writing.” Among the Dusun the men that took heads generally had a tattoo mark for each one on the arm, and were looked upon as very brave, though their victim might have been only a woman or a child (159).

In the fifth volume of Waitz-Gerland’s *Anthropologie* (Pt. II., 64-67), a number of authors are cited testifying that in the Micronesian Archipelago the natives of each island had special kinds of tattoo marks on different parts of the body, to distinguish them from others. These marks were named after the islands. The Micronesians themselves attached also a religious significance to these marks. The natives of Tobi believed that their island would be destroyed if the English visitors who came among them were not at once tattooed. Only those completely marked could enter the temple. The men were more tattooed than the women, who were regarded as inferiors.

In the sixth volume of Waitz-Gerland (30-40) is gathered a large mass of evidence, all of which shows that on the Polynesian islands, too, tattooing was indulged in, not for aesthetic and amorous but for religious and practical reasons. In Tonga it was a mark of rank, not permitted to common people or to slaves. Not to be tattooed was considered improper. In the Marquesas the older and more distinguished a man, the more he was tattooed. Married women were distinguished by having marks on the right hand and left foot. In some cases tattoo marks were used as signs to call to mind certain battles or festivals. A woman in Ponape had marks for all her successive husbands made on her arm—everything and anything, in fact, except the purpose of decorating for the sake of attracting the other sex. Gerland (33-40) makes out a very strong case for the religious origin of tattooing, which he aptly compares to our confirmation.

In Samoa the principal motive of tattooing seems to have been licentiousness. It was prohibited by the chiefs on account of the obscene practices always connected with it, and there is a legend of the incestuous designs of two divine brothers on their sister which was successful.

Page 181

"Tattooing thus originated among the gods and was first practised by the children of Taaroa, their principal deity. In imitation of their example, and for the accomplishment of the same purpose, it was practised among men." (Ellis, *P.R.*, I., 262.)

TATTOOING IN AMERICA

On the American continent we find tattooing practised from north to south, from east to west, for the most diverse reasons, among which the desire to facilitate courtship is never even hinted at. The Eskimos, about the age of puberty, apply paint and tattooing to their faces, cut holes and insert plugs or labrets. The object of these disfigurements is indicated by Bancroft (I., 48): "Different tribes, and different ranks of the same tribe, have each their peculiar form of tattooing." Moreover, "these operations are supposed to possess some significance other than that of mere ornament. Upon the occasion of piercing the lip, for instance, a religious feast is given." John Murdoch relates (Mallery, 396) that the wife of an Eskimo chief had "a little mark tattooed in each corner of her mouth, which she said were 'whale marks,' indicating that she was the wife of a successful whaler." Of the Kadiaks Bancroft says (72): "The more the female chin is riddled with holes, the greater the respectability." Among the Chippewyan Indians Mackenzie found (85) that both sexes had "blue or black bars, or from one to four straight lines, on their cheeks or foreheads to distinguish the tribe to which they belong." Swan writes (Mallery, 1882-83, 67) that

"the tattoo marks of the Haidas are heraldic designs or the family totem, or crests of the wearers, and are similar to the carvings depicted in the pillars and monuments around the homes of the chiefs."

A Haida Indian remarked to Swan (69): "If you were tattooed with the design of a swan, the Indians would know your family name." It is at festivals and masquerade performances, says the same writer, that "the tattoo marks show with the best effect, and the rank and family connection [are] known by the variety of design," Lafitan reports (II., 43) regarding the Iroquois and Algonquins that the designs which they have tattooed on their faces and bodies are employed as hieroglyphics, writing, and records, to indicate victories, etc. The designs tattooed on an Indian's face or body distinguish him, he adds, as we do a family by its armorial bearings.

"In James's Long it is reported that the Omahas are often neatly tattooed.... The daughters of chiefs and those of wealthy Indians generally are denoted by a small round spot tattooed on the forehead."

(Mallery, 1888-89, 395.) Bossu says regarding the practice of tattooing by the Osages (in 1756): "It is a kind of knighthood to which they are only entitled by great actions." Blue marks tattooed upon the chin of a Mojave woman indicate

Page 182

that she is married. The Serrano Indians near Los Angeles had, as late as 1843, a custom of having special tattoo marks on themselves which were also made on trees to indicate the corner boundaries of patches of land. (Mallery, 1882-83, 64, 182.) In his book on the California Indians, Powers declares (109) that in the Mattoal tribe the men tattoo themselves; in the others the women alone tattoo. The theory that the women are thus marked in order that the men may be able to recognize them and redeem them from captivity seems plausible for the reasons that these Indians are rent into a great number of divisions and that “the squaws almost never attempt any ornamental tattooing, but adhere closely to the plain regulation mark of the tribe.” The Hupa Indians have discovered another practical use for body-marks. Nearly every man has ten lines tattooed across the inside of his left arm, and these lines serve as a measurement of shell-money.

The same non-esthetic motives for tattooing prevail in South and Central America. In Agassiz’s book on Brazil we read (318) concerning the Mundurucu Indians:

“Major Coutinho tells us that the tattooing *has nothing to do with individual taste*, but that the pattern is appointed for both sexes, and is *invariable throughout the tribe*. It is connected with their caste, the limits of which are very precise, and with their religion.”

The tattooing “is also an indication of aristocracy; a man who neglected this distinction would not be respected in his tribe.” Concerning the Indians of Guiana we read in Im Thurn (195-96) that they have small distinctive tribal marks tattooed at the corners of the mouth or on the arms. Nearly all have “indelibly excised lines” which are

“scars originally made for *surgical*, not ornamental purposes.” “Some women specially affect certain little figures, like Chinese characters, which looks as if some meaning were attached to them, but which the Indians are either unable or unwilling to explain.”

In Nicaragua, as Squire informs us (III., 341), the natives tattooed themselves to designate by special marks the tribes to which they belonged; and as regards Yucatan, Landa writes (Sec. XXI.) that as tattooing was accompanied by much pain, they thought themselves the more gallant and strong the more they indulged in it; and that those who omitted it were sneered at—which gives us still another motive for tattooing—the fear of being despised and ridiculed for not being in fashion.

TATTOOING IN JAPAN

Many more similar details might be given regarding the races of various parts of the world, but the limits of space forbid. But I cannot resist the temptation to add a citation from Professor Chamberlain’s article on tattooing in his *Things Japanese*, because it

admirably illustrates the diversity of the motives that led to the practice. A Chinese trader, “early in the Christian era,” Chamberlain tells us, “wrote that the men all tattoo their faces and ornament their bodies with designs, differences of rank being indicated by the position and size of the patterns.” “But from the dawn of regular history,” Chamberlain adds,

Page 183

“far down into the middle ages, tattooing seems to have been confined to criminals. It was used as branding was formerly in Europe, whence probably the contempt still felt for tattooing by the Japanese upper classes. From condemned desperadoes to bravoos at large is but a step. The swashbucklers of feudal times took to tattooing, apparently because some blood and thunder scene of adventure, engraven on their chest and limbs, helped to give them a terrific air when stripped for any reason of their clothes. Other classes whose avocations led them to baring their bodies in public followed—the carpenters, for instance, and running grooms; and the tradition remained of ornamenting almost the entire body and limbs with a hunting, theatrical, or other showy scene.”

Shortly after 1808 “the government made tattooing a penal offence.”

It will be noticed that in this account the fantastic notion that the custom was ever indulged in for the purpose of beautifying the body in order to attract the other sex is, as in all the other citations I have made, not even hinted at. The same is true in the summary made by Mallery of the seventeen purposes of tattooing he found. No. 13 is, indeed, “to charm the other sex;” but it is “magically,” which is a very different thing from esthetically. I append the summary (418):

“1, to distinguish between free and slave, without reference to the tribe of the latter; 2, to distinguish between a high and low status in the same tribe; 3, as a certificate of bravery exhibited by supporting the ordeal of pain; 4, as marks of personal prowess, particularly; 5, as a record of achievements in war; 6, to show religious symbols; 7, as a therapeutic remedy for disease; 8, as a prophylactic against disease; 9, as a brand of disgrace; 10, as a token of a woman’s marriage, or, sometimes, 11, of her marriageable condition; 12, identification of the person, not as a tribesman, but as an individual; 13, to charm the other sex magically; 14, to inspire fear in the enemy; 15, to magically render the skin impenetrable to weakness; 16, to bring good fortune, and, 17, as the device of a secret society.”

SCARIFICATION.

Dark races, like the Africans and Australians, do not practise tattooing, because the marks would not show conspicuously on their black skins. They therefore resort to the process of raising scars by cutting the skin with flint or a shell and then rubbing in earth, or the juice of certain plants, *etc.* The result is a permanent scar, and these scars are arranged by the different tribes in different patterns, on divers parts of the body. In Queensland the lines, according to Lumholtz (177),

Page 184

“always denote a certain order of rank, and here it depends upon age. Boys under a certain age are not decorated; but in time they receive a few cross-stripes upon their chests and stomachs. The number of stripes is gradually increased, and when the subjects have grown up, a half-moon-shaped line is cut around each nipple.”

The necessity for such distinctive marks on the body is particularly great among the Australians, because they are subdivided in the most complicated ways and have an elaborate code of sexual permissions and prohibitions. Therefore, as Frazer suggests (38),

“a chief object of these initiation ceremonies was to teach the youths with whom they might or might not have connection, and to put them in possession of a visible language, ... by means of which they might be able to communicate their totems to, and to ascertain the totems of, strangers whose language they did not understand.”

In Africa, too, as we have seen, the scars are used as tribal names, and for other practical purposes. Holub (7) found that the Koranna of Central South Africa has three cuts on the chest. They confessed to him that they indicated a kind of free-masonry, insuring their being well received by Koranna everywhere. On the Congo, scarifications are made on the back for therapeutic reasons, and on the face as tribal marks. (Mallery, 417; H. Ward, 136.) Bechuana priests make long scars on a warrior's thigh to indicate that he has slain an enemy in battle. (Lichtenstein, II., 331.) According to d'Albertis the people of New Guinea use some scars as a sign that they have travelled (I., 213). And so on, *ad infinitum*.

ALLEGED TESTIMONY OF NATIVES

In face of this imposing array of facts revealing the non-esthetic character of primitive personal “decorations,” what have the advocates of the sexual selection theory to say? Taking Westermarck as their most erudite and persuasive spokesman, we find him placing his reliance on four things: (1) the practical ignoring of the vast multitude of facts contradicting his theory; (2) the alleged testimony of a few savages; (3) the testimony of some of their visitors; (4) the alleged fact that “the desire for self-decoration is strongest at the beginning of the age of puberty,” the customs of ornamenting, mutilating, painting, and tattooing being “practised most zealously at that period of life.” Concerning (1) nothing more need be said, as the large number of decisive facts I have collected exposes and neutralizes that stratagem. The other three arguments must be briefly considered.

Page 185

A native of Lukunor being asked by Mertens what was the meaning of tattooing, answered: "It has the same object as your clothes; that is, to please the women," In reply to the question why he wore his ornaments, an Australian answered Bulmer: "In order to look well and make himself agreeable to the women," (Brough Smyth, I., 275.) To one who has studied savages not only anthropologically but psychologically, these stories have an obvious cock-and-bull aspect. A native of the Caroline Islands would have been as incapable of originating that philosophical comparison between the object of our clothes and of his tattooing as he would have been of writing Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*. Human beings in his stage of evolution never consciously reflect on the reasons of things, and considerations of comparative psychology or esthetics are as much beyond his mental powers as problems in algebra or trigonometry. That such a sailor's yarn could be accepted seriously in an anthropologic treatise shows that anthropology is still in its cradle. The same is true of that Australian's alleged answer. The Australian is unequal to the mental effort of counting up to ten, and, like other savages, is easily fatigued by the simplest questions[99]. It is quite likely that Bulmer asked that native whether he ornamented himself "in order to look well and make himself agreeable to the women," and that the native answered "yes" merely to gratify him or to get rid of the troublesome question.

The books of missionaries are full of such cases, and no end of confusion has been created in science by such false "facts." The answer given by that native is, moreover, utterly opposed to all the well-attested details I have given in the preceding pages regarding the real motives of Australians in "decorating" themselves; and to those facts I may now add this crushing testimony from Brough Smyth (I., 270):

"The proper arrangement of their apparel, the ornamentation of their persons by painting, and attention to deportment, were important only when death struck down a warrior, when war was made, and when they assembled for a corroboree. In ordinary life little attention was given to the ornamenting of the person."

MISLEADING TESTIMONY OF VISITORS

"The Australians throughout the continent scar their persons, as Mr. Curr assures us, only as a means of decoration," writes Westermarck (169), and in the pages preceding and following he cites other evidence of the same sort, such as Carver's assertion that the Naudowessies paint their faces red and black, "which they esteem as greatly ornamental;" Tuckey's assumption that the natives of the Congo file their teeth and raise scars on the skin for purposes of ornament and principally "with the idea of rendering themselves agreeable to the women;" Kiedel's assertion, that in the Tenimber group the lads decorate their locks with leaves, flowers, and feathers, "only in order to please the women;" Taylor's statement that in New Zealand it was the great ambition of the young to have fine tattooed faces, "both to render themselves attractive to the ladies, and conspicuous in war," etc.

Page 186

Beginning with Curr, it must be conceded that he is one of the leading authorities on Australia, the author of a four-volume treatise on that country and its natives. Yet his testimony on the point in question happens to be as worthless as that of the most hasty globe-trotter, partly because he had evidently paid little attention to it, and partly also, I fancy, because of the fatal tendency of men of science to blunder as soon as they touch the domain of esthetics. What he really wrote (II., 275) is that Chatfield had informed him that scars were made by the natives on the right thigh "for the purpose of denoting the particular class to which they belong." This Curr doubts, "without further evidence," because it would conflict with the custom prevalent throughout the continent, "as far as known, which is to make these marks for ornament only." Now this is a pure assumption of Curr's, based on a preconceived notion, and contradicted by the specific evidence of a number of explorers who, as even Grosse is obliged to admit (75), "unanimously account for a part at least of the scars as tribal marks." [100]

If so eminent an authority as Curr can err so grievously, it is obvious that the testimony of other writers and casual observers must be accepted with extreme caution. Europeans and Americans are so accustomed to regard personal decorations as attempts to beautify the appearance that when they see them in savages there is a natural disposition to attribute them to the same motive. They do not realize that they are dealing with a most subtle psychological question. The chief source of confusion lies in their failure to distinguish between what is admired as a thing of beauty as such and what pleases them for other reasons. As Professor Sully has pointed out in his *Handbook of Psychology* (337):

"At the beginning of life there is no clear separation of what is beautiful from what is simply pleasing to the individual. As in the history of the race, so in that of the individual, the sense of beauty slowly extricates itself from pleasurable consciousness in general, and differentiates itself from the sense of what *is personally useful and agreeable*."

Bearing in mind this very important distinction between what is beautiful and what is merely pleasing because of its being useful and agreeable, we see at once that the words "decorative," "ornamental," "attractive," "handsome," *etc.*, are constantly used by writers on this subject in a misleading and question-begging way. We can hardly blame a man like Barrington for writing (11) that among the natives of Botany Bay "scars are, by both sexes, deemed highly ornamental"; but a scientific author who quotes such a sentence ought to be aware that the evidence did not justify Barrington in using any word but *pleasing* in place of "ornamental," because the latter implies and takes for granted the esthetic sense, the existence of which is the very thing to be proved. This remark applies generally to the evidence of this kind which Westermarck has so industriously collected, and which, on account of this indiscriminating, question-begging character, is entirely worthless. In all these cases the fact is overlooked that the "decorations" of one sex may be agreeable to the other for reasons that have nothing to do with the sense of beauty.

Page 187

Briefly summed up, Westermarck's theory is that in painting, tattooing, and otherwise decorating his person, primitive man's original and conscious object was to beautify himself for the sake of gaining an advantage in courtship; whereas my theory is that all these decorations originally subserved useful purposes alone, and that even where they subsequently may have served in some instances as means to please the women, this was not as things of beauty but indirectly and unintentionally through their association with rank, wealth, distinction in war, prowess, and manly qualities in general. When Dobrizhoffer says (II., 12) that the Abipones, "more ambitious to be dreaded by their enemies than to be loved, to terrify than attract beholders, think the more they are scarred and sunburnt, the *handsomer* they are," he illustrates glaringly the slovenly and question-begging use of terms to which I have just referred; for, as his own reference to being loved and to attracting beholders shows, he does not use the word "handsome" in an esthetic sense, but as a synonyme for what is pleasing or worthy of approval on other grounds. If the scars of these Indians do please the women it is not because they are considered beautiful, but because they are tokens of martial prowess. To a savage woman nothing is so useful as manly valor, and therefore nothing so agreeable as the signs of it. In that respect the average woman's nature has not changed. The German high-school girl admires the scars in the face of a "corps-student," not, certainly, because she considers them beautiful, but because they stand for a daredevil, masculine spirit which pleases her.

When the Rev. R. Taylor wrote (321) that among the New Zealanders "to have fine tattooed faces was the great ambition of the young, both to render themselves attractive to the ladies and conspicuous in war," he would have shown himself a better philosopher if he had written that by making themselves conspicuous in war with their tattooing they also make themselves attractive to the "ladies." That the sense of beauty is not concerned here becomes obvious when we include Robley's testimony (28, 15) that a Maori chief's great object was to excite fear among enemies, for which purpose in the older days he "rendered his countenance as terrible as possible with charcoal and red ochre"; while in more recent times,

"not only to become more terrible in war, when fighting was carried on at close quarters, but to appear more distinguished and attractive to the opposite sex, must certainly be included"

among the objects of tattooing. It is hardly necessary to point out that if we accept the sexual selection theory this expert testimony lands us in insuperable difficulty; for it is clearly impossible that on the same island, and in the same race, the painting and tattooing of the face should have the effect of terrifying the men and of appearing beautiful to the women. But if we discard the beauty theory and follow my suggestion, we have no difficulty whatever. Then we may grant that the facial daubs or skin mutilations may seem terrible or hideous to an enemy and yet please the women, because the women do not regard them as things of beauty, but as distinguishing marks of valiant warriors.

Page 188

By way of illustrating his maxim that “in every country, in every race, beauty stimulates passion,” Westermarck cites (257) part of a sentence by Lumholtz (213) to the effect that Australian women take much notice of a man’s face, particularly of the part about the eyes. He does not cite the rest of the sentence—“and they like to see a frank and open, *or perhaps, more correctly, a wild expression of countenance*,” which makes it clear to the reader that what stimulates the passion of these women is not the lines of beauty in the [never-washed] faces of these men, but the unbeautiful aspect peculiar to a wild hunter, ferocious warrior, and intrepid defender of his home. Their admiration, in other words, is not esthetic, but instinctively utilitarian.

“DECORATION” AT THE AGE OF PUBERTY

We come now to the principal argument of Westermarck—the alleged fact that in all parts of the world the desire for self-decoration is strongest at the beginning of the age of puberty, the customs of ornamenting, painting, mutilating, and tattooing the person being practised most zealously at that period. This argument is as futile as the others, for several reasons. In the first place, it is not true that in all parts of the world self-decoration is practised most zealously at that period. More frequently, perhaps, it is begun some years earlier, before any idea of courtship can have entered the heads of these children. The Congo cannibals begin the process of scarring the face at the age of four.[101] Dyak girls are tattooed at five.[102] The Botocudos begin the mutilating of children’s lips at the age of seven.[103] Eskimo girls are tattooed in their eighth year, [104] and on the Andaman Islands few children are allowed to pass their eighth year without scarification.[105] The Damaras chip the teeth with a flint “when the children are young.”[106] The female Oraons are “all tattooed in childhood.”[107] The Tahitians began tattooing at eight.[108] The Chukchis of Siberia tattoo girls at nine;[109] and so on in various parts of the world. In the second place, of the divers personal “decorations” indulged in by the lower races it is only those that are intended to be of a permanent character (tattooing, scarring, mutilating) that are made chiefly, though by no means exclusively[110] about or before the age of puberty.

All the other methods of “decorating” described in the preceding pages as being connected with the rites of war, superstition, mourning, *etc.*, are practised throughout life; and that they constitute by far the greater proportion of “ornamentations” is evidenced by the citation I have already made, from Brough Smyth, that the ornamentation of their persons was considered important by Australians only in connection with such ceremonies, and that “in ordinary life little attention was given to the ornamenting of the person”; to which much similar testimony

Page 189

might be added regarding other races; such as Kane's (184), regarding the Chinooks: "Painting the face is not much practised among them, except on extraordinary occasions, such as the death of a relative, some solemn feast, or going on a war-party;" or Morgan's (263), that the feather and war dances were "the chief occasions" when the Iroquois warrior "was desirous to appear in his best attire," etc.

Again, even if it were true that "the desire for self-decoration is strongest at the beginning of the age of puberty," it does not by any means follow that this must be due to the desire to make one's self attractive to the opposite sex. Whatever their desire may be, the children have no choice in the matter. As Curr remarks regarding Australians (11., 51),

"The male must commonly submit, *without hope of escape*, to have one or more of his teeth knocked out, to have the septum of his nose pierced, to have certain painful cuttings made in his skin, ...before he is allowed the rights of manhood."

There are, however, plenty of reasons why he should desire to be initiated. What Turner writes regarding the Samoans has a general application:

"Until a young man was tattooed, he was considered in his minority. He could not think of marriage, and he was constantly exposed to taunts and ridicule, as being poor and of low birth, and as having no right to speak in the society of men. But as soon as he was tattooed he passed into his majority, and considered himself entitled to the respect and privileges of mature years. When a youth, therefore, reached the age of sixteen, he and his friends were all anxiety that he should be tattooed." [111]

No one can read the accounts of the initiatory ceremonies of Australian and Indian boys (convenient summaries of which may be found in the sixth volume of Waitz-Gerland and in Southey's *Brazil* III., 387-88) without becoming convinced that with them, as with the Samoans, etc., there was no thought of women or courtship. Indeed the very idea of such a thing involves an absurdity, for, since all the boys in each tribe were tattooed alike, what advantage could their marks have secured them? If all men were equally rich, would any woman ever marry for money? Westermarck accepts (174) seriously the assertion of one writer that the reason why Australians knock out some of the teeth of the boys at puberty is because they know "that otherwise they would run the risk of being refused on account of ugliness." Now, apart from the childish supposition that Australian women could allow their amorous inclinations to depend on the presence or absence of two front teeth, this assertion involves the assumption that these females can exercise the liberty of choice in the selection of a mate—an assumption which is contrary to the truth, since all the authorities on Australia agree on at least one point, which is that women have

Page 190

absolutely no choice in the selection of a husband, but have to submit in all cases to the dispositions made by their male relatives. These Australian women, moreover, perversely act in a manner utterly inconsistent with the theory of sexual selection. Since they do not choose, but are chosen, one would naturally expect, in accordance with that theory, that they would decorate themselves in order to “stimulate the passion” of the *desirable* men; but they do no such thing.

While the men are apt to dress their hair carefully, the women “let their black locks grow as irregular and tangled as do the Fuegians” (Grosse, 87); and Buhner says they “did little to improve their appearance;” while such ornaments as they had “were not much regarded by the men.” (Brough Smyth, I, 275.)[112]

“DECORATION” AS A TEST OF COURAGE

One of the most important reasons why young savages approaching puberty are eager to receive their “decorations” remains to be considered. Tattooing, scarring, and mutilating are usually very painful processes. Now, as all who are familiar with the life of savages know, there is nothing they admire so much as courage in enduring torture of any kind. By showing fortitude in bearing the pain connected with tattooing, *etc.*, these young folks are thus able to win admiration, gratify their vanity, and show that they are worthy to be received in the ranks of adults. The Sea Dyaks are proud of their scars, writes Brooke Low.

“The women often prove the courage and endurance of the youngsters by placing a lighted ball of tinder in the arm and letting it burn into the skin. The marks ... are much valued by the young men as so many proofs of their power of endurance.”

(Roth, II., 80.) Here we have an illustration which explains in the most simple way why scars *please* both the men and the women, without making necessary the grotesque assumption that either sex admires them as things of beauty. To take another case, equally eloquent: Bossu says of the Osage Indians that they suffer the pain of tattooing with pleasure in order to pass for men of courage. If one of them should have himself marked without having previously distinguished himself in battle, he would be degraded and looked upon as a coward, unworthy of such an honor. (Mallery, 1889-90, 394.)

Grosse is inclined to think (78) that it is in the male only that courage is expected and admired, but he is mistaken, as we may see, *e.g.*, in the account given by Dobrizhoffer (II., 21) of the tattooing customs of the Abipones, whom he studied so carefully. The women, he says,

Page 191

“have their face, breast, and arms covered with black figures of various shapes, so that they present the appearance of a Turkish carpet.” “This savage ornament is purchased with blood and many groans.”

The thorns used to puncture the skin are poisonous, and after the operation the girl has her eyes, cheeks, and lips so horribly swelled that she “looks like a Stygian fury.” If she groans while undergoing the torture, or shows signs of pain in her face, the old woman who operates on her exclaims, in a rage: “You will die single, be assured. Which of our heroes would think *so cowardly a girl* worthy to be his wife?” Such courage, Dobrizhoffer explains further, is admired in a girl because it makes her “prepared to bear the pains of parturition in time.” In some cases vanity supplies an additional motive why the girls should submit to the painful operation with fortitude; for those of them who “are most pricked and painted you may know to be of high rank.”

Here again we see clearly that the tattooing is admired for other than esthetic reasons, and we realize how foolish it is to philosophize about the peculiar “taste” of these Indians in admiring a girl who looks like “a Turkish carpet” or “a Stygian fury.” If they had even the rudiments of a sense of beauty they would not indulge in such disgusting disfigurements.

MUTILATION, FASHION, AND EMULATION

Grosse declares (80) that “we know definitely at least, that tattooing is regarded by the Eskimo as an embellishment.” He bases this inference on Cranz’s assertion that Eskimo mothers tattoo their daughters in early youth “for fear that otherwise they would not get a husband.” Had Grosse allowed his imagination to paint a particular instance, he would have seen how grotesque his inference is. A favorite way among the Eskimo of securing a bride is, we are told, to drag her from her tent by the hair. This young woman, moreover, has never washed her face, nor does any man object to her filth. Yet we are asked to believe that an Eskimo could be so enamoured of the *beauty* of a few simple lines tattooed on a girl’s dirty face that he would refuse to marry her unless she had them! Like other champions of the sexual selection theory, Grosse searches in the clouds for a comically impossible motive when the real reason lies right before his eyes. That reason is fashion. The tattoo marks are tribal signs (Bancroft, I., 48) which *every girl must* submit to have in obedience to inexorable custom, unless she is prepared to be an object of scorn and ridicule all her life.

Page 192

The tyranny of fashion in prescribing disfigurements and mutilations is not confined to savages. The most amazing illustration of it is to be found in China, where the girls of the upper classes are obliged to this day to submit to the most agonizing process of crippling their feet, which finally, as Professor Flower remarks in his book on *Fashion and Deformity*, assume “the appearance of the hoof of some animal rather than a human foot.” There is a popular delusion that the Chinese approve of such deformed small feet because they consider them beautiful—a delusion which Westermarck shares (200). Since the Chinese consider small feet “the chief charm of women,” it might be supposed, he says, that the women would at least have the pleasure of fascinating men by a “beauty” to acquire which they have to undergo such horrible torture;

“but Dr. Strieker assures us that in China a woman is considered immodest if she shows her artificially distorted feet to a man. It is even improper to speak of a woman’s foot, and in decent pictures this part is always concealed under the dress.”

To explain this apparent anomaly Westermarck assumes that the object of the concealment “is to excite through the unknown!” To such fantastic nonsense does the doctrine of sexual selection lead. In reality there is no reason for supposing that the Chinese consider crippled feet—looking like “the hoof of an animal”—beautiful any more than mutilations of other parts of the body. In all probability the origin of the custom of crippling women’s feet must be traced to the jealousy of the men, who devised this procedure as an effective way of preventing their wives from leaving their homes and indulging in amorous intrigues; other practices with the same purpose being common in Oriental countries. In course of time the foot-binding became an inexorable fashion which the foolishly conservative women were more eager to continue than the men. All accounts agree that the anti-foot-binding movement finds its most violent and stubborn opponents in the women themselves. The *Missionary Review* for July, 1899, contains an article summing up a report of the *Tien Tsu Hui*, or “Natural Foot Society,” which throws a bright light on the whole question and from which I quote as follows:

“The male members of a family may be opposed to the maiming of their female relatives by the senseless custom, but the women will support it. One Chinese even promised his daughter a dollar a day to keep her natural feet, and another, having failed with his older girls, arranged that his youngest should be under his personal supervision night and day. The one natural-footed girl was sought in marriage for the dollars that had been faithfully laid by for her. But at her new home she was so *ridiculed* by the hundreds who came to see her—and her feet—that she lost her reason. The other girl also became insane as a result

Page 193

of the *persecutions* which she had to endure.”

Thus we see that what keeps up this hideous custom is not the women’s desire to arouse the esthetic admiration and amorous passion of the *men* by a hoof of beauty, but the fear of ridicule and persecution by the other women, slaves of fashion all. These same motives are the source of most of the ugly fashions prevalent even in civilized Europe and America. Theophile Gautier believed that most women had no sense of beauty, but only a sense of fashion; and if explorers and missionaries had borne in mind the fundamental difference between fashion and esthetics, anthropological literature would be the poorer by hundreds of “false facts” and ludicrous inferences.[113]

The ravages of fashion are aggravated by emulation, which has its sources in vanity and envy. This accounts for the extremes to which mutilations and fashions often go among both, civilized and uncivilized races, and of which a startling instance will be described in detail in the next paragraph. Few of our rich women wear their jewels because of their intrinsic beauty. They wear them for the same reason that Polynesian or African belles wear all the beads they can get. In Mariner’s book on the Tongans (Chap. XV.) there is an amusing story of a chiefs daughter who was very anxious to go to Europe. Being asked why, she replied that her great desire was to amass a large quantity of beads and then return to Tonga, “because in England beads are so common that no one would admire me for wearing them, and *I should not have the pleasure of being envied.*” Bancroft (l., 128) says of the Kutchin Indians: “*Beads are their wealth*, used in the place of money, and the rich among them literally load themselves with necklaces and strings of various patterns.” Referring to the tin ornaments worn by Dyaks, Carl Bock says he has “counted as many as sixteen rings in a single ear, each of them the size of a dollar”; while of the Ghonds Forsyth tells us (148) that they “deck themselves with an inordinate amount of what they consider ornaments. *Quantity rather than quality is aimed at.*”

PERSONAL BEAUTY VERSUS PERSONAL DECORATION

Must we then, in view of the vast number of opposing facts advanced so far in this long chapter, assume that savages and barbarians have no esthetic sense at all, not even a germ of it? Not necessarily. I believe that the germ of a sense of visible beauty *may* exist even among savages as well as the germ of a musical sense; but that it is little more than a childish pleasure in bright and lustrous shells and other objects of various colors, especially red and yellow, everything beyond that being usually found to belong to the region of utility (language of signs, desire to attract attention, *etc.*) and not to *esthetics*—that is, *the love of beauty for its own sake*. Such a germ of esthetic

Page 194

pleasure we find in our infants *years before they have the faintest conception of what is meant by personal beauty*; and this brings me to the pith of my argument. Had the facts warranted it, I might have freely conceded that savages decorate themselves for the sake of gaining an advantage in courtship without thereby in the least yielding the main thesis of this chapter, which is that the admiration of personal beauty is not one of the motives which induce a savage to marry a particular girl or man; for most of the “decorations” described in the preceding pages are not elements of *personal* beauty at all, but are either external appendages to that beauty, or mutilations of it. I have shown by a superabundance of facts that these “decorations” do not serve the purpose of exciting the amorous passion and preference of the opposite sex, except non-esthetically and indirectly, in some cases, through their standing as marks of rank, wealth, distinction in war, *etc.* I shall now proceed to show, much more briefly, that still less does personal beauty proper serve among the lower races as a stimulant of sexual passion. This we should expect naturally, since in the race as in the child the pleasure in bright baubles must long precede the pleasure in beautiful faces or figures. Every one who has been among Indians or other savages knows that nature produces among them fine figures and sometimes even pretty faces; but these are not appreciated. Galton told Darwin that he saw in one South African tribe two slim, slight, and pretty girls, but they were not attractive to the natives. Zoeller saw at least one beautiful negress; Wallace describes the superb figures of some of the Brazilian Indians and the Aru Islanders in the Malay Archipelago (354); and Barrow says that some of the Hottentot girls have beautiful figures when young—every joint and limb well turned. But as we shall see presently, the criterion of personal charm among Hottentots, as among savages in general, is fat, not what we call beauty. Ugliness, whether natural or inflicted by fashion, does not among these races act as a bar to marriage. “Beauty is of no estimation in either sex,” we read regarding the Creeks in Schoolcraft (V., 272): “It is strength or agility that recommends the young man to his mistress; and to be a skilful or swift hunter is the highest merit with the woman he may choose for a wife.” Belden found that the squaws were valued “only for their strength and ability to work, and no account whatever is taken of their personal beauty,” *etc.*, *etc.* Nor can the fact that savages kill deformed children be taken as an indication of a regard for personal beauty. Such children are put out of the way for the simple reason that they may not become a burden to the family or the tribe.

Page 195

Advocates of the sexual selection theory make much ado over the fact that in all countries the natives prefer their own peculiar color and features—black, red, or yellow, flat noses, high cheek bones, thick lips, *etc.*—and dislike what we consider beautiful. But the likes of these races regarding personal appearance have no more to do with a sense of beauty than their dislikes. It is merely a question of habit. They like their own faces because they are used to them, and dislike ours because they are strange. In their aversion to our faces they are actuated by the same motive that makes a European child cry out and run away in terror at sight of a negro—not because he is ugly, for he may be good-looking, but because he is strange.

Far from admiring such beauty as nature may have given them, the lower races exercise an almost diabolical ingenuity in obliterating or mutilating it. Hundreds of their visitors have written of certain tribes that they would not be bad looking if they would only leave nature alone. Not a single feature, from the feet to the eyeballs, has escaped the uglifying process. “Nothing is too absurd or hideous to please them,” writes Cameron. The Eskimos afford a striking illustration of the fact that a germ of taste for ornamentation in general is an earlier manifestation of the esthetic faculty than the appreciation of personal beauty; for while displaying considerable skill and ingenuity in the decorations of their clothes, canoes, and weapons, they mutilate their persons in various ways and allow them to be foul and malodorous with the filth of years. One of the most disgusting mutilations on record is that practised by the Indians of British Columbia, who insert a piece of bone in the lower lip, which, gradually enlarged, makes it at last project three inches. Bancroft (I., 98) devotes three pages to the lip mutilation indulged in by the Thlinkeet females. When the operation is completed and the block is withdrawn “the lip drops down upon the chin like a piece of leather, displaying the teeth, and presenting altogether a ghastly spectacle.” The lower teeth and gum, says one witness, are left quite naked; another says that the plug “distorts every feature in the lower part of the face”; a third that an old woman, the wife of a chief, had a lip “ornament” so large “that by a peculiar motion of her under-lip she could almost conceal her whole face with it”; and a fourth gives a description of this “abominably revolting spectacle,” which is too nauseating to quote.

DE GUSTIBUS NON EST DISPUTANDUM (?)

“Abominably revolting,” “hideous,” “filthy,” “disgusting,” “atrocious”—such are usually the words of observers in describing these shocking mutilations. Nevertheless they always apply the word “ornamentation” to them, with the implication that the savages look upon them as beautiful, although all that the observers had a right to say was that they pleased the savages and

Page 196

were approved by fashion. What is worse, the philosophers fell into the pitfall thus dug for them. Darwin thinks that the mutilations indulged in by savages show “how different is the standard of *taste*”; Humboldt (III., 236) reflects on the strange fact that nations “attach the idea of beauty” to whatever configuration nature has given them; and Ploss (I., 48) declares bluntly that there is no such thing as an absolute standard of beauty and that savages have “just as much right” to their ideas on the subject as we have to admire a madonna of Raphael. This view, indeed, is generally held; it is expressed in the old saw, *De gustibus non est disputandum*. Now it is true that it is *unwise* to dispute about tastes *conversationally*; but scientifically speaking, that old saw has not a sound tooth in it.

If a peasant who has never had an opportunity to cultivate his musical sense insisted that a certain piano was exquisitely in tune and had as beautiful a tone as any other piano, whereas an expert musician declared that it had a shrill tone and was terribly out of tune, would anybody be so foolish as to say that the peasant had as much right to his opinion as the musician? Or if an Irish toper declared that a bottle of Chambertin, over which French epicures smacked their lips, was insipid and not half as fine as the fusel-oil on which he daily got drunk, would not everybody agree that the Irishman was no judge of liquors, and that the reason why he preferred his cheap whiskey to the Burgundy was that his nerves of taste were too coarse to detect the subtle and exquisite bouquet of the French wine? In both these examples we are concerned only with simple questions of sense perception; yet in the matter of personal beauty, which involves not only the senses, but the imagination, the intellect, and the subtlest feelings, we are asked to believe that any savage who has never seen a woman but those of his own race has as much right to his opinion as a Ruskin or a Titian, who have given their whole life to the study of beauty!

If an astronomer—to take another illustration—were told that *de astronomia non est disputandum*, and that the Namaquas, who believe that the moon is made of bacon, or the Brazilian tribes who think that an eclipse consists in an attempt on the part of a monstrous jaguar to swallow the sun—have as much right to their opinion as he has, he would consider the person who advanced such an argument either a wag or a fool. Only a wag or a fool, again, would argue that a Fijian has just as much right as we have to his opinions on medical matters, or on the morality of polygamy, infanticide, and cannibalism. Yet when we come across a dirty, malodorous savage, so stupid that he cannot count ten, who mutilates every part of his body till he has lost nearly all semblance to a human being, we are soberly asked to look upon this as merely a “difference in the standard of esthetic taste,” and to admit that

Page 197

the savage has “as much right to his taste,” as we have. The more I think of it, the more I am amazed at this unjust and idiotic discrimination against the esthetic faculty—a discrimination for which I can find no other explanation than the fact already referred to, that most men of science know so much less about matters of beauty than about everything else in the world. They labor under the delusion that the sense of beauty is one of the earliest products of mental evolution, whereas their own attitude in the matter affords painful proof that it is one of the latest. They will understand some day that a steatopygous “Hottentot Venus” is no more beautiful because an African finds her attractive, than an ugly, bloated, blear-eyed harlot is beautiful because she pleases a drunken libertine.

What makes the traditional attitude of scientific men in this matter the less pardonable is that—as we have seen—there is always a simple, practical explanation for the predilections of these savages, so that there is no necessity whatever for assuming the existence of so paradoxical and impossible a thing as an esthetic admiration of these hideous deformities. Thus, in regard to the nauseating lip “ornaments” of the Thlinkets just referred to, the testimony collected by Bancroft indicates unmistakably that they are approved of, perpetuated, and aggravated for two reasons—both non-esthetic—namely, as indications of rank, and from the necessity of conforming to fashion. Ladies of distinction, we read, increase the size of their lip plug. Langsdorff even saw women “of very high rank” with this “ornament” full five inches long and three broad; Dixon says the mutilation is always in proportion to the person’s wealth; and Mayne relates, in his book on the British Columbia Indians, that “a woman’s rank among women is settled according to the size of her wooden lip.”

INDIFFERENCE TO DIRT

That savages can have no sense of personal beauty is further proved by their habitual indifference to personal cleanliness, the most elementary and imperative of esthetic requirements. When we read in McLean (II., 153) that some Eskimo girls “might pass as pretty if divested of their filth;” or in Cranz (I., 134) that “it is almost sickening to view their hands and faces smeared with grease ... and their filthy clothes swarming with vermin;” and when we further read in Kotzebue (II., 56) regarding the Kalush that his “filthy countrywomen with their lip-trough ... often awaken in him the most vehement passion,” we realize vividly that that passion is a coarse appetite which exists quite apart from, and independently of, anything that might be considered beautiful or ugly.

The subject is not a pleasant one; but as it is one of my strongest arguments, I must be pardoned for giving some more unsavory details. Among some of the British Columbia Indians “pretty women may be seen; nearly all have good eyes and hair, but the state of

filth in which they live generally neutralizes any natural charms they may possess.”
(Mayne, 277.) Lewis and Clarke write (439) regarding the Chinook Indians:

Page 198

"Their broad, flat foreheads, their falling breasts, their ill-shaped limbs, the awkwardness of their positions, and *the filth which intrudes through their finery*—all these render a Chinook or Clatsop beauty in full attire one of the most disgusting objects in nature."

Muir says of the Mono Indians of the California Mountains (93): "The dirt on their faces was fairly stratified, and seemed so ancient and so undisturbed it might also possess a geological significance." Navajo girls "usually evince a catlike aversion to water." (Schoolcraft, IV., 214.) Cozzens relates (128) how, among the Apaches, "the sight of a man washing his face and hands almost convulsed them with laughter." He adds that their personal appearance explained their surprise. Burton (80) found among the Sioux a dislike to cleanliness "which nothing but the fear of the rod will subdue." "In an Indian village," writes Neill (79), "all is filth and litter.... Water, except in very warm weather, seldom touches their bodies."

The Comanches are "disgustingly filthy in their persons." (Schoolcraft, I., 235.) The South American Waraus "are exceedingly dirty and disgusting in their habits, and their children are so much neglected that their fingers and toes are frequently destroyed by vermin." (Bernau, 35.) The Patagonians "are excessively filthy in their personal habits." (Bourne, 56.) The Mundrucus "are very dirty" (Markham, 172), *etc.*

Of the Damara negroes, Anderson says (*N.*, 50): "Dirt often accumulates to such a degree on their persons as to make the color of their skins totally undistinguishable;" and Galton (92) "could find no pleasure in associating or trying to chat with these Damaras, they were so filthy and disgusting in every way." Thunberg writes of the Hottentots (73) that they "find a peculiar pleasure in filth and stench;" wherein they resemble Africans in general. Griffith declares that the hill tribes of India are "the dirtier the farther we advance;" elsewhere[114] we read:

"Both males and females, as a class, are very dirty and filthy in both person and habits. They appear to have an antipathy to bathing, and to make matters worse, they have a habit of anointing their bodies with *ghee* (melted butter);"

and of another of these tribes:

"The Karens are a dirty people. They never use soap, and their skins are enamelled with dirt. When water is thrown on them, it rolls off their backs like globules of quicksilver on a marble slab. To them bathing has a cooling, but no cleansing effect."

The Mishinis are "disgustingly dirty." By the Kirgizie "uncleanliness is elevated into a virtue hallowed by tradition." The Kalmucks are described as filthy, the Kamtschadales as exceedingly so, *etc.*

REASONS FOR BATHING.

Page 199

Among the inhabitants of the islands of the Pacific we meet with apparent exceptions. These natives are practically amphibious, spending half their time in the ocean, and are therefore of necessity clean. So are certain coast negroes and Indian tribes living along river-banks. But Ellis (*Pol. Res.*, I., 110) was shrewd enough to see that the habit of frequent bathing indulged in by the South Sea Islanders was a luxury—a result of the hot climate—and not an indication of the virtue of cleanliness. In this respect Captain Cook showed less acumen, for he remarks (II., 148) that “nothing appears to give them greater pleasure than personal cleanliness, to produce which they frequently bathe in ponds.” His confusion of ideas is made apparent in the very next sentence, where he adds that the water in most of these ponds “stinks intolerably.” That it is merely the desire for comfort and sport that induces the Polynesians to bathe so much is proved further by the attitude of the New Zealanders. Hawksworth declares (III., 451) that they “stink like Hottentots;” and the reason lies in the colder climate which makes bathing less of a luxury to them. The Micronesians also spend much of their time in the water, for comfort, not for cleanliness. Gerland cites grewsome details of their nastiness. (Waitz, V., Pt. II., 81, 188.) The Kaffirs, says Gardiner (101), “although far from cleanly,” are fond of bathing. In some other cases the water is sought for its warmth instead of its coolness. In Brazil the morning air is much colder than the water, wherefore the natives take to the river for comfort, as the Japanese do in winter to their hot tubs. All Indians, says Bancroft (I., 83), “attach great importance to their sweatbaths,” not for cleanliness—for they are “extremely filthy in their persons and habits”—but “as a remedial measure.”

Unless they happen to indulge in bathing for comfort, the lowest of savages are also the dirtiest. Leigh writes (147) that in South Australia many of the women, including the wives of chiefs, had “sore eyes from the smoke, the filth, and their abominable want of cleanliness.” Sturt (II., 53) refers to the Australian women as “disgusting objects.” At funerals, “the women besmear themselves with the most disgusting filth.” The naked boys in Taplin’s school “had no notion of cleanliness.” The youths from the age of ten to sixteen or seventeen were compelled by custom to let their hair grow, the result being “a revolting mass of tangled locks and filth.” (Woods, 20, 85.) Sturt sums up his impressions by declaring (II., 126): “Really, the loathsome condition and hideous countenances of the women would, I should imagine, have been a complete antidote to the sexual passion.”

CORPULENCE VERSUS BEAUTY

An instructive instance of the loose reasoning which prevails in the esthetic sphere is provided by the Rev. H.N. Hutchinson, in his *Marriage Customs in Many Lands*. After describing some of the customs of the Australians, he goes on to say:

Page 200

"One would think that such degraded creatures as these men are would be quite incapable of appreciating female beauty, but that is not the case. Good-looking girls are much admired and consequently frequently stolen away."

As a matter of fact, beauty has nothing to do with the stealing of the women. The real motive is revealed in the following passage from Brough Smyth (79):

"A *very fat woman* presents such an attractive appearance to the eyes of the blacks that she is always liable to be stolen. *However old and ugly she may be*, she will be courted and petted and sought for by the warriors, who seldom hesitate to risk their lives if there is a chance for obtaining so great a prize."

An Australian Shakspeare obviously would have written "Fat provoketh thieves sooner than gold," instead of "beauty provoketh thieves." And the amended maxim applies to savages in general, as well as to barbarians and Orientals. In his *Savage Life in Polynesia*, the Rev. W.W. Gill remarks:

"The great requisites for a Polynesian beauty are to be fat and as fair as their dusky skins will permit. To insure this, favorite children, whether boys or girls, were regularly fattened and imprisoned till nightfall when a little gentle exercise was permitted. If refractory, the guardian would whip the culprit for not eating more." [115]

American Indians do not differ in this respect from Australians and Polynesians. The horrible obesity of the squaws on the Pacific Coast used to inspire me with disgust, as a boy, and I could not understand how anyone could marry such fat abominations. Concerning the South American tribes, Humboldt says (*Trav.*, I., 301): "In several languages of these countries, to express the beauty of a woman, they say that she is fat, and has a narrow forehead."

FATTENING GIRLS FOR THE MARRIAGE MARKET

The population of Africa comprises hundreds of different peoples and tribes, the vast majority of whom make bulk and weight the chief criterion of a woman's charms. The hideous deformity known as steatopygia, or hypertrophy of the buttocks, occurs among South African Bushman, Koranna, and Hottentot women. Darwin says that Sir Andrew Smith

"once saw a woman who was considered a beauty, and she was so immensely developed behind that when seated on level ground she could not rise, and had to push herself along until she came to a slope. Some of the women in various negro tribes have the same peculiarity; and according to Burton, the Somal men, 'are said to choose their wives by ranging them in a line and by picking her out who projects farthest a *tergo*. Nothing can be more hateful to a negro than the opposite form.'" [116]

The notions of the Yoruba negroes regarding female perfection consist, according to Lander, in “the bulk, plumpness, and rotundity of the object.”

Page 201

Among the Karague, women were exempted from hard labor because the men were anxious to have them as fat as possible. To please the men, they ate enormous quantities of bananas and drank milk by the gallon. Three of Rumanika's wives were so fat that they could not go through an ordinary door, and when they walked they needed two men each to support them.

Speke measured one of the much-admired African wonders of obesity, who was unable to stand except on all fours. Result: around the arms, 1 foot 11 inches; chest, 4 feet 4 inches; thigh, 2 feet 7 inches; calf, 1 foot 8 inches; height, 5 feet 8 inches.

"Meanwhile, the daughter, a lass of sixteen, sat stark-naked before us, sucking at a milk-pot, on which her father kept her at work by holding a rod in his hand; for as fattening is the first duty of fashionable female life, it must be duly enforced by the rod if necessary. I got up a bit of flirtation with missy, and induced her to rise and shake hands with me. Her features were lovely, but her body was round as a ball."

Speke also tells (370) of a girl who, a mere child when the king died, was such a favorite of his, that he left her twenty cows, in order that she might fatten upon milk after her native fashion.

ORIENTAL IDEALS

Mungo Park declared that the Moorish women

"seem to be brought up for no other purpose than that of ministering to the sensual pleasures of their imperious masters. Voluptuousness is therefore considered as their chief accomplishment.... The Moors have singular ideas of feminine perfection. The gracefulness of figure and motion, and a countenance enlivened by expression, are by no means essential points in their standard: With them *corpulence and beauty seem to be terms nearly synonymous*: A woman of even moderate pretensions must be one who cannot walk without a slave under each arm, to support her; and a perfect beauty is a load for a camel.... Many of the young girls are compelled, by their mothers, to devour a great quantity of kouskous, and drink a large bowl of camel's milk every morning.... I have seen a poor girl sit crying, with the bowl at her lips, for more than an hour; and her mother, with a stick in her hand watching her all the while, and using the stick without mercy, whenever she observed that her daughter was not swallowing."

A Somali love-song says: "You are beautiful and your limbs are fat; but if you would drink camel's milk you would be still more beautiful." Nubian girls are especially fattened for their marriage by rubbing grease over them and stuffing them with polenta and goat milk. When the process is completed they are poetically likened to a hippopotamus. In Egypt and India, where the climate naturally tends to make women

thin, the fat ones are, as in Australia, the ideals of beauty, as their poets would make plain

Page 202

to us if it were not known otherwise. A Sanscrit poet declares proudly that his beloved is so borne down by the weight of her thighs and breasts that she cannot walk fast; and in the songs of Hala there are numerous “sentiments” like that. The Arabian poet Amru declares rapturously that his favorite beauty has thighs so delightfully exuberant that she can scarcely enter the tent door. Another Arabian poet apostrophizes “the maid of Okaib, who has haunches like sand-hills, whence her body rises like a palm-tree.” And regarding the references to personal appearance in the writings of the ancient Hebrews, Rossbach remarks:

“In all these descriptions human beauty is recognized in the luxurious fulness of parts, not in their harmony and proportion. Spiritual expression in the sensual form is not adverted to” (238).

Thus, from the Australian and the Indian to the Hebrew, the Arab, and the Hindoo, what pleases the men in women is not their beauty, but their voluptuous rotundity; they care only for those sensual aspects which emphasize the difference between the sexes. The object of the modern wasp waist (in the minds of the class of females who, strange to say, are allowed by respectable women to set the fashion for them) is to grossly exaggerate the bust and the hips, and it is for the same reason that barbarian and Oriental girls are fattened for the marriage market. The appeal is to the appetite, not to the esthetic sense.

THE CONCUPISCENCE THEORY OF BEAUTY

In writing this I do not ignore the fact that many authors have held that personal beauty and sensuality are practically identical or indissolubly associated. The sober philosopher, Bain, gravely advances the opinion that, on the whole, personal beauty turns, 1, upon qualities and appearances that heighten the expression of favor or goodwill; and, 2, upon qualities and appearances that suggest the endearing embrace. Eckstein expresses the same idea more coarsely by saying that “finding a thing beautiful is simply another way of expressing the manifestation of the sexual appetite.” But it remained for Mantegazza to give this view the most cynical expression:

“We look at woman through the prism of desire, and she looks at us in the same way; her beauty appears to us the more perfect the more it arouses our sexual desires—that is, the more voluptuous enjoyment the possession of her promises us.”

He adds that for this reason a man of twenty finds nearly all women beautiful.

Thus the beauty of a woman, in the opinion of these writers, consists in those physical qualities which arouse a man's concupiscence. I admit that this theory applies to savages and to Orientals; the details given in the preceding pages prove that. It applies

also, I must confess, to the majority of Europeans and Americans. I have paid special attention to this point in various countries and have

Page 203

noticed that a girl with a voluptuous though coarse figure and a plain face will attract much more masculine attention than a girl whose figure and face are artistically beautiful without being voluptuous. But this only helps to prove my main thesis—that the sense of personal beauty is one of the latest products of civilization, rare even at the present day. What I deny most emphatically is that the theory advocated by Bain, Eckstein, and Mantegazza applies to those persons who are so lucky as to have a sense of beauty. These fortunate individuals can admire the charms of a living beauty without any more concupiscence or thought of an endearing embrace than accompanies their contemplation of the Venus de Milo or a Madonna painted by Murillo; and if they are in love with a particular girl their admiration of her beauty is superlatively free from carnal ingredients, as we saw in the section on Mental Purity. Since in such a question personal evidence is of importance, I will add that, fortunately, I have been deeply in love several times in my life and can therefore testify that each time my admiration of the girl's beauty was as purely esthetic as if she had been a flower. In each case the mischief was begun by a pair of brown eyes.

Eyes, it is true, can be as wanton and as voluptuous as a plump figure. Powers notes (20) that some California Indian girls are pretty and have "large, voluptuous eyes." Such eyes are common among the lower races and Orientals; but they are not the eyes which inspire romantic love. Lips, too, it might be said, invite kisses; but a lover would consider it sacrilege to touch his idol's lips unchastely. Savages are strangers to kissing for the exactly opposite reason—that it is too refined a detail of sensuality to appeal to their coarse nerves. How far they are from being able to appreciate lips esthetically appears from the way in which they so often deform them. The mouth is peculiarly the index of mental and moral refinement, and a refined pair of lips can inspire as pure a love as the celestial beauty of innocent eyes. As for the other features, what is there to suggest lascivious thoughts in a clear complexion, an oval chin, ivory teeth, rosy cheeks, or in curved eyebrows, long, dark lashes, or flowing tresses? Our admiration of these, and of a graceful gait, is as pure and esthetic—as purely esthetic—as our admiration of a sunset, a flower, a humming-bird, a lovely child. It has been truly said that a girl's marriage chances have been made or marred by the size or shape of her nose. What has the size or shape of a girl's nose to do with the "endearing embrace?" This question alone reduces the concupiscence theory *ad absurdum*.

UTILITY IS NOT BEAUTY

Almost as repulsive as the view which identifies the sense of personal beauty with concupiscence is that which would reduce it to a matter of coarse utility. Thus Eckstein, misled by Schopenhauer, holds that healthy teeth are beautiful for the reason that they guarantee the proper mastication of the food; while small breasts are ugly because they do not promise sufficient nourishment to the child that is to be born.

Page 204

This argument is refuted by the simple statement that our teeth, if they looked like rusty nails, might be even more useful than now, but could no longer be beautiful. As for women's breasts, if utility were the criterion, the most beautiful would be those of the African mothers who can throw them over their shoulders to suckle the infants on their backs without impeding their work. As a matter of fact, the loveliest breast is the virginal, which serves no use while it remains so. A dray horse is infinitely more useful to us than an Arab racer, but is he as beautiful? Tigers and snakes are anything but useful to the human race, but we consider their skins beautiful.

A NEW SENSE EASILY LOST AGAIN

No, the sense of personal beauty is neither a synonyme for libidinous desires nor is it based on utilitarian considerations. It is practically a new sense, born of mental refinement and imagination. It by no means scorns a slight touch of the voluptuous, so far as it does not exceed the limits of artistic taste and moral refinement—a well-rounded figure and “a face voluptuous, yet pure”—but it is an entirely different thing from the predilection for fat and other coarse exaggerations of sexuality which inspire lust instead of love. This new sense is still, as I have said, rare everywhere; and, like the other results of high and recent culture, it is easily obliterated. In his treatise on insanity Professor Krafft-Ebing shows that in degeneration of the brain the esthetic and moral qualities are among the first to disappear. It is the same with normal man when he descends into a lower sphere. Zoller relates (III., 68) that when Europeans arrive in Africa they find the women so ugly they can hardly look at them without a feeling of repulsion. Gradually they become habituated to their sight, and finally they are glad to accept them as companions. Stanley has an eloquent passage on the same topic (*II. I. F.L.*, 265):

“The eye that at first despised the unclassic face of the black woman of Africa soon loses its regard for fine lines and mellow pale color; it finds itself ere long lingering *wantonly* over the inharmonious and heavy curves of a negroid form, and looking lovingly on the broad, unintellectual face, and into jet eyes that never flash with the dazzling love-light that makes poor humanity beautiful.”

The word I have italicized explains it all. The sense of personal beauty is displaced again by the concupiscence which had held its place in the early history of mankind.

MORAL UGLINESS

To realize fully what such a relapse may mean, read what Galton says (123) of the Hottentots. They have

Page 205

“that peculiar set of features which is so characteristic of bad characters in England, and so general among prisoners that it is usually, I believe, known by the name of the ‘felon-face;’ I mean that they have prominent cheek-bones, bullet-shaped head, cowering but restless eyes, and heavy sensual lips, and added to this a shackling dress and manner.”

Of the Damaras Galton says (99) that “their features are often beautifully chiselled, though the expression in them is always coarse and disagreeable.” And to quote Mungo Park on the Moors once more (158):

“I fancied that I discovered in the features of most of them a disposition toward cruelty and low cunning.... From the staring wildness of their eyes, a stranger would immediately set them down as a nation of lunatics. The treachery and malevolence of their character are manifested in their plundering excursions against the negro villages.”

BEAUTIFYING INTELLIGENCE

Galton's reference to the Damaras illustrates the well-known fact that, even where nature makes an effort at chiselling beautiful features the result is a failure if there is no moral and intellectual culture to inspire them, and this puts the grave-stone on the Concupiscence Theory—for what have moral and intellectual culture to do with carnal desires? A noble soul even possesses the magic power of transforming a plain face into a radiant vision of beauty, the emotion changing not only the expression but the lines of the face. Goethe (Eckermann, 1824) and others have indeed maintained that intellect in a woman does not help a man to fall in love with her. This is true in so far as brains in a woman will not make a man fall in love with her if she is otherwise unattractive or unfeminine. But Goethe forgot that there is such a thing as *hereditary intellectual culture incarnated in the face*. This, I maintain, makes up more than half of the personal beauty which makes a man fall in love. A girl with good features is twice as beautiful if she is morally pure and has a bright mind. Sometimes a face is accidentally moulded, into such a regular beauty of form that it seems to mirror mental beauty too. A man may fall in love with such a face, but as soon as he finds out that it is inhabited by a stupid or coarse mind he will make haste to fall out again, unless his love was predominantly sensual. I remember once falling in love with a country girl at first sight; her face and figure seemed to me extremely beautiful, except that hard work had enlarged and hardened her hands. But when I found that her intellect was as coarse as her hands, my ardor cooled at once.

Page 206

If intellect, as revealed in the face, in words, and in actions, did not assist in inspiring the amorous sentiment, it would be as easy to fall in love with a doll-faced, silly girl as with a woman of culture; it would even be possible to fall in love with a statue or with a demented person. Let us imagine a belle who is thrown from a horse and has become insane from the shock. For a time her features will remain as regular, her figure as plump, as before; but the mind will be gone, and with it everything that could make a man fall in love with her. Who has ever heard of a beautiful idiot, of anyone falling in love with an imbecile? The vacant stare, the absence of intellect, make beauty and love alike impossible in such a case.

THE STRANGE GREEK ATTITUDE

The important corollary follows, from all this, that in countries where women receive no education sensual love is the only kind men can feel toward them. Oriental women are of that kind, and so were the ancient Greeks. The Greeks are indeed renowned for their statuary, yet their attitude toward personal beauty was of a very peculiar kind. Their highest ideal was not the feminine but the masculine type, and accordingly we find that it was toward men only that they professed to feel a noble passion. The beauty of the women was regarded merely from a sensual point of view. Their respectable women were deliberately left without education, wherefore their charms can have been at best of a bodily kind and capable of inspiring love of body only. There is a prevalent superstition that the Greeks of the day of Perikles had a class of intelligent women known as hetairai, who were capable of being true companions and inspirers of men; but I shall show, in a later chapter, that the mentality of these women has been ludicrously exaggerated; they were coarse and obscene in their wit and conversation, and their morals were such that no man could have respected them, much less loved them with a pure affection; while the men whom they are supposed to have inspired were in most cases voluptuaries of the most dissolute sort.

A COMPOSITE AND VARIABLE SENTIMENT

Our attempt to answer the question "What is romantic love," has taken up no fewer than two hundred and thirty-five pages, and even this answer is a mere preliminary sketch, the details of which will be supplied in the following chapters, chiefly, it is true, in a negative way, by showing what is *not* romantic love; for the subject of this book is Primitive Love.

DEFINITION OF LOVE

Page 207

Can love be defined in one sentence? The *Century Dictionary's* definition, which is as good as any, is: "Intimate personal affection between individuals of opposite sex capable of intermarriage; the emotional incentive to and normal basis of conjugal union." This is correct enough as far as it goes; but how little it tells us of the nature of love! I have tried repeatedly to condense the essential traits of romantic love into one brief definition, but have not succeeded. Perhaps the following will serve as an approximation. Love is an intense longing for the reciprocal affection and jealously exclusive possession of a particular individual of the opposite sex; a chaste, proud, ecstatic adoration of one who appears a paragon of personal beauty and otherwise immeasurably superior to all other persons; an emotional state constantly hovering between doubt and hope, aggravated in the female heart by the fear of revealing her feelings too soon; a self-forgetful impulse to share the tastes and feelings of the beloved, and to go so far in affectionate and gallant devotion as to eagerly sacrifice, for the other's good, all comfort and life itself if necessary.

These are the essential traits. But romantic love is altogether too complex and variable to be defined in one sentence; and it is this complexity and variability that I wish to emphasize particularly. Eckermann once suggested to Goethe that no two cases of love are quite alike, and the poet agreed with him. They did not, however, explain their seeming paradox, so diametrically opposed to the current notion that love is everywhere and always the same, in individuals as in nations; nor could they have explained it unless they had analyzed love into its component elements as I have done in this volume. With the aid of this analysis it is easy to show how and why love has changed and grown, like other sentiments; to explain how and why the love of a civilized white man must differ from that of an Australian or African savage, just as their faces differ. Since no two races look alike, and no two individuals in the same race, why should their loves be alike? Is not love the heart of the soul and the face merely its mirror? Love is varied through a thousand climatic, racial, family, and cultural peculiarities. It is varied through individual tastes and proclivities. In one case of love admiration of personal beauty may be the strongest ingredient, in another jealous monopoly, in a third self-sacrificing affection, and so on. The permutations and combinations are countless, and hence it is that love-stories are always fresh, since they can be endlessly varied. A lover's varied feelings in relation to the beloved become gradually blended into a sentiment which is a composite photograph of all the emotions she has ever aroused in him. This has given rise to the delusion that love is a simple feeling.[117]

WHY CALLED ROMANTIC

Page 208

In the introductory chapter of this book I alluded briefly to my reasons for calling pure premarital infatuation romantic love, giving some historic precedents for such a use of the word. We are now in a position to appreciate the peculiar appropriateness of the term. What is the dictionary definition of “romantic”?

“Pertaining to or resembling romance, or an ideal state of things; partaking of the heroic, the marvellous, the supernatural, or the imaginative; chimerical, fanciful, extravagantly enthusiastic.”

Every one of these terms applies to love in the sense in which I use the word. Love is ideal, heroic, marvellous, imaginative, chimerical, fanciful, extravagantly enthusiastic; its hyperbolic adoration even gives it a supernatural tinge, for the adored girl seems more like an angel or a fairy than a common mortal. The lover's heroine is as fictitious as any heroine of romance; he considers her the most beautiful and lovable person in the world, though to others she may seem ugly and ill-tempered. Thus love is called romantic, because it is so great a romancer, attributing to the beloved all sorts of perfections which exist only in the lover's fancy. What could be more fantastic than a lover's stubborn preference for a particular individual and his conviction that no one ever loved so frantically as he does? What more extravagant and unreasonable than his imperious desire to completely monopolize her affection, sometimes guarding her jealously even from her girl friends or her nearest relatives? What more romantic than the tortures and tragedies, the mixed emotions, that doubt or jealousy gives rise to? Does not a willing but coyly reserved maiden romance about her feelings? What could be more fanciful and romantic than her shy reserve and coldness when she is longing to throw herself into the lover's arms? Is not her proud belief that her lover—probably as commonplace and foolish a fellow as ever lived—is a hero or a genius a romantic exaggeration? Is not the lover's purity of imagination, though real as a feeling, a romantic illusion, since he craves ultimate possession of her and would be the unhappiest of mortals if she went to a nunnery, though she promised to love him always? What could be more marvellous, more chimerical, than this temporary suppression of a strong appetite at the time when it would be supposed to manifest itself most irresistibly—this distilling of the finer emotions, leaving all the gross, material elements behind? Can you imagine anything more absurdly romantic than the gallant attentions of a man on his knees before a girl whom, with his stronger muscles, he could command as a slave? Who but a romantic lover would obliterate his selfish ego in sympathetic devotion to another, trying to feel her feelings, forgetting his own? Who but a romantic lover would sacrifice his life in the effort to save or please another? A mother would indeed do the same for her child; but the child is of her own flesh and blood, whereas the beloved may have been a stranger until an hour ago. How romantic!

Page 209

The appropriateness of the word romantic is still further emphasized by the consideration that, just as romantic art, romantic literature, and romantic music are a revolt against artificial rules and barriers to the free expression of feeling, so romantic love is a revolt against the obstacles to free matrimonial choice imposed by parental and social tyranny.

Indeed, I can see only one objection to the use of the word—its frequent application to any strange or exciting incidents, whence some confusion may ensue. But the trouble is obviated by simply bearing in mind the distinction between romantic *incidents* and romantic *feelings* which I have summed up in the maxim that *a romantic love-story is not necessarily a story of romantic love*. Nearly all the tales brought together in this volume are romantic love-stories, but not one of them is a story of romantic love. In the end the antithesis will aid us in remembering the distinction.

In place of “romantic” I might have used the word “sentimental”; but in the first place that word fails to indicate the essentially romantic nature of love, on which I have just dwelt; and secondly, it also is liable to be misunderstood, because of its unfortunate association with the word sentimentality, which is a very different thing from sentiment. The differences between sentiment, sentimentality, and sensuality are indeed important enough to merit a brief chapter of elucidation.

SENSUALITY, SENTIMENTALITY, AND SENTIMENT

From beginnings not yet understood—though Haeckel and others have speculated plausibly on the subject—there has been developed in animals and human beings an appetite which insures the perpetuation of the species as the appetite for food does that of the individual. Both these appetites pass through various degrees of development, from the utmost grossness to a high degree of refinement, from which, however, relapses occur in many individuals. We read of Indians tearing out the liver from living animals and devouring it raw and bloody; of Eskimos eating the contents of a reindeer’s stomach as a vegetable dish; and the books of explorers describe many scenes like the following from Baker’s *Ismailia* (275) relating to the antics of negroes after killing a buffalo:

“There was now an extraordinary scene over the carcass; four hundred men scrambling over a mass of blood and entrails, fighting and tearing with each other and cutting off pieces of flesh with their lance-heads, with which they escaped as dogs may retreat with a bone.”

APPETITE AND LONGING

Page 210

What aeons of culture lie between such a scene and a dinner party in Europe or America, with its refined, well-behaved guests, its table etiquette, its varied menu, its choice viands, skilfully cooked and blended so as to bring out the most diverse and delicate flavors, its esthetic features—fine linen and porcelains, silver and cut glass, flowers, lights—its bright conversation, and flow of wit. Yet there are writers who would have us believe that these Indians, Eskimos, and Africans, who manifest their appetite for food in so disgustingly coarse a way, are in their love-affairs as sentimental and aesthetic as we are! In truth they are as gross, gluttonous, and selfish in the gratification of one appetite as in that of the other. To a savage a woman is not an object of chaste adoration and gallant devotion, but a mere bait for wanton lust; and when his lust hath dined he kicks her away like a mangy dog till he is hungry again. In Ploss-Bartels[118] may be found an abundance of facts culled from various sources in all parts of the world, showing that the bestiality of many savages is not even restrained by the presence of spectators. At the phallic and bacchanalian festivals of ancient and Oriental nations all distinctions of rank and all family ties were forgotten in a carnival of lust. Licentious orgies are indeed carried on to this day in our own large cities; but their participants are the criminal classes, and occasionally some foolish young men who would be very much ashamed to have their doings known; whereas the orgies and phallic festivals of savages and barbarians are national or tribal institutions, approved by custom, sanctioned by religion, and indulged in openly by every man and woman in the community; often regardless even of incest.

More shockingly still are the grossness and diabolical selfishness of the savage's carnal appetite revealed by his habit of sacrificing young girls to it years before they have reached the age of puberty. Some details will be found in the chapters on Australia, Africa, and India. Here it may be noted—to indicate the wide prevalence of a custom which it would be unjust to animals to call bestial, because beasts never sink so low—that Borneans, as Schwaner notes, marry off girls from three to five; that in Egypt child-wives of seven or eight can be seen; that Javanese girls may be married at seven; that North American Indians often took brides of ten or eleven, while in Southern Australia girls were appropriated as early as seven. Hottentot girls were not spared after the age of seven, nor were Bushman girls, though they did not become mothers till ten or twelve years old; while Kaffir girls married at eight, Somals at six to eight. The cause of these early marriages is not climatic, as some fancy, but simply, as Robertson has pointed out, the coarseness of the men. The list might be extended indefinitely. In Old Calabar sometimes, we read in Ploss,

Page 211

“a man who has already several wives may be seen with an infant of two or three weeks on his lap, caressing and kissing it as his wife. Wives of four to six years we found occasionally (in China, Guzuate, Ceylon, and Brazil); from seven to nine years on they are no longer rare, and the years from ten to twelve are a widely prevalent marriage age.”

The amorous savage betrays his inferiority to animals not only in his cruel maltreatment of girls before they have reached the age of puberty,[119] but in his ignorance, in most cases, of the simplest caresses and kisses for which we often find corresponding acts in birds and other animals. The nerves of primitive men are too coarse for such a delicate sensation as labial contact, and an embrace would leave them cold. An African approximation to a kiss is described by Baker (*Ismailia*, 472). He had liberated a number of female slaves, and presently, he says, “I found myself in the arms of a naked beauty, who kissed me almost to suffocation, and, with a most unpleasant embrace, licked both my eyes with her tongue.” If we may venture an inference from Mr. A.H. Savage Landor’s experience[120] among the aboriginal Ainos of Yezo (Japan), one of the lowest of human races, we may conclude that, in the course of evolution, biting preceded kissing. He had made the acquaintance of an Ainu maiden, the most lovely Ainu girl he had ever come across. They strolled together into the woods, and he sketched her picture. She clutched his hand tightly, and pressed it to her chest:

“I would not have mentioned this small episode if her ways of flirting had not been so extraordinary and funny. Loving and biting went together with her.... As we sat on a stone in the semi-darkness she began by gently biting my fingers without hurting me, as affectionate dogs often do their masters; she then bit my arm, then my shoulder, and when she had worked herself up into a passion she put her arms round my neck and bit my cheeks. It was undoubtedly a curious way of making love, and when I had been bitten all over, and was pretty tired of the new sensation, we retired to our respective homes.”

Sensuality has had its own evolution quite apart and distinct from that of love. The ancient Greeks and Romans, and the Orientals, especially the Hindoos, were familiar, thousands of years ago, with refinements and variations of lust beyond which the human imagination cannot go. According to Burton,

“Kornemannus in his book *de linea amoris*, makes five degrees of lust, out of Lucian belike, which he handles in five chapters, *Visus*, *Colloquium*, *Convictus*, *Oscula*, *Tactus*—sight, conference, association, kisses, touch.”

All these degrees are abundantly illustrated in Burton, often in a way that would not bear quotation in a modern book intended for general reading.

Page 212

It is interesting to observe, furthermore, that among the higher barbarians and civilized races, lust has become to a certain extent mentalized through hereditary memory and association. Aristotle made a marvellous anticipation of modern scientific thought when he suggested that what made birds sing in spring was the memory of former seasons of love. In men as in animals, the pleasant experiences of love and marriage become gradually ingrained in the brain, and when a youth reaches the age for love-making the memory of ancestral amorous experiences courses through his nerves vaguely but strongly. He longs for something, he knows not what, and this mental longing is one of the earliest and strongest symptoms of love. But it characterizes all sorts of love; it may accompany pure fancies of the sentimental lover, but it may also be a result of the lascivious imaginings and anticipations of sensualism. It does not, therefore, in itself prove the presence of romantic love; a point on which I must place great emphasis, because certain primitive poems expressing a longing for an absent girl or man have been quoted as positive evidence of romantic love, when as a matter of fact there is nothing to prove that they may not have been inspired by mere sensual desires. I shall cite and comment on these poems in later chapters.

Loss of sleep, loss of appetite, leanness, hollow eyes, groans, griefs, sadness, sighing, sobbing, alternating blushes and pallor, feverish or unequal pulse, suicidal impulses, are other symptoms occurring among such advanced nations as the Greeks and Hindoos and often accepted as evidence of true love; but since, like longing, they also accompany lust and other strong passions or violent emotions, they cannot be accepted as reliable symptoms of romantic love. The only certain criteria of love are to be found in the manifestation of the altruistic factors—sympathy, gallantry, and self-sacrificing affection. Romantic love is, as I have remarked before, not merely an emotional phenomenon, but an *active impulse*. The true lover does not, like the sensualist and the sentimentalist, ululate his time away in dismal wailing about his bodily aches and tremors, woes and pallors, but lets his feelings expend themselves in multitudinous acts revealing his eagerness to immolate his personal pleasures on the altar of his idol.

It must not be supposed that sensual love is necessarily coarse and obscene. An antique love-scene may in itself be proper and exquisitely poetic without rising to the sphere of romantic love; as when Theocritus declares: "I ask not for the land of Pelops nor for talents of gold. But under this rock will I sing, holding you in my arms, looking at the flocks feeding together toward the Sicilian Sea." A pretty picture; but what evidence is there in it of affection? It is pleasant for a man to hold a girl in his arms while gazing at the Sicilian Sea, even though he does not love her any more than a thousand other girls.

Page 213

Even in Oriental literature, usually so gross and licentious, one may come across a charmingly poetic yet entirely sensual picture like the following from the Persian *Gulistan* (339). On a very hot day, when he was a young man, Saadi found the hot wind drying up the moisture of his mouth and melting the marrow of his bones. Looking for a refuge and refreshment, he beheld a moon-faced damsel of supreme loveliness in the shaded portico of a mansion:

“She held in her hand a goblet of snow-cold water, into which she dropt some sugar, and tempered it with spirit of wine; but I know not whether she scented it with attar, or sprinkled it with a few blossoms from her own rosy cheek. In short, I received the beverage from her idol-fair hand: and having drunk it off, found myself restored to new life.”

Ward writes (115) that the following account of Sharuda, the daughter of Brumha, translated from the Shiva Purana, may serve as a just description of a perfect Hindoo beauty. This girl was of a yellow color; had a nose like the flower of a secamum; her legs were taper, like the plantain-tree; her eyes large, like the principal leaf of the lotos; her eyebrows extended to her ears; her lips were red, like the young leaves of the mango-tree; her face was like the full moon; her voice like the sound of the cuckoo; her throat was like that of a pigeon; her loins narrow, like those of a lion; her hair hung in curls down to her feet; her teeth were like the seeds of the pomegranate; and her gait like that of a drunken elephant or a goose.

There is nothing coarse in this description, yet every detail is purely sensual, and so it is with the thousands of amorous rhapsodies of Hindoo, Persian, Turkish, Arabic, and other Eastern poets. Concerning the Persians, Dr. Polak remarks (I., 206) that the word *Ischk* (love) is always associated with the idea of carnality (*Was'l*). Of the Arabs, Burckardt says that “the passion of love is indeed much talked of by the inhabitants of the towns; but I doubt whether anything is meant by them more than the grossest animal desire.” In his letters from the East the keen-eyed Count von Moltke notes that the Turk “passes over all the preliminary rigmarole of falling in love, paying court, languishing, revelling in ecstatic joy, as so much *faux frais*, and goes straight to the point.”

WILES OF AN ORIENTAL GIRL

But is the German field-marshal quite just to the Turk? I have before me a passage which seems to indicate that these Orientals do know a thing or two about the “rigmarole of love-making.” It is cited by Kremer[121] from the *Kitab almowascha*, a book treating of social matters in Baghdad. Its author devotes a special chapter to the dangers lurking in female singers and musical slaves, in the course of which he says:

Page 214

"If one of these girls meets a rich young man, she sets about ensnaring him, makes eyes at him, invites him with gestures, sings for him ... drinks the wine he left in his cup, throws kisses with her hands, till she has the poor fellow in her net and he is enamoured. ... Then she sends messages to him and continues her crafty arts, lets him understand that she is losing sleep for love of him, is pining for him; maybe she sends him a ring, or a lock of her hair, a paring of her nails, a splinter from her lute, or part of her toothbrush, or a piece of fragrant gum (chewed by her) as a substitute for a kiss, or a note written and folded with her own hands and tied with a string from her lute, with a tearstain on it; and finally sealed with Ghalija, her ring, on which some appropriate words are carved."

Having captured her victim, she makes him give her valuable presents till his purse is empty, whereupon she discards him.

Was Count Moltke, then, wrong? Have we here, after all, the sentimental symptoms of romantic love? Let us apply the tests provided by our analysis of love—tests as reliable as those which chemists use to analyze fluids or gases. Did the Baghdad music-girl prefer that man to all other individuals? Did she want to monopolize him jealously? Oh, no! any man, however old and ugly, would have suited her, provided he had plenty of money. Was she coy toward him? Perhaps; but not from a feeling of modesty and timidity inspired by love, but to make him more ardent and ready to pay. Was she proud of his love? She thought him a fool. Were her feelings toward him chaste and pure? As chaste and pure as his. Did she sympathize with his pleasures and pains? She dismissed him as soon as his purse was empty, and looked about for another victim. Were his presents the result of gallant impulses to please her, or merely advance payment for favors expected? Would he have sacrificed his life to save her any more than she would hers to save him? Did he respect her as an immaculate superior being, adore her as an angel from above—or look on her as an inferior, a slave in rank, a slave to passion?

The obvious moral of this immoral episode is that it is not permissible to infer the existence of anything higher than sensual love from the mere fact that certain romantic tricks are associated with the amorous dalliance of Orientals, or Greeks and Romans. Drinking from the same cup, throwing kisses, sending locks of hair or tear-stained letters, adjusting a foot-stool, or fanning a heated brow, are no doubt romantic *incidents*, but they are no proof of romantic *feeling* for the reason that they are frequently associated with the most heartless and mercenary sensuality. The coquetry of the Baghdad girl is romantic, but there is no *sentiment* in it. Yet—and here we reach the most important aspect of that episode—there is an *affectation of sentiment* in that sending of locks, notes, and splinters from her lute; and this affectation of sentiment is designated by the word *sentimentality*. In the history of love sentimentality precedes sentiment; and for a proper understanding of the history and psychology of love it is as important to distinguish sentimentality from sentiment as it is to differentiate love from lust.

Page 215

When Lowell wrote, “Let us be thankful that in every man’s life there is a holiday of romance, *an illumination of the senses by the soul*, that makes him a poet while it lasts,” he made a sad error in assuming that there is such a holiday of romance in every man’s life; millions never enjoy it; but the words I have italicized—“an illumination of the senses by the soul”—are one of those flashes of inspiration which sometimes enable a poet to give a better description of a psychic process than professional philosophers have put forth.

From one point of view the love sentiment may be called an illumination of the senses by the soul. Elsewhere Lowell has given another admirable definition: “Sentiment is intellectualized emotion, emotion precipitated, as it were, in pretty crystals of thought.” Excellent, too, is J.F. Clarke’s definition: “Sentiment is nothing but thought blended with feeling; *thought made affectionate, sympathetic, moral.*” The Century Dictionary throws further light on this word:

“Sentiment has a peculiar place between thought and feeling, in which it also approaches the meaning of principle. It is more than that feeling which is sensation or emotion, by containing more of thought and by being *more lofty*, while it contains too much feeling to be merely thought, and it *has large influence over the will*; for example, the sentiment of patriotism; the sentiment of honor; the world is ruled by sentiment. The thought in a sentiment is often that of *duty*, and is penetrated and *exalted* by feeling.”

Herbert Spencer sums up the matter concisely (*Psych.*, II., 578) when he speaks of “that remoteness from sensations and appetites and from ideas of such sensations and appetites which is the common trait of the feelings we call sentiments.”

It is hardly necessary to point out that in our Baghdad girl’s love-affairs there is no “remoteness from sensations and appetites,” no “illumination of the senses by the soul,” no “intellectualized emotion,” no “thought made affectionate, sympathetic, moral.” But there is in it, as I have said, a touch of sentimentality. If sentiment is properly defined as “higher feeling,” sentimentality is “*affectation* of fine or tender feeling or exquisite sensibility.” Heartless coquetry, prudery, mock modesty, are bosom friends of sentimentality. While sentiment is the noblest thing in the world, sentimentality is its counterfeit, its caricature; there is something theatrical, operatic, painted-and-powdered about it; it differs from sentiment as astrology differs from astronomy, alchemy from chemistry, the sham from the real, hypocrisy from sincerity, artificial posing from natural grace, genuine affection from selfish attachment.

RARITY OF TRUE LOVE

Page 216

Sentimentality, as I have said, precedes sentiment in the history of love, and it has been a special characteristic of certain periods, like that of the Alexandrian Greeks and their Roman imitators, to whom we shall recur in a later chapter, and the mediaeval Troubadours and Minnesingers. To the present day sentimentality in love is so much more abundant than sentiment that the adjective sentimental is commonly used in an uncomplimentary sense, as in the following passage from one of Krafft-Ebing's books (*Psch. Sex.*, 9):

"Sentimental love runs the risk of degenerating into caricature, especially in cases where the sensual ingredient is weak.... Such love has a flat, saccharine tang. It is apt to become positively ludicrous, whereas in other cases the manifestations of this strongest of all feelings inspire in us sympathy, respect, awe, according to circumstances."

Steele speaks in *The Lover* (23, No. 5) of the extraordinary skill of a poet in making a loose people "attend to a Passion which they never, or that very faintly, felt in their own Bosoms." La Rochefoucauld wrote: "It is with true love as with ghosts; everybody speaks of it, but few have seen it." A writer in *Science* expressed his belief that romantic love, as described in my first book, could really be experienced only by men of genius. I think that this makes the circle too small; yet in these twelve years of additional observation I have come to the conclusion that even at this stage of civilization only a small proportion of men and women are able to experience full-fledged romantic love, which seems to require a special emotional or esthetic gift, like the talent for music. A few years ago I came across the following in the London *Tidbits* which echoes the sentiments of multitudes:

"Latour, who sent a pathetic complaint the other day that though he wished to do so he was unable to fall in love, has called forth a sympathetic response from a number of readers of both sexes. These ladies and gentlemen write to say that they also, like Latour, cannot understand how it is that they are not able to feel any experience of tender passion which they read about so much in novels, and hear about in actual life."

At the same time there are not a few men of genius, too, who never felt true love in their own hearts. Herder believed that Goethe was not capable of genuine love, and Grimm, too, thought that Goethe had never experienced a self-absorbing passion. Tolstoi must have been ever a stranger to genuine love, for to him it seems a degrading thing even in marriage. A suggestive and frank confession may be found in the literary memoirs of Goncourt.[122] At a small gathering of men of letters Goncourt remarked that hitherto love had not been studied scientifically in novels. Zola thereupon declared that love was not a specific emotion; that it does not affect persons so absolutely

Page 217

as the writers say; that the phenomena characterizing it are also found in friendship, in patriotism, and that the intensity of this emotion is due entirely to the anticipation of carnal enjoyment. Turgenieff objected to these views; in his opinion love is a sentiment which has a unique color of its own—a quality differentiating it from all other sentiments—eliminating the lover's own personality, as it were. The Russian novelist obviously had a conception of the purity of love, for Goncourt reports him as “speaking of his first love for a woman as a thing entirely spiritual, having nothing in common with materiality.” And now follows Goncourt's confession:

“In all this, the thing to regret is that neither Flaubert ... nor Zola, nor myself, have ever been very seriously in love and that we are therefore unable to describe love. Turgenieff alone could have done that, but he lacks precisely the critical sense which we could have exercised in this matter had we been in love after his fashion.”

The vast majority of the human race has not yet got beyond the sensual stage of amorous evolution, or realized the difference between sentimentality and sentiment. There is much food for thought in this sentence from Henry James's charming essay on France's most poetic writer—Theophile Gautier:

“It has seemed to me rather a painful exhibition of the prurience of the human mind that in most of the notices of the author's death (those at least published in England and America), this work alone [*Mile. de Maupin*] should have been selected as the critic's text.”

Readers are interested only in emotions with which they are familiar by experience. Howells's refined love-scenes have often been sneered at by men who like raw whiskey but cannot appreciate the delicate bouquet of Chambertin. As Professor Ribot remarks: in the higher regions of science, art, religion, and morals there are emotions so subtle and elevated that

“not more than one individual in a hundred thousand or even in a million can experience them. The others are strangers to them, or do not know of their existence except vaguely, from what they hear about them. It is a promised land, which only the select can enter.”

I believe that romantic love is a sentiment which more than one person in a million can experience, and more than one in a hundred thousand. How many more, I shall not venture to guess. All the others know love only as a sensual craving. To them “I love you” means “I long for you, covet you, am eager to enjoy you”; and this feeling is not love of another but self-love, more or less disguised—the kind of “love” which makes a young man shoot a girl who refuses him. The mediaeval writer Leon Hebraeus evidently knew of no other when he defined love as “a desire to enjoy that which is good”; nor Spinoza when he defined it as *laetitia concomitante idea externae causae*—a pleasure accompanied by the thought of its external cause.

Page 218

MISTAKES REGARDING CONJUGAL LOVE

Having distinguished romantic or sentimental love from sentimentality on one side and sensuality on the other, it remains to show how it differs from conjugal affection.

HOW ROMANTIC LOVE IS METAMORPHOSED

On hearing the words “love letters,” does anybody ever think of a man’s letters to his wife? No more than of his letters to his mother. He may love both his wife and his mother dearly, but when he writes love letters he writes them to his sweetheart. Thus, public opinion and every-day literary usage clearly recognize the difference between romantic love and conjugal affection. Yet when I maintained in my first book that romantic love differs as widely from conjugal affection as maternal love differs from friendship; that romantic love is almost as modern as the telegraph, the railway, and the electric light; and that perhaps the main reasons why no one had anticipated me in an attempt to write a book to prove this, were that no distinction had heretofore been made between conjugal and romantic love, and that the apparent occurrence of noble examples of conjugal attachment among the ancient Greeks had obscured the issue—there was a chorus of dissenting voices. “The distinction drawn by him between romantic and conjugal love,” wrote one critic, “seems more fanciful than real.” “He will not succeed,” wrote another, “in convincing anybody that romantic and conjugal love differ in kind instead of only in degree or place”; while a third even objected to my theory as “essentially immoral!”

Mr. W.D. Howells, on the other hand, accepted my distinction, and in a letter to me declared that he found conjugal affection an even more interesting field of study than romantic love. Why, indeed, should anyone be alarmed at the distinction I made? Is not a man’s feeling toward his sweetheart different from his feeling toward his mother or sister? Why then should it be absurd or “immoral” to maintain that it differs from his feeling toward his wife? What I maintain is that romantic love disappears gradually, to be replaced, as a rule, by conjugal affection, which is sometimes a less intense, at other times a more intense, feeling than the emotions aroused during courtship. The process may be compared to a modulation in music, in which some of the tones in a chord are retained while others are displaced by new ones. Such modulations are delightful, and the new harmony may be as beautiful as the old. A visitor to Wordsworth’s home wrote:

“I saw the old man walking in the garden with his wife. They were both quite old, and he was almost blind; but they seemed like sweethearts courting, they were so tender to each other and attentive.”

A husband may be, and should be, quite as tender, as attentive, as gallant and self-sacrificing, as sympathetic, proud, and devoted as a lover; yet all

Page 219

his emotions will appear in a new orchestration, as it were. In the gallant attentions of a loving husband, the anxious eagerness to please is displaced by a pleasant sense of duty and gentlemanly courtesy. He still prefers his wife to all other women and wants a monopoly of her love; but this feeling has a proprietary tinge that was absent before. Jealousy, too, assumes a new aspect; it may, temporarily, bring back the uncertainty of courtship, but the emotion is colored by entirely different ideas: jealousy in a lover is a green-eyed monster gnawing merely at his hopes, and not, as in a husband, threatening to destroy his property and his family honor—which makes a great difference in the quality of the feeling and its manifestation. The wife, on her part, has no more use for coyness, but can indulge in the luxury of bestowing gallant attentions which before marriage would have seemed indelicate or forward, while after marriage they are a pleasant duty, rising in some cases to heroic self-sacrifice.

If even within the sphere of romantic love no two cases are exactly alike, how could love before marriage be the same as after marriage when so many new experiences, ideas, and associations come into play? Above all, the feelings relating to the children bring an entirely new group of tones into the complex harmony of affection. The intimacies of married life, the revelation of characteristics undiscovered before marriage, the deeper sympathy, the knowledge that theirs is “one glory an’ one shame”—these and a hundred other domestic experiences make romantic love undergo a change into something that may be equally rich and strange but is certainly quite different. A wife’s charms are different from a girl’s and inspire a different kind of love. The husband loves

Those virtues which, before untried,
The wife has added to the bride,

as Samuel Bishop rhymes it. In their predilection for maidens, poets, like novelists, have until recently ignored the wife too much. But Cowper sang:

What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife,
When friendship, love and peace combine
To stamp the marriage bond divine?
The stream of pure and genuine love
Derives its current from above;
And earth a second Eden shows,
Where’er the healing water flows.

Some of the specifically romantic ingredients of love, on the other hand—adoration, hyperbole, the mixed moods of hope and despair—do not normally enter into conjugal affection. No one would fail to see the absurdity of a husband’s exclaiming



O that I were a glove upon that hand
That I might touch that cheek.

He *may* touch that cheek, and kiss it too—and that makes a tremendous difference in the tone and tension of his feelings. Unlike the lover, the husband does not think, feel, and speak in perpetual hyperboles. He does not use expressions like “beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical,” or speak of

Page 220

The cruel madness of love
The honey of poisonous flowers.

There is no madness or cruelty in conjugal love: in its normal state it is all peace, contentment, happiness, while romantic love, in its normal state, is chiefly unrest, doubt, fear, anxiety, torture and anguish of heart—with alternating hours of frantic elation—until the Yes has been spoken.

The emotions of a husband are those of a mariner who has entered into the calm harbor of matrimony with his treasure safe and sound, while the romantic lover is as one who is still on the high seas of uncertainty, storm-tossed one moment, lifted sky-high on a wave of hope, the next in a dark abyss of despair. It is indeed lucky that conjugal affection does differ so widely from romantic love; such nervous tension, doubt, worry, and constant friction between hope and despair would, if continued after marriage, make life a burden to the most loving couples.

WHY SAVAGES VALUE WIVES

The notion that genuine romantic love does not undergo a metamorphosis in marriage is the first of five mistakes I have undertaken to correct in this chapter. The second is summed up in Westermarck's assertion (359-60) that it is

“impossible to believe that there ever was a time when conjugal affection was entirely wanting in the human race ... it seems, in its most primitive form, to have been as old as marriage itself. It must be a certain degree of affection that induces the male to defend the female during her period of pregnancy.”

Now I concede that natural selection must have developed at an early period in the history of man, as in the lower animals, some kind of an *attachment* between male and females. A wife could not seek her daily food in the forest and at the same time defend herself and her helpless babe against wild beasts and human enemies. Hence natural selection favored those groups in which the males attached themselves to a particular female for a longer time than the breeding-season, defending her from enemies and giving her a share of their game. But from this admitted fact to the inference that it is “affection” that makes the husband defend his wife, there is a tremendous logical skip not warranted by the situation. Instead of making such an assumption offhand, the scientific method requires us to ask if there is not some other way of accounting for the facts more in accordance with the selfish disposition and habits of savages. The solution of the problem is easily found. A savage's wife is his property, which he has acquired by barter, service, fighting, or purchase, and which he would be a fool not to protect against injury or rivals. She is to him a source of utility, comfort, and pleasure, which is reason enough why he should not allow a lion to devour her or a rival to carry her off. She is his cook, his slave, his mule; she fetches wood and water, prepares the



food, puts up the camp, and when it is time to move carries the tent and kitchen utensils, as well as her child to the next place. If his motive in protecting her against men and beasts were *affection*, he would not thus compel her to do all the work while he walks unburdened to the next camping-place.

Page 221

Apart from these home comforts there are selfish reasons enough why savages should take the trouble to protect their wives and rear children. In Australia it is a universal custom to exchange a daughter for a new wife, discarding or neglecting the old one; and the habit of treating children as merchandise prevails in various other parts of the world. The gross utilitarianism of South African marriages is illustrated in Dr. Fritsch's remarks on the Ama-Zulus. "As these women too are slaves, there is not much to say about love, marriage, or conjugal life," he says. The husband pays for his wife, but expects her to repay him for his outlay by hard work and *by bearing children whom he can sell*. "If she fails to make herself thus useful, if she falls ill, becomes weak, or remains childless, he often sends her back to her father and demands restitution of the cattle he had paid for her;" and his demand has to be complied with. Lord Randolph Churchill (249) was informed by a native of Mashonaland that he had his eye on a girl whom he desired to marry, because "if he was lucky, his wife might have daughters whom he would be able to sell in exchange for goats." Samuel Baker writes in one of his books of African exploration (*Isis*, 341):

"Girls are always purchased if required as wives. It would be quite impossible to obtain a wife for love from any tribe that I have visited. 'Blessed is he that hath his quiver full of them' (daughters). A large family of girls is a source of wealth to the father, as he sells each daughter for twelve or fifteen cows to her suitor."

Of the Central African, Macdonald says (*I.*, 141):

"The more wives he has the richer he is. It is his wives that maintain him. They do all his ploughing, milling, cooking, etc. They may be viewed as superior servants, who combine all the capacities of male servants and female servants in Britain—who do all his work and ask no wages."

We need not assume a problematic affection to explain why such a man marries.

But the savage's principal marriage motive is, of course, sensualism. If he wants to own a particular girl he must take care of her. If he tires of her it is easy enough to get rid of her or to make her a drudge pure and simple, while her successor enjoys his caresses. Speaking of Pennsylvania Indians, Buchanan remarks naively (*II.*, 95) that "the wives are the true servants of their husbands; otherwise the men are very affectionate to them." On another page (102) he inadvertently explains what he means by this paradox: "the ancient women are used for cooks, barbers, and other services, the younger for dalliance." In other words, Buchanan makes the common mistake of applying the altruistic word affection to what is nothing more than selfish indulgence of the sensual appetite. So does Pajeken when he tells us in the *Ausland* about the "touching tenderness" of a Crow chief toward a fourteen-year-old girl whom he had just added to the number of his wives.

Page 222

"While he was in the wigwam he did not leave her a moment. With his own hands he adorned her with chains, and strings of teeth and pearls, and he found a special pleasure in combing her black, soft, silken hair. He gambolled with her like a child and rocked her on his knees, telling her stories. Of his other wives he demanded the utmost respect in their treatment of his little one."

This reference to the other wives ought to have opened Pajeken's eyes as to the silliness of speaking of the "touching" tenderness of the Crow chief to his latest favorite. In a few years she was doomed to be discarded, like the others, in favor of a new victim of his carnal appetite. Affection is entirely out of the question in such cases.

The Malayans of Sumatra have, as Carl Bock tells us (314), a local custom allowing a wife to marry again if her faithless spouse has deserted her for three months:

"The early age at which marriage is contracted is an obstacle to any real affection between couples; for girls to be wives at fourteen is a common occurrence; indeed, that age may be put down as the average age of first marriage. The girls are then frequently good-looking, but hard work and the cares of maternity soon stamp their faces with the marks of age, and spoil their figures, and then the Malay husband forsakes his wife, if, indeed, he keeps her so long."

Marriage with these people is, as Bock adds, a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. His servant had married a "grass-widow" of three months' desertion. But

"before she had enjoyed her new title six weeks, a coolness sprang up between her and her husband. I inquired the reason, and she naively confessed that her husband had no more rupees to give her, and so she did not care for him any longer."

Concerning Damara women Galton writes (197):

"They were extremely patient, though not feminine, according to our ideas: they had no strong affections either for spouse or children; in fact, the spouse was changed almost weekly, and I seldom knew without inquiry who the *pro tempore* husband of each lady was at any particular time."

Among the Singhalese, if a wife is sick and can no longer minister to her husband's comforts and pleasure he repudiates her. Bailey says[123] that this heartless desertion of a sick wife is "the worst trait in the Kandyan character, and the cool and unconcerned manner in which they themselves allude to it shows that it is as common as it is cruel."

"How can a man be contented with one wife," exclaimed an Arab sheik to Sir Samuel Baker (*N.T.A.*, 263). "It is ridiculous, absurd." And then he proceeded to explain why, in his opinion, monogamy is such an absurdity:

Page 223

“What is he to do when she becomes old? When she is young, if very lovely, perhaps, he might be satisfied with her, but even the young must some day grow old, and the beautiful must fade. The man does not fade like a woman; therefore, as he remains the same for many years, Nature has arranged that the man shall have young wives to replace the old; does not the prophet allow it?”

He then pointed out what further advantage there was in having several wives:

“This one carries water, that one grinds corn; this makes the bread; the last does not do much, as she is the youngest and my favorite; and if they neglect their work they get a taste of this!”

shaking a long and tolerably thick stick.

There you have the typical male polygamist with his reasons frankly stated—sensual gratification and utilitarianism.

MOURNING TO ORDER

One of the most gossipy and least critical of all writers on primitive man, Bonwick, declares (97), in describing Tasmanian funerals, that

“the affectionate nature of women appeared on such melancholy occasions.... The women not only wept, but lacerated their bodies with sharp shells and stones, even burning their thighs with fire-sticks.... The hair cut off in grief was thrown upon the mound.”

Descriptions of the howling and tortures to which savages subject themselves as part of their funeral rites abound in works of travel, and although every school-boy knows that the deepest waters are silent, it is usually assumed that these howling antics betray the deep grief and affection of the mourners. Now I do not deny that the lower races do feel grief at the loss of a relative or friend; it is one of the earliest emotions to develop in mankind. What I object to in particular is the notion that the penances to which widows submit on the death of their husbands indicate deep and genuine conjugal affection. As a matter of fact, these penances are not voluntary but prescribed, each widow in a tribe being expected to indulge in the same howlings and mutilations, so that this circumstance alone would make it impossible to say whether her lamentations over her late spouse came under the head of affection, fondness, liking, or attachment, or whether they are associated with indifference or hatred. It is instructive to note that, in descriptions of mourning widows, the words “must” or “obliged to” nearly always occur. Among the Mandans, we read in Catlin (I., 95), “in mourning, like the Crows and most other tribes, the women *are obliged* to crop their hair all off; and the usual term of that condolence is until the hair has grown again to its former length.” The locks of the men

(who make them do this), “are of much greater importance,” and only one or two can be spared. According to Schomburgk, on the death of her husband, an Arawak wife *must* cut her hair; and until

Page 224

this has again grown to a certain length she *cannot* remarry. (Spencer, *D.S.*, 20.) Among the Patagonians, “the widow, or widows, of the dead, are *obliged* to mourn and fast for a whole year after the death of their husbands.” They *must* abstain from certain kinds of food, and *must not* wash their faces and hands for a whole year; while “during the year of mourning they are *forbidden* to marry.” (Falkner, 119.) The grief is all prescribed and regulated according to tribal fancy. The Brazilians “repeat the lamentation for the dead twice a day.” (Spix and Martins, II., 250.) The Comanches “mourn for the dead *systematically and periodically* with great noise and vehemence; at which time the *female* relatives of the deceased scarify their arms and legs with sharp flints until the blood trickles from a thousand pores. The duration of these lamentations depends on the quality and estimation of the deceased; varying from three to five or seven days.”

(Schoolcraft, I., 237.) James Adair says in his *History of the American Indians* (188), “They *compel* the widow to act the part of the disconsolate dove, for the irreparable loss of her mate.”

In Dahomey, during mourning “the weeping relatives *must* fast and refrain from bathing,” *etc.* (Burton, II., 164.) In the Transvaal, writes the missionary Posselt,

“there are a number of heathenish customs which the widows are *obliged* to observe. There is, first, the terrible lamentation for the dead. Secondly, the widows *must* allow themselves to be fumigated,” *etc.*

Concerning the Asiatic Turks Vambery writes that the women are not allowed to attend the funeral, but “are *obliged* meanwhile to remain in their tent, and, while lamenting incessantly, scratch their cheeks with their nails, *i.e.*, mar their beauty.” The widow *must* lament or sing dirges for a whole year, *etc.* Chippewa widows are *obliged* to fast and must not comb their hair for a year or wear any ornament. A Shushwap widow *must not* allow her shadow to fall on any one, and must bed her head on thorns. Bancroft notes (I., 731) that among the Mosquito Indians

“the widow was *bound* to supply the grave of her husband with provisions for a year, after which she took up the bones and carried them with her for another year, at last placing them upon the roof of her house, and then only was she *allowed* to marry again.”

The widows of the Tolkotin Indians in Oregon were subjected to such maltreatment that some of them committed suicide to escape their sufferings. For nine days they were obliged to sleep beside the corpse and follow certain rules in regard to dressing and eating. If a widow neglected any of these, she was on the tenth day thrown on the funeral pile with the corpse and tossed about and scorched till she lost consciousness.

Afterward she was obliged to perform the function of a slave to all the other women and children of the tribe.[124]

Page 225

So far as I am aware, no previous writer on the subject has emphasized the obligatory character of all these performances by widows. To me that seems by far the most important aspect of the question, as it shows that the widows were not prompted to these actions by affectionate grief or self-sacrificing impulses, but by the command of the men; and if we bear in mind the superlative selfishness of these men we have no difficulty in comprehending that what makes them compel the women to do these penances is the desire to make them eager to care for the comfort and welfare of their husbands lest the latter die and they thus bring upon themselves the discomforts and terrors of widowhood.

Martius justly remarks that the great dependance of savage women makes them eager to please their husbands (121); and this eagerness would naturally be doubled by making widowhood forbidding. Bruhier wrote, in 1743, that in Corsica it was customary, in case a man died, for the women to fall upon his widow and give her a sound drubbing. This custom, he adds significantly, “prompted the women to take good care of their husbands.”

It is true that the widowers also in some cases subjected themselves to penance; but usually they made it very much easier for themselves than for the widows. In his *Lettres sur le Congo* (152) Edouard Dupont relates that a man who has lost his wife and wants to show grief shaves his head, blackens himself, *stops work*, and sits in front of his chimbeque several days. His neighbors meanwhile feed him [no fasting for *him!*], and at last a friend brings him a calabash of malofar and tells him “stop mourning or you will die of starvation.” “It does not happen often,” Dupont adds, “that the advice is not promptly followed.”

Selfish utilitarianism does not desert the savage even at the grave of his wife. An amusing illustration of the shallowness of aboriginal grief where it seems “truly touching” may be found in an article by the Rev. F. McFarlane on British New Guinea.[125] Scene: “A woman is being buried. The husband is lying by the side of the grave, apparently in an agony of grief; he sobs and cries as if his heart would break.” Then he jumps into the grave and whispers into the ears of the corpse—what? a last farewell? Oh, no! “He is asking the spirit of his wife to go with him when he goes fishing, and make him successful also when he goes hunting, or goes to battle,” *etc.*; his last request being, “*And please don’t be angry if I get another wife!*”

The simple truth is that in their grief, as in everything else, savages are nothing but big children, crying one moment, laughing the next. Whatever feelings they may have are shallow and without devotion. If the widows of Mandans, Arawaks, Patagonians, *etc.*, do not marry until a year after the death of their husband this is not on account of affectionate grief, but, as we have seen, because they are not allowed

Page 226

to. Where custom prescribes a different course, they follow that with the same docility. When a Kansas or Osage wife finds, on the return of a war-party, that she is a widow, she howls dismally, but forthwith seeks an avenger in the shape of a new husband. "After the death of a husband, the sooner a squaw marries again, the greater respect and regard she is considered to show for his memory." (Hunter, 246.) The Australian custom for women, especially widows, is to mourn by scratching the face and branding the body. As for the grief itself, its quality may be inferred from the fact that these women sit day after day by the grave or platform, howling their monotonous dirge, but, as soon as they are allowed to pause for a meal they indulge in the merriest pranks. (K.E. Jung, 111.)

MOURNING FOR ENTERTAINMENT

In many cases the mourning of savages, instead of being an expression of affection and grief, appears to be simply a mode of gratifying their love of ceremonial and excitement. That is, they mourn for entertainment—I had almost said for fun; and it is easy to see too, that vanity and superstition play their role here as in their "ornamenting" and everything else they do. By the Abipones "women are appointed to go forward on swift steeds to dig the grave, and *honor* the funeral with lamentations." (Dobrizhoffer II., 267.) During the ceremony of making a skeleton of a body the Patagonians, as Falkner informs us (119), indulge in singing in a mournful tone of voice, and striking the ground, to *frighten away* the Valichus or Evil Beings. Some of the Indians also visit the relatives of the dead, indulging in antics which show that the whole thing is done for effect and pastime. "During this visit of condolence," Falkner continues,

"they cry, howl, and sing, in the most dismal manner; straining out tears, and pricking their arms and thighs with sharp thorns, to make them bleed. For this *show of grief* they are *paid* with glass beads," *etc.*

The Rev. W. Ellis writes that the Tahitians, when someone had died, "not only wailed in the loudest and most affecting tone, but tore their hair, rent their garments, and cut themselves with shark's teeth or knives in a most shocking manner." That this was less an expression of genuine grief than a result of the barbarous love of excitement, follows from what he adds: that in a milder form, this loud wailing and cutting with shark's teeth was "an expression of joy as well as of grief." (*Pol. Res.*, I., 527.) The same writer relates in his book on Hawaii (148) that when a chief or king died on that island,

Page 227

“the people ran to and fro without their clothes, appearing and acting more like demons than human beings; every vice was practised and almost every species of crime perpetrated.”

J.T. Irving tells a characteristic story (226-27) of an Indian girl whom he found one day lying on a grave singing a song “so despairing that it seemed to well out from a broken heart.” A half-breed friend, who thoroughly understood the native customs, marred his illusion by informing him that he had heard the girl say to her mother that as she had nothing else to do, she believed she would go and take a bawl over her brother’s grave. The brother had been dead five years!

The whole question of aboriginal mourning is patly summed up in a witty remark made by James Adair more than a century ago (1775). He has seen Choctaw mourners, he declares (187), “pour out tears like fountains of water; but after thus tiring themselves they might with perfect propriety have asked themselves, ‘_ And who is dead?_’”

THE TRUTH ABOUT WIDOW-BURNING

Instructive, from several points of view, is an incident related by McLean (l., 254-55): A carrier Indian having been killed, his widow threw herself on the body, shrieking and tearing her hair. The other females “evinced all the external symptoms of extreme grief, chanting the death-song in a most lugubrious tone, the tears streaming down their cheeks, and beating their breasts;” yet as soon as the rites were ended, these women “were seen as gay and cheerful as if they had returned from a wedding.” The widow alone remained, being “obliged by custom” to mourn day and night.

“The bodies were formerly burned; the relatives of the deceased, as well as those of the widow, being present, all armed; a funeral pile was erected, and the body placed upon it. The widow then set fire to the pile, and was compelled to stand by it, anointing her breast with the fat that oozed from the body, until the heat became insupportable; when the wretched creature, however, attempted to draw back, she was thrust forward by her husband’s relatives at the point of their spears, and forced to endure the dreadful torture until either the body was reduced to ashes, or she herself almost scorched to death. Her relatives were present merely to preserve her life; when no longer able to stand they dragged her away, and this intervention often led to bloody quarrels.”

Obviously the compulsory mourning enforced in McLean’s day was simply a mild survival of this former torture, which, in turn, was a survival of the still earlier practice of actually burning the widows alive, or otherwise killing them, which used to prevail in various parts of the world, as in India, among some Chinese aboriginal tribes, the old Germans, the Thracians and Scythians, some of the Greeks, the Lithuanians, the Basutos, the natives of Congo and other African countries, the inhabitants of New

Zealand, the Solomon Islands, New Hebrides, Fiji Islands, the Crees, Comanches, Caribs, and various other Indian tribes in California, Darien, Peru, *etc.*[126]

Page 228

Some writers have advanced the opinion that jealousy prompted the men to compel their wives to follow them into death. But the most widely accepted opinion is that expressed long ago by St. Boniface when he declared regarding the Wends that

“they *preserve their conjugal love* with such ardent zeal that the wife refuses to survive her husband; and *she* is especially admired among women who takes her own life in order to be burnt on the same pile with her master.”

This view is the fourth of the mistakes I have undertaken to demolish in this chapter.

In the monumental work of Ploss and Bartels (II., 514), the opinion is advanced that the custom of slaughtering widows on the death of their husbands is the result of the grossly materialistic view the races in question hold in regard to a future world. It is supposed that a warrior will reappear with all his physical attributes and wants; for which reason he is arranged in his best clothes, his weapons are placed by his side, and often animals and slaves are slaughtered to be useful to him in his new existence. His principal servant and provider of home comforts, however, is his wife, wherefore she, too, is expected to follow him.

This, no doubt, is the truth about widow-burning; but it is not the whole truth. To comprehend all the horrors of the situation we must realize clearly that it was the fiendish selfishness of the men, extending even beyond death, which thus subjected their wives to a cruel death, and that the widows, on their part, did not follow them because of the promptings of affection, but either under physical compulsion or in consequence of a systematic course of moral reprobation and social persecution which made death preferable to life. In Peru, for instance, where widows were not killed against their will, but were allowed to choose between widowhood and being buried alive,

“the wife or servant who preferred life to the act of martyrdom, which was to attest their fidelity, was an object of general contempt, and devoted or doomed to a life worse than death.”

The consequence of this was that

“generally the wives and servants offered themselves voluntarily, and there are even instances of wives who preferred suicide to prove their conjugal devotion when they were prevented from descending to the grave with the body of their consort.” (Rivero and Tschudi, 186.)

Usually, too, superstition was called to aid to make the widows docile. In Fiji, for instance, to quote Westermarck’s summing up (125) of several authorities, widows

Page 229

“were either buried alive or strangled, often at their own desire, because they believed that in this way alone could they reach the realms of bliss, and that she who met her death with the greatest devotedness would become the favorite wife in the abode of spirits. On the other hand, a widow who did not permit herself to be killed was considered an adulteress.”

To realize vividly how far widow-burning is from being an act of voluntary wifely devotion one must read Abbe Dubois’s account of the matter (I., chap. 21). He explains that, however chaste and devoted a wife may have been during her husband’s life, she is treated worse than the lowest outcast if she wants to survive him. By a “voluntary” death, on the contrary, she becomes “an illustrious victim of conjugal attachment,” and is “considered in the light of a deity.” On the way to the funeral pyre the accompanying multitude stretch out their hands toward her in token of admiration. They behold her as already translated into the paradise of Vishnu and seem to envy her happy lot. The women run up to her to receive her blessing, and she knows that afterward crowds of votaries will daily frequent her shrine. The Brahmins compliment her on her heroism. (Sometimes drugs are administered to stifle her fears.) She knows, too, that it is useless to falter at the last moment, as a change of heart would be an eternal disgrace, not only to herself but to her relatives, who, therefore, stand around with sabres and rifles to *intimidate* her. In short, with satanic ingenuity, every possible appeal is made to her family pride, vanity, longing for future bliss and divine honors after life, enforced by the knowledge that if she lives earth will be a hell to her, so that refusal is next to impossible. And this is the much-vaunted “conjugal affection and fidelity” of Hindoo widows!

FEMININE DEVOTION IN ANCIENT LITERATURE

The practice of “voluntary” widow-burning is, as the foregoing shows, about as convincing proof of wifely devotion as the presence of an ox in the butcher’s stall is proof of his gastronomic devotion to man. In reality it is, as I have said, simply the most diabolical aspect of man’s aboriginal disposition to look on woman as made solely for his own comfort and pleasure, here and hereafter. Now it is very instructive to note that whenever there is a story of conjugal devotion in Oriental or ancient classical literature it is nearly always inspired by the same spirit—the idea that the woman, as an inferior being, should subject herself to any amount of suffering if she can thereby save her sacred lord and master the slightest pang. For instance, an old Arabic writer (Kamil Mobarrad, p. 529) relates how a devoted wife whose husband was condemned to death disfigured her beautiful face in order to let him die with the consoling feeling that she would not marry again. The current notion that such stories

Page 230

are proof of conjugal devotion is the fifth of the mistakes to be corrected in this chapter. These stories were written by men, selfish men, who intended them as lessons to indicate to the women what was expected of them. Were it otherwise, why should not the men, too, be represented, at least occasionally, as devoted and self-sacrificing? Hector is tender to Andromache, and in the Sanscrit drama, *Kanisika's Wrath*, the King and the Queen contend with one another as to who shall be the victim of that wrath; but these are the only instances of the kind that occur to me. This interesting question will be further considered in the chapters on India and Greece, where corroborative stories will be quoted. Here I wish only to emphasize again the need of caution and suspicion in interpreting the evidence relating to the human feelings.

WIVES ESTEEMED AS MOTHERS ONLY

So much for the feminine aspect of conjugal devotion. In regard to the masculine aspect something must be added to what was said in preceding pages (307-10). We saw there that primitive man desires wives chiefly as drudges and concubines. It was also indicated briefly that wives are valued as mothers of daughters who can be sold to suitors. As a rule, sons are more desired than daughters, as they increase a man's power and authority, and because they alone can keep up the superstitious rites which are deemed necessary for the salvation of the father's selfish old soul. Now the non-existence or extreme rarity of conjugal attachment—not to speak of affection—is painfully indicated by the circumstance that wives were, among many races, valued (apart from grossly utilitarian and sensual motives) as mothers only, and that the men had a right, of which they commonly availed themselves, of repudiating a wife if she proved barren. On the lower Congo, says Dupont (96), a wife is not respected unless she has at least three children. Among the Somali, barren women are dieted and dosed, and if that proves unavailing they are usually chased away. (Paulitschke, *B.E.A.S.*, 30.) If a Greenlander's wife did not bear him any children he generally took another one. (Cranz, I., 147.) Among the Mexican Aztecs divorce, even from a concubine, was not easy; but in case of barrenness even the principal wife could be repudiated. (Bancroft, II., 263-65.) The ancient Greeks, Romans, and Germans, the Chinese and Japanese, could divorce a wife on account of barrenness. For a Hindoo the laws of Manu indicate that "a barren wife may be dispensed with in the eighth year; one whose children all die, in the tenth; one who bears only daughters, in the eleventh." The tragic import of such bare statements is hardly realized until we come upon particular instances like those related by the Indian authoress Ramabai (15):

Page 231

"Of the four wives of a certain prince, the eldest had borne him two sons; she was therefore his favorite, and her face beamed with happiness.... But oh! what contrast to this happiness was presented in the apartments of the childless three. Their faces were sad and careworn; there seemed no hope for them in this world, since their lord was displeased with them on account of their misfortune."

"A lady friend of mine in Calcutta told me that her husband had warned her not to give birth to a girl, the first time, or he would never see her face again." Another woman

"had been notified by her husband that if she persisted in bearing daughters she should be superseded by another wife, have coarse clothes to wear, scanty food to eat," etc.
[127]

WHY CONJUGAL PRECEDES ROMANTIC LOVE

The conclusion to be drawn from the testimony collected in this chapter is that genuine conjugal love—the affection for a wife *for her own sake*—is, like romantic love, a product chiefly of modern civilization.

I say chiefly, because I am convinced that conjugal love was known sooner than romantic love, and for a very simple reason. Among those of the lower races where the sexes were not separated in youth, a license prevailed which led to shallow, premature, temporary alliances that precluded all idea of genuine affection, even had these folk been capable of such a sentiment; while among those tribes and peoples that practised the custom of separating the boys and girls from the earliest age, and not allowing them to become acquainted till after marriage, the growth of real, prematrimonial affection was, of course, equally impossible. In married life this was different. Living together for years, having a common interest in their children, sharing the same joys and sorrows, husband and wife would learn the rudiments of sympathy, and in happy cases there would be an opportunity for the growth of liking, attachment, fondness, or even, in exceptional instances, of affection. I cannot sufficiently emphasize the fact that my theory is psychological or cultural, not chronological. The fact that a man lives in the year 1900 makes it no more self-evident that he should be capable of sexual affection than the fact that a man lived seven centuries before Christ makes it self-evident that he could not love affectionately. Hector and Andromache existed only in the brain of Homer, who was in many respects thousands of years ahead of his contemporaries. Whether such a couple could really have existed at that time among the Trojans, or the Greeks, we do not know, but in any case it would have been an exception, proving the rule by the painful contrast of the surrounding barbarism.

Exceptions may possibly occur among the lower races, through happy combinations of circumstances. C.C. Jones describes (69) a picture of conjugal devotion among Cherokee Indians:

Page 232

“By the side of the aged Mico Tomo-chi-chi, as, thin and weak, he lies upon his blanket, hourly expecting the summons of the pale-king, we see the sorrowing form of his old wife, Scenauki, bending over and fanning him with a bunch of feathers.”

In his work on the Indians of California (271), Powers writes:

“An aged Achomauri lost his wife, to whom he had been married probably half a century, and he tarred his face in mourning for her as though he were a woman—*an act totally unprecedented*, and regarded by the Indians as evincing an *extraordinary* affection.”

St. John relates the following incident in his book on Borneo:

“Ijan, a Balau chief, was bathing with his wife in the Lingga River, a place notorious for man-eating alligators, when Indra Lela, passing in a boat, remarked, ‘I have just seen a very large animal swimming up the stream.’ Upon hearing this, Ijan told his wife to go up the steps and he would follow. She got safely up, but he, stopping to wash his feet, was seized by the alligator, dragged into the middle of the stream, and disappeared from view. His wife, hearing a cry, turned round, and seeing her husband’s fate, sprang into the river, shrieking ‘Take me also,’ and dived down at the spot where she had seen the alligator sink with his prey. No persuasion could induce her to come out of the water; she swam about, diving in all the places most dreaded from being a resort of ferocious reptiles, seeking to die with her husband; at last her friends came down and forcibly removed her to their house.”

These stories certainly imply conjugal attachment, but is there any indication in them of affection? The Cherokee squaw mourns the impending death of her husband, which is a selfish feeling. The Californian, similarly, laments the loss of his spouse. The only thing he does is to “tar his face in mourning,” and even this is regarded by the other Indians as “extraordinary” and “unprecedented.” As for the woman in the third story, it is to be noted that her act is one of selfish despair, not of self-sacrifice for her husband’s sake. We shall see in later chapters that women of her grade abandon themselves to suicidal impulses, not only where there is occasion for real distress, but often on the most trivial pretexts. A few days later, in all probability, that same woman would have been ready to marry another man. There is no evidence of altruistic action—action for another’s benefit—in any of these incidents, and altruism is the only test of genuine affection as distinguished from mere liking, attachment, and fondness, which, as was explained in the chapter on Affection, are the products of selfishness, more or less disguised. If this distinction had been borne in mind a vast amount of confusion could have been avoided in works of exploration and the anthropological treatises based on them. Westernmarck, for instance,

Page 233

cites on page 357 a number of authors who asserted that sexual affection, or even the appearance of it, was unknown to the Hovas of Madagascar, the Gold Coast, and Winnabah natives, the Kabyles, the Beni-Amer, the Chittagong Hill Tribes, the Ponape islanders, the Eskimo, the Kutchin, the Iroquois, and North American Indians in general; while on the next pages he cites approvingly authors who fancied they had discovered sexual affection among tribes some of whom (Australians, Andamanese, Bushmans) are far below the peoples just mentioned. The cause of this discrepancy lies not in these races themselves, but in the inaccurate use of words, and the different standards of the writers, some accepting the rubbing of noses or other sexual caresses as evidence of “affection,” while others take any acts indicating fondness, attachment, or a suicidal impulse as signs of it. In a recent work by Tyrrell (165), I find it stated that the Eskimo marriage is “purely a love union;” and in reading on I discover that the author’s idea of a “love union” is the absence of a marriage ceremony! Yet I have no doubt that Tyrrell will be cited hereafter as evidence that love unions are common among the Eskimos. So, again, when Lumholtz writes (213) that an Australian woman

“may happen to change husbands many times in her life, but sometimes, despite the fact that her consent is not asked, she gets the one she loves—for a black woman can love too”

—we are left entirely in the dark as to what kind of “love” is meant—sensual or sentimental, liking, attachment, fondness, or real affection. Surely it is time to put an end to such confusion, at least in scientific treatises, and to acquire in psychological discussions the precision which we always employ in describing the simplest weeds or insects.

Morgan, the great authority on the Iroquois—the most intelligent of North American Indians—lived long enough among them to realize vaguely that there must be a difference between sexual attachment before and after marriage, and that the latter is an earlier phenomenon in human evolution. After declaring that among the Indians “marriage was not founded on the affections ... but was regulated exclusively as a matter of physical necessity,” he goes on to say:

“Affection after marriage would naturally spring up between the parties from association, from habit, and from mutual dependence; but of that marvellous passion which originates in a higher development of the passions of the human heart, and is founded upon a cultivation of the affections between the sexes, they were entirely ignorant. In their temperaments they were below this passion in its simplest forms.”

He is no doubt right in declaring that the Indians before marriage were “in their temperaments” below affectionate love “in its simplest forms”; but, that being so, it is difficult to see how they could have acquired real affection after marriage. As a matter

of fact we know that they treated their wives with a selfishness which is entirely incompatible with true affection. The Rev. Peter Jones, moreover, an Indian himself, tells us in his book on the Ojibwas:

Page 234

“I have scarcely ever seen anything like social intercourse between husband and wife, and it is remarkable that the women say little in presence of the men.”

Obviously, at the beginning of the passage quoted, Morgan should have used the word attachment in place of affection. Bulmer (by accident, I suspect) uses the right word when he says (Brough Smyth, 77) that Australians, notwithstanding their brutal forms of marriage, often “get much attached to each other.” At the same time it is easy to show that, if not among Australians or Indians, at any rate with such a people as the ancient Greeks, conjugal affection may have existed while romantic love was still impossible. The Greeks looked down on their women as inferior beings. Now one can feel affection—conjugal or friendly—toward an inferior, but one cannot feel adoration—and adoration is absolutely essential to romantic love. Before romantic love could be born it was necessary that women should not only be respected as equal to man but worshipped as his superior. This was not done by any of the lower or ancient races; hence romantic love is a peculiarly modern sentiment, later than any other form of human affection.

OBSTACLES TO ROMANTIC LOVE

When Shakspeare wrote that “The course of true love never did run smooth” he had in mind individual cases of courtship. But what is true of individuals also applies to the story of love itself. For many thousands of years savagery and barbarism “proved an unrelenting foe to love,” and it was with almost diabolical ingenuity that obstacles to its birth and growth were maintained and multiplied. It was crushed, balked, discountenanced, antagonized, discredited, disheartened so persistently that the wonder is not that there should be so little true love even at the present day, but that there is any at all. A whole volume might be written on the Obstacles to Love; my original plan for this book included a long chapter on this matter; but partly to avoid repetition, partly to save space, I will condense my material to a few pages, considering briefly the following obstacles: I. Ignorance and stupidity. II. Coarseness and obscenity. III. War. IV. Cruelty. V. Masculine selfishness. VI. Contempt for women. VII. Capture and sale of brides. VIII. Infant marriages. IX. Prevention of free choice. X. Separation of the sexes. XI. Sexual taboos. XII. Race aversion. XIII. Multiplicity of languages. XIV. Social barriers. XV. Religious prejudice.

I. IGNORANCE AND STUPIDITY

Page 235

Intelligence alone does not imply a capacity for romantic love. Dogs are the most intelligent of all animals, but they know nothing of love; the most intelligent nations of antiquity—the Greeks, Romans and Hebrews—were strangers to this feeling; and in our times we have seen that such intelligent persons as Tolstoi, Zola, Groncourt, Flaubert have been confessedly unable to experience real love such as Turgenieff held up to them. On the other hand, there can be no genuine love without intelligence. It is true that maternal love exists among the lowly, but that is an instinct developed by natural selection, because without it the race could not have persisted. Conjugal attachment also was, as we have seen, necessary for the preservation of the race; whereas romantic love is not necessary for the preservation of the race, but is merely a means for its improvement; wherefore it developed slowly, keeping pace with the growth of the intellectual powers of discrimination, the gradual refinement of the emotions, and the removal of diverse obstacles created by selfishness, coarseness, foolish taboos, and prejudices. A savage lives entirely in his senses, hence sensual love is the only kind he can know. His love is as coarse and simple as his music, which is little more than a monotonous rhythmic noise. Just as a man, unless he has musical culture, cannot understand a Schumann symphony, so, unless he has intellectual culture, he cannot love a woman as Schumann loved Clara Wieck.

Stupid persons, men and women with blunt intellects, also have blunt feelings, excepting those of a criminal, vengeful kind. Savages have keener senses than we have, but their intellect and emotions are blunt and untrained. An Australian cannot count above ten, and Galton says (132) that Damaras in counting “puzzle very much after five, because no spare hand remains to grasp and secure the fingers that are required for units.” Spix and Martins (384) found it very difficult to get any information from the Brazilian (Coroado) because “scarcely has one begun to question him about his language when he gets impatient, complains of headache, and shows that he cannot endure this effort”—for he is used to living entirely in and for his senses. Fancy such savages writing or reading a book like *The Reveries of a Bachelor* and you will understand why stupidity is an obstacle to love, and realize the unspeakable folly of the notion that love is always and everywhere the same. The savage has no imagination, and imagination is the organ of romantic love; without it there can be no sympathy, and without sympathy there can be no love.

II. COARSENESS AND OBSCENITY

Page 236

Kissing and other caresses are, as we have seen, practices unknown to savages. Their nerves being too coarse to appreciate even the more refined forms of sensualism, it follows of necessity that they are too coarse to experience the subtle manifestations of imaginative sentimental love. Their national addiction to obscene practices and conversation proves an insuperable obstacle to the growth of refined sexual feelings. Details given in later chapters will show that what Turner says of the Samoans, "From their childhood their ears are familiar with the most obscene conversation;" and what the Rev. George Taplan writes of the "immodest and lewd" dances of the Australians, applies to the lower races in general. The history of love is, indeed, epitomized in the evolution of the dance from its aboriginal obscenity and licentiousness to its present function as chiefly a means of bringing young people together and providing innocent opportunities for courtship; two extremes differing as widely as the coarse drum accompaniment of a primitive dance from the sentimental melodies, soulful harmonies, and exquisite orchestral colors of a Strauss waltz. A remark made by Taine on Burns suggests how even acquired coarseness in a mind naturally refined may crush the capacity for true love:

"He had enjoyed too much.... Debauch had all but spoiled his fine imagination, which had before been 'the chief source of his happiness'; and he confessed that, instead of tender reveries, he had now nothing but sensual desires."

The poets have done much to confuse the public mind in this matter by their fanciful and impossible pastoral lovers. The remark made in my first book, that "only an educated mind can feel romantic love," led one of its reviewers to remark, half indignantly, half mournfully, "There goes the pastoral poetry of the world at a single stroke of the pen." Well, let it go. I am quite sure that if these poetic dreamers had ever come across a shepherdess in real life—dirty, unkempt, ignorant, coarse, immoral—they would themselves have made haste to disavow their heroines and seek less malodorous "maidens" for embodiments of their exalted fancies of love[128]. Richard Wagner was promptly disillusioned when he came across some of those modern shepherdesses, the Swiss dairy-maids. "There are magnificent women here in the Oberland," he wrote to a friend, "but only so to the eye; they are all tainted with rabid vulgarity."

III. WAR

Herbert Spencer has devoted some eloquent pages[129] to showing that along with chronic militancy there goes a brutal treatment of women, whereas industrial tribes are likely to treat their wives and daughters well. To militancy is due the disregard of women's claims shown in stealing or buying them, the inequality of status between the sexes entailed by polygamy; the use of women as laboring slaves, the life-and-death

Page 237

power over wife and child. To which we may add that war proves an obstacle to love, by fostering cruelty and smothering sympathy, and all the other tender feelings; by giving the coarsest masculine qualities of aggressiveness and brute prowess the aspect of cardinal virtues and causing the feminine virtues of gentleness, mercy, kindness, to be despised, and women themselves to be esteemed only in so far as they appropriate masculine qualities; and by fostering rape and licentiousness in general. When Plutarch wrote that “the most warlike nations are the most addicted to love,” he meant, of course, lust. In wars of the past no incentive to brutal courage proved so powerful as the promise that the soldiers might have the women of captured cities. “Plunder if you succeed, and paradise if you fall. Female captives in the one case, celestial hours in the other”—such was, according to Burckhardt, the promise to their men given by Wahabi chiefs on the eve of battle.

IV. CRUELTY

Love depends on sympathy, and sympathy is incompatible with cruelty. It has been maintained that the notorious cruelty of the lower and war-like races is manifested only toward enemies; but this is an error. Some of the instances cited under “Sentimental Murder” and “Sympathy” show how often superstitious and utilitarian considerations smother all the family feelings. Three or four more illustrations may be added here. Burton says of the East Africans, that “when childhood is past, the father and son become natural enemies, after the manner of wild beasts.” The Bedouins are not compelled by law or custom to support their aged parents, and Burckhardt (156) came across such men whom their sons would have allowed to perish. Among the Somals it frequently occurs that an old father is simply driven away and exposed to distress and starvation. Nay, incredible cases are related of fathers being sold as slaves, or killed. The African missionary, Moffat, one day came across an old woman who had been left to die within an enclosure. He asked her why she had been thus deserted, and she replied:

“I am old, you see, and no longer able to serve them [her grown children]. When they kill game, I am too feeble to aid in carrying home the flesh; I am incapable of gathering wood to make fire, and I cannot carry their children on my back as I used to do.”

V. MASCULINE SELFISHNESS

The South American Chiquitos, as Dobrizhoffer informs us (II., 264), used to kill the wife of a sick man, believing her to be the cause of his illness, and fancying that his recovery would follow her disappearance. Fijians have been known to kill and eat their wives, when they had no other use for them. Carl Bock (275) says of the Malays of Sumatra,

that the men are extremely indolent and make the women their beasts of burden (as the lower races do in general).

Page 238

“I have,” he says,

“continually met a file of women carrying loads of rice or coffee on their heads, while the men would follow, lazily lounging along, with a long stick in their hands, like shepherds driving a flock of sheep.... I have seen a man go into his house, where his wife was lying asleep on the bed, rudely awake her, and order her to lie on the floor, while he made himself comfortable on the cushions.”

But I need not add in this place any further instances to the hundreds given in other parts of this volume, revealing uncivilized man’s disposition to regard woman as made for his convenience, both in this world and the next. Nor is it necessary to add that such an attitude is an insuperable obstacle to love, which in its essence is altruistic.

VI. CONTEMPT FOR WOMEN

As late as the sixth century the Christian Provincial Council of Macon debated the question whether women have souls. I know of no early people, savage, barbarous, semi-civilized or civilized—from the Australian to the Greek—in which the men did not look down on the women as inferior beings. Now contempt is the exact opposite of adoration, and where it prevails there can of course be no romantic love.[130]

VII. CAPTURE AND SALE OF BRIDES

In the Homeric poems we read much about young women who were captured and forced to become the concubines of the men who had slain their fathers, brothers, and husbands. Other brides are referred to as [Greek: *alphesiboiai*], wooed with rich presents, literally “bringing in oxen.” Among other ancient nations—Assyrians, Hebrews, Babylonians, Chaldeans, *etc.*, brides had to be bought with property or its equivalent in service (as in the case of Jacob and Rachel). Serving for a bride until the parents feel repaid for their selfish trouble in bringing her up, also prevails among savages as low as the African Bushman and the Fuegian Indians, and is not therefore, as Herbert Spencer holds, a higher or later form of “courtship” than capture or purchase. But it is less common than purchase, which has been a universal custom. “All over the earth,” says Letourneau (137),

“among all races and at all times, wherever history gives us information, we find well-authenticated examples of marriage by purchase, which allows us to assert that during the middle period of civilization, the right of parents over their children, and especially over their daughters, included in all countries the privilege of selling them.”

In Australia a knife or a glass bottle has been held sufficient compensation for a wife. A Tartar parent will sell his daughter for a certain number of sheep, horses, oxen, or



pounds of butter; and so on in innumerable regions. As an obstacle to free choice and love unions, nothing more effective could be devised; for what Burckhardt writes (*B. and W.*, I., 278) of the Egyptian peasant girls has a general application. They are, he says, “sold in matrimony by their fathers *to the highest bidders*; a circumstance that frequently causes the most mean and unfeeling transactions.”

Page 239

In his collection of Esthonian folk-songs Neus has a poem which pathetically pictures the fate of a bartered bride. A girl going to the field to cut flax meets a young man who informs her bluntly that she belongs to him, as he has bought her. "And who undertook to sell me?" she asks. "Your father and mother, your sister and brother," he replies, adding frankly that he won the father's favor with a present of a horse, the mother's with a cow, the sister's with a bracelet, the brother's with an ox. Then the unwilling bride lifts her voice and curses the family: "May the father's horse rot under him; may the mother's cow yield blood instead of milk!" Hundreds of millions of bartered brides have borne their fate more meekly. It is needless to add that what has been said here applies *a fortiori* to captured brides.

VIII. INFANT MARRIAGES

Of the diabolical habit of forcing girls into marriage before they had reached the age of puberty and its wide prevalence I have already spoken (293), and reference will be made to it in many of the pages following this. Here I may, therefore, confine myself to a few details relating to one country, by way of showing vividly what a deadly obstacle to courtship, free choice, love, and every tender and merciful feeling, this cruel custom forms. Among all classes and castes of Hindoos it has been customary from time immemorial to unite boys of eight; seven, even six years, to girls still younger. It is even prescribed by the laws of Manu that a man of twenty-four should marry a girl of eight. Old Sanscrit verses have been found declaring that "the mother, father, and oldest brother of a girl shall all be damned if they allow her to reach maturity without being married;" and the girl herself, in such a case, is cast out into the lowest class, too low for anyone to marry her.[131] In some cases marriage means merely engagement, the bride remaining at home with her parents, who do not part with her till some years later. Often, however, the husband takes immediate possession of his child-wife, and the consequences are horrible. Of 205 cases reported in a Bengal Medico-Legal Report, 5 ended fatally, 38 were crippled, and the general effect of such cruelty is pathetically touched on by *Mme. Ryder*, who found it impossible to describe the anguish she felt when she saw these half-developed females, with their expression of hopeless suffering, their skeleton arms and legs, marching behind their husbands at the prescribed distance, with never a smile on their faces.

It would be a mistake to seek a partial excuse for this inhumanity in the early maturing effects of a warm climate. *Mme. Ryder* expressly states that a Hindoo girl of ten, instead of seeming older than a European girl of that age, resembles our children at five or six years.

IX. PREVENTION OF FREE CHOICE

Page 240

One of the unfortunate consequences of Darwin's theory of sexual selection was that it made him assume that

"in utterly barbarous tribes the women have more power in choosing, rejecting, and tempting their lovers, or of afterward exchanging their husbands than might have been expected. As this is a point of importance,"

he adds, "I will give in detail such evidence as I have been able to collect;" which he proceeds to do. This "evidence in detail" consists of three cases in Africa, five among American Indians, and a few others among Fijians, Kalmucks, Malayans, and the Korarks of Northeastern Asia. Having referred to these twelve cases, he proceeds with his argument, utterly ignoring the twelve hundred facts that oppose his assumption—a proceeding so unlike his usual candid habit of stating the difficulties confronting him, that this circumstance alone indicates how shaky he felt in regard to this point. Moreover, even the few instances he cites fail to bear out his doctrine. It is incomprehensible to me how he could claim the Kaffirs for his side. Though these Africans "buy their wives, and girls are severely beaten by their fathers if they will not accept a chosen husband, it is nevertheless manifest," Darwin writes, "from many facts given by the Rev. Mr. Shooter, that they have considerable power of choice. Thus, very ugly, though rich men, have been known to fail in getting wives." What Shooter really does (50) is to relate the case of a man so ill-favored that he had never been able to get a wife till he offered a big sum to a chief for one of his wards. She refused to go, but "her arms were bound and she was delivered like a captive. Later she escaped and claimed the protection of a rival chief."

In other words, this man did *not* fail to get a wife, and the girl had *no* choice. Darwin ignores the rest of Shooter's narrative (55-58), which shows that while perhaps as a rule moral persuasion is first tried before physical violence is used, the girl in any case is obliged to take the man chosen for her. The man is highly praised in her presence, and if she still remains obstinate she has to "encounter the wrath of her enraged father ... the furious parent will hear nothing—go with her husband she must—if she return she shall be slain." Even if she elopes with another man she "may be forcibly brought back and sent to the one chosen by her father," and only by the utmost perseverance can she escape his tyranny. Leslie (whom Darwin cites) is therefore wrong when he says "it is a mistake to imagine that a girl is sold by her father in the same manner, and with the same authority, with which he would dispose of a cow." Those who knew the Kaffirs most intimately agree with Shooter; the Rev. W.C. Holden, *e.g.*, who writes in his elaborate work, *The Past and Future of the Kaffir Races* (189-211) that "it is common for the youngest, the healthiest, ... the handsomest

Page 241

girls to be sold to old men who perhaps have already half-a-dozen concubines,” and whom the work of these wives has made rich enough to buy another. A girl is in many instances “compelled by torture to accept the man she hates. The whole is as purely a business transaction as the bartering of an ox or buying a horse.” From Dugmore’s *Laws and Customs* he cites the following: “It sometimes occurs that the entreaties of the daughter prevail over the avarice of the father; but such cases, the Kaffirs admit, are rare ... the highest bidder usually gains the prize.” Holden adds that when a girl is obstreperous “they seize her by main strength, and drag her on the ground, as I have repeatedly seen;” and in his chapter on polygamy he gives the most harrowing details of the various cruelties practised on the poor girls who do not wish to be sold like cows.

That Kaffir girls “have been known to propose to a man,” as Darwin says, does not indicate that they have a choice, any more than the fact that they “not rarely run away with a favored lover.” They might propose to a hundred men and not have their choice; and as for the elopement, that in itself shows they have no liberty of choice; for if they had they would not be obliged to run away. Finally, how could Darwin reconcile his attitude with the remark of C. Hamilton, cited by himself, that with the Kaffirs “the chiefs generally have the pick of the women for many miles round, and are most persevering in establishing or confirming their privilege”?

I have discussed this case “in detail” in order to show to what desperate straits a hopeless theory may reduce a great thinker. To suppose that in this “utterly barbarous tribe” the looks of the race can be gradually improved by the women accepting only those males who “excite or charm them most” is simply grotesque. Nor is Darwin much happier with his other cases. When he wrote that “Among the degraded Bushmen of Africa” (citing Burchell) “when a girl has grown up to womanhood without having been betrothed, *which, however, does not often happen*, her lover must gain her approbation as well as that of her parents”—the words I have italicized ought to have shown him that this testimony was not for but against his theory. Burchell himself tells us that Bushman girls “are most commonly betrothed” when about seven years old, and become mothers at twelve, or even at ten. To speak of choice in such cases, in any rational sense of the word, would be farcical even if the girls were free to do as they please, which they are not. With regard to the Fuegians, Darwin cites King and Fitzroy to the effect that the Indian obtains the consent of the parents by doing them some service, and then attempts to carry off the girl; “but if she is unwilling, she hides herself in the woods until her admirer is heartily tired of looking for her and gives up his pursuit; *but this seldom happens.*” If this passage means anything, it means that it is

Page 242

customary for the parents to decide upon who is to marry their daughters, and that, though she may frustrate the plan, “this seldom happens.” Darwin further informs us that “Hearne describes how a woman in one of the tribes of Arctic America repeatedly ran away from her husband and joined her lover.” How much this single instance proves in regard to woman’s liberty of choice or power to aid sexual selection, may be inferred from the statement by the same “excellent observer” of Indian traits (as Darwin himself calls him) that “it has ever been the custom among these people to wrestle for any woman to whom they are attached; and, of course, the strongest party always carries off the prize”—an assertion borne out by Richardson (II., 24) and others. But if the strongest man “always carries off the prize,” where does woman’s choice come in? Hearne adds that “this custom prevails throughout all their tribes” (104). And while the other Indian instances referred to by Darwin indicate that in case of decided aversion a girl is not absolutely compelled, as among the Kaffirs, to marry the man selected for her, the custom nevertheless is for the parents to make the choice, as among most Indians, North and South.

Whereas Darwin’s claim that primitive women have “more power” to decide their fate as regards marriage “than might have been expected,” is comparatively modest, Westermarck goes so far as to declare that these women “are not, as a *rule*, married without having any voice of their own in the matter.” He feels compelled to this course because he realizes that his theory that savages originally ornamented themselves in order to make themselves attractive to the opposite sex “presupposes of course that savage girls enjoy great liberty in the choice of a mate.” In the compilation of his evidence, unfortunately, Westermarck is even less critical and reliable than Darwin. In reference to the Bushmen, he follows Darwin’s example in citing Burchell, but leaves out the words “which, however, does not often happen,” which show that liberty of choice on the woman’s part is not the rule but a rare exception.[132] He also claims the Kaffirs, though, as I have just shown, such a claim is preposterous. To the evidence already cited on my side I may add Shooter’s remarks (55), that if there are several lovers the girl is asked to decide for herself. “This, however, is merely formal,” for if she chooses one who is poor the father recommends to her the one of whom he calculated to get the most cattle, and that settles the matter. Not even the widows are allowed the liberty of choice, for, as Shooter further informs us (86), “when a man dies those wives who have not left the kraal remain with the eldest son. If they wish to marry again, they must go to one of their late husband’s brothers.” Among the African women “who have no difficulty in getting the husbands whom they may desire,” Westermarck mentions the Ashantees, on the authority of Beecham (125). On consulting

Page 243

that page of Beecham I find that he does indeed declare that “no Ashantee compels his daughter to become the wife of one she dislikes;” but this is a very different thing from saying that she can choose the man she may desire. “In the affair of courtship,” writes Beecham, “the wishes of the female are but little consulted; the business being chiefly settled between the suitor and her parents.” And in the same page he adds that “it is not infrequently the case that infants are married to each other ... and infants are also frequently wedded to adults, and even to elderly men,” while it is also customary “to contract for a child before it is born.” The same destructive criticism might be applied to other negroes of Western Africa whom both Darwin and Westermarck claim on the very dubious evidence of Reade.[133]

Among other peoples to whom Westermarck looks for support of his argument are the Fijians, Tongans, and natives of New Britain, Java, and Sumatra. He claims the Fijians on the peculiar ground (the italics are mine) that among them “forced marriages are *comparatively* rare among the *higher classes*.” That may be; but are not the higher classes a small minority? And do not all classes indulge in the habits of infant betrothal and of appropriating women by violence without consulting their wishes? Regarding the Tongans, Westermarck cites the supposition of Mariner that perhaps two-thirds of the girls had married with their own free consent; which does not agree with the observations of Vason (144), who spent four years among them:

“As the choice of a husband is not in the power of the daughters but he is provided by the discretion of the parents, an instance of refusal on the part of the daughter is unknown in Tonga.”

He adds that this is not deemed a hardship there, where divorce and unchastity are so general.

“In the New Britain Group, according to Mr. Romilly, after the man has worked for years to pay for his wife, and is finally in a position to take her to his house, she may refuse to go, and *he cannot claim back from the parents the large sums he has paid* them in yams, cocoa-nuts, and sugar-canes.”

This Westermarck guilelessly accepts as proof of the liberty of choice on the girl's part, missing the very philosophy of the whole matter. Why are girls not allowed in so many cases to choose their own husbands? Because their selfish parents want to benefit by selling them to the highest bidder. In the above case, on the contrary, as the italics show, the selfish parents benefit by making the girl refuse to go with that man, keeping her as a bait for another profitable suitor. In all probability she refuses to go with him at the positive command of her parents. What the real state of affairs is on the New Britain Group we may gather from the revelations given in an article on the marriage customs of the natives by the Rev. B. Danks in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute* (1888,

290-93): In New Britain, he says, “the marriage tie has much the appearance of a money tie.” There are instances of sham capture, when there is much laughter and fun;

Page 244

“but in many cases which came under my notice it was not a matter of form but painful earnestness.” “It often happens that the young woman has a liking for another and none for the man who has purchased her. She may refuse to go to him. In that case her friends consider themselves disgraced by her conduct. She ought, according to their notions, to fall in with their arrangements with thankfulness and gladness of heart! They drag her along, beat her, kick and abuse her, and it has been my misfortune to see girls dragged past my house, struggling in vain to escape from their fate. Sometimes they have broken loose and then ran for the only place of refuge in all the country, the mission-house. I could render them no assistance until they had bounded up the steps of my veranda into our bedroom and hidden themselves under the bed, trembling for their lives. It has been my privilege and duty to stand between the infuriated brother or father, who has followed close upon the poor girl, spear in hand, vowing to put her to death for the disgrace she has brought upon them.” “Liberty of choice,”

indeed!

“In some parts of Java, much deference is paid to the bride’s inclinations,” writes Westermarck. But Earl declares (58) that among the Javanese “courtship is carried on entirely through the medium of the parents of the young people, and any interference on the part of the bride would be considered highly indecorous,” And Raffles writes (I., Ch. VII.) that in Java “marriages are invariably contracted, not by the parties themselves, but by their parents or relations on their behalf.” Betrothals of children, too, are customary. Regarding the Sumatrans, Westermarck cites Marsden to the effect that among the Rejang a man may run away with a virgin without violating the laws, provided he pays her parents for her afterward—which tells us little about the girl’s choice. But why does he ignore Marsden’s full account, a few pages farther on, of Sumatran marriages in general? There are four kinds, one of which, he says, is a regular treaty between the parties on a footing of equality; this is called marriage by *semando*. In the *jujur* a sum of money is given by one man to another “as a consideration for the person of his daughter, whose situation in this case differs not much from that of a slave to the man she marries, and to his family.” In other cases one virgin is given in exchange for another, and in the marriage by *ambel anak* the father of a young man chooses a wife for him. Finally he shows that the customs of Sumatrans do not favor courtship, the young men and women being kept carefully apart.

Page 245

At first sight Westermarck's chapter on the Liberty of Choice seems rather imposing, as it consists of twenty-seven pages, while Darwin devoted only two to the subject. In reality, however, Westermarck has filled only eight pages with what he considers proofs of his theory, and after scouring the whole world he has not succeeded in bringing together thirty cases which stand the test of critical examination. I grant him, though in several instances with suspicions, some American Indian tribes, natives of Arorae, of the Society Islands, Micronesians in general (?), Dyaks, Minabassers of Celebes, Burmese, Shans, Chittagong Hill tribes, and a few other wild tribes of India, possibly some aboriginal Chinese tribes, Ainos, Kamchadales, Jakuts, Ossetes, Kalmucks, Aenezes, Touaregs, Shulis, Madis, the ancient Cathaei and Lydians. My reasons for rejecting his other instances have already been given in part, and most of the other cases will be disposed of in the pages relating to Australians, New Zealanders, American Indians, Hindoos, and Wild Tribes of India. In the chapter on Australia, after commenting on Westermarck's preposterous attempt to include that race in his list in the face of all the authorities, I shall explain also why it is not likely that, as he maintains, still more primitive races allowed their women greater freedom of choice than modern savages enjoy in his opinion.

To become convinced that the women of the lower races do not "as a rule" enjoy the liberty of choice, we need only contrast the meagre results obtained by Darwin and Westermarck with the vast number of races and tribes whose customs indicate that women are habitually given in marriage without being consulted as to their wishes. Among these customs are infant marriage, infant betrothal, capture, purchase, marrying whole families of sisters, and the levirate. It is true that some of these customs do not affect all members of the tribes involved, but the very fact of their prevalence shows that the idea of consulting a woman's preference does not enter into the heads of the men, barring a few cases, where a young woman is so obstreperous that she may at any rate succeed in escaping a hated suitor, though even this (which is far from implying liberty of choice) is altogether exceptional. We must not allow ourselves to be deceived by appearances, as in the case of the Moors of Senegambia, concerning whom Letourneau says (138) that a daughter has the right to refuse the husband selected for her, on condition of remaining unmarried; if she marries another, she becomes the slave of the man first selected for her. Of the Christian Abyssinians, Combes and Tamisier say (II., 106) that the girls are never "seriously" consulted; and "at Sackatou a girl is usually consulted by her parents, but only as a matter of form; she never refuses." (Letourneau, 139.) The same may be said of China and Japan, where the sacred duty of filial obedience is so ingrained in a girl's soul that she would never dream of opposing her parents' wishes.

Page 246

Of the horrible custom of marrying helpless girls before they are mature in body or mind—often, indeed, before they have reached the age of puberty—I have already spoken, instancing some Borneans, Javanese, Egyptians, American Indians, Australians, Hottentots, natives of Old Calabar, Hindoos; to which may be added some Arabs and Persians, Syrians, Kurds, Turks, natives of Celebes, Madagascar, Bechuanas, Basutos, and many other Africans, *etc.* As for those who practise infant betrothal, Westermarck's own list includes Eskimos, Chippewayans, Botocudos, Patagonians, Shoshones, Arawaks, Macusis, Iroquois; Gold Coast negroes, Bushmen, Marutse, Bechuanas, Ashantees, Australians; tribes of New Guinea, New Zealand, Tonga, Tahiti, and many other islands of the South Sea; some tribes of the Malay Archipelago; tribes of British India; all peoples of the Turkish stock; Samoyedes and Tuski; Jews of Western Russia.

As regards capture, good authorities now hold that it was not a universal practice in all parts of the world; yet it prevailed very widely—for instance, among Aleutian Islanders, Ahts, Bonaks, Macas Indians of Ecuador, all Carib tribes, some Brazilians, Mosquito Indians, Fuegians; Bushmen, Bechuanas, Wakamba, and other Africans; Australians, Tasmanians, Maoris, Fijians, natives of Samoa, Tukopia, New Guinea, Indian Archipelago; wild tribes of India; Arabs, Tartars, and other Central Asians; some Russians, Laplanders, Estonians, Finns, Greeks, Romans, Teutons, Scandinavians, Slavonians, *etc.* "The list," says Westermarck (387), "might easily be enlarged." As for the list of peoples among whom brides were sold—usually to the highest bidder and without reference to feminine choice—that would be much larger still. Eight pages are devoted to it and two only to the exceptions, by Westermarck himself, who concludes (390) that "Purchase of wives may, with even more reason than marriage by capture, be said to form a general stage in the social history of mankind," How nearly universal the practice is, or has been, may be inferred from the fact that Sutherland (l., 208), after examining sixty-one negro races, found fifty-seven recorded as purchasing their wives.

Widely prevalent also was the custom of allowing a man who had married a girl to claim all her sisters as soon as they reached a marriageable age. Whatever their own preferences might be, they had no choice. Among the Indian tribes alone, Morgan mentions forty who indulged in this custom. As for the levirate, that is another very wide-spread custom which shows an utter disregard of woman's preference and choice. It might be supposed that widows, at any rate, ought always to be allowed, in case they wished to marry again, to follow their own choice. But they are, like the daughters, regarded as personal property, and are inherited by their late husband's brother or some other male relative, who marries them himself or disposes of them as he pleases. Whether the acceptance of a brother's widow or widows is a right or a duty (prescribed by the desire for sons and ancestor-worship) is immaterial for our purpose; for in either case the widow must go as custom commands, and has no liberty of choice. The levirate prevails, or has prevailed, among a great number of races, from the lowest to those considerably advanced.

Page 247

The list includes Australians, many Indians, from the low Brazilians to the advanced Iroquois, Aleuts, Eskimos, Fijians, Samoans, Caroline Islanders, natives of New Caledonia, New Guinea, New Britain, New Hebrides, the Malay Archipelago, Wild tribes of India, Kamchadales, Ostiaks, Kirghiz, Mongolians in general, Arabs, Egyptians, Hebrews, natives of Madagascar, many Kaffir tribes, negroes of the Gold Coast, Senegambians, Bechuanas, and a great many other Africans, *etc.*

Twelve pages of Westermarck's chapter on the Liberty of Choice are devoted to peoples among whom not even a son is, or was, allowed to marry without the father's consent. The list includes Mexicans, Guatemalans, Nicaraguans, Chinese, Japanese, Hebrews, Egyptians, Romans, Greeks, Hindoos, Germans, Celts, Russians, *etc.* In all these cases the daughters, of course, enjoyed still less liberty of disposing of their hand. In short, the argument against Darwin and Westermarck is simply overwhelming—all the more when we look at the numbers of the races who do not permit women their choice—the 400,000,000 Chinese, 300,000,000 Hindoos, the Mohammedan millions, the whole continent of Australia, nearly all of aboriginal America and Africa, *etc.*

A drowning man clings to a straw. "In Indian and Scandinavian tales," Westermarck informs us,

"virgins are represented as having the power to dispose of themselves freely. Thus it was agreed that Skade should choose for herself a husband among the Asas, but she was to make her choice by the feet, the only part of their persons she was allowed to see."

Obviously the author of this tale from the *Younger Edda* had more sense of humor than some modern anthropologists have. No less topsy-turvy is the Hindoo *Svayamvara* or "Maiden's Choice," to which Westermarck alludes (162). This is an incident often referred to in epics and dramas. "It was a custom in royal circles," writes Samuelson, "when a princess became marriageable, for a tournament to be held, and the *victor was chosen* by the princess as her husband." If the sarcasm of the expression "Maiden's Choice" is unconscious, it is all the more amusing. How far Hindoo women of all classes were and are from enjoying the liberty of choice, we shall see in the chapter on India.

X. SEPARATION OF THE SEXES

I have given so much space to the question of choice because it is one of exceptional importance. Where there is no choice there can be no real courtship, and where there is no courtship there is no opportunity for the development of those imaginative and sentimental traits which constitute the essence of romantic love. It by no means follows, however, that where choice is permitted to girls, as with the Dyaks, real love follows as

a matter of course; for it may be prevented, as it is in the case of these Dyaks, by their sensuality,

Page 248

coarseness, and general emotional shallowness and sexual frivolity. The prevention of choice is only one of the obstacles to love, but it is one of the most formidable, because it has acted at all times and among races of all degrees of barbarism or civilization up to modern Europe of two or three centuries ago. And to the frustration and free choice was added another obstacle—the separation of the sexes. Some Indians and even Australians tried to keep the sexes apart, though usually without much success. In their cause no harm was done to the cause of love, because these races are constitutionally incapable of romantic love; but in higher stages of civilization the strict seclusion of the women was a fatal obstacle to love. Wherever separation of the sexes and chaperonage prevails, the only kind of amorous infatuation possible, as a rule, is sensual passion, fiery but transient. To love a girl sentimentally—that is, for her mental beauty and moral refinement as well as her bodily charms—a man must get acquainted with her, be allowed to meet her frequently. This was not possible until within a few generations. The separation of the sexes, by preventing all possibility of refined and legitimate courtship, favored illicit amours on one side, loveless marriages on the other, thus proving one of the most formidable obstacles to love. “It is not enough to give time for mutual knowledge and affection after marriage,” wrote the late Henry Drummond. “Nature must deepen the result by extending it to the time before marriage.... Courtship, with its vivid perceptions and quickened emotions, is a great opportunity for evolution; and to institute and lengthen reasonably a period so rich in impression is one of its latest and brightest efforts.”

XI. SEXUAL TABOOS

If a law were passed compelling every man living in Rochester, N.Y., who wanted a wife to get her outside of that city, in Buffalo, Syracuse, Utica, or some other place, it would be considered an outrageous restriction of free choice, calculated to diminish greatly the chances of love-matches based on intimate acquaintance. If such a law had existed for generations and centuries, sanctioned by religion and custom and so strictly enforced that violation of it entailed the danger of capital punishment, a sentiment would have grown up in course of time making the inhabitants of Rochester look upon marriage within the city with the same horror as they do upon incestuous unions. This is not an absurd or fanciful supposition. Such laws and customs actually did prevail in this very section of New York State. The Seneca tribe of the Iroquois Indians was divided into two phratries, each of which was again subdivided into four clans, named after their totems or animals; the Bear, Wolf, Beaver, and Turtle clans belonging to one phratry, while the other included the Deer, Snipe, Heron, and Hawk clans. Morgan's researches show that

Page 249

originally an Indian belonging to one phratry could marry a woman belonging to the other only. Subsequently the line was drawn less strictly, but still no Indian was allowed to marry a squaw of his own clan, though there might be no blood, relationship between them. If an Algonkin married a girl of his clan he committed a crime for which his nearest relatives might put him to death. This law has prevailed widely among the wild races in various parts of the globe. McLennan, who first called attention to its prevalence and importance, called it exogamy, or marrying-out.

What led to this custom is not known definitely; nearly every anthropologist has his own theory on the subject.[134] Luckily we are not concerned here with the origin and causes of exogamy, but only with the fact of its existence. It occurs not only among barbarians of a comparatively high type, like the North American Indians, but among the lowest Australian savages, who put to death any man who marries or assaults a woman of the same clan as his. In some Polynesian islands, among the wild tribes of India as well as the Hindoos, in various parts of Africa, the law of exogamy prevails, and wherever it exists it forms a serious obstacle to free choice—*i.e.*, free love, in the proper sense of the expression. As Herbert Spencer remarks,

“The exogamous custom as at first established [being connected with capture] implies an extremely abject condition of women; a brutal treatment of them; an entire absence of the higher sentiments that accompany the relations of the sexes.”

While exogamy thwarts love by minimizing the chances of intimate acquaintance and genuine courtship, there is another form of sexual taboo which conversely and designedly frustrates the tendency of intimate acquaintance to ripen into passion and love. Though we do not know just how the horror of incest arose, there can be no doubt that there must be a natural basis for so strong and widely prevalent a sentiment. In so far as this horror of incest prevents the marriage of near relatives, it is an obstacle to love that must be commended as doubtless useful to the race. But when we find that in China there are only 530 surnames, and that a man who marries a woman of the same surname is punished for the crime of “incest”; that the Church under Theodosius the Great forbade the union of relatives to the seventh degree; that in many countries a man could not wed a relative by marriage; that in Rome union with an adopted brother or sister was as rigidly forbidden as with a real sister or brother;—when we come across such facts we see that artificial and foolish notions regarding incest must be added to the long list of agencies that have retarded the growth of free choice and true love. And it should be noted that in all these cases of exogamy and taboos of artificial incest, the man’s liberty of choice was restricted as well as the woman’s. Thus our cumulative evidence against the Darwin-Westermarck theory of free choice is constantly gaining in weight.

Page 250

XII. RACE AVERSION

Max O'Rell once wrote that he did not understand how there could be such a thing as mulattoes in the world. It is certainly safe to say that there are none such as a consequence of love. The features, color, odor, tastes, and habits of one race have ever aroused the antagonism of other races and prevented the growth of that sympathy which is essential to love. In a man strong passion may overcome the aversion to a more or less enduring union with a woman of a lower race, just as extreme hunger may urge him to eat what his palate would normally reject; but women seem to be proof against this temptation to stoop: in mixed marriages it is nearly always the man who belongs to the superior race. At first thought it might seem as if this racial aversion could not do much to retard the growth of free choice and love, since in early times, when facilities for travel were poor, the races could not mix anyway as they do now. But this would be a great error. Migrations, wars, slave-making and plundering expeditions have at all times commingled the peoples of the earth, yet nothing is more remarkable than the stubborn tenacity of racial prejudices.

"Count de Gobineau remarks that not even a common religion and country can extinguish the hereditary aversion of the Arab to the Turk, of the Kurd to the Nestorian of Syria, of the Magyar to the Slav. Indeed, so strong, among the Arabs, is the instinct of ethnical isolation that, as a traveller relates, at Djidda, where sexual morality is held in little respect, a Bedouin woman may yield herself for money to a Turk or European, but would think herself forever dishonored if she were joined to him in lawful wedlock." [135]

We might suppose that the coarser races would be less capable of such aversions than the half-civilized, but the contrary is true. In Australia nearly every tribe is the deadly enemy of every other tribe, and according to Chapman a Bushman woman would consider herself degraded by intercourse with anyone not belonging to her tribe. "Savage nations," says Humboldt, in speaking of the Chaymas of New Andalusia,

"are subdivided into an infinity of tribes, which, bearing a cruel hatred toward each other, form no intermarriages, even when their languages spring from the same root, and when only a small arm of a river, or a group of hills, separates their habitation."

Here there is no chance for Leanders to swim across the waters to meet their Heros. Poor Cupid! Everybody and everything seems to be against him.

XIII. MULTIPLICITY OF LANGUAGES

Page 251

Apart from racial prejudice there is the further obstacle of language. A man cannot court a girl and learn to love her sentimentally unless he can speak to her. Now Africa alone has 438 languages, besides a number of dialects. Dr. Finsch says (38) that on the Melanasian island of Tanua nearly every village has a dialect of its own which those of the next village cannot understand; and this is a typical case. American Indians usually communicate with each other by means of a sign language. India has countless languages and dialects, and in Canton the Chinamen from various parts of the Empire have to converse with each other in "pidjin English." The Australians, who are perhaps all of one race, nevertheless have no end of different names for even so common a thing as the omnipresent kangaroo.[136] In Brazil, says von Martins, travellers often come across a language

"used only by a few individuals connected with each other by relationship, who are thus completely isolated, and can hold no communication with any of their other countrymen far or near";

and how great was the confusion of tongues among other South American Indians may be inferred from the statement (Waitz, III., 355) that the Caribs were so much in the habit of capturing wives from different tribes and peoples that the men and women of each tribe never spoke the same language. Under such circumstances a wife might become attached to her husband as a captured, mute, and maltreated dog might to his master; but romantic love is as utterly out of the question as it is between master and dog.

XIV. SOCIAL BARRIERS

Not content with hating one another cordially, the different races, peoples, and tribes have taken special pains at all times and everywhere to erect within their own limits a number of barriers against free choice and love. In France, Germany, and other European countries there is still a strong prejudice against marriages between nobles and commoners, though the commoner may be much nobler than the aristocrat in everything except the genealogical table. Civilization is gradually destroying this obstacle to love, which has done so much to promote immorality and has led to so many tragedies involving a number of kings and princes, victims to the illusion that accident of birth is nobler than brains or refinement. But among the ancient civilized and mediaeval peoples the social barrier was as rigidly held up as the racial prejudices. Milman remarks, in his *History of Latin Christianity* (I., 499, 528), that among the ancient Romans

Page 252

“there could be no marriages with slaves [though slaves, being captives, were not necessarily of a lower rank, but might be princesses].... The Emperor Valentinian further defined low and abject persons who might not aspire to lawful union with freemen—actresses, daughters of actresses, tavern-keepers, the daughters of tavern-keepers, procurers (leones) or gladiators, or those who had kept a public shop.... Till Roman citizenship had been imparted to the whole Roman Empire, it would not acknowledge marriage with barbarians to be more than a concubinage. Cleopatra was called only in scorn the wife of Antony. Berenice might not presume to be more than the mistress of Titus. The Christian world closed marriages again within still more and more jealous limits. Interdictory statutes declared marriages with Jews and heathens not only invalid but adulterous.”“The Salic and Ripuarian law condemned the freeman guilty of this degradation [marrying a slave] to slavery; where the union was between a free woman and a slave, that of the Lombards and of the Burgundians, condemned both parties to death; but if her parents refused to put her to death, she became a slave of the crown. The Ripuarian law condemned the female delinquent to slavery; but the woman had the alternative of killing her base-born husband. She was offered a distaff and a sword. If she chose the distaff she became a slave; if a sword she struck it to the heart of her paramour and emancipated herself from her degrading connection.”

In mediaeval Germany the line was so sharply drawn between the social classes that for a long time slavery, or even death, was the punishment for a mixed marriage. In course of time this barbarous custom fell into disuse, but free choice continued to be discouraged by the law that if a man married a woman beneath him in rank, neither she nor her children were raised to his rank, and in case of his death she had no claim to the usual provisions legally made for widows.

In India the caste prejudices are so strong and varied that they form almost insuperable barriers to free love-choice. “We find castes within castes,” says Sir Monier Williams (153), “so that even the Brahmans are broken up and divided into numerous races, which again are subdivided into numerous tribes, families, or sub-castes,” and all these, he adds, “do not intermarry.” In Japan, until three decades ago, social barriers as to marriage were rigidly enforced, and in China, to this day, slaves, boatmen, actors, policemen, can marry women of their own class only. Nor are these difficulties eliminated at once as we descend the ladder of civilization. In Brazil, Central America, in the Polynesian and other Pacific Islands and elsewhere we find such barriers to free marriage, and among the Malayan Hovas of Madagascar even the slaves are subdivided into three classes, which do not intermarry! It is only among those peoples which are too low to be able to experience sentimental love anyway that this formidable obstacle of class prejudice vanishes, while race and tribal hatred remain in full force.

Page 253

XV. RELIGIOUS PREJUDICE

Among peoples sufficiently advanced to have dogmas, religion has always proved a strong barrier in the way of the free bestowal of affection. Not only have Mohammedans and Christians hated and shunned each other, but the different Christian sects for a long time detested and tabooed one another as cordially as they did the heathen and the Jews. Tertullian denounced the marriage of a Christian with a heathen as fornication, and Westermarck cites Jacobs's remark that

"the folk-lore of Europe regarded the Jews as something infra-human, and it would require an almost impossible amount of large toleration for a Christian maiden of the Middle Ages to regard union with a Jew as anything other than unnatural."

There are various minor obstacles that might be dwelt on, but enough has been said to make it clear why romantic love was the last of the sentiments to be developed.

Having considered the divers ingredients and different kinds of love and distinguished romantic love from sensual passion and sentimentality, as well as from conjugal affection, we are now in a position to examine intelligently and in some detail a number of races in all parts of the world, by way of further corroborating and emphasizing the conclusions reached.

SPECIMENS OF AFRICAN LOVE

What is the lowest of all human races? The Bushmen of South Africa, say some ethnologists, while others urge the claims of the natives of Australia, the Veddahs of Ceylon, or the Fuegians of South America. As culture cannot be measured with a yardstick, it is impossible to arrive at any definite conclusion. For literary and geographic reasons, which will become apparent later on, I prefer to begin the search for traces of romantic love with the Bushmen of South Africa. And here we are at once confronted by the startling assertion of the explorer James Chapman, that there is "love in all their marriages." If this is true—if there is love in all the marriages of what is one of the lowest human races—then I have been pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp in the preceding pages of this book, and it will be a waste of ink and paper to write another line. But *is* it true? Let us first see what manner of mortals these Bushmen are, before subjecting Mr. Chapman's special testimony to a cross-examination. The following facts are compiled from the most approved authorities.

BUSHMAN QUALIFICATIONS FOR LOVE

Page 254

The eminent anatomist Fritsch, in his valuable work on the natives of South Africa (386-407), describes the Bushmen as being even in physical development far below the normal standard. Their limbs are "horribly thin" in both sexes; both women and men are "frightfully ugly," and so much alike that, although they go about almost naked, it is difficult to tell them apart. He thinks they are probably the aboriginal inhabitants of Africa, scattered from the Cape to the Zambesi, and perhaps beyond. They are filthy in their habits, and "washing the body is a proceeding unknown to them." When the French anatomist Cuvier examined a Bushman woman, he was reminded of an ape by her head, her ears, her movements, and her way of pouting the lips. The language of the Bushmen has often been likened to the chattering of monkeys. According to Bleek, who has collected their tales, their language is of the lowest known type. Lichtenstein (II., 42) found the Bushman women like the men, "ugly in the extreme," adding that "they understand each other more by their gestures than by their speaking." "No one has a name peculiar to himself." Others have described them as having protuberant stomachs, prominent posteriors, hollowed-out backs, and "few ideas but those of vengeance and eating." They have only two numerals, everything beyond two being "much," and except in those directions where the struggle for life has sharpened their wits, their intellectual faculties in general are on a level with their mathematics. Their childish ignorance is illustrated by a question which some of them seriously asked Chapman (I., 83) one day—whether his big wagons were not the mothers of the little ones with slender tires.

How well their minds are otherwise adapted for such an intellectualized, refined, and esthetic feeling as love, may also be inferred from the following observations. Lichtenstein points out that while necessity has given them acute sight and hearing,

"they might almost be supposed to have neither taste, smell, nor feeling; no disgust is ever evinced by them at even the most nauseous kind of food, nor do they appear to have any feeling of even the most striking changes in the temperature of the atmosphere."

"No meat," says Chapman (I., 57), "in whatever state of decomposition, is ever discarded by Bushmen." They dispute carrion with wolves and vultures. Rabbits they eat skins and all, and their menu is varied by all sorts of loathsome reptiles and insects.

No other savages, says Lichtenstein, betray "so high a degree of brutal ferocity" as the Bushmen. They "kill their own children without remorse." The missionary Moffat says (57) that "when a mother dies whose infant is not able to shift for itself, it is, without any ceremony, buried alive with the corpse of its mother." Kicherer, another missionary, says

Page 255

“there are instances of parents throwing their tender offspring to the hungry lion, who stands roaring before their cavern, refusing to depart till some peace-offering be made to him.”

He adds that after a quarrel between husband and wife the one beaten is apt to take revenge by killing their child; and that, on various occasions, parents smother their children, cast them away in the desert, or bury them alive without remorse. Murder is an amusement, and is considered a praiseworthy act. Livingstone (*M.T.*, 159) tells of a Bushman who thought his god would consider him a “clever fellow” because he had murdered a man, two women, and two children. When fathers and mothers become too old to be of any use, or to take care of themselves, they are abandoned in the desert to be devoured alive by wild beasts. “I have often reasoned with the natives on this cruel practice,” says the missionary Moffat (99); “in reply to which, they would only laugh.” “It appears an awful exhibition of human depravity,” he adds, “when children compel their parents to perish for want, or to be devoured by beasts of prey in a desert, *from no other motive but sheer laziness.*” Kicherer says there are a few cases of “natural affection” sufficient to raise these creatures to “a level with the brute creation,” Moffat, too, refers to exceptional cases of kindness, but the only instance he gives (112) describes their terror on finding he had drunk some water poisoned by them, and their gladness when he escaped—which terror and gladness were, however, very probably inspired not by sympathy but by the idea of punishment at causing the death of a white man. Chapman himself, the chosen champion of the Bushmen, relates (*I.*, 67) how, having heard of Bushmen rescuing and carrying home some Makalolos whom they had found dying of thirst in the desert, he believed it at first; but he adds:

“Had I at that time possessed a sufficient knowledge of native character, I should not have been so credulous as to have listened to this report, for the idea of Bushmen carrying human beings whom they had found half dead out of a desert implies an act of charity quite inconsistent with their natural disposition and habits.”

Barrow declares (269) that if Bushmen come across a Hottentot guarding his master’s cattle,

“not contented with putting him to immediate death, they torture him by every means of cruelty that their invention can frame, as drawing out his bowels, tearing off his nails, scalping, and other acts equally savage.”

They sometimes bury a victim up to the neck in the ground and thus leave him to be pecked to death by crows.

“LOVE IN ALL THEIR MARRIAGES”

And yet—I say it once more—we are asked to believe there is “love in all the marriages” of these fiendish creatures—beings who, as Kicherer says, live in holes or caves, where

they “lie close together like pigs in a sty” and of whom Moffat declares that with the exception of Pliny’s Troglodites “no tribe or people are surely more brutish, ignorant, and miserable.” Our amazement at Chapman’s assertion increases when we examine his argument more closely. Here it is (l., 258-59):

Page 256

"Although they have a plurality of wives, which they also obtain by purchase, there is still love in all their marriages, and courtship among them is a very formal and, in some respects, a rather punctilious affair. When a young Bushman falls in love, he sends his sister to ask permission to pay his addresses; with becoming modesty the girl holds off in a playful, yet not scornful or repulsive manner if she likes him. The young man next sends his sister with a spear, or some other trifling article, which she leaves at the door of the girl's home. If this be not returned within the three or four days allowed for consideration, the Bushman takes it for granted that he is accepted, and gathering a number of his friends, he makes a grand hunt, generally killing an elephant or some other large animal and bringing the whole of the flesh to his intended father-in-law. The family now riot in an abundant supply.... After this the couple are proclaimed husband and wife, and the man goes to live with his father-in-law for a couple of winters, killing game, and always laying the produce of the chase at his feet as a mark of respect, duty, and gratitude."

It would take considerable ingenuity to condense into an equal number of lines a greater amount of ignorance and naivete than this passage includes. And yet a number of anthropologists have accepted this passage serenely as expert evidence that there is love in all the marriages of the lowest of African races. Peschel was misled by it; Westermarck triumphantly puts it at the head of his cases intended to prove that "even very rude savages may have conjugal affection;" Moll meekly accepts it as a fact (*Lib. Sex.*, Bd. I., Pt. 2, 403); and it seems to have made an impression on Katzel, and even on Fritsch. If these writers had taken the trouble to examine Chapman's qualifications for serving as a witness in anthropological questions, they would have saved themselves the humiliation of being thus duped. His very assertion that there is love in *all* Bushman marriages ought to have shown them what an untrustworthy witness he is; for a more reckless and absurd statement surely was never penned by any globe-trotter. There is not now, and there never has been, a people among whom love could be found in all marriages, or half the marriages. In another place (I., 43) Chapman gives still more striking evidence of his unfitness to serve as a witness. Speaking of the family of a Bamanwato chief, he says:

"I was not aware of this practice of early marriages until the wife of an old man I had engaged here to accompany us, a child of about eight years of age, was pointed out to me, and in my ignorance I laughed outright, until my interpreter explained the matrimonial usages of their people."

Chapman's own editor was tempted by this exhibition of ignorance to write the following footnote: "The author seems not to have been aware that such early marriages are common among the Hindoos." He might have added "and among most of the lower races."

Page 257

The ignorance which made Chapman “laugh outright” when he was confronted by one of the most elementary facts of anthropology, is responsible for his reckless assertions in the paragraph above quoted. It is an ignorant assumption on his part that it is the feelings of “respect, duty, and gratitude” that make a Bushman provide his bride’s father with game for a couple of winters. Such feelings are unknown to the Bushman’s soul. Working for the bride’s father is simply his way (if he has no property to give) of paying for his wife—an illustration of the widespread custom of service. If polygamy and the custom of purchasing wives do not, as Chapman intimates, prevent love from entering into all Bushman marriages, then these aborigines must be constructed on an entirely different plan from other human beings, among whom we know that polygamy crushes monopoly of affection, while a marriage by purchase is a purse-affair, not a heart-affair—the girl going nearly always to the highest bidder.

But Chapman’s most serious error—the one on which he founded his theory that there is love in all Bushman marriages—lies in his assumption that the ceremony of sham capture indicates modesty and love, whereas, as we saw in the chapter on Coyness, it is a mere survival of capture, the most ruffianly way of securing a bride, in which her choice or feelings are absolutely disregarded, and which tells us nothing except that a man covets a woman and that she feigns resistance because custom, as taught by her parents, compels her to do so. Inasmuch as she *must* resist whether she likes the man or not, how could such sham “coyness” be a symptom of love? Moreover, it appears that even this sham coyness is exceptional, since, as Burchell informs us (II., 59), it is only when a girl grows up to womanhood without having been betrothed—“which, however, seldom happens”—that the female receives the man’s attentions with such an “affectation of great alarm and disinclination on her part.”

Burchell also informs us that a Bushman will take a second wife when the first one has become old, “not in years but in constitution;” and Barrow discovered the same thing (I., 276): “It appeared that it was customary for the elderly men to have two wives, one old and past child-bearing, the other young.” Chapman, too, relates that a Bushman will often cast off his early wife and take a younger one, and as that does not prevent him from finding affection in their conjugal unions, we are enabled from this to infer that “love” means to him not enduring sympathy or altruistic capacity and eagerness for self-sacrifice, but a selfish, transient fondness continuing only as long as a woman is young and can gratify a man’s sexual appetite. That kind of love doubtless does exist in all Bushman marriages.

Page 258

Chapman further declares (II., 75) that these people lead “comparatively” chaste lives. I had supposed that, as an egg is either good or bad, so a man or woman is either chaste or unchaste. Other writers, who had no desire to whitewash savages, tell us not only “comparatively” but positively what Bushman morals are. A Bushman told Theophilus Halm (*Globus*, XVIII., 122) that quarrels for the possession of women often lead to murder; “nevertheless, the lascivious fellow assured me it was a fine thing to appropriate the wives of others.” Wake (I., 205) says they lend their wives to strangers, and Lichtenstein tells us (II., 48) that “the wife is not indissolubly united to the husband; but when he gives her permission, she may go whither she will and associate with any other man.” And again (42):

“Infidelity to the marriage compact is not considered a crime, it is scarcely regarded by the offended person.... They seem to have no idea of the distinction of girl, maiden, and wife; they are all expressed by one word alone. I leave every reader to draw from this single circumstance his own inference with regard to the nature of love and every kind of moral feeling among them.”[137]

That this is not too severe a criticism is obvious from the fact that Lichtenstein, in judging savages, was rather apt to err on the side of leniency. The equally generous and amiable missionary Moffat (174-75) censures him, for instance, for his favorable view of the Bechuanas, saying that he was not with them long enough to know their real character. Had he dwelt among them, accompanied them on journeys, and known them as he (Moffat) did, “he would not have attempted to revive the fabled delights and bliss of ignorance reported to exist in the abodes of heathenism.”

It is in comparison with these Bechuanas that Chapman calls the Bushmen moral, obviously confounding morality with licentiousness. Without having any moral principles at all, it is quite likely that the Bushmen are less licentious than their neighbors for the simple reason that they are less well-fed; for as old Burton remarks, for the most part those are “aptest to love that are young and lusty, live at ease, stall-fed, free from cares, like cattle in a rank pasture”—whereas the Bushmen are nearly always thin, half-starved denizens of the African deserts, enervated by constant fears, and so unmanly that “a single musket shot,” says Lichtenstein, “will put a hundred to flight, and whoever rushes upon them with only a good stick in his hand has no reason to fear any resistance from ever so large a number.”

Such men are not apt to be heroes among women in any sense. Indeed, Galton says (*T.S.A.*, 178), “I am sure that Bushmen are, generally speaking, henpecked. They always consult their wives. The Damaras do not.” Chapman himself, with unconscious humor, gives us (I., 391) a sample of the “love” which he found in “all Bushman marriages;” his remarks confirming at the same time the truth I dwelt on in the chapter on Individual Preference, that among savages the sexes are less individualized than with us, the men being more effeminate, the women viragoes:

Page 259

"The passive and *effeminate* disposition of the men, of which we have had frequent reason to complain in the course of this narrative, was illustrated in the revel which accompanied the parting feast, when the men allowed themselves to be beaten by the women, who, I am told, are in the constant habit of belaboring their devoted husbands, in order to keep them in proper subjection. On this occasion the men got broken heads at the hands of their gentle partners; one had his nose, another his ear, nearly bitten off."

Notwithstanding this affectionate "constant habit" of breaking their husbands' heads, the Bushman women have not succeeded in teaching them even the rudiments of gallantry. "The woman is a beast of burden," says Hahn; "at the same time she is subjected to ill-treatment which not seldom leads to death." When camp is moved, the gallant husband carries his spear and quiver, the wife "does the rest," carrying the baby, the mat, the earthen cooking-pot, the ostrich shells, and a bundle of skins. If it happens, as it often does, that there is not enough to eat, the wife has to go hungry. In revenge she usually prepares her own food only, leaving him to do his own cooking. If a wife falls ill on the way to a new camping-place, she is left behind to perish. (Ratzel, I., 7.)

In conclusion, and as a climax to my argument, I will quote the testimony of three missionaries who did not simply make a flying visit or two to the country of the Bushmen, as Chapman did, but lived among them. The Rev. R. Moffat (49) cites the missionary Kicherer, "whose circumstances while living among them afforded abundant opportunities of becoming intimately acquainted with their real condition," and who wrote that the Bushmen "are total strangers to domestic happiness. The men have several wives, but conjugal affection is little known." This opinion is thus endorsed by Moffat, and a third missionary, the Rev. F. Fleming, wrote (167) that among Bushmen "conjugal affection seems totally unknown," and pre-matrimonial love is of course out of question in a region where girls are married as infants. The wife always has to work harder than the husband. If she becomes weak or ill she is unceremoniously left behind to starve. (Ratzel, I., 72.)

FALSE FACTS REGARDING HOTTENTOTS

Darwin has well observed that a false argument is comparatively harmless because subsequent discussion is sure to demolish it, whereas a false fact may perplex speculation for ages. Chapman's assertion that there is love in all Bushman marriages is one of these false facts, as our cross-examination has shown. In passing now to the neighbors of the Bushmen, the Hottentots, let us bear in mind the lesson taught. They called themselves Khoi-Khoin, "men of men," while Van Riebeck's followers referred to them as "black stinking hounds." There is a prevalent impression that nearly all Africans

Page 260

are negroes. But the Hottentots are not negroes any more than are the Bushmen, or the Kaffirs, whom we shall consider next. Ethnologists are not agreed as to the relationship that exists between Bushmen and Hottentots, but it is certain that the latter represent a somewhat higher level of civilization. Yet, here again we must guard carefully against “false facts,” especially in reference to the topic that interests us—the relations of the sexes. As late as 1896 the eminent American anthropologist, Dr. Brinton, had an article in *Science* (October 16th), in which he remarked that “one trait which we admire in Hottentots is their regard for women,” He was led into making this assertion by an article entitled “Woman in Hottentot Poetry,” which appeared in the German periodical *Globus* (Vol. 70, pp. 173-77). It was written by Dr. L. Jakobowski, and is quite as misleading as Chapman’s book. Its logic is most peculiar. The writer first shows (to his own satisfaction) that the Hottentots treat their women somewhat better than other South Africans do, and from this “fact” he goes on to infer that they must have love-songs! He admits, indeed, that (with a few exceptions, to be presently considered) we know nothing of these songs, but it “seems certain” that they must be sung at the erotic dances of the natives; these, however, carefully conceal them from the missionaries, and as Jakobowski naively adds, to heed the missionaries “would be tantamount to giving up their old sensual dances.”

What facts does Jakobowski adduce in support of his assertion that Hottentots have a high regard for their women? He says:

“Without his wife’s permission a Hottentot does not drink a drop of milk, and should he dare to do so, the women of his family will take away the cows and sheep and add them to their flocks. A girl has the right to punish her brother if he violates the laws of courtesy. The oldest sister may have him chained and punished, and if a slave who is being castigated implores his master by the name of his (the master’s) sister to desist, the blows must cease or else the master is bound to pay a fine to the sister who has been invoked.”

EFFEMINATE MEN AND MASCULINE WOMEN

If all these statements were real facts—and we shall presently see that they are not—they would prove no more than that the modern Hottentots, like their neighbors, the Bushmen, are hen-pecked. Barrow (I., 286) speaks of the “timid and pusillanimous mind which characterizes the Hottentots,” and elsewhere (144) he says that their

Page 261

“impolitic custom of hording together in families, and of not marrying out of their own kraals, has, no doubt, tended to enervate this race of men, and reduced them to their present degenerated condition, which is that of a languid, listless, phlegmatic people, in whom the prolific powers of nature seem to be almost exhausted.”

It does not, therefore, surprise us to be told (by Thunberg) that “it frequently happens that a woman marries two husbands.” And these women are anything but feminine and lovable. One of the champions of the Hottentots, Theophilus Hahn, says (*Globus*, XII., 304) of the Namaqua women that they love to torture their slaves: “When they cudgel a slave one can easily read in their faces the infernal joy it gives them to witness the tortures of their victims.” He often saw women belaboring the naked back of a slave with branches of the cruel *acacia delinens*, and finally rub salt or saltpetre into the wounds. Napier (I., 59) says of the Hottentots, that

“if the parents of a newly born child found him or her *de trop*, the poor little wretch was either mercilessly buried alive, or exposed in a thicket, there to be devoured by beasts of prey.”

While he had to take it for granted that there must be love-songs among these cruel Hottentots, Jakobowski had no trouble in finding songs of hate, of defiance, and revenge. Even these cannot be cited without omitting objectionable words. Here is one, properly expurgated:

“Take this man away from me that he may be beaten and his mother weep over him and the worms eat him.... Let this man be brought before your counsel and cudgelled until not a shred of flesh remains on his ... that the worms would care to eat; for the reason that he has done me such a painful injury,” *etc.*

HOW THE HOTTENTOT WOMAN “RULES AT HOME”

Jakobowski’s assertion that a man’s oldest sister may have him chained and punished is obviously a cock-and-bull story. It is diametrically opposed to what Peter Kolben says: “The eldest son has in a manner an absolute authority over all his brothers and sisters.” “Among the Hottentots an eldest son may after his father’s death retain his brothers and sisters in a sort of slavery.” Kolben is now accepted as the leading authority on the aboriginal Hottentots, as he found them two centuries ago, before the missionaries had had time to influence their customs. What makes him the more unimpeachable as a witness in our case is that he is decidedly prejudiced in favor of the Hottentots.[138] What was the treatment of women by Hottentots as witnessed by Kolben? Is it true that, as Jakobowski asserts, the Hottentot woman rules at home? Quite true; most emphatically so. The husband, says Kolben (I., 252-55), after the hut is built,

Page 262

“has absolutely nothing more to do with the house and domestic affairs; he turns the care for them over to his wife, who is obliged to procure provisions as well as she can and cook them. The husband devotes himself to drinking, eating, smoking, loafing, and sleeping, and takes no more concern about the affairs of his family than if he had none at all. *If he goes out to fish or hunt, it is rather to amuse himself than to help his wife and children....* Even the care of his cattle the poor wife, despite all her other work, shares with him. The only thing she is not allowed to meddle with is the sale. This is a prerogative which constitutes the man’s honor and which he would not allow anyone to take away from him with impunity.”

The wife, he goes on to say, has to cut the fire-wood and carry it to the house, gather roots and other food and prepare it for the whole family, milk the cows, and take care of the children. The older daughters help her, but need so much watching that they are only an additional care; and all this time the husband “lies lazily on his back.” “Such is the wretched life of the Hottentot woman,” he sums up; “she lives in a perpetual slavery.” Nor is there any family life or companionship, they eat separately, and

“the wife never sets foot in the husband’s room, which is separated from the rest of the house; she seldom enjoys his company. He commands as master, she obeys as slave, without ever complaining.”

“REGARD FOR WOMEN”

“What we admire in Hottentots is their regard for women.” Here are some more illustrations of this loving “regard for women.” The Rev. J. Philip (II., 207) says that the Namaqua women begged Moffat to remain with them, telling him that before he came “we were treated by the men as brutes, and worse than they treated brutes.” While the men loafed they had to go and collect food, and if they returned unsuccessful, as was often the case, they were generally beaten. They had to cook for the men and were not allowed a bite till they had finished their meal. “When they had eaten, we were obliged to retire from their presence to consume the offals given to us.” When twins are born, says Kolben (304), there is great rejoicing if they are boys; two fat buffaloes are killed, and all the neighbors invited to the feast; but if the twins are girls, two sheep only are killed and there is no feast or rejoicing. If one of the twins is a girl she is invariably killed, buried alive, or exposed on a tree or in the bushes. When a boy has reached a certain age he is subjected to a peculiarly disgusting ceremony, and after that he may insult his mother with impunity whenever he chooses: “he may cudgel her, if he pleases, to suit his whim, without any danger of being called to an account for it.” Kolben says he often witnessed such insolence, which was even applauded as a sign of manliness and courage. “What barbarity!” he exclaims. “It is a result of the contempt which these peoples feel for women.” He used to remonstrate with them, but they could hardly restrain their impatience, and the only answer he could get was “*it is the custom of the Hottentots, they have never done otherwise.*”

Page 263

Andersson (*Ngami*, 332) says of the Namaqua Hottentots:

"If a man becomes tired of his wife, he unceremoniously returns her to the parental roof, and however much she (or the parents) may object to so summary a proceeding, there is no remedy."

In Kolben's time wives convicted of adultery were killed, while the men could do as they chose. In later times a lashing with a strap of rhinoceros hide was substituted for burning. Kolben thought that the serious punishment for adultery prevalent in his time argued that there must be love among the Hottentots, though he confessed he could see no signs of it. He was of course mistaken in his assumption, for, as was made clear in our chapter on Jealousy, murderous rage at an infringement on a man's conjugal property does not constitute or prove love, but exists entirely apart from it.

CAPACITY FOR REFINED LOVE

The injuriousness of "false facts" to science is illustrated by a remark which occurs in the great work on the natives of South Africa by Dr. Fritsch, who is justly regarded as one of the leading authorities on that subject. Speaking of the Hottentots (Namaqua) he says (351) that "whereas Tindall indicates sensuality and selfishness as two of their most prominent characteristics, Th. Hahn lauds their conjugal attachment independent of fleshly love." Here surely is unimpeachable evidence, for Theophilus Hahn, the son of a missionary, was born and bred among these peoples. But if we refer to the passage which Fritsch alluded to (*Globus*, XII., 306), we find that the reasons Hahn gives for believing that Hottentots are capable of something higher than carnal desires are that many of them, though rich enough to have a harem, content themselves with one wife, and that if a wife dies before her husband, he very seldom marries again. Yet in the very next sentence Hahn mentions a native trait which sufficiently explains both these customs. "Brides," he says, "cost many oxen and sheep, and the men, as among other South African peoples, the Kaffirs, for instance, would rather have big herds of cattle than a good-looking wife." Apart from this explanation, I fail to see what necessary connection there is between a man's being content with one wife and his capacity for sentimental love, since his greed for cattle and his lack of physical stamina and appetite fully account for his monogamy. This matter must be judged from the Hottentot point of view, not from ours. It is well known that in regions where polygamy prevails a man who wishes to be kind to his wife does not content himself with her, but marries another, or several others, to share the hard work with her. These Hottentots have not enough consideration for their hard-worked wives to do even that.

HOTTENTOT COARSENESS

Page 264

The coarseness and obscenity of the Hottentots constitute further reasons for believing them incapable of refined love. Their eulogist, Kolben, himself was obliged to admit that they “find a peculiar pleasure in filth and stench” and “are in the matter of diet the filthiest people in the world.” The women eat their own vermin, which swarm in their scant attire. Nor is decency the object for which they wear this scant dress—quite the reverse. Speaking of the male Hottentot’s very simple dress, Barrow says (I., 154) that

“if the real intent of it was the promotion of decency, it should seem that he has widely missed his aim, as it is certainly one of the most immodest objects, in such a situation as he places it, that could have been contrived.”

And concerning the little apron worn by the women he says:

“Great pains seem to be taken by the women to attract notice toward this part of their persons. Large metal buttons ... or anything that makes a great show, are fastened to the borders of this apron.”

Kolben relates that when a Hottentot desires to marry a girl he goes with his father to the girl’s father, who gives the answer after consulting with his wife. If the verdict is unfavorable “the gallant’s love for the beauty is readily cured and he casts his eyes on another one.” But a refusal is rarely given unless the girl is already promised to another. The girl, too, is consulted, but only nominally, for if she refuses she can retain her liberty only by an all-night struggle with her suitor in which she usually succumbs, after which she has to marry him whether she wishes to or not. Kolben gives other details of the marriage ceremony which are too filthy to be even hinted at here.

FAT VERSUS SENTIMENT

By persons who had lived many years among the Colonial Hottentots, Fritsch (328) was assured that these people, far from being the models of chastity Kolben tried to prove them, indulged in licentious festivals lasting several days, at which all restraints were cast aside. And this brings us back to our starting-point—Dr. Jakobowski’s peculiar argument concerning the “love poems” which he feels sure must be sung at the erotic dances of the natives, though they are carefully concealed from the missionaries. If they were poems of sentiment, the missionaries would not disapprove, and there would be no reason for concealing them; but the foregoing remarks show clearly enough what kind of “love” they would be likely to sing about. If any doubt remained on the subject the following delightful confession, which the eulogist Hahn makes in a moment of confidence, would settle the matter. To appreciate the passage, bear in mind that the Hottentots are the people among whom excessive posterior corpulence (*steatopygia*) is especially admired as the acme of physical attractions. Now Hahn says (335):

Page 265

"The young girls drink whole cups of liquid fat, and for a good reason, the object being to attain a very rotund body by a fattening process, in order that Hymen may claim them as soon as possible. They do not grow sentimental and sick from love and jealousy, nor do they die from the anguish and woes of love, as our women do, nor engage in love-intrigues, but they look at the whole matter in a very materialistic and sober way. *Their sole love-affair is the fattening process, on the result of which, as with a pig, depends the girl's value and the demand for her.*"

In this last sentence, which I have taken the liberty to italicize, lies the philosophy of African "love" in general, and I am glad to be able to declare it on such unquestionable authority. What a Hottentot "regards" in a woman is *Fat*; *Sentiment* is out of the question. When Hottentots are together, says Kolben,

"you never see them give tender kisses or cast loving glances at each other. Day and night, on every occasion, they are so cold and so indifferent to each other that you would not believe that they love each other or are married. If in a hut there were twenty Hottentots with their wives, it would be impossible to tell, either from their words or actions, which of them belonged together."

SOUTH AFRICAN LOVE-POEMS

As intimated on a preceding page, there are, among Dr. Jakobowski's examples of Hottentot lyrics[139] a few which may be vaguely included in the category of love-poems. "Where did you hear that I love you while you are unloving toward me?" complained one Hottentot; while another warned his friend: "That is the misfortune pursuing you that you love where you ought not to!" A third declared. "I shall not cease to love however much they (*i.e.*, the parents or guardians) may oppose me," A fourth addresses this song to a young girl:

My lioness!
Are you afraid that I may bewitch you?
You milk the cow with fleshy hand.
Bite me!
Pour out (the milk) for me!
My lioness!
Daughter of a great man!

It is needless to say that in the first three of these aboriginal "lyrics" there is not the slightest indication that the "love" expressed rises above mere covetous desire of the senses; and as for the fourth, what is there in it besides reference to the girl's fatness (fleshy hand), her utility in milking and serving the milk and her carnal bites? Yet in this frank avowal of masculine selfishness and sensuality Hahn finds "a certain refinement of sentiment"!

A HOTTENTOT FLIRT

Though a Hottentot belle's value in the marriage market is determined chiefly by the degree of her corpulence, girls of the higher families are not, it seems, devoid of other means of attracting the attention of men. At least I infer so from the following passage in Dalton's book (*T.S.A.*, 104) relating to a certain chief:

Page 266

“He had a charming daughter, the greatest belle among the blacks that I had ever seen, and the most thorough-paced coquette. Her main piece of finery, and one that she flirted about in a most captivating manner, was a shell of the size of a penny-piece. She had fastened it to the end of a lock of front hair, which was of such length as to permit the shell to dangle to the precise level of her eyes. She had learned to move her head with so great precision as to throw the shell exactly over whichever eye she pleased, and the lady's winning grace consisted in this feat of bo-peep, first eclipsing an eye and languishing out of the other, and then with an elegant toss of the head reversing the proceedings.”

KAFFIR MORALS

Our search for true love in Africa has thus far resulted in failure, the alleged discoveries of a few sanguine sentimentalists having proved to be illusory. If we now turn to the Kaffirs, who share with the Hottentots the southern extremity of Africa, we find that here again we must above all things guard against “false facts.” Westermarck (61), after citing Barrow (l., 206) to the effect that “a Kaffir woman is chaste and extremely modest,” adds:

“and Mr. Cousins informs me that between their various feasts the Kaffirs, both men and women, have to live in strict continence, the penalty being banishment from the tribe if this law is broken.”

It would be interesting to know what Barrow means by “extremely modest” since he admits that that attribute

“might be questioned. If, for instance, a young woman be asked whether she be married, not content with giving the simple negative, she throws open her cloak and displays her bosom; and as most frequently she has no other covering beneath, she perhaps may discover at the same time, though unintentionally, more of her charms.”

But it is his assertion that “a Kaffir woman is chaste” that clashes most outrageously with all recorded facts and the testimony of the leading authorities, including many missionaries. Dr. Fritsch says in the preface to his standard book on the natives of South Africa that the assertions of Barrow are to be accepted “with caution, or rather with suspicion.” It is the absence of this caution and suspicion that has led Westermarck into so many erroneous conclusions. In the present instance, however, it is absolutely incomprehensible why he should have cited the one author who calls the Kaffirs chaste, ignoring the crushing weight of countless facts showing them to be extremely dissolute.

Page 267

It is worthy of note that testimony as to the chastity of wild races generally comes from mere travellers among them, ignorant of their language and intimate habits, whereas the writings of those who have dwelt among them give one a very different idea. As the Rev. Mr. Holden remarks (187), those who have “boasted of the chastity, purity, and innocence of heathen life” have not been “behind the scenes.” Here, for instance, is Geo. McCall Theal, who lived among the Kaffir people twenty years, filling various positions among them, varying from a mission teacher to a border magistrate, and so well acquainted with their language that he was able to collect and print a volume on *Kaffir Folk Lore*. Like all writers who have made a specialty of a subject, he is naturally somewhat biased in favor of it, and this gives still more weight to his words on negative points. Regarding the question of chastity he says:

“Kaffir ideas of some kinds of morality are very low. The custom is general for a married woman to have a lover who is not her husband, and little or no disgrace attaches to her on this account. The lover is generally subject to a fine of no great amount, and the husband may give the woman a beating, but that finishes the penalty.”

The German missionary Neuhaus bears witness to the fact that (like the Bushmen and most other Africans) the Kaffirs are in one respect lower than the lowest beasts, inasmuch as for the sake of filthy lucre parents often marry off their daughters before they have attained maturity. Girls of eight to ten are often given into the clutches of wealthy old men who are already supplied with a harem. Concerning girls in general, and widows, we are told that they can do whatever they please, and that they only ask their lovers not to be imprudent, as they do not wish to lose their liberty and assume maternal duties too soon if they can help it. Lichtenstein says (l., 264) that

“a traveller remaining some time with a horde easily finds an unmarried young woman with whom he contracts the closest intimacy; nay, it is not uncommon, as a mark of hospitality, to offer him one as a companion,”

and no wonder, for among these Kaffirs there is “no feeling of love in marriage” (161). The German missionary Alberti relates (97) that sometimes a Kaffir girl is offered to a man in marriage. Having assured himself of her health, he claims the further privilege of a night’s acquaintance; after which, if she pleases him, he proceeds to bargain for her permanent possession. Another competent and reliable observer, Stephen Kay, corresponding member of the South African Institution, who censures Barrow sharply for his incorrect remarks on Kaffir morals, says:

Page 268

"No man deems it any sin whatever to seduce his neighbor's wife: his only grounds of fear are the probability of detection, and the fine demanded by law in such cases. The females, accustomed from their youth up to this gross depravity of manners, neither manifest, nor apparently feel, any delicacy in stating and describing circumstances of the most shameful nature before an assemblage of men, whose language is often obscene beyond description" (105). "Fornication is a common and crying sin. The women are well acquainted with the means of procuring miscarriage; and those means are not unfrequently resorted to without bringing upon the offender any punishment or disgrace whatever.... When adultery is clearly proved the husband is generally fully satisfied with the fine usually levied upon the delinquent.... So degraded indeed are their views on subjects of this nature ... that the man who has thus obtained six or eight head of cattle deems it a fortunate circumstance rather than otherwise; he at once renews his intimacy with the seducer, and in the course of a few days becomes as friendly and familiar with him as ever" (141-42). "Whenever the Kaffir monarch hears of a young woman possessed of more than ordinary beauty, and at all within his reach, he unceremoniously sends for her or fetches her himself.... Seldom or never does any young girl, residing in his immediate neighborhood, escape defilement after attaining the age of puberty (165)." "Widows are constantly constrained to be the servants of sin" (177). "The following singular usage obtains universally ... all conjugal intercourse is entirely suspended from the time of accouchement until the child be completely weaned, which seldom takes place before it is able to run about. Hence during the whole of that period, an illicit and clandestine intercourse with strangers is generally kept up by both parties, to the utter subversion of everything like attachment and connubial bliss. Something like affection is in some instances apparent for awhile, but it is generally of comparatively short duration."

Fritsch (95) describes a Kaffir custom called *U'pundhlo* which has only lately been abolished:

"Once in awhile a troupe of young men was sent from the principal town to the surrounding country to capture all the unmarried girls they could get hold of and carry them away forcibly. These girls had to serve for awhile as concubines of strangers visiting the court. After a few days they were allowed to go and their places were taken by other girls captured in the same way."

Before the Kaffirs came under the influence of civilization, this custom gave no special offence; "and why should it?" adds Fritsch, "since with the Kaffirs marriageable girls are morally free and their purity seems a matter of no special significance." When boys reach the age of puberty, he says (109), they are circumcised;

Page 269

“thereupon, while they are in the transition stage between boyhood and manhood, they are almost entirely independent of all laws, especially in their sexual relations, so that they are allowed to take possession with impunity of any unmarried women they choose.”

The Kaffirs also indulge in obscene dances and feasts. Warner says (97) that at the ceremony of circumcision virtue is polluted while yet in its embryo. “A really pure girl is unknown among the raw Kaffirs,” writes Hol. “All demoraln sense of purity and shame is lost.” While superstition forbids the marrying of first cousins as incestuous, real “incest in its worst forms”—between mother and sons—prevails. At the ceremony called *Ntonjane* the young girls “are degraded and polluted at the very threshold of womanhood, and every spark of virtuous feeling annihilated” (197, 207, 185).

“Immorality,” says Fritsch (112),

“is too deeply rooted in African blood to make it difficult to find an occasion for indulging in it; wherefore the custom of celebrating puberty, harmless in itself, is made the occasion for lascivious practices; the unmarried girls choose companions with whom they cohabit as long as the festival lasts ... usually three or four days.”

After giving other details, Fritsch thus sums up the situation:

“These diverse facts make it clear that with these tribes (Ama-Xosa) woman stands, if not morally, at least judicially, little above cattle, and consequently it is impossible to speak of family life in one sense of the word.”

In his *Nursery Tales of the Zulus* (255) Callaway gives an account, in the native language as well as in the English, of the license indulged in at Kaffir puberty festivals. Young men assemble from all quarters. The maidens have a “girl-king” to whom the men are obliged to give a present before they are allowed to enter the hut chosen for the meeting. “The young people remain alone and sport after their own fancies in every way.” “It is a day of filthiness in which everything may be done according to the heart’s desire of those who gather around the *umgongo*.” The Rev. J. MacDonald, a man of scientific attainments, gives a detailed account of the incredibly obscene ceremonies to which the girls of the Zulu-Kaffirs are subjected, and the licentious yet Malthusian conduct of the young folks in general who “separate into pairs and sleep *in puris naturalibus*, for that is strictly ordained by custom.” The father of a girl thus treated feels honored on receiving a present from her partner.[140]

INDIVIDUAL PREFERENCE FOR—COWS

The utter indifference of the Kaffirs to chastity and their licentiousness, approved and even prescribed by national custom, were not the only obstacle to the growth of

sentiments rising above mere sensuality. Commercialism was another fatal obstacle. I have already quoted Hahn's testimony that a Kaffir "would rather have big herds of cattle than a good-looking wife." Dohne asserts (Shooter, 88) that "a Kaffir loves his cattle more than his daughter," and Kay (111) tells us that

Page 270

“he is scarcely ever seen shedding tears, excepting when the chief lays violent hands upon some part of his horned family; this pierces him to the heart and produces more real grief than would be evinced over the loss of wife and child.”

On another page (85) he says that in time of war the poor women fall into the enemy's hands, because

“their husbands afford them no assistance or protection whatever. The preservation of the cattle constitutes the grand object of their solicitude; and with these, which are trained for the purpose, they run at an astonishing rate, leaving both wives and children to take their chances.”

Such being the Kaffir's relative estimation of cows and women, we might infer that in matrimonial arrangements bovine interests were much more regarded than any possible sentimental considerations; and this we find to be the case. Barrow (149) tells us that

“the females being considered as the property of their parents, are always disposed of by sale. The common price of a wife is an ox or a couple of cows. Love with them is a very confined passion, taking but little hold on the mind. When an offer is made for the purchase of a daughter, she feels little inclination to refuse; she considers herself as an article at market, and is neither surprised, nor unhappy, nor interested, on being told that she is about to be disposed of. There is no previous courtship, no exchange of fine sentiments, no nice feelings, no attentions to catch the affections and to attach the heart.”[141]

BARGAINING FOR BRIDES

The Rev. L. Grout says in his *Zululand* (166):

“So long as the government allows the custom called *ukulobolisha*, the selling of women in marriage for cattle, just so long the richer and so, for the most part, the older and the already married man will be found, too often, the successful suitor—not indeed at the feet of the maiden, for she is allowed little or no right to a voice as to whom she shall marry, but at the hands of her heathen proprietor, who, in his degradation, looks less at the affections and preferences of his daughter than at the surest way of filling his kraal with cattle, and thus providing for buying another wife or two.”

So purely commercial is the transaction that if a wife proves very fruitful and healthy, a demand for more cattle is made on her husband (165). Should she be feeble or barren he may send her back to her father and demand compensation. A favorite way is to retain a wife as a slave and go on marrying other girls as fast as the man's means allow. Theal says (213) that if a wife has no children the husband has a right to return her to her parents and if she has a marriageable sister, take her in exchange. But the

acme of commercialism is reached in a Zulu marriage ceremony described by Shooter.
At the

Page 271

wedding the matrons belonging to the bridegroom's party tell the bride that too many cows have been given for her; that she is rather plain than otherwise, and will never be able to do a married woman's work, and that altogether it is very kind of the bridegroom to condescend to marry her. Then the bride's friends have their innings. They condole with her parents on the very inadequate number of cows paid for her, the loveliest girl in the village; declare that the husband is quite unworthy of her, and ought to be ashamed for driving such a hard bargain with her parents.

Leslie's assertion (194) that it is "a mistake to imagine that a girl is sold by her father in the same manner and with the same authority with which he would dispose of a cow," is contradicted by the concurrent testimony of the leading authorities. Some of these have already been cited. The reliable Fritsch says (112) of the Ama-Xosa branch:

"It is characteristic that as a rule the inclination of the girl to be married is never consulted, but that her nearest male relatives select a husband for her to whom she is unceremoniously sent. They choose, of course, a man who can pay."

If she is a useful girl he is not likely to refuse the offer, yet he bargains to get her as cheaply as possible (though he knows that a Kaffir girl's chief pride is the knowledge that many heads of cattle were paid for her). Regarding the Ama-Zulu, Fritsch says (141-42) that the women are slaves and a wife is regarded as so much invested capital. "If she falls ill, or remains childless, so that the man does not get his money's worth, he often returns her to her father and asks his cattle back." Older and less attractive women are sometimes married off on credit, or to be paid for in instalments. "In all this," Fritsch sums up, "there is certainly little of poetry and romance, but it cannot be denied that under the influence of European residents an improvement has been effected in some quarters." He himself saw at Natal a young couple who "showed a certain interest in each other," such as one expects of married persons; but in parts untouched by European influence, he adds, true conjugal devotion is an unusual thing.

AMOROUS PREFERENCES

It is probably owing to such European influences that Theal (209) found that although a woman is not legally supposed to be consulted in the choice of a husband, in point of fact "matches arising from mutual love are not uncommon. In such cases, if any difficulties are arranged by the guardians on either side, the young people do not scruple to run away together." The word "love" in this passage is of course used in that vague sense which indicates nothing but a preference of one man or woman to others. That a Kaffir girl should prefer a young man to an old suitor to the point of running away with him is to be expected, even if there is nothing more than a

Page 272

merely sensual attachment. The question how far there are any amorous preferences among Kaffirs is an interesting one. From the fact that they prefer their cows to their wives in moments of danger, we infer that though they might also like one girl better than another, such preference would be apt to prove rather weak; and this inference is borne out by some remarks of the German missionary Alberti which I will translate: "The sentiment of tender and chaste love is as unknown to the Kaffir as that respect which is founded on agreement and moral worth. The need of mutual aid in domestic life, combined with the natural instinct for the propagation of the species, alone seem to occasion a union of young men and women which afterward gains permanence through habitual intercourse and a community of interests." "It is true that the young man commonly seeks to gain the favor of the girl he likes before he applies to her parents, in which case, if his suit is accepted, the supreme favor is at once granted him by the girl; but inasmuch as he does not need her good will necessarily, the parental consent being sufficient to secure possession of her, he shows little zeal, and his peace of mind is not in the least disturbed by a possible refusal. Altogether, he is much less solicitous about gaining her predilection than about getting her for the lowest possible price."

Alberti was evidently a thinker as well as a careful observer. His lucid remarks gives us a deep insight into primitive conditions when love had hardly yet begun to germinate. What a worldwide difference between this languid Kaffir wooer, hardly caring whether he gets this girl or another, and the modern lover who thinks life not worth living, unless he can gain the love of his chosen one. In all the literature on the subject, I have been able to find only one case of stubborn preference among Kaffirs. Neuhaus knew a young man who refused for two years to marry the girl chosen for him by his father, and finally succeeded in having his way with another girl whom he preferred. As a matter of course, strong aversion is more frequently manifested than decided preference, especially in the case of girls who are compelled to marry old men. Neuhaus[142] saw a Zulu girl whose hands had been nearly burned off by her tormentors; he knew of two girls who committed suicide, one just before, the other just after, an enforced marriage. Grout (167) speaks of the "various kinds of torture resorted to by the father and friends of a girl to compel her to marry contrary to her choice." One girl, who had fled to his house for refuge, told him repeatedly that if delivered into the hands of her tormentors "she would be cruelly beaten as soon as they were out of sight and be subjected to every possible abuse, till she should comply with the wishes of her proprietor."

ZULU GIRLS NOT COY

Page 273

Where men are so deficient in sentiment and manly instincts that one young woman seems to them about as good as another, it is hardly strange that the women too should lack those qualities of delicacy, gentleness, and modesty which make the weaker sex adorable. The description of the bloody duels often fought by Kaffir women given by the British missionary Beste (Ploss, II., 421) indicates a decidedly Amazonian disposition. But the most suggestive trait of Kaffir women is the lack of feminine coyness in their matrimonial preliminaries. According to Gardiner (97),

“it is not regarded as a matter either of etiquette or of delicacy from which side the proposal of marriage may proceed—the overture is as often made by the women as the men.”

“Courtship,” says Shooter (50), “does not always begin with the men.” Sometimes the girl’s father proposes for her; and when a young woman does not receive an early proposal, her father or brother go from kraal to kraal and offer her till a bidder is found. Callaway (60) relates that when a young Zulu woman is ready to be married she goes to the kraal of the bridegroom, to stand there. She remains without speaking, but they understand her. If they “acknowledge” her, a goat is killed and she is entertained. If they do not like her, they give her a burning piece of firewood, to intimate that there is no fire in that kraal to warm herself by; she must go and kindle a fire for herself.[143]

CHARMS AND POEMS

Though in all this there is considerable romance, there is no evidence of romantic love. But how about love-charms, poems, and stories? According to Grout (171), love-charms are not unknown in Zulu land. They are made of certain herbs or barks, reduced to a powder, and sent by the hand of some unsuspected friend to be given in a pinch of snuff, deposited in the dress, or sprinkled upon the person of the party whose favor is to be won. But love-powders argue a very materialistic way of regarding love and tell us nothing about sentiments. A hint at something more poetic is given by the Rev. J. Tyler (61), who relates that flowers are often seen on Zulu heads, and that one of them, the “love-making posy,” is said to foster “love.” Unfortunately that is all the information he gives us on this particular point, and the further details supplied by him (120-22) dash all hopes of finding traces of sentiment. The husband “eats alone,” and when the wife brings him a drink of home-made beer “she must first sip to show there is no ‘death in the pot.’” While he guzzles beer, loafs, smokes, and gossips, she has to do all the work at home as well as in the field, carrying her child on her back and returning in the evening with a bundle of firewood on her head. “In the winter the natives assemble almost daily for drinking and dancing, and these orgies are accompanied by the vilest obscenities and evil practices.”

Page 274

As regards poems Wallaschek remarks (6) that “the Kaffir in his poetry only recognizes a threefold subject: war, cattle, and excessive adulation of his ruler.” One Kaffir love-poem, or rather marriage-poem, I have been able to find (Shooter, 236), and it is delightfully characteristic:

We tell you to dig well,
Come, girl of ours,
Bring food and eat it;
Fetch fire-wood
And don't be lazy.

A KAFFIR LOVE-STORY

Among the twenty-one tales collected in Theal's *Kaffir Folk Lore* there is one which approximates what we call a love-story. As it takes up six pages of his book it cannot be quoted entire, but in the following condensed version I have retained every detail that is pertinent to our inquiry. It is entitled *The Story of Mbulukazi*.

There was once a man who had two wives; one of them had no children, wherefore he did not love her. The other one had one daughter, who was very black, and several children besides, but they were all crows. The barren wife was very downcast and often wept all day. One day two doves perching near her asked why she cried. When they had heard her story they told her to bring two earthen jars. Then they scratched her knees until the blood flowed, and put it into the jars. Every day they came and told her to look in the jars, till one day she found in them two beautiful children, a boy and a girl. They grew up in her hut, for she lived apart from her husband, and he knew nothing of their existence. When they were big, they went to the river one day to fetch water. On the way they met some young men, among whom was Broad Breast, a chief's son who was looking for a pretty girl to be his wife. The men asked for a drink and the boy gave them all some water, but the young chief would take it only from the girl. He was very much smitten with her beauty, and watched her to see where she lived. He then went home to his father and asked for cattle with which to marry her. The chief, being rich, gave him many fine cattle, and with these the young man went to the husband of the girl's mother and said: “I want to marry your daughter.” So the girl who was very black was told to come, but the young chief said: “That is not the one I want; the one I saw was lighter in color and much prettier.” The father replied: “I have no other children but crows.” But Broad Breast persisted, and finally the servant-girl told the father about the other daughter. In the evening he went to his neglected wife's hut and to his great joy saw the boy and his sister. He remained all night and it was agreed that the young chief should have the girl. When Broad Breast saw her he said: “This is the girl I meant.” So he gave the cattle to the father and married the girl, whose name was Mbulukazi.

Page 275

To appease the jealousy of the very black girl's mother he also married that girl, and each of them received from her father an ox, with which they went to their new home. But the young chief did not care for the very black girl and gave her an old rickety hut to live in while Mbulukazi had a very nice new house. This made the other girl jealous, and she plotted revenge, which she carried out one day by pushing her rival over the edge of a rock, so that she fell into the river and was drowned. The corpse was, however, found by her favorite ox, who licked her till her life came back, and as soon as she was strong once more she told what had happened. When the young chief heard the story he was angry with the dark wife and said to her: "Go home to your father; I never wanted you at all; it was your mother who brought you to me." So she had to go away in sorrow and Mbulukazi remained the great wife of the chief.

In this interesting story there are two suspicious details. Theal says he has taken care in his collection not to give a single sentence that did not come from native sources. He calls attention, however, to the fact that tens of thousands of Kaffirs have adopted the religion of Europeans and have accepted ideas from their teachers, wherefore "it will surprise no one to learn that these tales are already undergoing great changes among a very large section of the natives on the border." I suspect that the touch of sentiment in the place where the young chief will accept a drink from the girl's hand alone is such a case of European influence, and so, in all probability is the preference for a light complexion implied in the tale; for Shooter (p. 1) tells us expressly that to be told that he is light-colored "would be esteemed a very poor compliment by a Kaffir."

The following passage, which occurs in another of Theal's stories (107), shows how unceremonious Kaffir "courtship" is in relation to the girl's wishes.

"Hlakanyana met a girl herding some goats.

"He said: 'Where are the boys of your village, that the goats are herded by a girl?'

"The girl answered: 'There are no boys in the village.'

"He went to the father of the girl and said: 'You must give me your daughter to be my concubine, and I will herd the goats.'

"The father of the girl agreed to that. Then Hlakanyana went with the goats, and every day he killed one and ate it till all were done."

LOWER THAN BEASTS

Page 276

If we now leave the degraded and licentious Kaffirs, going northward in Eastern Africa, into the region of the lakes—Nyassa, Victoria Nyanza and Albert Nyanza—embracing British Central, German East, and British East Africa, we are doomed to disappointment if we expect to find conditions more favorable to the growth of refined romantic or conjugal love. We shall not only discover no evidence of what is vaguely called Platonic love, but we shall find men ignoring even Plato's injunction (*Laws*, VIII., 840) that they should not be lower than beasts, which do not mate till they have reached the age of maturity. H.H. Johnston, in his recent work on British Central Africa, gives some startling revelations of aboriginal depravity. As these regions have been known a few years only, the universality of this depravity disproves most emphatically the ridiculous notion that savages are naturally pure in their conduct and owe their degradation to intercourse with corrupt white men. Johnston (409) says:

"A medical missionary who was at work for some time on the west coast of Lake Nyassa gave me information regarding the depravity prevalent among the young boys in the Atonga tribe of a character not even to be described in obscure Latin. These statements might be applied with almost equal exactitude to boys and girls in many other parts of Africa. As regards the little girls, over nearly the whole of British Central Africa, chastity before puberty is an unknown condition.... Before a girl becomes a woman (that is to say, before she is able to conceive), it is a matter of absolute indifference what she does, and scarcely any girl remains a virgin after about five years of age."

Girls are often betrothed at birth, or even before, and when four or five years old are placed at the mercy of the degraded husbands. Capture is another method of getting a wife, and Johnston's description of this custom indicates that individual preference is as weak as we have found it among Kaffirs:

"The women as a rule make no very great resistance on these occasions. It is almost like playing a game. A woman is surprised as she goes to get water at the stream, or when she is on her way to or from the plantation. The man has only got to show her she is cornered and that escape is not easy or pleasant and she submits to be carried off. Of course there are cases where the woman takes the first opportunity of running back to her first husband if her captor treats her badly, and again she may be really attached to her first husband and make every effort to return to him for that reason. But as a general rule they seem to accept very cheerfully these abrupt changes in their matrimonial existence."

In a footnote he adds:

"The Rev. Duff Macdonald, a competent authority on Yao manners and customs, says in his book *Africana*: 'I was told ... that a native man would not pass a solitary woman, and that her refusal of him would be so contrary to custom that he might kill her.' Of course this would apply only to females that are not engaged."

COLONIES OF FREE LOVERS

Page 277

Of the Taveita forest region Johnston says:

"After marriage the greatest laxity of manners is allowed among the women, who often court their lovers under their husband's gaze; provided the lover pays, no objection is raised to his addresses."

And regarding the Masai (415):

"The Masai men rarely marry until they are twenty-five nor the women until twenty. But both sexes, *avant de se ranger*, lead a very dissolute life before marriage, the young warriors and unmarried girls living together in free love."

The fullest account of the Masai and their neighbors we owe to Thomson. With the M-teita marriage is entirely a question of cows.

"There is a very great disproportion between the sexes, the female predominating greatly, and yet very few of the young men are able to marry for want of the proper number of cows—a state of affairs which not unfrequently leads to marriage with sisters, though this practice is highly reprobated."

Of the Wa-taveta, Thomson says (113): "Conjugal fidelity is unknown, and certainly not expected on either side; they might almost be described as colonies of free lovers." As for life among the Masai warriors, he says (431) that it

"was promiscuous in a remarkable degree. They may indeed be proclaimed as a colony of free lovers. Curiously enough the sweetheart system was largely in vogue; though no one confined his or her attentions to one only. Each girl in fact had several sweethearts, and what is still stranger, this seemed to give rise to no jealousies. The most perfect equality prevailed between the Ditto and Elmoran, and in their savage circumstances it was really pleasant to see how common it was for a young girl to wander about the camp with her arm round the waist of a stalwart warrior." [144]

A LESSON IN GALLANTRY

Crossing the waters of the Victoria Nyanza we come to Uganda, a region which has been entertainingly described by Speke. One day, he tells us (379), he was crossing a swamp with the king and his wives:

"The bridge was broken, as a matter of course; and the logs which composed it, lying concealed beneath the water, were toed successively by the leading men, that those who followed should not be tripped up by them. This favor the King did for me, and I in return for the women behind; they had never been favored in their lives with such gallantry and therefore could not refrain from laughing. He afterward helped the girls over a brook. The king noticed it, but instead of upbraiding me, passed it off as a joke,

and running up to the Kamraviona, gave him a poke in the ribs and whispered what he had seen, as if it had been a secret. 'Woh, woh!' says the Kamraviona, 'what wonders will happen next?'"

There is perhaps no part of Africa where such an act of gallantry would not have been laughed at as an absurd prank. In Eastern Central Africa

Page 278

“when a woman meets any man on the path, the etiquette is for her to go off the path, to kneel, and clasp her hands to the ‘lords of creation’ as they pass. Even if a female possesses male slaves of her own she observes the custom when she meets them on the public highway. A woman always kneels when she has occasion to talk to a man” (Macdonald, I., 129).

“It is interesting to meet a couple returning from a journey for firewood,” says the same writer (137). “The man goes first, carrying his gun, bow and arrows, while the woman carries the invariable bundle of firewood on her head.” He used to amuse such parties by taking the wife’s load and putting it on the husband, telling him, ‘This is the custom in our country.’ The wife has to do not only all the domestic but all the hard field work, and the only thing the lazy husband does in return is to mend her clothes. That constitutes her “rights;” neglect of it is a cause for divorce! Burton notes the absence of chivalrous ideas among the Somals (*F.F.*, 122), adding that

“on first entering the nuptial hut, the bridegroom draws forth his horsewhip and inflicts memorable chastisement upon the fair person of his bride, with the view of taming any lurking propensity to shrewishness.”

Among the natives of Massua, on the eighth of the month of Ashur, “boys are allowed,” says Munzinger,

“to mercilessly whip any girl they may meet—a liberty of which they make use in anything but a sentimental way. As the girls naturally hide themselves in their houses on this day, the boys disguise themselves as beggars, or use some other ruse to get them out.”

Adults sometimes take part in this gallant sport. But let us return to Uganda.

The Queen of Uganda offered Speke the choice between two of her daughters as a wife. The girls were brought and made to squat in front of him. They had never seen him.

“The elder, who was in the prime of youth and beauty, very large of limb, dark in color, cried considerably; whilst the younger one ... laughed as if she thought the change in her destiny very good fun.”

He had been advised that when the marriage came off he was to chain the girl two or three days, until she became used to him, else, from mere fright, she might run away.

A high official also bestowed on him a favor which throws light on the treatment of Uganda women. He had his women come in, made them strip to the waist, and asked Speke what he thought of them. He assured him he had paid him an unusual compliment, the Uganda men being very jealous of one another, so much so that

anyone would be killed if found staring upon a woman, even in the highways. Speke asked him what use he had for so many women, to which he replied,

“None whatever; the King gives them to us to keep up our rank, sometimes as many as one hundred together, and we either turn them into wives, or make servants of them, as we please.”

NOT A PARTICLE OF ROMANCE

Page 279

The northeastern boundary of Uganda is formed by the waters of the lake whose name Sir Samuel Baker chose for the title of one of his fascinating books on African travel, the *Albert N'yanza*. Baker was a keen observer and he had abundant experience on which to base the following conclusions (148):

"There is no such thing as love in these countries, the feeling is not understood, nor does it exist in the shape in which we understand it. Everything is practical, without a particle of romance. Women are so far appreciated as they are valuable animals. They grind the corn, fetch the water, gather firewood, cement the floors, cook the food, and propagate the race; but they are mere servants, and as such are valuable.... A savage holds to his cows and to his women, but especially to his cows. In a razzia fight he will seldom stand for the sake of his wives, but when he does fight it is to save his cattle."

The sentimentalist's heart will throb with a flutter of hope when he reads in the same book (240) that among the Latookas it is considered a disgrace to kill a woman in war. Have these men that respect for women which makes romantic love possible? Alas, no! They spare them because women are scarce and have a money value, a female being worth from five to ten cows, according to her age and appearance. It would therefore be a waste of money to kill them.

I may as well add here what Baker says elsewhere (*Ismailia*, 501) by way of explaining why there is no insanity in Central Africa: there are "no hearts to break with overwhelming love." Where coarseness is bliss, 'twere folly to be refined.

NO LOVE AMONG NEGROES

Let us now cross Central Africa into the Congo region on the Western side, returning afterward to the East for a bird's-eye view of the Abyssinians, the Somali, and their neighbors.

In his book *Angola and the River Congo* (133-34) Monteiro says that negroes show less tenderness and love than some animals:

"In all the long years I have been in Africa I have never seen a negro manifest the least tenderness for or to a negress.... I have never seen a negro put his arm round a woman's waist or give or receive any caress whatever that would indicate the slightest loving regard or affection on either side. They have no words or expressions in their language indicative of affection or love. Their passion is purely of an animal description, unaccompanied by the least sympathetic affections of love or endearment." [145]

In other words, these negroes not only do not show any tenderness, affection, sympathy, in their sexual relations, they are too coarse even to appreciate the more subtle manifestations of sensual passion which we call caresses. Jealousy, too,

Monteiro says, hardly exists. In case of adultery “the fine is generally a pig, and rum or other drink, with which a feast is celebrated by all parties. The woman is not punished in any way, nor does any disgrace attach to her conduct.” As a matter of course, where all these sentiments are lacking, admiration of personal beauty cannot exist.

Page 280

"From their utter want of love and appreciation of female beauty or charms they are quite satisfied and content with any woman possessing even the greatest amount of hideous ugliness with which nature has so bountifully provided them."

A QUEER STORY

Thus we find the African mind differing from ours as widely as a picture seen directly with the eyes differs from one reflected in a concave mirror. This is vividly illustrated by a quaint story recorded in the *Folk Tales of Angola (Memoirs of Amer. Folk Lore Soc., Vol. I., 1804, 235-39)*, of which the following is a condensed version:

An elderly man had an only child, a daughter. This daughter, a number of men wanted her. But whenever a suitor came, her father demanded of him a living deer; and then they all gave up, saying, "The living deer, we cannot get it."

One day two men came, each asking for the daughter. The father answered as usual, "He who brings me the living deer; the same, I will give him my daughter."

The two men made up their minds to hunt for the living deer in the forest. They came across one and pursued it; but one of them soon got tired and said to himself: "That woman will destroy my life. Shall I suffer distress because of a woman? If I bring her home, if she dies, would I seek another? I will not run again to catch a living deer. I never saw it, that a girl was wooed with a living deer." And he gave up the chase. The other man persevered and caught the deer. When he approached with it, his companion said, "Friend, the deer, didst thou catch it indeed?" Then the other: "I caught it. The girl delights me much. Rather I would sleep in forest, than to fail to catch it." Then they returned to the father and brought him the deer. But the father called four old men, told them what had happened, and asked them to choose a son-in-law for him among the two hunters. Being questioned by the aged men, the successful hunter said: "My comrade pursued and gave up; I, your daughter charmed me much, even to the heart, and I pursued the deer till it gave in.... My comrade he came only to accompany me." Then the other was asked why he gave up the chase, if he wanted the girl, and he replied: "I never saw that they wooed a girl with a deer.... When I saw the great running I said, 'No, that woman will cost my life. Women are plentiful,' and I sat down to await my comrade." Then the aged men: "Thou who gavest up catching the deer, thou art our son-in-law. This gentleman who caught the deer, he may go with it; he may eat it or he may sell it, for he is a man of great heart. If he wants to kill he kills at once; he does not listen to one who scolds him, or gives him advice. Our daughter, if we gave her to him, and she

Page 281

did wrong, when he would beat her he would not hear (one) who entreats for her. We do not want him; let him go. This gentleman who gave up the deer, he is our son-in-law; because, our daughter, when she does wrong, when we come to pacify him, he will listen to us. Although he were in great anger, when he sees us, his anger will cease. He is our good son-in-law, whom we have chosen."

SUICIDES

According to Livingstone, in Angola suicide is sometimes committed by a girl if it is predicted to her that she will never have any children, which would be a great disgrace. A writer in the *Globus* (Vol. 69, p. 358) sums up the observations of the medical missionary, G. Liengme, on suicides among the peoples of Africa. The most frequent cause is a family quarrel. Sometimes a girl commits suicide rather than marry a man whom she detests, "whereas on the other hand suicide from unhappy love seems to be unknown." In another number of the *Globus* (70: 100), however, I find mention of a negro who killed himself because he could not get the girl he wanted. This, of course, does not of itself suffice to prove the existence of true love, for we know that lust may be as maddening and as obstinate as love itself; moreover, as we shall see in the chapter on American Indians, suicide does not argue strong feelings, but a weak intellect. Savages are apt to kill themselves, as we shall see, on the slightest and most trivial provocation.

POETIC LOVE ON THE CONGO

In his entertaining book on the Congo, H.H. Johnston says (423) of the races living along the upper part of that river: "They are decidedly amorous in disposition, but there is a certain poetry in their feelings which ennobles their love above the mere sexual lust of the negro." If this is true, it is one of the most important discoveries ever made by an African explorer, one on which we should expect the author to dwell at great length. What does he tell us about the Congo tribes? "The women," he says of the Ba-Kongo, "have little regard for their virtue, either before or after marriage, and but for the jealousy of the men there would be promiscuous intercourse between the sexes." These women, he says, rate it as especially honorable to be a white man's mistress:

"Moreover, though the men evince some marital jealousy among themselves, they are far from displaying anything but satisfaction when a European is induced to accept the loan of a wife, either as an act of hospitality or in consideration of some small payment. Unmarried girls they are more chary of offering, as their value in the market is greater; but it may be truly said that among these people womanly chastity is unknown and a woman's honor is measured by the price she costs."

These remarks, it is true, refer to the lower Congo, and it is only of the upper river that Johnston predicates the poetic features which ennoble love. Stanley Pool being accepted by him as the dividing line, we may there perhaps begin our search for romantic love. One day, the author relates, rain had driven him to a hut on the shore of the Pool, where there was a family with two marriageable daughters. The father

Page 282

“was most anxious I should become his son-in-law, ‘moyennant’ several ‘longs’ of cloth. Seeing my hesitation, he mistook it for scorn and hastened to point out the manifold charms of his girls, whilst these damsels waxed hotly indignant at my coldness. Then another inspiration seized their father—perhaps I liked a maturer style of beauty, and his wife, by no means an uncomely person, was dragged forward while her husband explained with the most expressive gestures, putting his outspread hands before his eyes and affecting to look another way, that, again with the simple intermediary of a little cloth, he would remain perfectly unconscious of whatever amatory passages might occur between us.”

Evidently the poetry of love had not drifted down as far as the Pool. Let us therefore see what Johnston has to say of the Upper Congo (423):

“Husbands are fond of their own wives, *as well as of those of other people.*” “Marriage is a *mere question of purchase*, and is attended by no rejoicings or special ceremony. A man procures *as many wives as possible*, partly because they labor for him and also because soon after one wife becomes with child *she leaves him for two or three years* until her baby is weaned.” Apart from these facts Johnston gives us no hint as to what he understands by affection except what the following sentence allows us to infer (429): “The attachment between these dogs and their African masters is deep and fully reciprocated. They are *considered very dainty eating* by the natives, and are indeed such a luxury that by an unwritten law only *the superior sex*—the men—are allowed to partake of roasted dog.”

The amusing italics are mine.

If Johnston really found traces of poetic, ennobling love in this region, surely so startling a novelty in West Africa would have called for a full “bill of particulars,” which would have been of infinitely greater scientific value than the details he gives regarding unchastity, infidelity, commercialism, separation from wives and contempt for women, which are so common throughout the continent as to call for no special notice. Evidently his ideas regarding “poetic love” were as hazy as those of some other writers quoted in this chapter, and we have once more been led on by the mirage of a “false fact.”[146]

In 1891 the Swedish explorer Westermarck published a book describing his adventures among the cannibal tribes of the Upper Congo. I have not seen the book, but the Rev. James Johnston, in summing up its contents, says (193):

“A man can sell wife and children according to his own depraved pleasure. Women are the slave drudges, the men spending their hours in eating, drinking, and sleeping. Cannibalism in its worst features prevails. Young women are prized as special delicacies, particularly girls’ ears prepared in palm oil, and, in order to make the flesh



more palatable, the luckless victims are kept in water up to their necks for three or four days before they are slaughtered and served as food.”

BLACK LOVE IN KAMERUN

Page 283

From the banks of the Congo to Kamerun is not a very far cry as distances go in Africa. Kamerun is under the German flag, and a German writer, Hugo Zoeller, has described life in that colony with the eyes of a shrewd observer. What he says about the negro's capacity for love shows deep psychological insight (III., 68-70):

"Europeans residing in Africa who have married a negro woman declare unanimously that there is no such thing there as love and fidelity in the European sense. It happens with infinitely greater frequency that a European falls in love with his black companion than she with him; or rather the latter does not happen at all. A hundred times I have listened to discussions of this topic in many different places, but I have never heard of a single case of a genuine full-blooded negress falling in love with a white man.... The stupidest European peasant girl is, in comparison with an African princess, still an ideally endowed being."

Zoeller adds that in all his African experiences he never found a negress of whom he should have been willing to assume that she would sacrifice herself for a man she was attached to. On another page he says:

"A negro woman does not fall in love in the same sense as a European, not even as the least civilized peasant girl. Love, in our sense of the word, is a product of our culture belonging to a higher stage in the development of latent faculties than the negro race has reached. Not only is the negro a stranger to the diverse intellectual and sentimental qualities which we denote by the name of love: nay, even in a purely bodily sense it may be asserted that his nervous system is not only less sensitive, but less well-developed. The negro loves as he eats and drinks.... And just as little as a black epicure have I ever been able to discover a negro who could rise to the imaginative phases of amorous dalliance. A negro ... may buy dozens upon dozens of wives without ever being drawn by an overpowering feeling to any one of them. Love is, among the blacks, as much a matter of money as the palm oil or ivory trade. The black man buys his wife when she is still a child; when she reaches the age at which our maidens go to their first ball, her nervous system, which never was particularly sensitive anyway, is completely blunted, so that she takes it as a matter of course to be sold again and again as a piece of property. One hears often enough of a 'woman palaver,' which is regarded exactly like a 'goat palaver,' as a damage to property, but one never, positively never, hears of a love-affair. The negress never has a sweetheart, either in her youngest days or after her so-called marriage. She is regarded, and regards herself, as a piece of property and a beast of burden."

A SLAVE COAST LOVE-STORY

Travelling a short distance northwest from Kamerun we reach the Slave Coast of West Africa, to which A.B. Ellis has devoted two interesting books, including chapters in the folklore of the Yoruba and Ewe-speaking peoples of this region. Among the tales

recorded are two which illustrate African ideas regarding love. I copy the first verbatim from Ellis's book on the Yoruba (269-70):

Page 284

“There was a young maiden named Buje, the slender, whom all the men wanted. The rich wanted her, but she refused. Chiefs wanted her, and she refused. The King wanted her, and she still refused.” Tortoise came to the King and said to him, ‘She whom you all want and cannot get, I will get. I will have her, I.’ And the King said, ‘If you succeed in having her, I will divide my palace into two halves and will give you one-half.’” One day Buje, the slender, took an earthen pot and went to fetch water. Tortoise, seeing this, took his hoe, and cleared the path that led to the spring. He found a snake in the grass, and killed it. Then he put the snake in the middle of the path.

“When Buje, the slender, had filled her pot, she came back. She saw the snake in the path, and called out, ‘Hi! hi! Come and kill this snake.’

“Tortoise ran up with his cutlass in his hand. He struck at the snake and wounded himself in the leg.

“Then he cried out, ‘Buje the slender, has killed me. I was cutting the bush, I was clearing the path for her. She called to me to kill the snake, but I have wounded myself in the leg. O Buje, the slender, Buje, the slender, take me upon your back and hold me close.’

“He cried this many times, and at last Buje, the slender, took Tortoise and put him on her back. And then he slipped his legs down over her hips....

“Next day, as soon as it was light, Tortoise went to the King. He said, ‘Did I not tell you I should have Buje, the slender? Call all the people of the town to assemble on the fifth day, and you will hear what I have to say.’” When it was the fifth day, the King sent out his crier to call all the people together. The people came. Tortoise cried out, ‘Everybody wanted Buje, the slender, and Buje refused everybody, but I have had her.’

“The King sent a messenger, with his stick, to summon Buje, the slender. When she came the King said, ‘We have heard that Tortoise is your husband; is it so?’

“Buje, the slender, was ashamed, and could not answer. She covered her head with her cloth, and ran away into the bush.

“And there she was changed into the plant called Buje.”

THE MAIDEN WHO ALWAYS REFUSED

Robert Hartmann (480) describes the Yoruba people as vivacious and intelligent. But the details given by Ellis (154) regarding the peculiar functions of bridesmaids, and the assertion that “virginity in a bride is only of paramount importance when the girl has been betrothed in childhood,” explain sufficiently why we must not look for sentimental features in a Yoruba love-story. The most noticeable thing in the above tale is the girl’s power to refuse chiefs and even the King. In Ellis’s book on the Ewe-speaking peoples of the Slave Coast, there is also a love-story (271) concerning a “Maiden who always refused.” It has a moral which seems to indicate masculine disapproval of such a feminine privilege. The following is a condensed version:

Page 285

There was a beautiful girl whose parents were rich. Men came to marry her, but she always said "Not yet." Men continued to come, but she said "My shape is good, my skin is good, therefore I shall stay;" and she stayed. Now the leopard, in the leopard's place, hears this. He turns himself to resemble man. He takes a musical instrument in his hand and makes himself a fine young man. His shape is good. Then he goes to the parents of the maiden and says, "I look strong and manly, but I do not look stronger than I love." Then the father says, "Who looks strong takes;" and the young man says, "I am ready." The young man comes in the house. His shape pleases the young girl. They give him to eat and they give him to drink. Then the young man asks the maiden if she is ready to go, and the maiden says she is ready to go. Her parents give her two female slaves to take along, and goats, sheep, and fowls. Ere long, as they travel along the road, the husband says, "I am hungry." He eats the fowls, but is still hungry: he eats the goats and sheep and is hungry still. The two slaves next fall a victim to his voracity, and then he says, "I am hungry." Then the wife weeps and cries aloud and throws herself on the ground. Immediately the leopard, having resumed his own shape, makes a leap toward her. But there is a hunter concealed in the bush; he has witnessed the scene; he aims his gun and kills the leopard on the leap. Then he cuts off his tail and takes the young woman home. "This is the way of young women," the tale concludes. "The young men come to ask; the young women meet them, and continue to refuse—again, again, again—and so the wild animals turn themselves into men and carry them off."

AFRICAN STORY-BOOKS

While the main object of this discussion is to show that Africans are incapable of feeling sentimental love, I have taken the greatest pains to discover such traces of more refined feelings as may exist. These one might expect to find particularly in the collections of African tales such as Callaway's *Nursery Tales of the Zulus*, Theal's *Kaffir Folk Lore*, the *Folk Lore of Angola*, Stanley's *My Dark Companions and their Stories*, Koelle's *African Native Literature*, Jacottet's *Contes Populaires des Bassoutos*. All that I have been able to find in these books and others bearing on our topic is included in this chapter—and how very little it is! Love, even of the sensual kind, seems to be almost entirely ignored by these dusky story-tellers in favor of a hundred other subjects—in striking contrast to our own literature, in which love is the ruling passion. I have before me another interesting collection of South and North African stories and fables—Bleek's *Reinecke Fuchs in Afrika*. Its author had unusual facilities

Page 286

for collecting them, having been curator of Sir G. Grey's library at Cape Town, which includes a fine collection of African manuscripts. In Bleek's book there are forty-four South African, chiefly Hottentot, fables and tales, and thirty-nine relating to North Africans. Yet among these eighty-three tales there are only three that come under the head of love-stories. As they take up eight pages, I can give only a condensed version of them, taking care, however, to omit no essential feature.[147]

THE FIVE SUITORS

Four handsome youths tried to win a beautiful girl living in the same town. While they were quarrelling among themselves a youth came from another town, lifted the girl on his horse and galloped away with her. The father followed in pursuit on his camel, entered the youth's house, and brought back the girl. One day the father called together all the men of his tribe. The girl stepped among them and said, "Whoever of you can ride on my father's camel without falling off, may have me as wife." Dressed in their best finery, the young men tried, one after another, but were all thrown. Among them sat the stranger youth, wrapped only in a mat. Turning toward him the girl said, "Let the stranger make a trial." The men demurred, but the stranger got on the camel, rode about the party three times safely, and when he passed the girl for the fourth time he snatched her up and rode away with her hastily. Quickly the father mounted his fleet horse and followed the fugitives. He gained on them until his horse's head touched the camel's tail. At that moment the youth reached his home, jumped off the camel and carried the bride into the house. He closed the door so violently that one foot of the pursuing horse caught between the posts. The father drew it out with difficulty and returned to the four disappointed suitors.

TAMBA AND THE PRINCESS

A king had a beautiful daughter and many desired to marry her. But all failed, because none could answer the King's question: "What is enclosed in my amulet?" Undismayed by the failure of men of wealth and rank, Tamba, who lived far in the East and had nothing to boast of, made up his mind to win the princess. His friends laughed at him but he started out on his trip, taking with him some chickens, a goat, rice, rice-straw, millet-seed, and palm-oil. He met in succession a hungry porcupine, an alligator, a horned viper, and some ants, of all of whom he made friends by feeding them the things he had taken along. He reserved some of the rice, and when he arrived at the King's court he gave it to a hungry servant who in turn told him the secret of the amulet. So when he was asked what the amulet contained, he replied: "Hair clipped from the King's head when he was a child; a piece of the calabash from which he first drank milk; and the tooth of the first

Page 287

snake he killed.”This answer angered the King’s minister, and Tamba was put in chains. He was subjected to various tests which he overcame with the aid of the animals he had fed on his trip. But again he was fettered and even lashed. One day the King wanted to bathe, so he sent his four wives to fetch water. A young girl accompanying them saw how all of them were bitten by a horned viper and ran back to tell the news. The wives were brought back unconscious, and no one could help them. The King then thought of Tamba, who was brought before him. Tamba administered an antidote which the viper he had fed had given him, the wives recovered, the wicked minister was beheaded and Tamba was rewarded with the hand of the princess.

THE SEWING MATCH

The third tale is herewith translated verbatim:

“There was a man who had a most beautiful daughter, the favorite of all the young men of the place; two, especially, tried to win her regard. One day these two came together and begged her to choose one of them. The young girl called her father; when the young men had told him that they were suing for his daughter’s hand, he requested them to come there the next day, when he would set them a task and the one who got through with it first should have the girl.”Meanwhile the father bought in the market a piece of cloth and cut it up for two garments. Now when the two rivals appeared the next morning he gave to each the materials for a garment and told them to sew them together, promising his daughter to the one who should get done first. The daughter he ordered to thread the needles for both the men.”Now the girl knew very well which of the two young men she would rather have for a husband; to him, therefore, she always handed needles with short threads, while the other was always supplied with long threads. Noon came and neither of them had finished his garment. After awhile, however, the one who always got the short threads finished his task.”The father was then summoned and the young man showed him the garment; whereupon the father said: ‘You are a quick worker and will therefore surely be able to support your wife. Take my daughter as your wife and always do your work rapidly, then you will always have food for yourself and your wife.’

“Thus did the young man win his beloved by means of her cunning. Joyfully he led her home as his wife.”

BALING OUT THE BROOK

This tale reveals the existence of individual preference, but does not hint at any other ingredient of love, while the father’s promise of the girl to the fastest worker shows a

total indifference to what that preference might be. In the following tale (also from Koelle) the girl again is not consulted.

Page 288

"A certain man had a most beautiful daughter who was beset by many suitors. But as soon as they were told that the sole condition on which they could obtain her was to bale out a brook with a ground-nut shell (which is about half the size of a walnut shell), they always walked away in disappointment. However, at last one took heart of grace, and began the task. He obtained the beauty; for the father said, '*Kam ago tsuru baditsia tsido*—he who undertakes whatever he says, will do it.'"

PROVERBS ABOUT WOMEN

The last two tales I have cited were gathered among the Bornu people in the Soudan. In Burton's *Wit and Wisdom from West Africa* we find a few proverbs about women that are current in the same region.

"If a woman speaks two words, take one and leave the other." "Whatever be thy intimacy, never give thy heart to a woman." "If thou givest thy heart to a woman, she will kill thee." "If a man tells his secrets to his wife, she will bring him into the way of Satan." "A woman never brings a man into the right way." "Men who listen to what women say, are counted as women."

It is significant that in the four hundred and fifty-five pages of Burton's book, which includes over four hundred proverbs and tales, there are only half a dozen brief references to women, and those are sneers.

AFRICAN AMAZONS

As I have had occasion to remark before, African women lack the finer feminine qualities, both bodily and mental, wherefore even if an African man were able to feel sentimental love he could not find an object to bestow it on. An incident related by Du Chaillu (*Ashango Land*, 187) illustrates the martial side of African femininity. A married man named Mayolo had called another man's wife toward him. His own wife, hearing of this, got jealous, told him the other must be his sweetheart, and rushed out to seek her rival. A battle ensued:

"Women's fights in this country always begin by their throwing off their *dengui*—that is, stripping themselves entirely naked. The challenger having thus denuded herself, her enemy showed pluck and answered the challenge by promptly doing the same; so that the two elegant figures immediately went at it literally tooth and nail, for they fought like cats, and between the rounds reviled each other in language the most filthy that could possibly be uttered. Mayolo being asleep in his house, and no one seeming ready to interfere, I went myself and separated the two furies."

In Dahomey, as everybody knows, the bellicose possibilities of the African woman have been utilized in forming bands of Amazons which are described as “the flower of the army.” They are made up of female captives and other women, wear special uniforms, and in battle are credited with even greater ferocity

Page 289

than the men. These women are Amazons not of their own accord but by order of the king. But in other parts of Africa there is reason to believe that bands of self-constituted female warriors have existed at various times. Diodorus Siculus, who lived in the time of Julius Caesar, says that on the western coast of Libya (Africa) there used to live a people governed by women, who carried on wars and the government, the men being obliged to do domestic work and take care of the children. In our time Livingstone found in the villages of the Bechuanas and Banyas that men were often badly treated by the women, and the eminent German anthropologist Bastian says (S.S., 178) that in "the Soudan the power of the women banded together for mutual protection is so great that men are often put under ban and obliged to emigrate." Mungo Park described the curious bugaboo (*mumbo-jumbo*) by means of which the Mandingo negroes used to keep their rebellious women in subjection. According to Bastian, associations for keeping women in subjection are common among men along the whole African West Coast. The women, too, have their associations, and at their meetings compare notes on the meanness and cruelty of their husbands. Now it is easy to conceive that among tribes where many of the men have been killed off in wars the women, being in a great majority, may, for a time at least, turn the tables on the men, assume their weapons and make them realize how it feels to be the "inferior sex." For this reason Bastian sees no occasion to share the modern disposition to regard all the Amazon legends as myths.

WHERE WOMAN COMMANDS

If we now return from the West Coast to Eastern Africa we find on the northern confines of Abyssinia a strange case of the subjection of men, which Munzinger has described in his *Ostafrikanische Studien* (275-338). The Beni Amer are a tribe of Mohammedan shepherds among whom "the sexes seem to have exchanged roles, the women being more masculine in their work." Property is legally held in common, wherefore the men rarely dare to do anything without consulting their wives. In return for this submission they are treated with the utmost contempt:

"For every angry word that the husband utters he is compelled to pay a fine, and perhaps spend a whole rainy night outdoors till he has promised to give his weaker half a camel and a cow. Thus the wife acquires a property of her own, which the husband never is allowed to touch; many women have in this way ruined their husbands and then left them. The women have much *esprit de corps*; if one of them has ground for complaint, all the others come to her aid.... Of course the man is always found in the wrong; the whole village is in a turmoil. This *esprit de corps* demands that every woman, whether she loves her husband or not, must conceal her love and treat him contemptuously. It is considered

Page 290

disgraceful for her to show her love to her husband. This contempt for men goes so far that if a wife laments the death of her husband who has died without issue, her companions taunt her.... One often hears women abuse their husbands or other men in the most obscene language, even on the street, and the men do not dare to make the least retort." "The wife can at any time return to her mother's house, and remain there months, sending word to her husband that he may come to her if he cares for her."

NO CHANCE FOR ROMANTIC LOVE

The causes of this singular effeminacy of the men and masculinity of the women are not indicated by Munzinger; but so much is clear that, although the tables are turned, Cupid is again left in the cold. Nor is there any romance in the courtship which leads to such hen-pecked conjugal life:

"The children are often married very early, and engaged earlier still. The bridegroom goes with his companions to fetch his bride; but after having talked with her parents he returns without having seen her. The bride thereafter remains another whole year with her parents. After its expiration the bridegroom sends women and a camel to bring her to his home; she is taken away with her tent, but the bridal escort is often fooled by the substitution in the bride's place of another girl, who allows herself to be taken along, carefully veiled, and after the village has been left behind betrays herself and runs away."

These Beni Amer are of course far superior in culture to the Bushmen, Hottentots, Kaffirs, and West Coast peoples we have been considering so far, having long been in contact with Oriental influences. It is therefore as strange as it is instructive to note that as soon as a race becomes civilized enough to feel a kind of love exalted above mere sensuality, special pains are taken to interpose fresh obstacles, as in the above case, where it is good form to suppress all affection, and where a young man may not see his bride even after engagement. This last custom seems to be of common occurrence in this part of Africa. Munzinger (387) says of the Kunama: "As among the border peoples engagements are often made at a very early age, after which time bride and bridegroom avoid each other;" and again (147) concerning the region of Massua, on the Red Sea:

"From the day of the engagement the young man is obliged to carefully avoid the bride and her mother. The desire to see her after the engagement is considered very improper, and often leads to a breaking-up of the affair. If the youth meets the girl accidentally, she veils her face and her friends surround her to cover her from the bridegroom's sight."

PASTORAL LOVE

Page 291

These attachments are so shallow that if the fortune-teller who is always consulted gives an unfavorable forecast, the engagement is forthwith broken off. It is instructive to note further that the rigid separation of a man from his betrothed serves merely to stifle legitimate love; its object cannot be to prevent improper intimacies, for before engagement the girls enjoy perfect liberty to do what they please, and after engagement they may converse with *anyone except the lover*. As Parkyns (II., 41) tells us, he is never allowed to see his intended wife even for a moment, unless he can bribe some female friend to arrange it so he can get a peep at her by concealing himself; but if the girl discovers him she covers her face, screams, runs away, and hides. This "coyness" is a pure sham. In reality the Abyssinian girl is anything but coy. Munzinger thus describes her character:

"The shepherd girls in the neighborhood of Massua always earn some money by carrying water and provisions to the city. The youngest girls are sent there heedlessly, and are often cheated out of more than their money, and therefore they do not usually make the best of wives, being coquettish and very eager for money. The refinements of innocence must not be sought for in this country; they are incompatible with the simple arrangement of the houses and the unrestrained freedom of conversation. No one objects to this, a family's only anxiety being that the girl should not lose the semblance of virginity.... If a child is born it is mercilessly killed by the girl's grandmother."

Sentimental admirers of what they suppose to be genuine "pastoral love poetry" will find further food for thought in the following Abyssinian picture from Parkyns (II., 40):

"The boys are turned out wild to look after the sheep and cattle; and the girls from early childhood are sent to fetch water from the well or brook, first in a gourd, and afterward in a jar proportioned to their strength. These occupations are not conducive to the morality of either sex. If the well be far from the village, the girls usually form parties to go thither, and amuse themselves on the road by singing sentimental or love songs, which not unfrequently verge upon the obscene, and indulge in conversation of a similar description; while, during their halt at the well for an hour or so, they engage in romps of all kinds, in which parties of the other sex frequently join. This early license lays the foundation for the most corrupt habits, when at a later period they are sent to the woods to collect fuel."

James Bruce, one of the earliest Europeans to visit the Abyssinians, describes them as living practically in a state of promiscuity, divorce being so frequent that he once saw a woman surrounded by seven former husbands, and there being hardly any difference between legitimacy and illegitimacy. Another old writer, Rev. S. Gobat, describes the Abyssinians as light-minded, having nothing constant but inconstancy itself. A more recent writer, J. Hotten (133-35), explains, in the following sentence, a fact which has often misled unwary observers:

Page 292

"Females are rarely gross or immodest outwardly, seeing that they need in no way be ashamed of the freest intercourse with the other sex," "Rape is venial, and adultery regards only the husband."

The Christian Abyssinians are in this respect no better than the others, regarding lewd conduct with indifference. But the most startling exhibition of Abyssinian grossness is given by the Habab and Mensa concerning whom Munzinger says (150), that whenever a girl decides to give herself up to a dissolute life "a public festival is arranged, cows are butchered and a night is spent amid song and dances."

The four volumes of Combes and Tamisier on Abyssinia give a vivid idea of the utter absence of sexual morality in that country. With an intelligence rare among explorers they distinguish between love of the senses and love of the heart, and declare that the latter is not to be found in this country. "Abyssinian women love everybody for money and no one gratis." They do not even suspect the possibility of any other kind of love, and the only distinction they make is that a man who pleases them pays less.

"But what one never finds with anyone in Abyssinia is that refined and pure sentiment which gives so much charm to love in Europe. Here the heart is seldom touched; tender words are often spoken, but they are banal and rarely sincere; never do these people experience those extraordinary emotions of which the very remembrance agitates us a long time, those celestial feelings which convert an atheist into a believer. In this country love has all its existence in a moment, having neither a past nor a future."

The authors go so far as to doubt a story they heard of a girl who was said to have committed suicide to escape a hated suitor forced on her; but there is nothing improbable in this, as we know that a strong aversion may exist even where there is no capacity for true love, and the former by no means implies the latter. Jealousy, they found further,

"is practically unknown in Abyssinia," "If jealousy is manifested occasionally by women we must not deceive ourselves regarding the nature of this feeling; when an Abyssinienne envies the love another inspires she is jealous only of the comfort which that love may insure for the other" (II., Chap. V.).

ABYSSINIAN BEAUTY AND FLIRTATION

Abyssinian women are not deficient in a certain sensual kind of beauty. Their fine figures, large black eyes, and white teeth have been admired by many travellers. But Parkyns (II., 5) avers that "though flowers of beauty nowhere bloom with more luxuriance than in Aethiopia, yet, alas! there shines on them no mental sun." They make use of their eyes to great advantage—but not to express soul-love. What flirtation in this part of the world consists in, may be inferred from Donaldson Smith's amusing



account (245, 270) of a young Boran girl who asked permission to accompany his caravan, offering to cook, bring wood, *etc.* She was provided with a piece of white sheeting for a dress, but when tired from marching, being unused to so much clothing, she threw the whole thing aside and walked about naked. Her name was Ola. Some time afterward one of the native guides began to make love to Ola:

Page 293

"I oversaw the two flirting and was highly amused at the manner in which they went about it. It consisted almost entirely in tickling and pinching, each sally being accompanied by roars of laughter. They never kissed, as such a thing is unknown in Africa."

GALLA COARSENESS

South of Abyssinia there are three peoples—the Galla, Somali, and Harari—among some of whom, if we may believe Dr. Paulitschke, the germs of true love are to be found. Let us briefly examine them in turn, with Paulitschke's arguments. Hartmann (401) assigns to the Gallas a high rank among African races, and Paulitschke (*B.z.E.*, 51-56) describes them as more intelligent than the Somali, but also more licentious. Boys marry at sixteen to eighteen, girls at twelve to sixteen. The women are compelled to do most of the hard work; wives are often badly treated, and when their husbands get tired of them they send them away. Good friends lend each other their wives, and they also lend them to guests. If a man kills his wife no one minds it. Few Schoa girls are virgins when they marry (*Eth. N. Afr.*, 195), and the married women are easily led from the path of virtue by small presents. In other parts girls take a pride in preserving their purity, but atone for it by a dissolute life after marriage. Brides are subjected to an obscene examination, and if not found pure are supposed to be legally disqualified from marriage. To avoid the disgrace, the parents bribe the bridegroom to keep the secret, and to assert the bride's innocence. A curious detail of Galla courtship consists in the precautions the parents of rich youths have to take to protect them from designing poor girls and their mothers. Often, when the parents of a rich youth are averse to the match, the coy bride goes to their hut, jumps over the surrounding hedge, and remains there enduring the family's abuse until they finally accept her. To prevent such an invasion—a sort of inverted capture, in which the woman is the aggressor—the parents of rich sons build very high hedges round their houses to keep out girls! Not infrequently, boys and girls are married when only six or eight years old, and forthwith live together as husband and wife.

SOMALI LOVE-AFFAIRS

It is among the neighbors of these Gallas that Paulitschke (30) fancied he discovered the existence of refined love:

"Adult youths and maidens have occasion, especially while tending the cattle, to form attachments. These are of an idealized nature, because the young folks are brought up in a remarkably chaste and serious manner. The father is proud of his blooming daughter and guards her like a treasure.... In my opinion, marriages among the Western Somals are mostly based on cordial mutual affection. A young man renders homage to his beloved in song. 'Thou

Page 294

art beautiful,' he sings, 'thy limbs are plump, if thou wouldst drink camel's milk thou wert more beautiful still.' The girl, on her part, gives expression to her longing for the absent lover in this melancholy song: 'The camel needs good grazing, and dislikes to leave it. My beloved has left the country. On account of the children of Sahal (the lover's family), my heart is always so heavy. Others throw themselves into the ocean, but I perish from grief. Could I but find the beloved.'"

What evidence of "idealized" love is there in these poems? The girl expresses longing for an absent man, and longing, as we have seen, characterizes all kinds of love from the highest to the lowest. It is one of the selfish ingredients of love, and is therefore evidence of self-love, not of other-love. As for the lover's poem, what is it but the grossest sensualism, the usual African apotheosis of fat? Imagine an American lover saying to a girl, "You are beautiful for you are plump, but you would be more beautiful still if you ate more pork and beans"—would she regard this as evidence of refined love, or would she turn her back and never speak to him again? Anthropologists are sometimes strangely naive. We have just seen what kind of "attachments" are formed by African youths and girls while tending cattle; Burton adds to the evidence (*F.F.*, 120) by telling us that among the Somali "the bride, as usual in the East, is rarely consulted, but frequent *tete-a-tetes* at the well and in the bush when tending cattle effectually obviate this inconvenience." "At the wells," says Donaldson Smith (15), "you will see both sexes bathing together, with little regard for decency." They are indeed lower than brutes in their impulses, for the only way parents can save their infant girls from being maltreated is by the practice of infibulation, to which, as Paulitschke himself tells us, the girls are subjected at the early age of four, or even three; yet, even this, he likewise informs us, is not always effectual.

As for the father's great pride in his daughter, and his guarding her like a treasure, that is, by the concurrent testimony of the authorities, not a token of affection or a regard for virtue, but a purely commercial matter. Paulitschke himself says (30) that while the mother is devoted to her child, "the father pays no attention to it." On the following page he adds:

"The more well-to-do the father is, and the more beautiful his daughter, the longer he seeks to keep her under the paternal roof, for the purpose of securing a bigger price for her through the competition of suitors."

Of the Western Somali tribes at Zayla, Captain J.S. King says[148] that when a man has fixed his choice on a girl he pays her father \$100 to \$800. After that

Page 295

"the proposer is entitled (on payment of \$5 each time) to private interviews with his fiancée to enable him by a closer inspection to judge better of her personal charms. But it frequently happens that the young man squanders all his money on these 'interviews' before paying the *dafa* agreed upon. The girl then (at her parents' instigation) breaks off the match, and her father, when expostulated with, replies that he will not force his daughter's inclinations. Hence arise innumerable breach-of-promise-of-marriage suits, in which the man is invariably the plaintiff. I have known instances of a girl being betrothed to three or four different men in about a year's time, their father receiving a certain amount of *dafa* from each suitor." [149]

Donaldson Smith remarks (12) that Somali women "are regarded merely as goods and chattels. In a conversation with one of my boys he told me that he only owned five camels, but that he had a sister from whom he expected to get much money when he sold her in marriage." The gross commercialism of Somali love-affairs is further illustrated by the Ogaden custom (Paulitschke, *E.N.A.*, 199) of pouring strong perfumes over the bride in order to stimulate the ardor of the suitor and make him willing to pay more for her—a trick which is often successful. How, under such circumstances, Somal marriages can be "mostly based on cordial mutual affection" is a mystery for Dr. Paulitschke to explain. Burton proved himself a keener observer and psychologist when he wrote (*F.F.*, 122), "The Somal knows none of the exaggerated and chivalrous ideas by which passion becomes refined affection among the Arab Bedouins and the sons of civilization." I may add what this writer says regarding Somal poetry:

"The subjects are frequently pastoral; the lover, for instance, invites his mistress to walk with him toward the well in Lahelo, the Arcadia of the land; he compares her legs to the tall, straight Libi tree, and imprecates the direst curses on her head if she refuses to drink with him the milk of his favorite camel."

ARABIC INFLUENCES

The Harari, neighbors of the Somals, are another people among whom Paulitschke fancied that he discovered signs of idealized love (*B.E.A.S.*, 70). Their youthful attachments, he says, are intense and noble, and in proof of this he translates two of their poems on the beauty of a bride.

I. "I tell thee this only: thy face is like silk, Aisa; I say it again, I tell thee nothing but that. Thou art slender as a lance-shaft; thy father and thy mother are Arabs; they all are Arabs; I tell thee this only." II. "Thy form is like a burning lamp, Aisa; I love thee. When thou art at the side of Abraham, thou burnest him with the light of thy beauty. To-morrow I shall see thee again."

In a third (freely translated and printed in the appendix of the same volume) occur these lines:

Page 296

"The honey is already taken out and I come with it. The milk is already drawn and I bring it. And now thou art the pure honey, and now thou art the fresh milk. The gathered honey is very sweet, and therefore it was drunk to thy health. Thine eyes are black, dyed with Kahul. The fresh milk is very sweet and therefore it was drunk to thy health. I have seen Sina—oh, how sweet was Sina.... Thine eyes are like the full moon, and thy body is fragrant as the fragrance of rose-water. And she lives in the garden of her father and the garments on her body become fragrant as basil.... And thou art like a king's garden in which all perfumes are united."

It is easy to note Arabic influences in these poems. The Harari are largely Arabic; their very language is being absorbed in the Arabic; yet I cannot find in these poems the least evidence of amorous idealism or "noble" sentiment. To have a lover compare a girl's face to silk, her form to a lance-shaft or a burning lamp, her eyes to the full moon, may be an imaginative sort of sensualism, but it is purely sensual nevertheless. If an American lover told a girl, "I bought some delicious candy and ate it, thinking of you; I ordered a glass of sweet soda-water and drank it to your health"—would she regard that as evidence of "noble" love, or of any kind of love at all, except a kind of cupboard love?

No, not even here, where Arabian influences prevail, do we come across the germs of true love. It is the same all over Africa. Nowhere do we find indications that men admire other things in women except, at most, voluptuous eyes and plump figures; nowhere do the men perform unselfish acts of gallantry and self-sacrifice; nowhere exhibit sympathy with their females, who, far from being goddesses, are not even companions, but simply drudges and slaves to lust. A whole volume would be required to demonstrate that this holds true of all parts of Africa; but the present chapter is already too long and I must close with a brief reference to the Berbers of Algeria (Kabyles) to show that at the northern extremity of Africa, as at the southern, the eastern, the western, love spells lust. Here, too, man is lower than animals. Camille Sabatier, who was a justice of the peace at Tizi-Ouzan, speaks^[150] of "*la brutalite du male qui, souvent meme chez les Kabyles, n'attend pas la nubilite pour deflorer la jeune enfant.*" The girls, he adds,

"detest their husbands with all their heart. Love is almost always unknown to them—I mean by love that ensemble of refined sentiments, which, among civilized peoples, ennoble the sexual appetite."

TOUAREG CHIVALRY

Page 297

A guileless reader of Chavanne's book on the Sahara is apt to get the impression that there is, after all, an oasis in the desert of African lovelessness and contempt for women. Touareg women, we are told therein (208-10), are allowed to dispose of their hands and to eat with the men, certain dishes being reserved for them, others (including tea and coffee) for the men. In the evening the women assemble and improvise songs while the men sit around in their best attire. The women write mottoes on the men's shields, and the men carve their chosen one's name in the rocks and sing her praises. The situation has been compared to mediaeval chivalry. But when we examine it more critically than the biased Chavanne did, we find, using his own data, more of Africa than appeared to be there at first sight. The woman, we are informed, owes the husband obedience, and he can divorce her at pleasure. When a woman talks to a man she veils her face "as a sign of respect." And when the men travel, they are accompanied by those of their female slaves who are young and pretty. Their morals are farther characterized by the fact that descent is in the female line, which is usually due to uncertain paternity. The women are ugly and masculine, and Chavanne does not mention a single fact or act which proves that they experience supersensual, altruistic love.

So far as the position of Touareg women is superior to that of other Africans, it is due to the fact that slaves are kept to do the hard work and to certain European and Christian influences and the institution of theoretical monogamy. Possibly the germs of a better sort of love may exist among them, as they may among the Bedouins; they must make a beginning somewhere.

AN AFRICAN LOVE-LETTER

T.J. Hutchinson declares that the gentle god of love is unknown in the majority of African kingdoms: "It in fact seems to be crawling into life only in one or two places where our language is the established one." He prints a quaint love-letter addressed by a Liberian native to his colored sweetheart. The substance of the letter, it is true, is purely egotistic; it might be summed up in the words, "Oh, how I wish you were here to make me happy." Yet it opens up vistas of future possibilities. I cite it verbatim:

"My Dear Miss,—I take my pen in hand to Embrace you of my health, I was very sick this morning but know I am better but I hope it may find you in a state of Enjoying good health and so is your Relation. Oh my dear Miss what would I give if I could see thy lovely Face this precious minnit O miss you had promis me to tell me something, and I like you to let you know I am very anxious to know what it is give my Respect to the young mens But to the young ladys especially O I am long to see you O miss if I don't see you shortly surely I must die I shut my mouth to hold my breath Miss don't you cry O my little pretty turtle dove I wont you to write to me, shall I go Bound or shall I go free or shall I love a pretty girl a she don't love me give my Respect all enquiring Friend Truly Your respectfully,

“J——H——

Page 298

"Nothing more to say O miss."

ABORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN LOVE

The founders of the Australian race, Curr believes, were Africans, and may have arrived in one canoe. The distance from Africa to Australia is, however, great, and there are innumerable details of structure, color, custom, myth, implements, language, *etc.*, which have led the latest authorities to conclude that the Australian race was formed gradually by a mixture of Papuans, Malayans, and Dravidians of Central India.[151] Topinard has given reasons for believing that there are two distinct races in Australia. However that may be, there are certainly great differences in the customs of the natives. As regards the relations of the sexes, luckily, these differences are not so great as in some other respects, wherefore it is possible to give a tolerably accurate bird's-eye view of the Australians as a whole from this point of view.

PERSONAL CHARMS OF AUSTRALIANS

Once in awhile, in the narrative of those who have travelled or sojourned among Australians, one comes across a reference to the symmetrical form, soft skin, red lips, and white teeth of a young Australian girl. Mitchell in his wanderings saw several girls with beautiful features and figures. Of one of these, who seemed to be the most influential person in camp, he says (I., 266):

"She was now all animation, and her finely shaped mouth, beautiful teeth, and well-formed person appeared to great advantage as she hung over us both, addressing me vehemently,"

etc. Of two other girls the same writer says (II., 93):

"The youngest was the handsomest female I had ever seen amongst the natives. She was so far from black that the red color was very apparent in her cheeks. She sat before me in a corner of the group, nearly in the attitude of Mr. Bailey's fine statue of Eve at the fountain, and apparently equally unconscious that she was naked. As I looked upon her for a moment, while deeply regretting the fate of her mother, the chief, who stood by, and whose hand had been more than once laid upon my cap, as if to feel whether it were proof against the blow of a waddy, begged me to accept of her in exchange for a tomahawk!"

Eyre, another famous early traveller, writes on this topic (II., 207-208):

"Occasionally, though rarely, I have met with females in the bloom of youth, whose well-proportioned limbs and symmetry of figure might have formed a model for the sculptor's chisel. In personal appearance the females are, except in early youth, very far inferior



to the men. When young, however, they are not uninteresting. The jet black eyes, shaded by their long dark lashes, and the delicate and scarcely formed features of incipient womanhood give a soft and pleasing expression to a countenance that might often be

Page 299

called good-looking—occasionally pretty.”

“Occasionally, though rarely,” and then only for a few years, is an Australian woman attractive from *our* point of view. As a rule she is very much the reverse—dirty, thin-limbed, course-featured, ungainly in every way;[152] and Eyre tells us why this is so. The extremities of the women, he says, are more attenuated than those of the men; probably because “like most other savages, the Australian looks upon his wife as a slave,” makes her undergo great privations and do all the hard work, such as bringing in wood and water, tending the children, carrying all the movable property while on the march, *often even her husband’s weapons*:

“In wet weather she attends to all the outside work, whilst her lord and master is snugly seated at the fire. If there is a scarcity of food, she has to endure the pangs of hunger, often, perhaps, in addition to ill-treatment and abuse. No wonder, then, that the females, and especially the younger ones (for it is then they are exposed to the greatest hardships), are not so fully or so roundly developed in person as the men.”

The rule that races admire those personal characteristics which climate and circumstances have impressed on them is not borne out among Australians. An arid soil and a desiccating climate make them thin as a race, but they do not admire thinness. “Long-legged,” “thin-legged,” are favorite terms of abuse among them, and Grey once heard a native sing scornfully

Oh, what a leg,

* * * * *

You kangaroo-footed churl!

Nor is it beauty, in our sense of the word, that attracts them, but fat, as in Africa and the Orient. I have previously quoted Brough Smyth’s assertion that an Australian woman, however old and ugly, is in constant danger of being stolen if she is fat. That women have the same standard of “taste,” appears from the statement of H.E.A. Meyer (189), that the principal reason why the men anoint themselves with grease and ochre is that it makes them look fat and “gives them an air of importance in the eyes of the women, for they admire a fat man however ugly.” But whereas these men admire a fat woman for sensual reasons, the women’s preference is based on utilitarian motives. Low as their reasoning powers are, they are shrewd enough to reflect that a man who is in good condition proves thereby that he is “somebody”—that he can hunt and will be able to bring home some meat for his wife too. This interpretation is borne out by what was said on a previous page (278) about one of the reasons why corpulence is valued in Fiji, and also by an amusing incident related by the eminent Australian explorer George



Grey (II., 93). He had reproached his native guide with not knowing anything, when the guide replied:

“I know nothing! I know how to keep myself fat; the young women look at me and say, 'Imbat is very handsome, he is fat'—they will look at you and say, 'He not good—long legs—what do you know? Where is your fat? What for do you know so much, if you can't keep fat?’”

CRUEL TREATMENT OF WOMEN

Page 300

Eyre was no doubt right in his suggestion that the inferiority of Australian women to the men in personal appearance was due to the privations and hardships to which the women were subjected. Much as the men admire fat in a woman, they are either too ignorant, or too selfish otherwise, to allow them to grow fat in idleness. Women in Australia never exist for their own sake but solely for the convenience of the men. "The man," says the Rev. H.E.A. Meyer (11), "regarding them more as slaves than in any other light, employs them in every possible way to his own advantage." "The wives were the absolute property of the husband," says the Rev. G. Taplin (XVII. to XXXVII.),

"and were given away, exchanged, or lent, as their owners saw fit." "The poor creatures ... are always seen to a disadvantage, being ... the slaves of their husbands and of the tribes." "The women in all cases came badly off when they depended upon what the men of the tribes chose to give them." "The woman is an absolute slave. She is treated with the greatest cruelty and indignity, has to do all laborious work, and to carry all the burthens. For the slightest offence or dereliction of duty, she is beaten with a waddy or a yam-stick, and not unfrequently speared. The records of the Supreme Court in Adelaide furnish numberless instances of blacks being tried for murdering their lubras. The woman's life is of no account if her husband chooses to destroy it, and no one ever attempts to protect or take her part under any circumstances. In times of scarcity of food, she is the last to be fed and the last considered in any way. That many of them die in consequence cannot be a matter of wonder.... The condition of the women has no influence over their treatment, and a pregnant female is dealt with and is expected to do as much as if she were in perfect health.... The condition of the native women is wretched and miserable in the extreme; in fact, in no savage nation of which there is any record can it be any worse."

And again (p. 72):

"The men think nothing of thrashing their wives, knocking them on the head, and inflicting frightful gashes; but they never beat the boys. And the sons treat their mothers very badly. Very often mere lads will not hesitate to strike and throw stones at them."

"Women," says Eyre (322), "are frequently beaten about the head with waddies, in the most dreadful manner, or speared in the limbs for the most trivial offences."

There is hardly one, he says, that has not some frightful scars on the body; and he saw one who "appeared to have been almost riddled with spear-wounds." "Does a native meet a woman in the woods and violate her, he is not the one to feel the vengeance of the husband, but the poor victim whom he has abused" (387). "Women surprised by strange blacks are always abused and often massacred" (Curr, I., 108). "A black hates intensely

Page 301

those of his own race with whom he is unacquainted, always excepting the females. To one of these he will become attached if he succeeds in carrying one off; otherwise he will kill the women out of mere savageness and hatred of their husbands" (80).

"Whenever they can, blacks in their wild state never neglect to massacre all male strangers who fall into their power. Females are ravished, and often slain afterward if they cannot be conveniently carried off."

The natives of Victoria "often break to pieces their six-feet-long sticks on the heads of the women" (Waitz, VI., 775). "In the case of a man killing his own gin [wife], he has to deliver up one of his own sisters for his late wife's friends to put to death" (W.E. Roth, 141). After a war, when peace is patched up, it sometimes happens that "the weaker party give some nets and women to make matters up" (Curr, II., 477). In the same volume (331) we find a realistic picture of masculine selfishness at home:

"When the mosquitoes are bad, the men construct with forked sticks driven into the ground rude bedsteads, on which they sleep, a fire being made underneath to keep off with its smoke the troublesome insects. No bedsteads, however, fall to the share of the women, whose business it is to keep the fires burning whilst their lords sleep."

Concerning woman in the lower Murray tribes, Bulmer says[153] that "on the journey her lord would coolly walk along with merely his war implements, weighing only a few pounds, while his wife was carrying perhaps sixty pounds."

The lives of the women "are rated as of the less value than those of the men." "Their corpses are often thrown to dogs for food" (Waitz, VI., 775). "These poor creatures," says Wilkinson of the South Australian women (322),

"are in an abject state, and are only treated with about the same consideration as the dogs that accompany them; they are obliged to give any food that may be desired to the men, and sit and see them eat it, considering themselves amply repaid if they are rewarded by having a piece of gizzel, or any other leavings, pitched to them."

J.S. Wood (71) relates this characteristic story:

"A native servant was late in keeping his appointment with his master, and, on inquiry, it was elicited that he had just quarrelled with one of his wives, and had speared her through the body. On being rebuked by his master, he turned off the matter with a laugh, merely remarking that white men had only one wife, whereas he had two, and did not mind losing one till he could buy another."

Sturt, who made two exploring expeditions (1829-1831), wrote (II., 55) that the men oblige their women to procure their own food, or they "throw to them over their

shoulders the bones they have already picked, with a nonchalance that is extremely amusing.” The women are also excluded from religious ceremonies;

Page 302

many of the best things to eat are taboo to them; and the cruel contempt of the men pursues them even after death. The men are buried with ceremony (Curr, I., 89), but “as the women and children are held to be very inferior to the men whilst alive, and their spirits are but little feared after death, they are interred with but scant ceremony... the women alone wailing.” Thus they show their contempt even for the ghosts of women, though they are so afraid of other ghosts that they never leave camp in the dark or have a nocturnal dance except by moonlight or with big fires!

WERE SAVAGES CORRUPTED BY WHITES?

Such is the Australian’s treatment of woman—a treatment so selfish, so inconsistent with the altruistic traits and impulses of romantic love—sympathy, gallantry, and self-sacrificing affection, not to speak of adoration—that it alone proves him incapable of so refined a sentiment. If any doubt remained, it would be removed by his utter inability to rise above the sensual sphere. The Australian is absolutely immoral and incredibly licentious. Here, however, we are confronted by a spectre with which the sentimentalists try to frighten the searchers for truth, and which must therefore be exorcised first. They grant the wantonness of savages, but declare that it is “due chiefly to the influence of civilization.” This is one of the favorite subterfuges of Westermarck, who resorts to it again and again. In reference to the Australians he cites what Edward Stephens wrote regarding the former inhabitants of the Adelaide Plains:

“Those who speak of the natives as a naturally degraded race, either do not speak from experience, or they judge them by what they have become when the abuse of intoxicants and contact with the most wicked of the white race have begun their deadly work. As a rule to which there are no exceptions, if a tribe of blacks is found away from the white settlement, the more vicious of the white men are most anxious to make the acquaintance of the natives, and that, too, solely for purposes of immorality. ... I saw the natives and was much with them before those dreadful immoralities were well known ... and I say it fearlessly, that nearly all their evils they owed to the white man’s immorality and to the white man’s drink.”

Now the first question a conscientious truth-seeker feels inclined to ask regarding this “fearless” Stephens who thus boldly accuses of ignorance all those who hold that the Australian race was degraded before it came in contact with whites, is, “Who is he and what are his qualifications for serving as a witness in this matter?” He is, or was, a simple-minded settler, kindly no doubt, who for some inscrutable reason was allowed to contribute a paper to the *Journal of the Royal Society of New South Wales* (Vol. XXXIII.). His qualifications for appearing as an expert in Australian anthropology

Page 303

may be inferred from various remarks in his paper. He naively tells a story about a native who killed an opossum, and after eating the meat, threw the intestines to his wife. "Ten years before that," he adds, "that same man would have treated his wife as himself." Yet we have just seen that all the explorers, in all parts of the country, found that the natives who had never seen a white man treated their women like slaves and dogs.

ABORIGINAL HORRORS

If the savage learned his wantonness from the whites, did he get all his other vicious habits from the same source? We know on the best authorities that the disgusting practice of cannibalism prevailed extensively among the natives. "They eat the young men when they die, and the young women if they are fat" (Curr, III., 147). Lumholtz entitled his book on Australia *Among Cannibals*. The Rev. G. Taplin says (XV.):

"Among the Dieyerie tribe cannibalism is the universal practice, and all who die are indiscriminately devoured ... the mother eats the flesh of her children, and the children that of their mother," etc.

"If a man had a fat wife," says the same writer (2), "he was always particularly careful not to leave her unprotected, lest she might be seized by prowling cannibals." Among the wilder tribes few women are allowed to die a natural death, "they being generally despatched ere they become old and emaciated, that so much good food may not be lost." [154] Would the "fearless" Stephens say that the natives learned these practices from the whites? Would he say they learned from the whites the "universal custom ... to slay every unprotected male stranger met with" (Curr, I., 133)?

"Infanticide is very common, and appears to be practised solely to get rid of the trouble of rearing children," wrote Eyre (II., 324). Curr (I., 70) heard that "some tribes within the area of the Central Division cut off the nipples of the females' breasts, in some instances, for the purpose of rendering their rearing of children impossible." On the Mitchell River, "children were killed for the most trivial offences, such as for accidentally breaking a weapon as they trotted about the camp" (Curr, II., 403). Twins are destroyed in South Australia, says Leigh (159), and if the mother dies "they throw the living infant into the grave, while infanticide is an every-day occurrence." Curr (I., 70) believes that the average number of children borne by each woman was six, the maximum ten; but of all these only two boys and one girl as a rule were kept, "the rest were destroyed immediately after birth," as we destroy litters of puppies. Sometimes the infants were smothered over a fire (Waitz, VI., 779), and deformed children were always killed. Taplin (13) writes that before his colony was established among them infanticide was very prevalent among the natives. "One intelligent woman said she thought that if the

Europeans had waited a few more years they would have found the country without inhabitants.” Strangulation, a blow of the waddy, or filling the ears with red-hot embers, were the favorite ways of killing their own babies.

Page 304

Did the whites teach the angelic savages all these diabolical customs? If so, they must have taught them customs invented for the occasion, since they are not practised by whites in any part of the world. But perhaps Stephens would have been willing to waive this point. Sentimentalists are usually more or less willing to concede that savages are devils in most things if we will only admit in return that they are angels in their sexual relations. For instance, if we may believe Stephens, no nun was ever more modest than the native Australian woman. Once, he says, he was asked to visit a poor old black woman in the last stages of consumption:

“Her case was hopeless, and when she was in almost the last agony of mortal dissolution I was astounded at her efforts at concealment, indicative of extreme modesty. As I drew her opossum rug over her poor emaciated body the look of gratitude which came from her dying eyes told me in language more eloquent than words that beneath that dark and dying exterior there was a soul which in a few hours angels would delight to honor.”

The poor woman was probably cold and glad to be covered; if she had any modesty regarding exposure of the body she could have learned it from no one but the dreadful, degraded whites, for the Australian himself is an utter stranger to such a feeling. On this point the explorers and students of the natives are unanimous. Both men and women went absolutely naked except in those regions where the climate was cold.

NAKED AND NOT ASHAMED

“They are as innocent of shame as the animals of the forest,” says E. Palmer; and J. Bonwick writes: “Nakedness is no shame with them. As a French writer once remarked to a lady, ‘With a pair of gloves you could clothe six men.’” Even ornaments are worn by the men only: “females are content with their natural charms.” W.E. Roth, in his standard work on the Queensland natives, says that “with both sexes the privates are only covered on special public occasions, or when in close proximity to white settlements.” With the Warburton River tribe (Curr, II, 18) “the women go quite naked, and the men have only a belt made of human hair round the waist from which a fringe spun of hair of rats hangs in front.” Sturt wrote (I., 106): “The men are much better looking than the women; both go perfectly naked.”

At the dances a covering of feathers or leaves is sometimes worn by the women, but is removed as soon as the dance is over. Narrinyeri girls, says Taplin (15), “wear a sort of apron of fringe, called Kaininggi, until they bear their first child. If they have no children it is taken from them and burned by their husbands while they are asleep.” Meyer (189) says the same of the Encounter Bay tribe, and similar customs prevailed at Port Jackson and many other places. Summing up the observations of Cook, Turnbull, Cunningham, Tench, Hunter, and others, Waitz remarks (VI., 737):

Page 305

"In the region of Sydney, too, the natives used to be entirely nude, and as late as 1816 men would go about the streets of Paramatta and Sydney naked, despite many prohibitions and attempts to clothe them, which always failed"

—so ingrained was the absence of shame in the native mind.

Jackman, the "Australian Captive," an Englishman who spent seventeen months among the natives, describes them as being "as nude as Adam and Eve" (99). "The Australians' utter lack of modesty is remarkable," writes F. Mueller (207):

"it reveals itself in the way in which their clothes are worn. While an attempt is made to cover the upper, especially the back part of the body, the private parts are often left uncovered."

One early explorer, Sturt (II., 126), found the natives of the interior, without exception, "in a complete state of nudity."

The still earlier Governor Philipps (1787) found that the inhabitants of New South Wales had no idea that one part of the body ought to be covered more than any other. Captain Flinders, who saw much of Australia in 1795, speaks in one place (I., 66) of "the short skin cloak which is of kangaroo, and worn over the shoulders, leaving the rest of the body naked." This was in New South Wales. At Keppel Bay (II., 30) he writes: "These people ... go entirely naked;" and so on at other points of the continent touched on his voyage. In Dawson (61) we read: "They were perfectly naked, as they always are." Nor has the Australian in his native state changed in the century or more since whites have known him. In the latest book on Central Australia (1899) by Spencer and Gillen we read (17) that to this day a native woman "with nothing on except an ancient straw hat and an old pair of boots is perfectly happy."

IS CIVILIZATION DEMORALIZING?

The reader is now in a position to judge of the reliability of the "fearless" Stephens as a witness, and of the blind bias of the anthropologist who uses him as such. It surely ought not to be necessary to prove that races among whom cannibalism, infanticide, wife enslavement and murder, and other hideous crimes are rampant as unreproved national customs, could not possibly be refined and moral in their sexual relations, which offer the greatest of all temptations to unrestrained selfishness. Yet Stephens tells us in his article that before the advent of the whites these people were chaste, and "conjugal infidelity was almost if not entirely unknown;" while Westermarck (61, 64, 65) classes the Australians with those savages "among whom sexual intercourse out of wedlock is of rare occurrence." On page 70 he declares that "in a savage condition of life ... there is comparatively little reason for illegitimate relations;" and on page 539, in summing up his doctrines, he asserts that "we have some reason to believe that



irregular connections between the sexes have, on the whole, exhibited a tendency to increase along with the progress of civilization.” The refutation of this libel on civilization—which is widely believed—is one of the main objects of the following pages—is, in fact, one of the main objects of this whole volume.

Page 306

There are a few cities in Southern Europe where the rate of illegitimacy equals, and in one or two cases slightly exceeds, the legitimate births; but that is owing to the fact that betrayed girls from the country nearly always go to the cities to find a refuge and hide their shame. Taking the countries as a whole we find that even Scotland, which has always had a somewhat unsavory reputation in this respect, had, in 1897, only 6.98 per cent of illegitimate births—say seven in a hundred; the highest rate since 1855 having been 10.2. There are, of course, besides this, cases of uncertain paternity, but their number is comparatively small, and it certainly is much larger in the *less* civilized countries of Europe than in the more civilized. Taking the five or six most advanced countries of Europe and America, it is safe to say that the paternity is certain in ninety cases out of a hundred. If we now look at the Australians as described by eye-witnesses since the earliest exploring tours, we find a state of affairs which makes paternity uncertain *in all cases without exception*, and also a complete indifference on the subject.

ABORIGINAL WANTONNESS

One of the first explorers of the desert interior was Eyre (1839). His experiences—covering ten years—led him to speak (378) of “the illicit and almost unlimited intercourse between the sexes.” “Marriage is not looked upon as any pledge of chastity; indeed, no such virtue is recognized” (319). “Many of the native dances are of a grossly licentious character.” Men rarely get married before they are twenty-five, but that does not mean that they are continent. From their thirteenth year they have promiscuous intercourse with girls who abandon themselves at the age of ten, though they rarely become mothers before they are sixteen.[155]

Another early explorer of the interior (1839), T.L. Mitchell, gives this glimpse of aboriginal morality (I., 133):

“The natives ... in return for our former disinterested kindness, persisted in their endeavors to introduce us very particularly to their women. They ordered them to come up, divested of their cloaks and bags, and placed them before us. Most of the men appeared to possess two, the pair in general consisting of a fat plump gin and one much younger. Each man placed himself before his gins, and bowing forward with a shrug, the hands and arms being thrown back pointing to each gin, as if to say, Take which you please. The females, on their part, evinced no apprehension, but seemed to regard us as beings of a race so different, without the slightest indication of either fear, aversion, or surprise. Their looks were rather expressive of a ready acquiescence in the proffered kindness of the men, and when at length they brought a sable nymph *vis-a-vis* to Mr. White, I could preserve my gravity no longer, and throwing the spears aside, I ordered the bullock-drivers to proceed.”

Page 307

George Grey, who, during his two exploring expeditions into Northwestern and Western Australia, likewise came in contact with the “uncontaminated” natives, found that, though “a spear through the calf of the leg is the least punishment that awaits” a faithless wife if detected, and sometimes the death-penalty is inflicted, yet “the younger women were much addicted to intrigue” (I., 231, 253), as indeed they appear to be throughout the continent, as we shall see presently.

Of all Australian institutions none is more characteristic than the corroborees or nocturnal dances which are held at intervals by the various tribes all over the continent, and were of course held centuries before a white man was ever seen on the continent; and no white man in his wildest nightmare ever dreamt of such scenes as are enacted at them. They are given preferably by moonlight, are apt to last all night, and are often attended by the most obscene and licentious practices. The corroboree, says Curr (I., 92), was undoubtedly “often an occasion of licentiousness and atrocity”; fights, even wars, ensue, “and almost invariably as the result of outrages on women.” The songs heard at these revels are sometimes harmless and the dances not indecent, says the Rev. G. Taplin (37),

“but at other times the songs will consist of the vilest obscenity. I have seen dances which were the most disgusting displays of obscene gesture possible to be imagined, and although I stood in the dark alone, and nobody knew I was there, I felt ashamed to look upon such abominations.... The dances of the women are very immodest and lewd.”

John Mathew (in Curr, III., 168) testifies regarding the corroborees of the Mary Eiver tribes that

“the representations were rarely free from obscenity, and on some occasions indecent gestures were the main parts of the action. I have seen a structure formed of huge forked sticks placed upright in the ground, the forks upward, with saplings reaching from fork to fork, and boughs laid over all. This building was part of the machinery for a corroboree, at a certain stage of which the males, who were located on the roof, rushed down among the females, who were underneath and handled them licentiously.”[156]

LOWER THAN BRUTES

The lowest depth of aboriginal degradation remains to be sounded. Like most of the Africans, Australians are lower than animals inasmuch as they often do not wait till girls have reached the age of puberty. Meyer (190) says of the Narrinyeri: “They are given in marriage at a very early age (ten or twelve years).” Lindsay Cranford[157] testifies regarding five South Australian tribes that “at puberty no girl, without exception, is a

virgin.” With the Paroo River tribes “the girls became wives whilst mere children, and mothers at fourteen” (Curr, II., 182). Of other tribes Curr’s correspondents write (107):

Page 308

"Girls become wives at from eight to fourteen years." "One often sees a child of eight the wife of a man of fifty." "Girls are promised to men in infancy, become wives at about ten years of age, and mothers at fourteen or fifteen" (342).

The Birria tribe waits a few years longer, but atones for this by a resort to another crime: "Males and females are married at from fourteen to sixteen, but are not allowed to rear children until they get to be about thirty years of age; hence infanticide is general." The missionary O.W. Schuermann says of the Port Lincoln tribe (223): "Notwithstanding the early marriage of females, I have not observed that they have children at an earlier age than is common among Europeans." Of York district tribes we are told (I., 343) that "girls are betrothed shortly after birth, and brutalities are practised on them while mere children." Of the Kojonub tribe (348): "Girls are promised in marriage soon after birth, and given over to their husbands at about nine years of age." Of the Natingero tribe (380): "The girls go to live with their husbands at from seven to ten years, and suffer dreadfully from intercourse." Of the Yircla Meening tribe (402):

"Females become wives at ten and mothers at twelve years of age." "Mr. J.M. Davis and others of repute declare, as a result of long acquaintance with Australian savages, that the girls were made use of for promiscuous intercourse when they were only nine or ten years old." (Sutherland, I., 113.)

It is needless to continue this painful catalogue.

INDIFFERENCE TO CHASTITY

Eyre's assertion regarding chastity, that "no such virtue is recognized," has already been quoted, and is borne out by testimony of many other writers. In the Dieyerie tribe "each married woman is permitted a paramour." (Curr, II., 46.) Taplin says of the Narrinyeri (16, 18) that boys are not allowed to marry until their beard has grown a certain length; "but they are allowed the abominable privilege of promiscuous intercourse with the younger portion of the other sex." A.W. Howitt describes^[158] a strange kind of group marriage prevalent among the Dieri and kindred tribes, the various couples being allotted to each other by the council of elder men without themselves being consulted as to their preferences. During the ensuing festivities, however, "there is for about four hours a general license in camp as regards" the couples thus "married." Meyer (191) says of the Encounter Bay tribes that if a man from another tribe arrives having anything which a native desires to purchase, "he perhaps makes a bargain to pay by letting him have one of his wives for a longer or shorter period." Angas (I., 93) refers to the custom of lending wives. In Victoria the natives have a special name for the custom of lending one of their wives to young men who have none. Sometimes they are thus lent for a month at a time.^[159] As we shall presently see, one reason why Australian men marry is to have the means of making friends by lending their wives to others. The custom of allowing friends to share the husband's privileges was also widely prevalent.

Page 309

In New South Wales and about Riverina, says Brough Smyth (II., 316),

“in any instance where the abduction [of a woman] has taken place by a party of men for the benefit of some one individual, each of the members of the party claims, as a right, a privilege which the intended husband has no power to refuse.”

Curr informs us (I., 128) that if a woman resist her husband's orders to give herself up to another man she is “either speared or cruelly beaten.” Fison (303) believes that the lending of wives to visitors was looked on not as a favor but a duty—a right which the visitor could claim; and Howitt showed that in the native gesture language there was a special sign for this custom—“a peculiar folding of the hands,” indicating “either a request or an offer, according as it is used by the guest or the host.”[160] Concerning Queensland tribes Roth says (182):

“If an aboriginal requires a woman temporarily for venery he either borrows a wife from her husband for a night or two in exchange for boomerangs, a shield, food, etc., or else violates the female when unprotected, when away from the camp out in the bush. In the former case the husband looks upon the matter as a point of honor to oblige his friend, the greatest compliment that can be paid him, provided that permission is previously asked. On the other hand, were he to refuse he has the fear hanging over him that the petitioner might get a death-bone pointed at him—and so, after all, his apparent courtesy may be only Hobson's choice. In the latter case, if a married woman, and she tells her husband, she gets a hammering, and should she disclose the delinquent, there will probably be a fight, and hence she usually keeps her mouth shut; if a single woman, or of any paedomatronym other than his own, no one troubles himself about the matter. On the other hand, death by the spear or club is the punishment invariably inflicted by the camp council collectively for criminally assaulting any blood relative, group-sister (*i.e.*, a female member of the same paedomatronym) or young woman that has not yet been initiated into the first degree.”

The last sentence would indicate that these tribes are not so indifferent to chastity as the other natives; but the information given by Roth (who for three years was surgeon-general to the Boulia, Cloncurry and Normanton hospitals) dispels such an illusion most radically.[161]

USELESS PRECAUTIONS

In Central Australia, says H. Kempe,[162] “there is no separation of the sexes in social life; in the daily camp routine as well as at festivals all the natives mingle as they choose.” Curr asserts (I., 109) that



“in most tribes a woman is not allowed to converse or have any relations whatever with any adult male, save her husband. Even with a grown-up brother she is almost forbidden to exchange a word.”

Grey (II., 255) found that at dances the females sat in groups apart and the young men were never allowed to approach them and not permitted to hold converse with any one except their mother or sisters. “On no occasion,” he adds,

Page 310

“is a strange native allowed to approach the fire of the married.” “The young men and boys of ten years of age and upward are obliged to sleep in their portion of the encampment.”

From such testimony one might infer that female chastity is successfully guarded; but the writers quoted themselves take care to dispel that illusion. Grey tells us that (in spite of these arrangements) “the young females are much addicted to intrigue;” and again (248):

“Should a female be possessed of considerable personal attractions, the first years of her life must necessarily be very unhappy. In her early infancy she is betrothed to some man, even at this period advanced in years, and by whom, as she approaches the age of puberty, she is watched with a degree of vigilance and care, which increases in proportion to the disparity of years between them; it is probably from this circumstance that so many of them are addicted to intrigues, in which if they are detected by their husbands, death or a spear through some portion of the body is their certain fate.”

And Curr shows in the following (109) how far the attempts at seclusion are from succeeding in enforcing chastity:

“Notwithstanding the savage jealousy, *varied by occasional degrading complaisance on the part of the husband*, there is more or less intrigue in every camp; and the husband usually assumes that his wife has been unfaithful to him whenever there has been an opportunity for criminality.... In some tribes the husband will frequently prostitute his wife to his brother; otherwise more commonly to strangers visiting his tribe than to his own people, and in this way our exploring parties have been troubled with proposals of the sort.”

Apart from the other facts here given, the words I have italicized above would alone show that what makes an Australian in some instances guard his females is not a regard for chastity, or jealousy in our sense of the word, but simply a desire to preserve his movable property—a slave and concubine who, if young or fat, is very liable to be stolen or, on account of the bad treatment she receives from her old master, to run away with a younger man.[163]

If any further evidence were needed on this head it would be supplied by the authoritative statement of J.D. Wood[164] that

“In fact, chastity as a virtue is absolutely unknown amongst all the tribes of which there are records. The buying, taking, or stealing of a wife is not at all influenced by considerations of antecedent purity on the part of the woman. A man wants a wife and he obtains one somehow. She is his slave and there the matter ends.”

SURVIVALS OF PROMISCUITY

Since this chapter was written a new book on Australia has appeared which bears out the views here taken so admirably that I must insert a brief reference to its contents. It is Spencer and Gillen's *The Native Tribes of Central Australia* (1899), and relates to nine tribes over whom Baldwin Spencer had been placed as special magistrate and sub-protector for some years, during which he had excellent opportunities to study their customs. The authors tell us (62, 63) that

Page 311

“In the Urabunna tribe every woman is the special *Nupa* of one particular man, but at the same time he has no exclusive right to her, as she is the *Piraungaru* of certain other men who also have the right of access to her.... There is no such thing as one man having the exclusive right to one woman.... Individual marriage does not exist either in name or in practice in the Urabunna tribe.”“Occasionally, but rarely, it happens that a man attempts to prevent his wife’s *Piraungaru* from having access to her, but this leads to a fight, and the husband is looked upon as churlish. When visiting distant groups where, in all likelihood, the husband has no *Piraungaru*, it is customary for other men of his own class to offer him the loan of one or more of their *Nupa* women, and a man, besides lending a woman over whom he has the first right, will also lend his *Piraungaru*.”

In the Arunta tribe there is a restriction of a particular woman to a particular man, “or rather, a man has an exclusive right to one special woman, though he may of his own free will lend her to other men,” provided they stand in a certain artificial relation to her (74). However (92):

“Whilst under ordinary circumstances in the Arunta and other tribes one man is only allowed to have marital relations with women of a particular class, there are customs which allow at certain times of a man having such relations with women to whom at other times he would not on any account be allowed to have access. We find, indeed, that this holds true in the case of all the nine different tribes with the marriage customs of which we are acquainted, and in which a woman becomes the private property of one man.”

In the southern Arunta, after a certain ceremony has been performed, the bride is brought back to camp and given to her special *Unawa*. “That night he lends her to one or two men who are *unawa* to her, and afterward she belongs to him exclusively.” At this time when a woman is being, so to speak, handed over to one particular individual, special individuals with whom at ordinary times she may have no intercourse, have the right of access to her. Such customs our authors interpret plausibly as partial promiscuity pointing to a time when still greater laxity prevailed—suggesting rudimentary organs in animals (96).

Among some tribes at corroboree time, every day two or three women are told off and become the property of all the men on the corroboree grounds, excepting fathers, brothers, or sons. Thus there are three stages of individual ownership in women: In the first, whilst the man has exclusive right to a woman, he can and does lend her to certain other men; in the second there is a wider relation in regard to particular men at the time of marriage; and in the third a still wider relation to all men except the nearest relatives, at corroboree time. Only

Page 312

in the first of these cases can we properly speak of wife “lending”; in the other cases the individuals have no choice and cannot withhold their consent, the matter being of a public or tribal nature. As regards the corroborees, it is supposed to be the duty of every man at different times to send his wife to the ground, and the most striking feature in regard to it is that the first man who has access to her is the very one to whom, under normal conditions, she is most strictly taboo, her *Mura*. [All women whose daughters are eligible as wives are *mura* to a man.] Old and young men alike must give up their wives on these occasions. “It is a custom of ancient date which is sanctioned by public opinion, and to the performance of which neither men nor women concerned offer any opposition” (98).

ABORIGINAL DEPRAVITY

These revelations of Spencer and Gillen, taken in connection with the abundant evidence I have cited from the works of early explorers as to the utter depravity of the aboriginal Australian when first seen by white men, will make it impossible hereafter for anyone whose reasoning powers exceed a native Australian’s to maintain that it was the whites who corrupted these savages. It takes an exceptionally shrewd white man even to unravel the customs of voluntary or obligatory wife sharing or lending which prevail in all parts of Australia, and which must have required not only hundreds but thousands of years to assume their present extraordinarily complex aspect; customs which form part and parcel of the very life of Australians and which represent the lowest depths of sexual depravity, since they are utterly incompatible with chastity, fidelity, legitimacy, or anything else we understand by sexual morality. In some cases, no doubt, contact with the low whites and their liquor aggravated these evils by fostering professional prostitution and making men even more ready than before to treat their wives as merchandise. Lumholtz, who lived several years among these savages, makes this admission (345), but at the same time he is obliged to join all the other witnesses in declaring that apart from this “there is not much to be said of the morals of the blacks, for I am sorry to say they have none.” On a previous page (42) I cited Sutherland’s summary of a report of the House of Commons (1844, 350 pages), which shows that the Australian native, as found by the first white visitors, manifested “an absolute incapacity to form even a rudimentary notion of chastity.” The same writer, who was born and brought up in Australia, says (I., 121):

“In almost every case the father or husband will dispose of the girl’s virtue for a small price. When white men came they found these habits prevailing. The overwhelming testimony proves it absurd to say that they demoralized the unsophisticated savages.”

And again (I., 186),

Page 313

"It is untrue that in sexual license the savage has ever anything to learn. In almost every tribe there are pollutions deeper than any I have thought it necessary to mention, and all that the lower fringe of civilized men can do to harm the uncivilized is to stoop to the level of the latter, instead of teaching them a better way." [165]

THE QUESTION OF PROMISCUITY

As regards the promiscuity question, Spencer and Gillen's observations go far to confirm some of the seemingly fantastic speculations regarding "a thousand miles of wives," and so on, contained in the volume of Fison and Howitt [166] and to make it probable that unregulated intercourse was the state of primitive man at a stage of evolution earlier than any known to us now. Since the appearance of Westermarck's *History of Human Marriage* it has become the fashion to regard the theory of promiscuity as disproved. Alfred Russell Wallace, in his preface to this book, expresses his opinion that "independent thinkers" will agree with its author on most of the points wherein he takes issue with his famous predecessors, including Spencer, Morgan, Lubbock, and others. Ernst Grosse, in a volume which the president of the German Anthropological Society pronounced "epoch-making"—*Die Formen der Familie*—refers (43) to Westermarck's "very thorough refutation" of this theory, which he stigmatizes as one of the blunders of the unfledged science of sociology which it will be best to forget as soon as possible; adding that "Westermarck's best weapons were, however, forged by Starcke."

In a question like this, however, two independent observers are worth more than two hundred "independent thinkers." Spencer and Gillen are eye-witnesses, and they inform us repeatedly (100, 105, 108, 111) that Westermarck's objections to the theory of promiscuity do not stand the test of facts and that none of his hypotheses explains away the customs which point to a former prevalence of promiscuity. They have absolutely disproved his assertion (539) that "it is certainly not among the lowest peoples that sexual relations most nearly approach promiscuity." Cunow, who, as Grosse admits (50), has written the most thorough and authentic monograph on the complicated family relationship of Australia, devotes two pages (122-23) to exposing some of Westermarck's arguments, which, as he shows, "border on the comic." I myself have in this chapter, as well as in those on Africans, American Indians, South Sea Islanders, etc., revealed the comicality of the assertion that there is in a savage condition of life "comparatively little reason for illegitimate relations," which forms one of the main props of Westermarck's anti-promiscuity theory; and I have also reduced *ad absurdum* his systematic overrating of savages in the matter of liberty of choice, esthetic taste and capacity for affection which resulted from his pet theory and marred his whole book. [167]

Page 314

It is interesting to note that Darwin (*D.M.*, Ch. XX.) concluded from the facts known to him that “*almost* promiscuous intercourse or very loose intercourse was once extremely common throughout the world:” and the only thing that seemed to deter him from believing in *absolutely* promiscuous intercourse was the “strength of the feeling of jealousy.” Had he lived to understand the true nature of savage jealousy explained in this volume and to read the revelations of Spencer and Gillen, that difficulty would have vanished. On this point, too, their remarks are of great importance, fully bearing out the view set forth in my chapter on jealousy. They declare (99) that they did not find sexual jealousy specially developed:

“For a man to have unlawful intercourse with any woman arouses a feeling which is due not so much to jealousy as to the fact that the delinquent has infringed a tribal custom. If the intercourse has been with a woman who belongs to the class from which his wife comes, then he is called *atna nylkna* (which, literally translated, is vulva thief); if with one with whom it is unlawful for him to have intercourse, then he is called *iturka*, the most opprobrious term in the Arunta language. In the one case he has merely stolen property, in the other he has offended against tribal law.”

Jealousy, they sum up, “is indeed a factor which need not be taken into serious account in regard to the question of sexual relations amongst the Central Australian tribes.”

The customs described by these authors show, moreover, that these savages *do not allow jealousy to stand in the way of sexual communism*, a man who refuses to share his wife being considered churlish, in one class of cases, while in another no choice is allowed him, the matter being arranged by the tribe. This point has not heretofore been sufficiently emphasized. It knocks away one of the strongest props of the anti-promiscuity theory, and it is supported by the remarks of Howitt,[168] who, after explaining how, among the Dieri, couples are chosen by headmen without consulting their wishes,—new allotments being made at each circumcision ceremony—and how the dance is followed by a general license, goes on to relate that all these matters are carefully arranged *so as to prevent jealousy*. Sometimes this passion breaks out nevertheless, leading to bloody quarrels; but the main point is that systematic efforts are made to suppress jealousy: “No jealous feeling is allowed to be shown during this time under penalty of strangling.” Whence we may fairly infer that under more primitive conditions the individual was allowed still less right to assert jealous claims of individual possession.

Australian jealousy presents some other interesting aspects, but we shall be better able to appreciate them if we first consider why a native ever puts himself into a position where jealous watchfulness of private property is called for.

Page 315

WHY DO AUSTRALIANS MARRY?

Since chastity among the young of both sexes is not held of any account, and since the young girls, who are married to men four or five times their age, are always ready for an intrigue with a young bachelor, why does an Australian ever marry? He does not marry for love, for, as this whole chapter proves, he is incapable of such a sentiment. His appetites need not urge him to marry, since there are so many ways of appeasing them outside of matrimony. He does not marry to enjoy a monopoly of a woman's favors, since he is ready to share them with others. Why then does he marry? One reason may be that, as the men get older (they seldom marry before they are twenty-five or even thirty), they have less relish for the dangers connected with woman-stealing and intrigues. A second reason is indicated in Hewitt's explanation (*Jour. Anthr. Inst.*, XX., 58), that it is an advantage to an Australian to have as many wives as possible, as they work and hunt for him, and "he also obtains great influence in the tribe by lending them his Piraurus occasionally, and receiving presents from the young men."

The main reason, however, why an Australian marries is in order that he may have a drudge. I have previously cited Eyre's statement that the natives

"value a wife principally as a slave; in fact, when asked why they are anxious to obtain wives, their usual reply is, that they may get wood, water, and food for them, and carry whatever property they possess."

H. Kempe (*loc. cit.*, 55) says that

"if there are plenty of girls they are married as early as possible (at the age of eight to ten), as far as possible to one and the same man, for as it is the duty of the women to provide food, a man who has several wives can enjoy his leisure the more thoroughly."

And Lindsay Cranford testifies (*Jour. Anthropol. Inst.*, XXIV., 181) regarding the Victoria River natives that,

"after about thirty years of age a man is allowed to have as many women as he likes, and the older he gets the younger the girls are that he gets, probably to work and get food for him, for in their wild state the man is too proud to do anything except carry a woomera and spear."

Under these circumstances it is needless to say that there is not a trace of romance connected with an Australian marriage. After a man has secured his girl, she quietly submits and goes with him as his wife and drudge, to build his camp, gather firewood, fetch water, make nets, clear away grass, dig roots, fish for mussels, be his baggage mule on journeys, etc. (Brough Smyth, 84); and Eyre (II., 319) thus completes the picture. There is, he says, no marriage ceremony:



“In those cases where I have witnessed the giving away of a wife, the woman was simply ordered by the nearest male relative in whose disposal she was, to take up her ‘rocko,’ the bag in which a female carries the effects of her husband, and go to the man’s camp to whom she had been given.”

CURIOSITIES OF JEALOUSY

Page 316

Thus the woman becomes the man's slave—his property in every sense of the word. No matter how he obtained her—by capture, elopement, or exchange for another woman—she is his own, as much as his spear or his boomerang. "The husband is the absolute owner of the wife," says Curr (l., 109). To cite Eyre once more (318):

"Wives are considered the absolute property of the husband, and can be given away, or exchanged, or lent, according to his caprice. A husband is denominated in the Adelaide dialect, Yongarra, Martanya (the owner or proprietor of a wife)."

A whole chapter in sociology is sometimes summed up in a word, as we see in this case. Another instance is the word *gramma*, concerning which we read in Lumholtz (126):

"The robbery of women, who also among these savages are regarded as *a man's most valuable property*, is both the grossest and the most common theft; for it is the usual way of getting a wife. Hence woman is the chief cause of disputes. *Inchastity*, which is called *gramma*, *i.e.*, to steal, also *falls under the head of theft*."

Here we have a simple and concise explanation of Australian jealousy. The native knows jealousy in its crudest form—that of mere animal rage at being prevented by a rival from taking immediate possession of the object of his desire. He knows also the jealousy of property—*i.e.*, revenge for infringement on it. Of this it is needless to give examples. But he knows not true jealousy—*i.e.*, anxious concern for his wife's chastity and fidelity, since he is always ready to barter these things for a trifle. Proofs of this have already been adduced in abundance. Here is another authoritative statement by the missionary Schurmann, who writes (223):

"The loose practices of the aborigines, with regard to the sanctity of matrimony, form the worst trait in their character; although the men are capable of fierce jealousy if their wives transgress *unknown to them*, yet they frequently send them out to other parties, or exchange with a friend for a night; and, as for near relatives, such as brothers, it may almost be said that they have their wives in common."

An incident related by W.H. Leigh (152) shows in a startling way that among the Australians jealousy means nothing more than a desire for revenge because of infringement on property rights:

"A chief discovered that one of his wives had been sinning, and called a council, at which it was decided that the criminal should be sacrificed, or the adulterous chief give a victim to appease the wrathful husband. This was agreed to and he *gave one of his wives*, who was immediately escorted to the side of the river ... and there the ceremony was preluded by a war-song, and the enraged chief rushed upon the innocent and unfortunate victim—bent down her head upon her chest, whilst another thrust the pointed

Page 317

bone of a kangaroo under her left rib, and drove it upwards into her heart. The shrieks of the poor wretch brought down to the spot many colonists, who arrived in time only to see the conclusion of the horrid spectacle. After they had buried the bone in her body they took their glass-pointed spears and tore her entrails out, and finally fractured her skull with their waddies. This barbarous method of wreaking vengeance is common among them." [169]

The men being indifferent to female chastity, it would be vain to expect true jealousy on the part of the women. The men are entirely unrestrained in their appetites unless they interfere with other men's property rights, and in a community where polygamy prevails the jealousy which is based in a monopoly of affection has little chance to flourish. Taplin says (101) that

"a wife amongst the heathen aborigines has no objection to her husband taking another spouse, provided she is younger than herself, but if he brings home one older than herself there is apt to be trouble"

as the senior wife is "mistress of the camp," and in such a case the first wife is apt to run away. Vanity and envy, or the desire to be the favorite, thus appear to be the principal ingredients in an Australian woman's jealousy. Meyer (191) says of the Encounter Bay tribe:

"If a man has several girls at his disposal, he speedily obtains several wives, who, however, very seldom agree well with each other, but are continually quarreling, each endeavoring to be the favorite."

This, it will be observed, is the jealousy two pet dogs will feel of each other, and is utterly different from modern conjugal or lover's jealousy, which is chiefly based on an ardent regard for chastity and unswerving fidelity. In this phase jealousy is a noble and useful passion, helping to maintain the purity of the family; whereas, in the phase that prevails among savages it is utterly selfish and brutal. Palmer says [170] that "a new woman would always be beaten by the other wife, and a good deal would depend on the fighting powers of the former whether she kept her position or not." "Among the Kalkadoon," writes Roth (141),

"where a man may have three, four, or even five gins, the discarded ones will often, through jealousy, fight with her whom they consider more favored. On such occasions they may often resort to stone-throwing, or even use fire-sticks and stone-knives with which to mutilate the genitals."

Lumholtz says (213) the black women "often have bitter quarrels about men whom they love and are anxious to marry. If the husband is unfaithful, the wife frequently becomes greatly enraged."

Page 318

George Grey (II., 312-14) gives an amusing sketch of an aboriginal scene of conjugal bliss. Weerang, an old man, has four wives, the last of whom, just added to the harem, gets all his attention. This excites the anger of one of the older ones, who reproaches the husband with having stolen her, an unwilling bride, from another and better man. "May the sorcerer," she adds, "bite and tear her whom you have now taken to your bed. Here am I, rebuking young men who dare to look at me, while she, your favorite, replete with arts and wiles, dishonors you." This last insinuation is too much for the young favorite, who retorts by calling her a liar and declaring that she has often seen her exchanging nods and winks with her paramour. The rival's answer is a blow with her stick. A general engagement follows, which the old man finally ends by beating several of the wives severely about the head with a hammer.[171]

PUGNACIOUS FEMALES

Jealousy is capable of converting even civilized women into fiends; all the more these bush women, who have few opportunities for cultivating the gentler feminine qualities. Indeed, so masculine are these women that were it not for woman's natural inferiority in strength their tyrants might find it hard to subdue them. Bulmer says[172] that

"as a rule both husband and wife had fearful tempers; there was no bearing and forbearing. When they quarrelled it was a matter of the strongest conquering, for neither would give in."

Describing a native fight over some trifling cause Taplin says (71):

"Women were dancing about naked, casting dust in the air, hurling obscene language at their enemies, and encouraging their friends. It was a perfect tempest of rage."

Roth says of the Queensland natives that the women fight like men, with thick, heavy fighting poles, four feet long.

"One of the combatants, with her hands between her knees, supposing that only one stick is available, ducks her head slightly—almost in the position of a school-boy playing leap-frog, and waits for her adversary's blow, which she receives on the top of her head. The attitudes are now reversed, and the one just attacked is now the attacking party. Blow for blow is thus alternated until one of them gives in, which is generally the case after three or four hits. Great animal pluck is sometimes displayed.... Should a woman ever put up her hand or a stick, *etc.*, to ward a blow, she would be regarded in the light of a coward" (141). "At Genorminston, the women coming up to join a fray give a sort of war-whoop; they will jump up in the air, and as their feet, a little apart, touch the ground, they knock up the dust and sand with the fighting-pole, *etc.*, held between their legs, very like one's early reminiscences in the picture-books of a witch riding a broom-stick."

“The ferocity of the women when excited exceeds that of the men,” Grey informs us (II., 314); “they deal dreadful blows at one another,” *etc.*

Page 319

For some unexplained reason—possibly a vague sense of fair play which in time may lead to the beginnings of gallantry—there is one occasion, an initiation ceremonial, at which women are allowed to have their innings while the men are dancing. On this occasion, says Roth (176),

“each woman can exercise her right of punishing any man who may have ill-treated, abused, or hammered her, and for whom she may have waited months or perhaps years to chastise; for, as each pair appear around the corner at the entrance exposed to her view, the woman and any of her female friends may take a fighting-pole and belabor the particular culprit to their heart’s content, the delinquent not being allowed to retaliate in any way whatsoever—the only occasion in the whole of her life when the woman can take the law into her own hands without fear or favor.”

WIFE STEALING

This last assertion is not strictly accurate. There are other occasions when women take the law into their hands, especially when men try to steal them, an every-day occurrence, at least in former times. Thus W.H. Leigh writes of the South Australians (152):

“Their manner of courtship is one which would not be popular among English ladies. If a chief, or any other individual, be smitten by a female of a different tribe, he endeavors to waylay her; and if she be surprised in any quiet place, the ambushed lover rushes upon her, beats her about the head with his waddy till she becomes senseless, when she is dragged in triumph to his hut. It sometimes happens, however, that she has a thick skull, and resents his blows, when a battle ensues, and not unfrequently ends in the discomfiture of the Adonis.”

Similarly G.B. Wilkinson describes how the young men go, usually in groups of two or three, to capture brides of hostile tribes. They lurk about in concealment till they see that the women are alone, when they pounce upon them and, either by persuasion or blows, take away those they want; whereupon they try to regain their own tribe before pursuit can be attempted. “This stealing of wives is one cause of the frequent wars that take place amongst the natives.”

Barrington’s *History of New South Wales* is adorned with the picture of a big naked man having beside him, on her back, a beautifully formed naked girl whom he is dragging away by one arm. The monster, we read in the text, has come upon her unawares, clubbed her on the head and other parts of the body,

“then snatching up one of her arms, he drags her, streaming with blood from her wounds, through the woods, over stones, rocks, hills, and logs, with all the violence and determination of a savage,” etc.

Curr (l., 237) objects to this picture as a gross exaggeration. He also declares (l., 108) that it is only on rare occasions that a wife is captured

Page 320

from another tribe and carried off, and that at present woman-stealing is not encouraged, as it is apt to involve a whole tribe in war for one man's sake. From older writers, however, one gets the impression that wife-stealing was a common custom. Howitt (351) remarks concerning the "wild white man" William Buckley, who lived many years among the natives, and whose adventures were written up by John Morgan, that at first sight his statements "seem to record merely a series of duels and battles about women who were stolen, speared, and slaughtered;" and Brough Smyth (77) quotes John Bulmer, who says that among the Gippsland natives "sometimes a man who has no sister [to swap] will, in desperation, steal a wife; but this is invariably a cause of bloodshed. Should a woman object to go with her husband, violence would be used. I have seen a man drag away a woman by the hair of her head. Often a club is used until the poor creature is frightened into submission."

In South Australia there is a special expression for bride-stealing—*Milla mangkondi*, or force-marriage. (Bonwick, 65.)

Mitchell (I., 307) also observed that the possession of the women "seems to be associated with all their ideas of fighting." The same impression is conveyed by the writings of Salvado, Wilkes, and others—Sturt, e.g., who wrote (II., 283) that the abduction of a married or unmarried woman was a frequent cause of quarrel. Mitchell (I., 330) relates that when some whites told a native that they had killed a native of another tribe, his first thought and only remark was, "Stupid white fellows! Why did you not bring away the gins (women)?" It is unfortunate for a woman to possess the kind of "beauty" Australians admire for, as Grey says (II., 231),

"The early life of a young woman at all celebrated for beauty is generally one continued series of captivity to different masters, of ghastly wounds, of wanderings in strange families, of rapid flights, of bad treatment from other females amongst whom she is brought a stranger by her captor; and rarely do you see a form of unusual grace and elegance but it is marked and scarred by the furrows of old wounds; and many a female thus wanders several hundred miles from the home of her infancy."

It is not only from other and hostile tribes that these men forcibly appropriate girls or married women. Among the Hunter River tribes (Curr, III., 353), "men renowned as warriors frequently attacked their inferiors in strength and took their wives from them." The Queensland natives, we are told by Narcisse Peltier, who lived among them seventeen years, "not unfrequently fight with spears for the possession of a woman" (Spencer, *P.S.*, I., 601). Lumholtz says (184) that "the majority of the young men wait a long time before they get wives, partly for the reason that they have not the courage to fight the requisite duel for one with an older man." On another page (212) he relates:



Page 321

"Near Herbert Vale I had the good fortune to be able to witness a marriage among the blacks. A camp of natives was just at the point of breaking up, when an old man suddenly approached a woman, seized her by the wrist of her left hand and shouted *Yongul ngipa!*—that is, This one belongs to me (literally 'one I'). She resisted with feet and hands, and cried, but he dragged her off, though she made resistance during the whole time and cried at the top of her voice. For a mile away we could hear her shrieks.... But the women always make resistance, for they do not like to leave their tribe, and in many instances they have the best of reasons for kicking their lovers. If a man thinks he is strong enough, he will take hold of any woman's hand and utter his *yongul ngipa*. If a woman is good-looking, all the men want her, and the one who is most influential, or who is the strongest, is accordingly generally the victor."

SWAPPING GIRLS

It is obvious that when women are forcibly appropriated at home or stolen from other tribes, their inclination or choice is not consulted. A man wants a woman and she is seized, *nolens volens*, whether married or single. If she gets a man she likes, it is a mere accident, not likely to occur often. The same is true of another form of Australian "courtship" which may be called swapping girls, and which is far the most common way of getting a wife. Curr, after forty years' experience with native affairs, wrote (I., 107) that "the Australian male *almost invariably* obtains his wife or wives, either as the survivor of a married brother, or in exchange for his sisters or daughters." The Rev. H.E.A. Meyer says (10) that the marriage ceremony

"may with great propriety be considered an exchange, for no man can obtain a wife unless he can promise to give his sister or other relative in exchange.... Should the father be living he may give his daughter away, but generally she is the gift of the brother ... the girls have no choice in the matter, and frequently the parties have never seen each other before.... If a man has several girls at his disposal, he speedily obtains several wives,"

Eyre (II., 318) declares that

"the females, especially the young ones, are kept principally among the old men, who barter away their daughters, sisters, or nieces, in exchange for wives for themselves or their sons."

Grey (II., 230) says the same thing in different words:

"The old men manage to keep the females a good deal amongst themselves, giving their daughters to one another, and the more female children they have, the greater chance have they of getting another wife, by this sort of exchange."

Brough Smyth thus sums up (II., 84) the information on this subject he obtained from divers sources. A yam-stick is given to a girl when she reaches the

Page 322

age of marriage; with this she drives away any young man she does not fancy, for a mere “no” would not keep him at bay. “The women never initiate matches;” these are generally arranged between two young men who have sisters to exchange. “The young woman’s opinion is not asked.” When the young man is ready to “propose” to the girl he has bartered his sister for, he walks up to her equipped as for war—ready to parry her “love-taps” if she feels inclined that way. “After a little fencing between the pair the woman, if she has no serious objections to the man, quietly submits.” If she *has* “serious objections,” what happens? The same writer tells us graphically (76):

“By what mode soever a man procures a bride, it is very seldom an occasion of rejoicing by the female. The males engross the privilege of disposing of their female relatives, and it often happens that an old man of sixty or seventy will add to his domestic circle a young girl of ten or twelve years of age.... A man having a daughter of thirteen or fourteen years of age arranges with some elderly person for the disposal of her, and when all are agreed, she is brought out of the *miam-miam*, and told that her husband wants her. Perhaps she has never seen him, or seen him but to loathe him. The father carries a spear and waddy, or a tomahawk, and anticipating resistance, is thus prepared for it. The poor girl, sobbing and sighing, and uttering words of complaint, claims pity from those who will show none. If she resists the mandates of her father, he strikes her with his spear; if she rebels and screams, the blows are repeated; and if she attempts to run away, a stroke on the head from the waddy or tomahawk quiets her.... Seizing the bride by the hair the stern father drags her to the home prepared for her by her new owner.... If she attempts to abscond, the bridegroom does not hesitate to strike her savagely on the head with his waddy; and the bridal screams and yells make the night hideous.... If she is still determined to escape and makes the attempt, the father will at last spear her in the leg or foot, to prevent her from running.”

No more than girls are widows allowed the liberty of choice. Sometimes they are disposed of by being exchanged for young women of another tribe and have to marry the men chosen for them (95).

“When wives are from thirty-five to forty years of age, they are frequently cast off by their husbands, or are given to the younger men in exchange for their sisters or near relatives, if such are at their disposal” (Eyre, II., 322).

In the Murray tribes “a widow could not marry any one she chose. She was the property of her husband’s family, hence she must marry her husband’s brother or near relative; and even if he had a wife she must become No. 2 or 3.”

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ELOPEMENTS

Page 323

The evidence, in short, is unanimously to the effect that the Australian girl has absolutely no liberty of choice. Yet the astonishing Westermarck, ignoring, *more suo*, the overwhelming number of facts against him, endeavors in two places (217, 223) to convey the impression to his readers that she does largely enjoy the freedom of choice, placing his sole reliance in two assertions by Howitt and Mathew.[173] Howitt says that among the Kurnai, women are allowed free choice, and Mathew “asserts that, with varying details, marriage by mutual consent will be found among other tribes, also, though it is not completed except by means of a runaway match.” Now Hewitt’s assertion is contradicted by Curr, who, in addition to his own forty years of experience among the natives had the systematized notes of a large number of correspondents to base his conclusions on. He says (I., 108) that “in no instance, unless Mr. Howitt’s account of the Kurnai be correct, which I doubt, has the female any voice in the selection of a husband.” He might have added that Hewitt’s remark is contradicted in his own book, where we are told that among the Kurnai elopement is the rule. Strange to say, it seems to have occurred neither to Howitt, nor to Westermarck, nor to Mathew that *elopement proves the absence of choice*, for if there were liberty of choice the couple would not be obliged to run away. Nor is this all. The facts prove that marriage by actual elopement[174] is of rare occurrence; that “marriage” based on such elopement is nearly always adulterous (with another man’s wife) and of brief duration—a mere intrigue, in fact; that the guilty couple are severely punished, if not killed outright; and that everything that is possible is done to prevent or frustrate elopements based on individual preference or liking. On the first of these points Curr gives us the most comprehensive and reliable information (I., 108):

“Within the tribe, lovers occasionally abscond to some corner of the tribal territory, but they are soon overtaken, the female cruelly beaten, or wounded with a spear, the man in most cases remaining unpunished. Very seldom are men allowed to retain as wives their partners in these escapades. Though I have been acquainted with many tribes, and heard matters of the sort talked over in several of them, I never knew *but three instances of permanent runaway matches*; two in which men obtained as wives women already married in the tribe, and one case in which the woman was a stranger.”

William Jackman, who was held as a captive by the natives for seventeen months, tells a similar story. Elopements, he says (174), are usually with wives. The couple escape to a distant tribe and remain a few months—*rarely more than seven or eight*, so far as he observed; then the faithless wife is returned to her husband and the elopers are punished more or less severely. “At times,” we read in Spencer and Gillen (556, 558)

Page 324

"the eloping couple are at once followed up and then, if caught, the woman is, if not killed on the spot, at all events treated in such a way that any further attempt at elopement on her part is not likely to take place."

Sometimes the husband seems glad to have got rid of his wife, for when the elopers return to camp he first has his revenge by cutting the legs and body of both and then he cries "You keep altogether, I throw away, I throw away."

It is instructive to note with what ingenuity the natives seek to prevent matches based on mutual inclination. Taplin says (11) of the Narrinyeri that "a young woman who goes away with a man and lives with him as his wife without the consent of her relatives is regarded as very little better than a prostitute." Among these same Narrinyeri, says Gason, "it is considered disgraceful for a woman to take a husband who has given no other woman for her." (Bonwick, 245.) The deliberate animosity against free choice is emphasized by a statement in Brough Smyth (79), that if the owner of an eloping female suspects that she favored the man she eloped with, "he will not hesitate to maim or kill her." She must have no choice or preference of her own, under any circumstances. It must be remembered, too, that even an actual elopement by no means proves that the woman is following a special inclination. She may be merely anxious to get away from a cruel or superannuated husband. In such cases the woman may take the initiative. Dawson (65) once said to a native, "You should not have carried Mary away from her husband"; to which the man replied, "Bael (not) dat, massa; Mary come me. Dat husband wurry bad man: he waddy (beat) Mary. Mary no like it, so it leabe it. Dat fellow no good, massa."

Obviously, Australian elopement not only gives no indication of romantic feelings, but even as an incident it is apt to be prosaic or cruel rather than romantic, as our elopements are. In many cases it is hard to distinguish from brutal capture, as we may infer from an incident related by Curr (108-9). He was sleeping at a station on the Lachlan.

"During the night I was awake by the scream of a woman, and a general yell from the men in the camp. Not knowing what could be the matter, I seized a weapon, jumped out of bed, and rushed outside. There I found a young married woman standing by her fire, trembling all over, with a barbed spear through her thigh. As for the men, they were rushing about, here and there, in an excited state, with their spears in their hands. The woman's story was soon told. She had gone to the river, not fifty yards off, for water; the Darling black had stolen after her, and proposed to her to elope with him, and, on her declining to do so, had speared her and taken to his heels."

A pathetic instance of the cruel treatment to which the natives subject girls who venture to have inclinations of their own was communicated by W.E. Stanbridge to Brough Smyth (80). The scene is a little dell among undulating grassy plains. In the lower part of the dell a limpid spring bursts forth.

Page 325

“On one side of this dell, and nearest to the spring at the foot of it, lies a young woman, about seventeen years of age, sobbing and partly supported by her mother, in the midst of wailing, weeping, women; she has been twice speared in the right breast with a jagged hand-spear by her brother, and is supposed to be dying.”

CHARMING A WOMAN BY MAGIC

Besides the three ways already mentioned of securing a wife—elopement, which is rare; capture, which is rarer still, and *Tuelcha mura*, in which a girl is assigned to a man before she is born, and while her prospective mother is still a girl herself—by far the commonest arrangement—there is a fourth, charming by magic. Of this, too, Spencer and Gillen have given the best description (541-44). When a man, they tell us, wants to charm a woman belonging to a distant tribe he takes a *churinga*, or sacred stick, and goes with some friends into the bush, where

“all night long the men keep up a low singing of Quabara songs, together with the chanting of amorous phrases of invitation addressed to the woman. At daylight the man stands up alone and swings the *churinga*, causing it first to strike the ground as he whirls it round and round and makes it hum. His friends remain silent, and the sound of the humming is carried to the ears of the far-distant woman, and has the power of compelling affection and of causing her sooner or later to comply with the summons. Not long ago, at Alice Springs, a man called some of his friends together and performed the ceremony, and in a very short time the desired woman, who was on this occasion a widow, came in from Glen Helen, about fifty miles to the west of Alice Springs, and the two are now man and wife.”

The woman in this case need not be a widow, however. Another man’s wife will do just as well, and if her owner comes armed to stop proceedings, the friends of the charmer stand by him.

Another method of obtaining a wife by magic is by means of a charmed *chilara*, or head-band of opossum fur. The man charms it in secret by singing over it. Then he places it on his head and wears it about the camp so that the woman can see it. Her attention is drawn to it, and she becomes violently attached to the man, or, as the natives say, “her internal organs shake with eagerness.” Here, again, it makes no difference whether the woman be married or not.

Still another way of charming a woman is by means of a certain shell ornament, which a man ties to his waist-belt at a corroboree after having charmed it.[175]

“While he is dancing the woman whom he wishes to attract alone sees the lightning flashes on the *Lonka-lonka*, and all at once her internal organs shake with emotion. If

possible she will creep into his camp that night or take the earliest opportunity to run away with him.”

Here, at last, we have come across a method which

Page 326

“allows of the breaking through of the hard and fast rule which for the most part obtains, and according to which the woman belongs to the man to whom she has been betrothed, probably before her birth.”

Yet these cases are rare exceptions, for, as the authors inform us, “the woman naturally runs some risk, as, if caught in the act of eloping, she would be severely punished, if not put to death;” and again: these cases are not of frequent occurrence, for they depend on the woman’s consent, and she knows that if caught she will in all probability be killed, or at least very roughly handled. Hence she is “not very easily charmed away from her original possessor.” Moreover, even these adulterous elopements seldom lead to anything more than a temporary liaison, as we have seen, and it would be comic to speak of a “liberty of choice” in cases where such a choice can be exercised only at the risk of being killed on the spot.

OTHER OBSTACLES TO LOVE

Looking back over the ground traversed in this chapter, we see that Cupid is thwarted in Australia not only by the natural stupidity, coarseness, and sensuality of the natives, but by a number of artificial obstacles which seem to have been devised with almost diabolical ingenuity for the express purpose of stifling the germs of love. The selfish, systematic, and deliberate suppression of free choice is only one of these obstacles. There are two others almost equally fatal to love—the habit of marrying young girls to men old enough to be their fathers or grandfathers, and the complicated marriage taboos. We have already seen that as a rule the old men appropriate the young girls, the younger men not being allowed to marry till they are twenty-five or thirty, and even then being compelled to take an old man’s cast-off wife of thirty-five or forty summers, “It is usual,” says Curr (I., 110),

“to see old men with mere girls as wives, and men in the prime of life married to widows.... Women have very frequently two husbands during their life-time, the first older and the second younger than themselves.... There are always many bachelors in every tribe.”[176]

Not to speak of love, this arrangement makes it difficult even for animal passion to manifest itself except in an adulterous or illegitimate manner.

“At present,” we learn from Spencer and Gillen (104, 558),

“by far the most common method of getting a wife is by means of an arrangement made between brothers or fathers of the respective men and women whereby a particular woman is assigned to a particular man.”



This most usual method of getting a wife is also the most extraordinary. Suppose one man has a son, another a daughter, generally both of tender age. Now it would be bad enough to betroth these two without their consent and before they are old enough to have any real choice. But the Australian way is infinitely worse. It is arranged that the girl in the case shall be, by and by, not the boy's wife, but his mother-in-law; that is, the boy is to wed her daughter. In other words, he must wait not only till she is old enough to marry but till her daughter is old enough to marry! And this is "by far the most common method"!

Page 327

MARRIAGE TABOOS AND “INCEST.”

The marriage taboos are no less artificial, absurd, and fatal to free choice and love. An Australian is not only forbidden to marry a girl who is closely related to him by blood—sometimes the prohibition extends to first, second, and even third cousins—but he must not think of such a thing as marrying a woman having his family name or belonging to certain tribes or clans—his own, his mother’s or grandmother’s, his neighbor’s, or one speaking his dialect, etc. The result is more disastrous than one unfamiliar with Australian relationships would imagine; for these relationships are so complicated that to unravel them takes, in the words of Howitt (59), “a patience compared with which that of Job is furious irritability.”

These prohibitions are not to be trifled with. They extend even to war captives. If a couple disregard them and elope, they are followed by the indignant relatives in hot pursuit and, if taken, severely punished, perhaps even put to death. (Howitt, 300, 66.) Of the Kamilaroi the same writer says:

“Should a man persist in keeping a woman who is denied to him by their laws, the penalty is that he should be driven out from the society of his friends and quite ignored. If that does not cure his fondness for the woman, his male relatives follow him and kill him, as a disgrace to their tribe, and the female relatives of the woman kill her for the same reason.”

It is a mystery to anthropologists how these marriage taboos, these notions of real or fancied incest, could have ever arisen. Curr (I.,236) remarks pointedly that

“most persons who have any practical knowledge of our savages will, I think, bear me out when I assert that, whatever their objections to consanguineous marriages may be, they have no more idea of the advantages of this or that sort of breeding, or of any laws of Nature bearing on the question, than they have of differential calculus.”[177]

Whatever may have been the origin of these prohibitions, it is obvious that, as I have said, they acted as obstacles to love; and what is more, in many cases they seem to have impeded legitimate marriage only, without interfering with licentious indulgence. Roth (67) cites O'Donnell to the effect that with the Kunandaburi tribe the *jus primae noctis* is allowed all the men present at the camp without regard to class or kin. He also cites Beveridge, who had lived twenty-three years in contact with the Riverina tribes and who assured him that, apart from marrying, there was no restriction on intercourse. In his book on South Australia J.D. Wood says (403):

“The fact that marriage does not take place between members of the same tribe, or is forbidden amongst them, does not at all include the idea that chastity is observed within the same limits.”

Brough Smyth (II., 92) refers to the fact that secret violations of the rule against fornication within the forbidden classes were not punished. Bonwick (62) cites the Rev. C. Wilhelmi on the Port Lincoln customs:

Page 328

“There are no instances of two Karraris or two Matteris having been married together; and yet connections of a less virtuous character, which take place between members of the same caste, do not appear to be considered incestuous.”

Similar testimony is adduced by Waitz-Gerland (VI., 776), and others.

AFFECTION FOR WOMEN AND DOGS

There is a strange class of men who always stand with a brush in hand ready to whitewash any degraded creature, be he the devil himself. For want of a better name they are called sentimentalists, and they are among men what the morbid females who bring bouquets and sympathy to fiendish murderers are among women. The Australian, unutterably degraded, particularly in his sexual relations, as the foregoing pages show him to be, has had his champions of the type of the “fearless” Stephens. There is another class of writers who create confusion by their reckless use of words. Thus the Rev. G. Taplin asserts (12) that he has “known as well-matched and loving couples amongst the aborigines” as he has amongst Europeans. What does he mean by loving couples? What, in his opinion, are the symptoms of affection? With amusing naivete he reveals his ideas on the subject in a passage (11) which he quotes approvingly from H.E.A. Meyer to the effect that if a young bride pleases her husband, “he *shows his affection* by frequently rubbing her with grease to improve her personal appearance, and with the idea that it will make her grow rapidly and become fat.” If such selfish love of obesity for sensual purposes merits the name of affection, I cheerfully grant that Australians are capable of affection to an unlimited degree. Taplin, furthermore, admits that “as wives got old, they were often cast off by their husbands, or given to young men in exchange for their sisters or other relations at their disposal” (XXXI.); and again (121):

“From childhood to old age the gratification of appetite and passion is the sole purpose of life to the savage. He seeks to extract the utmost sweetness from mere animal pleasures, and consequently his nature becomes embruted.”

Taplin does not mention a single act of conjugal devotion or self-sacrifice, such as constitutes the sole criterion of affection. Nor in the hundreds of books and articles on Australia that I have read have I come across a single instance of this kind. On the subject of the cruel treatment of women all the observers are eloquent; had they seen any altruistic actions, would they have failed to make a record of them?

The Australian’s attachment to his wife is evidently a good deal like his love of his dog. Gason (259) tells us that the dogs, of which every camp has from six to twenty, are generally a mangy lot, but

Page 329

“the natives are very fond of them.... If a white man wants to offend a native let him beat his dog. I have seen women crying over a dog, when bitten by snakes, as if over their own children.”

The dogs are very useful to them, helping them to find snakes, rats, and other animals for food. Yet, when mealtime comes, “the dog, notwithstanding its services and their *affection* for it, *fares very badly*, receiving nothing but the bones.” “Hence the dog is always in very low condition.”

Another writer[178] with a better developed sense of humor, says that “It may be doubted whether the man does not value his dog, when alive, quite as much as he does his woman, and think of both quite as often and lovingly after he has eaten them.”

As for the women, they are little better than the men. What Mitchell says of them (I., 307) is characteristic. After a fight, he says, the women

“do not always follow their fugitive husbands from the field, but frequently go over, as a matter of course, to the victors, even with young children on their backs; and thus it was, probably, that after we had made the lower tribes sensible of our superiority, that the three girls followed our party, beseeching us to take them with us.”

The following from Grey (II., 230) gives us an idea of wifely affection and fidelity: “The women have generally some favorite amongst the young men, always looking forward to be his wife at the death of her husband.” How utterly beyond the Australian horizon was the idea of common decency, not to speak of such a holy thing as affection, is revealed by a cruel custom described by Howitt (344):

“The Kurnai and the Brajerak were not intermarrying tribes, unless by capture, and in this case each man took the woman whose husband he had been the first to spear.”

It would of course be absurd to suppose the widows in such cases capable of suffering as our women would under such circumstances. They are quite as callous and cruel as the men. Evidence is given in the Jackman book (149) that, like Indian women, they torture prisoners of war, breaking toes, fingers, and arms, digging out the eyes and filling the sockets with hot sand, etc.

“Husbands rarely show much affection for their wives,” wrote Eyre (II., 214).

“After a long absence I have seen natives, upon their return, go to their camp, exhibiting the most stoical indifference, never taking the least notice of their wives.”

Elsewhere (321) he says, with reference to the fact that marriage is not regarded as any pledge of chastity, which is not recognized as a virtue: “But little real affection consequently exists between husbands and wives, and younger men value a wife

principally for her services as a slave.” And in a Latin footnote, in which he describes the licentious customs of promiscuous intercourse and the harsh treatment

Page 330

of women, he adds (320), "It is easy to understand that there can hardly be much love among husbands and wives." He also gives this particular instance of conjugal indifference and cruelty. In 1842 the wife of a native in Adelaide, a girl of about eighteen, was confined and recovered slowly. Before she was well the tribe removed from the locality. The husband preferred accompanying them, and left his wife to die unattended. William Jackman, the Englishman who lived seventeen months as a captive among the natives, says (118) that "wife-killing, among the aborigines of Australia, is frequent and elicits neither surprise nor any sort of animadversion." By way of illustrating this remark he relates how, one day, he returned with a native from an unsuccessful hunt. The native's twelve-year-old wife had caught an opossum, roasted it, and, impelled by hunger, had begun to eat it instead of saving it for her master—an atrocious crime. For fifteen minutes the husband sat in silent rage which his features betrayed. Presently he jumped up with the air of a demon, "scooped his two hands full of embers and burning sand, and flung the whole into the face and bosom of the naked object of his vengeance; for I must repeat that none of the natives wear any clothing, and that she was sitting there as nude as when she was born. The devil of his nature thus fairly aroused, he sprang for his spear. It transfixed his frantic but irresistible victim. She fell dead.... Save by the women of the tribe, the affair was scarcely noticed."

A HORRIBLE CUSTOM

Suppose this young wife had saved the opossum for her husband. He would then have eaten it and, in accordance with their universal custom, have thrown her the bones to share with the dog. After that he might have rubbed her with grease and indulged in sensual caresses. Would that have proved his capacity for affection? Would you call a mother affectionate who fondled her child, but allowed it to starve while she gratified her own appetite? The only sure test of affection lies in disinterested actions of self-sacrifice; and even actions may sometimes mislead us. Thus several authors have been led into absurdly erroneous conclusions by a horrible custom prevalent among the natives, and thus described by Curr (I., 89):

"In some cases a woman is obliged by custom to roll up the remains of her deceased child in a variety of rags, making them into a package, which she carries about with her for several months, and at length buries. On it she lays her head at night, and the odor is so horrible that it pervades the whole camp, and not unfrequently costs the mother her life."

Angas (I., 75) refers to this custom and exclaims, rapturously, "Oh! how strong is a mother's love when even the offensive and putrid clay can be thus worshipped for the spirit that once was its tenant"(!!).

Page 331

Angas was an uneducated scribbler, but what shall we say on finding his sentimental view accepted by the professional German anthropologists, Gerland (VI., 780) and Jung (109)? Anyone familiar with Australian life must suspect at once that this custom is simply one of the horrible modes of punishment devised for women. Curr says the woman is "*obliged by custom*" to carry her dead child, and he adds: "I believe that this practice is insisted on when a young mother loses her first born, as the death of the child is thought to have come about by carelessness." To suppose that Australian mothers who usually kill all but two of their six or more children could be capable of such an act for sentimental reasons is to show a logical faculty on a par with the Australian's own. This point has already been discussed, but a further instance related by Dr. Moorehouse (J.D. Wood, 390), will bring the matter home:

"A female just born was thus about to be destroyed for the benefit of a boy about four years old, whom the mother was nourishing, while the father was standing by, ready to commit the deed. Through the kindness of a lady to whom the circumstances became known, and our joint interference, this one life was saved, and the child was properly attended to by the mother, although she at first urged the necessity of its death as strenuously as the father." "In other parts of the country," Wood adds, "the women do the horrible work themselves. They are not content with destroying the life of the infants, but they eat them."

ROMANTIC AFFLICTION

Here, as in several of the alleged cases of African sentimentality, we see the great need of caution and detective sagacity in interpreting facts. To take another instance: Westermarck (503), in his search for cases of romantic attachment and absorbing passion among savages, fancies he has come across one in Australia, for he tells us that "even the rude Australian girl sings in a strain of romantic affliction—

'I never shall see my darling again.'

As a matter of fact this line has no more to do with the "true monogamous instinct, the absorbing passion for one," than with Julius Caesar. Eyre relates (310, 70) that when Miago, the first native who ever quitted Perth, was taken away on the *Beagle* in 1838, his *mother* sang during his absence:

Whither does that lone ship wander,
My young son I shall never see again.

Grosse, who often sides with Westermarck, here parts company with him, being convinced that



“what is called love in Australia ... is no spiritual affection, but a sensual passion, which is quickly cooled in the enjoyment.... The only examples of *sympathetic* lyrics that have been found in Australia are mourning songs, and even they relate only to relatives by blood and tribal affinity” (*B.A.*, 244)[179].

A LOCK OF HAIR

Page 332

A more subtle problem than those so far considered is presented by a courtship custom described by Bulmer (Brough Smyth, 82-84). The natives are very superstitious in regard to their hair. They carefully destroy any that has been cut off and would be greatly frightened to know it had fallen into another person's hands, as that would place their health and life in jeopardy at the other's will. Yet a girl who has a lover will not hesitate to give him a lock of her hair. It seems impossible to deny that this is a touch of true sentiment, of romantic love; and Bulmer accordingly calls this lock of hair a "token of affection." But is it a token of affection? The sequel will show. In due course of time the couple elope, in the black of the night they take to the bush. Great excitement prevails in camp when they are found missing. They are called "long-legged," "thin-legged," "squint-eyed," or "big-headed." Search is made, the pair are tracked and caught, and both are cruelly beaten. They make a promise not to repeat the offence, but do not keep it; another elopement follows, with more beatings. At last the girl becomes afraid to elope again. She alters her tactics, feigns a severe illness, and the parents are alarmed. Then she remembers that her lover has a lock of her hair. He is made to confess, and another fight follows. He is half killed, but after that he is allowed to keep the girl.

Thus we see that the lock, instead of being a "token of affection," as Bulmer would have us believe, and as it would be in our community, is not even a sentimental sign of the girl's confidence in her lover, but merely a detail of a foolish custom and stupid superstition.

TWO NATIVE STORIES

As a matter of course Australian folk-lore, too, shows no traces of the existence of love. The nearest approach to such a thing I have been able to find is a quaint story about a man who wanted two wives and of how he got them. It is taken from Mrs. K. Langloh Parker's *Australian Legendary Tales* and the substance of it is as follows:

Wurrannah, after a long day's hunting, came back to the camp tired and hungry. His mother had nothing for him to eat and no one else would give him anything. He flew into a rage and said: "I will go into a far country and live with strangers; my people would starve me." He went away and after divers strange adventures with a blind man and emus, who were really black fellows, he came to a camp where there was no one but seven young girls. They were friendly, gave him food, and allowed him to camp there during the night. They told him their name was Meamei and their tribe in a far country to which they would soon return. The next day Wurrannah went away as if leaving for good; but he determined to hide near and watch what they did, and if he could get a chance he would steal a wife from among

Page 333

them. He was tired of travelling alone. He saw them all start out with their yam-sticks in hand. Following them he saw them stop by the nests of some flying ants and unearth the ants. Then they sat down, threw their yam-sticks aside, and ate the ants, which are esteemed a great delicacy. While they were eating Wurrannah sneaked up to their yam-sticks and stole two of them. When the girls had eaten all they wanted only five of them could find their sticks; so those five started off, expecting that the other two would soon find their sticks and follow them. The two girls hunted all around the ants' nests, but could find no sticks. At last, when their backs were turned toward him, Wurrannah crept out and stuck the lost yam-sticks near together in the ground; then he slipped back to his hiding-place. When the two girls turned round, there in front of them they saw their sticks. With a cry of joyful surprise they ran to them and caught hold of them to pull them out of the ground, in which they were firmly stuck. As they were doing so, out from his hiding-place jumped Wurrannah. He seized both girls round their waists, holding them tightly. They struggled and screamed, but to no purpose. There was none near to hear them, and the more they struggled the tighter Wurrannah held them. Finding their screams and struggles in vain they quietened at length, and then Wurrannah told them not to be afraid, he would take care of them. He was lonely, he said, and wanted two wives. They must come quietly with him and he would be good to them. But they must do as he told them. If they were not quiet he would swiftly quieten them with his moorillah. But if they would come quietly with him he would be good to them. Seeing that resistance was useless the two young girls complied with his wish, and travelled quietly on with him. They told him that some day their tribe would come and steal them back again; to avoid which he travelled quickly on and on still farther hoping to elude pursuit. Some weeks passed and he told his wives to go and get some bark from two pine-trees near by. They declared if they did so he would never see them again. But he answered "Talk not so foolishly; if you ran away soon should I catch you and, catching you, would beat you hard. So talk no more." They went and began to cut the bark from the trees. As they did so each felt that her tree was rising higher out of the ground and bearing her upward with it. Higher and higher grew the pine-trees and up with them went the girl until at last the tops touched the sky. Wurrannah called after them, but they listened not. Then they heard the voices of their five sisters, who from the sky stretched forth their hands and drew the two others in to live with them in the sky, and there you may see the seven sisters together. We know them as the Pleiades, but the black fellows call them the Meamei.

A few rather improper tales regarding the sun and moon are recorded in Woods's *Native Tribes* by Meyer, who thus sums up two of them (200); the other being too obscene for citation here:

Page 334

The sun they consider to be a female, who, when she sets, passes the dwelling-places of the dead. As she approaches the men assemble and divide into two bodies, leaving a road for her to pass between them; they invite her to stay with them, which she can only do for a short time, as she must be ready for her journey for the next day. For favors granted to some one among them she receives a present of red kangaroo skin; and therefore in the morning, when she rises, appears in a red dress. The moon is also a woman, and not particularly chaste. She stays a long time with the men, and from the effects of her intercourse with them, she becomes very thin and wastes away to a mere skeleton. When in this state, Nurrunduri orders her to be driven away. She flies, and is secreted for some time, but is employed all the time in seeking roots which are so nourishing that in a short time she appears again, and fills out and becomes fat rapidly.

Here we see how even such sublime and poetic phenomena as sun and moon are to the aboriginal mind only symbols of their coarse, sensual lives: the heavenly bodies are concubines of the men, welcomed when fat, driven away when thin. That puts the substance of Australian love in a nutshell.

BARRINGTON'S LOVE-STORY

In the absence of aboriginal love-stories let us amuse ourselves by examining critically a few more of the alleged cases of romantic love discovered by Europeans. The erudite German anthropologist Gerland expresses his belief (VI., 755) that notwithstanding the degradation of the Australians "cases of true romantic love occur among them," and he refers for an instance to Barrington (I., 37). On consulting Barrington I find the following incident related as a sample of "genuine love in all its purity." I condense the unessential parts:

A young man of twenty-three, belonging to a tribe near Paramatta, was living in a cave with two sisters, one of fourteen, the other of twenty. One day when he returned from his kangaroo hunt he could not find the girls. Thinking they had gone to fetch water or roots for supper, he sat down till a rain-storm drove him into the cave, where he stumbled over the prostrate form of the younger sister. She was lying in a pool of blood, but presently regained consciousness and told him that a man had come to carry off her sister, after beating her on the head. She had seized the sister's arm to hold her back when the brute knocked her over with his club and dragged off the sister. It was too late to take revenge that day, but next morning the two set out for the tribe to which the girl-robber belonged. As they approached the camp, Barrington continues, "he saw the sister of the very savage who had stolen his sister; she was leaving her tribe to pick some sticks for a fire (this was indeed a fine opportunity for revenge); so making his sister

Page 335

hide herself, he flew to the young woman and lifted up his club to bring her to the ground, and thus satisfy his revenge. The victim trembled, yet, knowing his power, she stood with all the fortitude she could; lifting up her eyes, they came in contact with his and such was the enchanting beauty of her form (!) that he stood an instant motionless to gaze on it (!). The poor thing saw this and dropped on her knees (!) to implore his pity, but before she could speak, his revenge softened into love (!); he threw down his club, and clasping her in his arms (!) vowed eternal constancy (!!!); his pity gained her love (!), thus each procured a mutual return. Then calling his sister, she would have executed her revenge, but for her brother, who told her she was now his wife. On my hero asking after his sister, his new wife said she was very ill, but would soon be better; and she excused her brother (!) because the means he had taken were the customary one of procuring a wife (!!); 'but you,' said she, 'have more white heart' (meaning he was more like the English), 'you no beat me; me love you; you love me; me love your sisters; your sisters love me; my brother no good man.' This artless address won both their hearts, and now all three live in one hut which I enabled them to make comfortable within half a mile of my own house."

Barrington concludes with these words: "This little anecdote I have given as the young man related it to me and perhaps I have *lost much of its simplicity*." It is very much to be feared that he has. I have marked with exclamation points the most absurdly impossible parts of the tale as idealized and embellished by Barrington. The Australian never told him that he "gazed motionless" on the "enchanting beauty" of the girl's form or that his "revenge softened into love;" he never clasped her in his arms, nor "vowed eternal constancy." The girl never dreamt of saying that his pity gained her love, or of excusing her brother for doing what all Australian men do. These sentimental touches are gratuitous additions of Barrington; native Australians do not even clasp each other in their arms, and they are as incapable of vowing eternal constancy as of comparing Herbert Spencer's philosophy with Schopenhauer's. Yet on the strength of such dime novel rubbish an anthropologist assures us that savages are capable of feeling pure romantic love! The kernel of truth in the above tale reduces itself to this, that the young man whose sister was stolen intended to take revenge by killing the abductor, but that on seeing his sister he concluded to marry her. These savages, as we have seen, always act thus, killing the enemy's women only when unable to carry them off.

RISKING LIFE FOR A WOMAN

Lumholtz relates the following story to show that "these blacks also may be greatly overcome by the sentiment of love" (213):

Page 336

"A 'civilized' black man entered a station on Georgina River and carried off a woman who belonged to a young black man at the station. She loved her paramour and was glad to get away from the station; but the whites desired to keep her for their black servant, as he could not be made to stay without her, and they brought her back, threatening to shoot the stranger if he came again. Heedless of the threat, he afterward made a second attempt to elope with his beloved, but the white men pursued the couple and shot the poor fellow."

If Lumholtz had reflected for a moment on the difference between love as a sentiment and love as an appetite, he would have realized the error of using the expression "the sentiment of love" in connection with such a story of adulterous kidnapping, in which there is absolutely nothing to indicate whether the kidnapper coveted the other man's wife for any other than the most carnal reasons. It is not unusual for an Australian to risk his life in stealing a woman. He does that every time he captures one from another tribe. In men who have so little imaginative faculty as these, the possibility of being killed has no more deterrent effect than it has in two dogs or stags fighting for a female. We must not judge such indifference to deadly consequences from our point of view.

GERSTAECKER'S LOVE-STORY

Gerstaecker, a German traveller, who traversed a part of Australia, has a tale of aboriginal love which also bears the earmarks of fiction. On his whole trip, he says, in his 514-page volume devoted to Australia, he heard of only one case of genuine love. A young man of the Bamares tribe took a fancy to a girl of the Rengmutkos. She was also pleased with him and he eloped with her at night, taking her to his hunting-ground on the river. The tribe heard of his escapade and ordered him to return the girl to her home. He obeyed, but two weeks later eloped with her again. He was reprimanded and informed that if it happened again he would be killed. For the present he escaped punishment personally, but was ordered to cudgel the girl and then send her back home. He obeyed again; the girl fell down before him and he rained hard blows on her head and shoulders till the elders themselves interceded and cried enough. The girl was chased away and the lover remained alone. For two days he refused to join in the hunting or diversions of his companions. On the third day he ascended an eminence whence the Murray Valley can be seen. In the distance he saw two columns of smoke; they had been maintained for him all this time by his girl. He took his spear and opossum coat and hastened toward the columns of smoke. He was about to commit his third offence, which meant certain death, yet on he went and found the girl. Her wounds were not yet healed, but she hastened to meet him and put her head on his bosom.

Page 337

This tale is open to the same criticism as Lumholtz's. The man risks his life, not for another, but to secure what he covets. It is a romantic love-story, but there is no indication anywhere of romantic love, while some of the details are fictitiously embellished. An Australian girl does not put her head on her lover's bosom, nor could she camp alone and keep up two columns of smoke for several days without being discovered and kidnapped. The story is evidently one of an ordinary elopement, embellished by European fancy.[180]

LOCAL COLOR IN COURTSHIP

There is some quaint local color in Australian courtship, but usually blows play too important a role to make their procedure acceptable to anyone with a less waddy-proof skull than an Australian. Spencer and Gillen relate (556) that in cases of charming, the initiative is sometimes taken by the woman,

"who can, of course, imagine that she has been charmed, and then find a willing aider and abettor in the man whose vanity is flattered by this response to his magic power, which he can soon persuade himself that he did really exercise; besides which, an extra wife has its advantages in the way of procuring food and saving him trouble, while, if his other women object, the matter is one which does not hurt him, for it can easily be settled once and for all by a stand-up fight between the women and the rout of the loser."

Quaintly Australian are the following details of Kurnai courtship given by Howitt:

"Sometimes it might happen that the young men were backward. Perhaps there might be several young girls who ought to be married, and the women had then to take the matter in hand when some eligible young men were at camp. They consulted, and some went out in the forest and with sticks killed some of the little birds, the yeerung. These they brought back to the camp and casually showed them to some of the men; then there was an uproar. The men were very angry. The yeerungs, their brothers, had been killed! The young men got sticks; the girls took sticks also, and they attacked each other. Heavy blows were struck, heads were broken, and blood flowed, but no one stopped them." "Perhaps this light might last a quarter of an hour, then they separated. Some even might be left on the ground insensible. Even the men and women who were married joined in the free fight. The next day the young men, the brewit, went, and in their turn killed some of the women's 'sisters,' the birds djeetgun, and the consequence was that on the following day there was a worse fight than before. It was perhaps a week or two before the wounds and bruises were healed. By and by, some day one of the eligible young men met one of the marriageable young women; he looked at her, and said 'Djeetgun!' She said 'Yeerung! What does the yeerung eat?' The reply was, 'He eats so-and-so,' mentioning kangaroo, opossum, or

emu, or some other game. Then they laughed, and she ran off with him without telling anyone.”

LOVE-LETTERS

Page 338

Apart from magic and birds Australian lovers appear not to have been without means of communicating with one another. Howitt says that if a Kurnai girl took a fancy to a man she might send him a secret message asking, "Will you find me some food?" And this was understood to be a proposal—a rather unsentimental and utilitarian proposal, it must be confessed. According to one of the correspondents of Curr (III., 176) the natives along the Mary River even made use of a kind of love-letters which, he says, "were peculiar."

"When the writer was once travelling with a black boy the latter produced from the lining of his hat a bit of twig about an inch long and having three notches cut on it. The black boy explained that he was a *dhomka* (messenger), that the central notch represented himself, and the other notches, one the youth sending the message, the other the girl for whom it was intended. It meant, in the words of Dickens, 'Barkis is willin'.' The *dhomka* sewed up the love-symbol in the lining of his hat, carried it for months without divulging his secret to his sable friends, and finally delivered it safely. This practice appeared to be well-known, and was probably common."

Such a "love-letter," consisting of three notches cut in a twig, symbolically sums up this whole chapter. The difference between this bushman's twig and the love-letter of a civilized modern suitor is no greater than the difference between aboriginal Australian "love" and genuine romantic love.

ISLAND LOVE ON THE PACIFIC

Between the northern extremity of Australia and the southern extremity of New Guinea, about ninety miles wide, lies Torres Strait, discovered by a Spaniard in 1606, and not visited again by whites till Captain Cook sailed through in 1770. This strait has been called a "labyrinth of islands, rocks, and coral reefs," so complicated and dangerous that Torres, the original discoverer, required two months to get through.

WHERE WOMEN PROPOSE

The larger islands in this strait are of special interest to students of the phenomena of love and marriage, for on them it is not only permissible but obligatory for women to propose to the men. Needless to say that the inhabitants of these islands, though so near Queensland, are not Australians. They are Melanesians, but their customs are insular and unique. Curr (I., 279) says of them that they are "with one exception, of the Papuan type, frizzle-haired people who cultivate the soil, use the bow and arrow and not the spear, and, un-Australian-like, treat their women with some consideration."

Page 339

Luckily the customs of these islanders have been carefully and intelligently studied by Professor A.C. Haddon, who published an entertaining account of them in a periodical to which one usually looks for instruction rather than amusement.[181] Professor Haddon combines the two. On the island of Tud, he tells us, when boys undergo the ordeal of initiation into manhood, one of the lessons taught them is: "You no like girl first; if you do, girl laugh and call you woman." When a girl likes a man, she tells his sister and gives her a ring of string. On the first suitable opportunity the sister says to her brother: "Brother, I have some good news for you. A woman loves you." He asks who it is, and, if willing to go on with the affair, tells his sister to ask the girl to keep an appointment with him in some spot in the bush. On receipt of the message the enamoured girl informs her parents that she is going into the bush to get some wood, or food, or some such excuse. At the appointed time the man meets her; and they sit down and yarn, without any fondling. The ensuing dialogue is given by Haddon in the actual words which Maino, chief of Tud, used:

"Opening the conversation, the man says, 'You like me proper?'

"'Yes,' she replies, 'I like you proper with my heart inside. Eye along my heart see you—you my man.'

"Unwilling to rashly give himself away, he asks, 'How you like me?'

"'I like your leg—you got fine body—your skin good—I like you altogether,' replies the girl.

"After matters have proceeded satisfactorily the girl, anxious to clench the matter, asks when they are to be married. The man says, 'To-morrow, if you like.'

"Then they go home and inform their relatives. There is a mock fight and everything is settled."

On the island of Mabniag, after a girl has sent an intermediary to bring a string to the man she covets, she follows this up by sending him food, again and again. But he "lies low" a month or two before he ventures to eat any of this food, because he has been warned by his mother that if he takes it he will "get an eruption all over his face." Finally, he concludes she means business, so he consults the big men of the village and marries her.

If a man danced well, he found favor in the sight of these island damsels. His being married did not prevent a girl from proposing. Of course she took good care not to make the advances through one of the other wives—that might have caused trouble!—

but in the usual way. On this island the men never made the first advances toward matrimony. Haddon tells a story of a native girl who wanted to marry a Loyalty Islander, a cook, who was loafing on the mission premises. He did not encourage her advances, but finally agreed to meet her in the bush, where, according to his version of the story, he finally refused her. She, however, accused him of trying to “steal” her. This led to a big palaver before the chief, at which the verdict was that the cook was innocent and that the girl had trumped up the charge in order to force the marriage.

Page 340

If a man and a girl began to keep company, he was branded on the back with a charcoal, while her mark was cut into the skin (because "she asked the man"). It was expected they would marry, but if they did not nothing could be done. If it was the man who was unwilling, the girl's father told the other men of the place, and they gave him a sound thrashing. Refusing a girl was thus a serious matter on these islands!

The missionaries, Haddon was informed,

"discountenance the native custom of the women proposing to the men, although there is not the least objection to it from a moral or social point of view; quite the reverse. So the white man's fashion is being introduced. As an illustration of the present mixed condition of affairs, I found that a girl who wants a certain man writes him a letter, often on a slate, and he replies in a similar manner."

On the island of Tud it often happened that the girl who was first enamoured of a youth at his initiation, and who first asked him in marriage, was one who "like too many men." The lad, being on his guard, might get rid of her attentions by playing a trick on her, making a bogus appointment with her in the bush, and then informing the elder men, who would appear in his place at the trysting-place, to the girl's mortification.

Various details given in the chapter on Australia indicated that if the women on that big island did not propose, as a rule, it was not from coyness but because the selfishness of the men and their arrangements made it impossible in most cases. On these neighboring islands the women could propose; yet the cause of love, of course, did not gain anything from such an arrangement, which could serve only to stimulate licentiousness. Haddon gathered the impression that "chastity before marriage was unknown, free intercourse not being considered wrong; it was merely 'fashion along we folk.'" Their excuse was the same as Adam's: "Woman, he steal; man, how can he help it?"[182]

Nocturnal courtship was in vogue:

"Decorum was observed. Thus I was told in Tud a girl, before going to sleep, would tie a string round her foot and pass it under the thatched wall of the house. In the middle of the night her lover would come, pull the string, and so awaken the girl, who would then join him. As the chief of Mabuiag said, 'What can the father do; if she wants the man how can he stop her?'"

On Muralug Island the custom is somewhat different. There, after the girl has sent her grass-ring to the man she wants,

"if he is willing to proceed in the matter, he goes to the rendezvous in the bush and, not unnaturally, takes every advantage of the situation. Every night afterwards he goes to the girl's house and steals away before daybreak. At length someone informs the girl's

father that a man is sleeping with his daughter. The father communicates with the girl, and she tells her lover that her

Page 341

father wants to see him—'To see what sort of man he is?' The father then says, 'You like my daughter, she like you, you may have her.' The details are then arranged."

Sometimes, if a girl was too free with her favors to the men, the other women cut a mark down her back, to make her feel ashamed. Yet she had no difficulty on this account in subsequently finding a husband.

Besides the existence of "free love," there are other customs arguing the absence of sentiment in these insular affairs of the heart. Infanticide was frequently resorted to, the babes being buried alive in the sand, for no other reason than to save the trouble of taking care of them. After marriage, in spite of the fact that the girl did the proposing, she becomes the man's property; so much so that if she should offend him, he may kill her and no harm will come to him. If her sister comes to remonstrate, he can kill her too, and if he has two wives and they quarrel, he can kill both. In that love-scene reported by Maino, the chief of Tud, the girl gives us her "sentimental" reasons why she loves him: because he has a fine leg and body, and a good skin. The "romance" of the situation is further aggravated when we read that, as in Australia, swapping sisters is the usual way of getting a wife, and that if a man has no sister to exchange he must pay for his wife with a canoe, a knife, or a glass bottle. Chief Maino himself told Haddon that he gave for his wife seven pieces of calico, one dozen shirts, one dozen singlets, one dozen trousers, one dozen handkerchiefs, two dozen tomahawks, besides tobacco, fish-lines and hooks and pearl shells. He finished his enumeration by exclaiming "By golly, he too dear!"

How did these islanders ever come to indulge in the custom, so inconsistent with their general attitude toward women, of allowing them to propose? The only hint at an explanation I have been able to find is contained in the following citation from Haddon:

"If an unmarried woman desired a man she accosted him, but the man did not ask the woman (at least, so I was informed), for if she refused him he would feel ashamed, and maybe brain her with a stone club, and so 'he would kill her for nothing.'"

BORNEAN CAGED GIRLS

The islands of the Pacific Ocean and adjacent waters are almost innumerable. To give an account of the love-affairs customary on all of them would require a large volume by itself. In the present work it is not possible to do more than select a few of the islands, as samples, preference being given to those that show at least some traces of feelings rising above mere sensualism. One of the largest and best known of these islands is Borneo, and of its inhabitants the Dyaks are of special interest from our point of view. Their customs have been observed and described by St. John, Low, Bock, H. Ling Roth and others.[183]

Page 342

In some parts of Dutch Borneo the cruel custom prevails of locking up a girl when she is eight to ten years old in a small, dark apartment of the house, which she is not allowed to leave for about seven years. She spends her time making mats and doing other handiwork, but is not allowed to see anyone—not even of her own family—except a female slave. When she is free from her prison she appears bleached a light yellow, as though made out of wax, and totters along on small, thin feet—which the natives consider especially attractive.

CHARMS OF DYAK WOMEN

Dyak girls are not subjected to any such restraints, and in some respects they enjoy more liberty than is good for them. As usual among the lower races, they have to do most of the hard work. "It is a sad sight," says Low (75), "to see the Dyak girls, some but nine or ten years of age, carrying water up the mount in bamboos, their bodies bent nearly double, and groaning under the weight of their burden." Lieutenant Marryat found that the mountain Dyak girls, if not beautiful, had some beautiful points—good eyes, teeth, and hair, besides good manners, and they "knew how to make use of their eyes." Denison (cited by Roth, I., 46) remarks that

"Some of the girls showed signs of good looks, but hard work, poor feeding, and intermarriage and early marriage soon told their tale, and rapidly converted them into ugly, dirty, diseased old hags, and this at an age when they are barely more than young women."

They marry sometimes as early as the age of thirteen, and in general they are inferior in looks to the men. Marryat thought he saw "something wicked in their dark furtive glances," while Earl found the faces of Dyak women generally extremely interesting, largely on account of "the soft expression given by their long eyelashes, and by the habit of keeping the eyes half closed." "Their general conversation is not wanting in wit," says Brooke (I., 70),

"and considerable acuteness of perception is evinced, but often accompanied by improper and indecent language, of which they are unaware when giving utterance to it. Their acts, however, fortunately evince more regard for modesty than their words."

Grant, in describing his tour among the Land Dyaks, remarks (97):

"It has been mentioned once or twice that we found the women bathing at the village well. Although, generally speaking, no lack of proper modesty is shown, certainly rather an Adam and Eve like idea of the same is displayed on such occasions by these simple people."



DYAK MORALS

Concerning the sexual morality of the Dyaks, opinions of observers differ somewhat. St. John (I., 52) observes that "the Sea Dyak women are modest and yet unchaste, love warmly and yet divorce easily, but are generally faithful to their husbands when married." It is agreed that the morality of the Land Dyaks is superior to that of the Sea Dyaks; yet with them,

Page 343

“as among the Sea Dyaks, the young people have almost unrestrained intercourse; but, if a girl prove with child a marriage immediately takes place, the bridegroom making the richest presents he can to her relatives” (I., 113). “There is no strict law,”

says Mundy (II., 2),

“to bind the conduct of young married people of either sex, and parents are more or less indifferent on those points, according to their individual ideas of right and wrong. It is supposed that every young Dyak woman will eventually suit herself with a husband, and it is considered no disgrace to be on terms of intimacy with the youth of her fancy till she has the opportunity of selecting a suitable helpmate; and as the unmarried ladies attach much importance to bravery, they are always desirous of securing the affections of a renowned warrior. Lax, however, as this code may appear before marriage, it would seem to be sufficiently stringent after the matrimonial. One wife only is allowed, and infidelity is punished by fine on both sides—inconstancy on the part of the husband being esteemed equally as bad as in the female. The breach of the marriage vows, however, appears to be infrequent, though they allow that, during the time of war, more license is given.”

NOCTURNAL COURTSHIP

Brooke Low relates that the Sea Dyak girls receive their male visitors at night.

“They sleep apart from their parents, sometimes in the same room, but more often in the loft. The young men are not invited to sleep with them unless they are old friends, but they may sit with them and chat, and if they get to be fond of each other after a short acquaintance, and wish to make a match of it, they are united in marriage, if the parents on either side have no objections to offer. It is in fact the only way open to the man and woman to become acquainted with each other, as privacy during the daytime is out of the question in a Dyak village.”

The same method of courtship prevails among the Land Dyaks. Some queer details are given by St. John, Crossland and Leggatt (Roth, 110). About nine or ten o'clock at night the lover goes on tiptoe to the mosquito curtains of his beloved, gently awakens her and offers her some prepared betel-nut. If she accepts it, he is happy, for it means that his suit is prospering, but if she refuses it and says “Be good enough to blow up the fire,” it means that he is dismissed. Sometimes their discourse is carried on through the medium of a sort of Jew's-harp, one handing it to the other, asking questions and returning answers. The lover remains until daybreak. After the consent of the girl and her parents has been obtained, one more ordeal remains; the bridal couple have to run the gauntlet of the mischievous village boys, who stand ready with sooted hands to begrime their faces and bodies; and generally they succeed so well that bride and groom present the appearance of negroes.

Page 344

Elopements also occur in cases where parental consent is withheld. Brooke Low thus describes an old custom which permits a man to carry off a girl:

“She will meet him by arrangement at the water-side and step into his boat with a paddle in her hand, and both will pull away as fast as they can. If pursued he will stop every now and then to deposit some article of value on the bank, such as a gun, a jar, or a favor for the acceptance of her family, and when he has exhausted his resources he will leave his own sword. When the pursuers observe this they will cease to follow, knowing he is cleared out. As soon as he reaches his own village he tidies up the house and spreads the mats, and when his pursuers arrive he gives them food to eat and toddy to drink, and sends them home satisfied. In the meanwhile he is left in possession of his wife.”

HEAD HUNTERS A-WOOING

In one of the introductory chapters of this volume a brief account was given of the Dyak head-hunters. Reference was made to the fact that the more heads a man has cut off, the more he is respected. He cannot marry until he has killed a man, woman, or child, and brought home the head as a trophy, and cases are known of men having to wait two years before they could procure the skull necessary to soften the heart of the gentle beloved. “From all accounts,” says Roth (II., 163),

“there can be little doubt that one of the chief incentives to getting heads is the desire to please the women ... Mrs. McDougall relates an old Sakaran legend which says that the daughter of their great ancestor, who resides in heaven near the great Evening Star, refused to marry until her betrothed brought her a present worth her acceptance. The man went into the jungle and killed a deer, which he presented to her; but the fair lady turned away in disdain. He went again and returned with a *mias*, the great monkey [*sic*] who haunts the forest; but this present was not more to her taste. Then, in a fit of despair, the lover went abroad, and killed the first man that he met, and throwing his victim’s head at the maiden’s feet, he exclaimed at the cruelty she had made him guilty of; but to his surprise, she smiled, and said that now he had discovered the only gift worthy of herself.”

Roth cites a correspondent who says:

“At this moment there are two Dyaks in the Kuching jail who acknowledge that they took the heads of two innocent Chinese with no other object in view when doing so than to secure the pseudo affections of women, who refused to marry them until they had thus proved themselves to be men.”

Here is what a sweet Dyak maiden said to a young man who asked for her hand and heart:

“Why don’t you go to the Saribus Fort and there take the head of Bakir (the Dyak chief), or even that of Tuan Hassan (Mr. Watson), and then I will deign to think of your desires with some degree of interest.”

Says Captain Mundy (II., 222):

Page 345

"No aristocratic youth dare venture to pay his addresses to a Dyak demoiselle unless he throws at the blushing maiden's feet a netful of skulls! In some districts it is customary for the young lady to desire her lover to cut a thick bamboo from the neighboring jungle, and when in possession of this instrument, she carefully arranges the *cadeau d'amour* on the floor, and by repeated blows beats the heads into fragments, which, when thus pounded, are scraped up and cast into the river; at the same time she throws herself into the arms of the enraptured youth, and so commences the honeymoon."

Another account of Dyak courtship (Roth, II., 166) represents a young warrior returning from a head-hunting expedition and, on meeting his beloved, holding in each hand one of the captured heads by the hair. She takes one of the heads, whereupon they dance round each other with the most extravagant gestures, amidst the applause of the Rajah and his people. The next step is a feast, at which the young couple eat together. When this is over, they have to take off whatever clothes they have on and sit naked on the ground while some of the old women throw over them handfuls of paddy and repeat a prayer that they may prove as fruitful as that grain.

"The warrior can take away any inferior man's wife at pleasure, and is thanked for so doing. A chief who has twenty heads in his possession will do the same with another who may have only ten, and upwards to the Rajah's family, who can take any woman at pleasure."

FICKLE AND SHALLOW PASSION

Though the Dyaks may be somewhat less coarse than those Australians who make a captured woman marry the man who killed her husband, an almost equal callousness of feeling is revealed by J. Dalton's statement that the women taken on the head-hunting expedition "soon became attached to the conquerors"—resembling, in this respect, the Australian woman who, of her own accord, deserts to an enemy who has vanquished her husband. Cases of frantic amorous infatuation occur, as a matter of course. Brooke (II., 106) relates the story of a girl of seventeen who, for the sake of an ugly, deformed, and degraded workman, left her home, dressed as a man, and in a small broken canoe made a trip of eighty miles to join her lover. In olden times death would have been the penalty for such an act; but she, being a "New Woman" in her tribe, exclaimed, "If I fell in love with a wild beast, no one should prevent me marrying it." In this Eastern clime, Brooke declares, "love is like the sun's rays in warmth." He might have added that it is as fickle and transient as the sun's warmth; every passing cloud chills it. The shallow nature of Dyak attachment is indicated by their ephemeral unions and universal addiction to divorce. "Among the Upper Sarawak Dyaks divorce is very frequent, owing to the great extent of adultery," says Haughton (Roth, I., 126); and St. John remarks:

Page 346

“One can scarcely meet with a middle-aged Dayak who has not had two, and often three or more wives. I have heard of a girl of seventeen or eighteen years who had already had three husbands. Repudiation, which is generally done by the man or woman running away to the house of a near relation, takes place for the slightest cause—personal dislike or disappointments, a sudden quarrel, bad dreams, discontent with their partners’ powers of labor or their industry, or, in fact, any excuse which will help to give force to the expression, ‘I do not want to live with him, or her, any longer.’”

“Many men and women have married seven or eight times before they find the partner with whom they desire to spend the rest of their lives.”

“When a couple are newly-married, if a deer or a gazelle, or a moose-deer utters a cry at night near the house in which the pair are living, it is an omen of ill—they must separate, or the death of one would ensue. This might be a great trial to an European lover; the Dayaks, however, take the matter very philosophically.” “Mr. Chalmers mentions to me the case of a young Penin-jau man who was divorced from his wife on the third day after marriage. The previous night a deer had uttered its warning cry, and separate they must. The morning of the divorce he chanced to go into the ‘Head House’ and there sat the bridegroom contentedly at work.”

“‘Why are you here?’ he was asked, as the ‘Head House’ is frequented by bachelors and boys only; ‘What news of your new wife?’”

“‘I have no wife, we were separated this morning because the deer cried last night.’”

“‘Are you sorry?’”

“‘Very sorry.’”

“‘What are you doing with that brass wire?’”

“‘Making *perik*’—the brass chain work which the women wear round their waists—’for a young woman whom I want to get for my new wife,’” (I., 165-67; 55.)

Such is the love of Dyaks. Marriage among them, says the same keen observer, “is a business of partnership for the purpose of having children, dividing labor, and, by means of their offspring, providing for their old age;” and Brooke Low remarks that “intercourse before marriage is strictly to ascertain that the marriage will be fruitful, as the Dyaks want children,” In other words, apart from sensual purposes, the women are not desired and cherished for their own sakes, but only for utilitarian reasons, as a means to an

end. Whence we conclude that, high as the Dyaks stand above Australians and many Africans, they are still far from the goal of genuine affection. Their feelings are only skin deep.

DYAK LOVE-SONGS

Dyaks are not without their love-songs.

Page 347

"I am the tender shoot of the drooping libau with its fragrant scent." "I am the comb of the champion fighting-cock that never runs away," "I am the hawk flying down the Kanyau Kiver, coming after the fine feathered fowl." "I am the crocodile from the mouth of the Lingga, coming repeatedly for the striped flower of the rose-apple."

Roth (I., 119-21) cites forty-five of these verses, mostly expressive of such selfish boasting and vanity. Not one of them expresses a feeling of tenderness or admiration of a beloved person, not to speak of altruistic feelings.

THE GIRL WITH THE CLEAN FACE

Is a Dyak capable of admiring personal beauty? Some of the girls have fine figures and pretty faces; but there is no evidence that any but the voluptuous (non-esthetic) qualities of the figure are appreciated, and as for the faces, if the men really appreciated beauty as we do, they would first of all things insist that the girls must keep their faces clean. An amusing experiment made by St. John with some Ida'an girls (I., 339) is suggestive from this point of view:

"We selected one who had the dirtiest face—and it was difficult to select where all were dirty—and asked her to glance at herself in a looking-glass. She did so, and passed it round to the others; we then asked which they thought looked best, cleanliness or dirt: this was received with a universal giggle." "We had brought with us several dozen cheap looking-glasses, so we told Iseiom, the daughter of Li Moun, our host, that if she would go and wash her face we would give her one. She treated the offer with scorn, tossed her head, and went into her father's room. But about half an hour afterwards, we saw her come into the house and try to mix quietly with the crowd; but it was of no use, her companions soon noticed she had a clean face, and pushed her to the front to be inspected. She blushing received her looking-glass and ran away, amid the laughter of the crowd."

The example had a great effect, however, and before evening nine of the girls had received looking-glasses.[184]

FIJIAN REFINEMENTS

In the chapter on Personal Beauty I endeavored to show that if savages who live near the sea or river are clean, it is not owing to their love of cleanliness, but to an accident, bathing being resorted to by them as an antidote to heat, or as a sport. This applies particularly to the Melanesian and Polynesian inhabitants of the South Sea Islands, whose chief pastimes are swimming and surf riding. Thomas Williams, in his authoritative work on Fiji and the Fijians, makes some remarks which entirely bear out my views:

“Too much has been said about the cleanliness of the natives. The lower classes are often very dirty.... They ... seldom hesitate to sink both cleanliness and dignity in what they call comfort” (117).

We are therefore not surprised to read on another page (97) that

Page 348

“of admiring emotion, produced by the contemplation of beauty, these people seem incapable; while they remain unmoved by the wondrous loveliness with which they are everywhere surrounded.... The mind of the Fijian has hitherto seemed utterly unconscious of any inspiration of beauty, and his imagination has grovelled in the most vulgar earthliness.”

Sentimentalists have therefore erred in ascribing to the Fijian cannibals cleanliness as a virtue. They have erred also in regard to several other alleged refinements they discovered among these tribes. One of these is the custom prohibiting a father from cohabiting with his wife until the child is weaned. This has been supposed to indicate a kind regard for the welfare and health of mother and child. But when we examine the facts we find that far from being a proof of superior morality, this custom reveals the immorality of the husband, and makes an assassin of the wife. Read what Williams has to say (154):

“Nandi, one of whose wives was pregnant, left her to dwell with a second. The forsaken one awaited his return some months, and at last the child disappeared. This practice seemed to be universal on Vanua Levu—quite a matter of course—so that few women could be found who had not in some way been murderers. The extent of infanticide in some parts of this island reaches nearer to two-thirds than half.”

Williams further informs us (117) that “husbands are as frequently away from their wives as they are with them, since it is thought not well for a man to sleep regularly at home.” He does not comment on this, but Seeman (191) and Westermarck (151) interpret the custom as indicating Fijian “ideas of delicacy in married life,” which, after what has just been said, is decidedly amusing. If Fijians really were capable of considering it indelicate to spend the night under the same roof with their wives, it would indicate their indelicacy, not their delicacy. The utterly unprincipled men doubtless had their reasons for preferring to stay away from home, and probably their great contempt for women also had something to do with the custom.

HOW CANNIBALS TREAT WOMEN

In Fiji, says Crawley (225), women are kept away from participation in worship. “Dogs are excluded from some temples, women from all.” In many parts of the group woman is treated, according to Williams,

“as a beast of burden, not exempt from any kind of labor, and forbidden to enter any temple; certain kinds of food she may eat only by sufferance, and that after her husband has finished. In youth she is the victim of lust, and in old age, of brutality.”

Girls are betrothed and married as children without consulting their choice. "I have seen an old man of sixty living with two wives both under fifteen years of age." Such of the young women as are acquainted with foreign ways envy the

Page 349

avored women who wed “the man to whom their spirit flies.” Women are regarded as the property of the men, and as an incentive to bravery they are “promised to such as shall, by their prowess, render themselves deserving.” They are used for paying war-debts and other accounts; for instance, “the people submitted to their chiefs and capitulated, offering two women, a basket of earth, whales’ teeth, and mats, to buy the reconciliation of the Rewans.”

“A chief of Nandy, in Viti Levu, was very desirous to have a musket which an American captain had shown him. The price of the coveted piece was two hogs. The chief had only one; but he sent on board with it a young woman as an equivalent.”

At weddings the prayer is that the bride may “bring forth male children”; and when the son is born, one of the first lessons taught him is “to strike his mother, lest he should grow up to be a coward.” When a husband died, it was the national custom to murder his wife, often his mother too, to be his companions. To kill a defenceless woman was an honorable deed.

“I once asked a man why he was called Koroi. ‘Because,’ he replied, ‘I, with several other men, found some women and children in a cave, drew them out and clubbed them and was then consecrated.’”

So far have sympathy and gallantry progressed in Fiji.

“Many examples might be given of most dastardly cruelty, where women and even unoffending children were abominably slain.” “I have labored to make the murderers of females ashamed of themselves; and have heard their cowardly cruelty defended by the assertion that such victims were doubly good—because they ate well, and because of the distress it caused their husbands and friends.” “Cannibalism does not confine itself to one sex.” “The heart, the thigh, and the arm above the elbow, are considered the greatest dainties.”

One of these monsters, whom Williams knew, sent his wife to fetch wood and collect leaves to line the oven. When she had cheerfully and unsuspectingly obeyed his orders, he killed her, put her in the oven, and ate her. There had been no quarrel; he was simply hungering for a dainty morsel. Even after death the women are subjected to barbarous treatment.

“One of the corpses was that of an old man of seventy, another of a fine young woman of eighteen.... All were dragged about and subjected to abuse too horrible and disgusting to be described.”[185]

FIJIAN MODESTY AND CHASTITY

With these facts in mind the reader is able to appreciate the humor of the suggestion that it is “ideas of delicacy” that prevent Fijian husbands from spending their nights at home. Equally amusing is the blunder of Wilkes, who tells us (III., 356) that

Page 350

“though almost naked, these natives have a great idea of modesty, and consider it extremely indelicate to expose the whole person. If either a man or woman should be discovered without the ‘maro’ or ‘liku,’ they would probably be killed.”

Williams, the great authority on Fijians, says that “Commodore Wilkes’s account of Fijian marriages seems to be compounded of Oriental notions and Ovalan yarns” (147). Having been a mere globe-trotter, it is natural that he should have erred in his interpretation of Fijian customs, but it is unpardonable in anthropologists to accept such conclusions without examination. As a matter of fact, the scant Fijian attire has nothing to do with modesty; quite the contrary. Williams says (147) “that young unmarried women wear a *liku* little more than a hand’s breadth in depth, which does not meet at the hips by several inches;” and Seeman writes (168) that Fijian girls

“wore nothing but a girdle of hibiscus fibres, about six inches wide, dyed black, red, yellow, white, or brown, and put on in such a coquettish way that one thought it must come off every moment.”

Westermarck, with whom for once we can agree, justly observes (190) that such a costume “is far from being in harmony with our ideas of modesty,” and that its real purpose is to attract attention. As elsewhere among such peoples the matter is strictly regulated by fashion. “Both sexes,” says Williams (143), “go unclad until the tenth year and some beyond that. Chiefs’ children are kept longest without dress.” Any deviation from a local custom, however ludicrous that custom may be, seems to barbarians punishable and preposterous. Thus, a Fijian priest whose sole attire consisted in a loin-cloth (*masi*) exclaimed on hearing of the gods of the naked New Hebrideans: “Not possessed of masi and pretend to have gods!”

The alleged chastity of Fijians is as illusive as their modesty. Girls who had been betrothed as infants were carefully guarded, and adultery savagely punished by clubbing or strangling; but, as I made clear in the chapter on jealousy, such vindictive punishment does not indicate a regard for chastity, but is merely revenge for infringement on property rights. The national custom permitting a man whose conjugal property had been molested to retaliate by subjecting the culprit’s wife to the same treatment in itself indicates an utter absence of the notion of chastity as a virtue. Like the Papuan, Melanesian, and Polynesian inhabitants of the Pacific Islands in general, the Fijians were utterly licentious. Young women, says Williams (145) are the victims of man’s lust;

Page 351

“all the evils of the most licentious sensuality are found among this people. In the case of the chiefs, these are fully carried out, and the vulgar follow as far as their means will allow. But here, even at the risk of making the picture incomplete, there may not be given a faithful representation” (115).

When a band of warriors returns victorious, they are met by the women; but “the words of the women’s song may not be translated; nor are the obscene gestures of their dance, in which the young virgins are compelled to take part, or the foul insults offered to the corpses of the slain, fit to be described.... On these occasions the ordinary social restrictions are destroyed, and the unbridled and indiscriminate indulgence of every evil lust and passion completes the scene of abomination” (43). Yet,

“voluntary breach of the marriage contract is rare in comparison with that which is enforced, as, for instance, when the chief gives up the women of a town to a company of visitors or warriors. Compliance with this mandate is compulsory, but should the woman conceal it from her husband, she would be severely punished” (147).

EMOTIONAL CURIOSITIES

When Williams adds to the last sentence that “fear prevents unfaithfulness more than affection, though I believe that instances of the latter are numerous,” we must not allow ourselves to be deceived by a word. Fijian “affection” is a thing quite different from the altruistic feeling we mean by the word. It may in a wife assume the form of a blind attachment, like that of a dog to a cruel master, but is not likely to go beyond that, since even the most primitive love between parents and children is confessedly shallow, transient, or entirely absent. Williams (154, 142) “noticed cases beyond number where natural affection was wanting on both sides;” two-thirds of the offspring are killed, “such children as are allowed to live are treated with a foolish fondness”—and fondness is, as we have seen, not an altruistic but an egoistic feeling. In writing about Fijian friendships our author says (117):

“The high attainments which constitute friendship are known to very few.... Full-grown men, it is true, will walk about together, hand in hand, with boyish kindness, or meet with hugs and embraces; but their love, though specious, is hardly real.”

Obviously the keen-eyed missionary here had in mind the distinction between sentimentality and sentiment. Sentimentality of a most extraordinary kind is also found in the attitude of sons toward parents. A Fijian considered it a mark of affection to club an aged parent (157), and Williams has seen the breast of a ferocious savage heave and swell with strong emotion on bidding a temporary farewell to his aged father, whom he afterward strangled (117). Such are the emotions of barbarians—shallow, fickle, capricious—as different from our affection as a brook which dries up after every shower

is from the deep and steady current of a river which dispenses its beneficent waters even in a drought.



Page 352

FIJIAN LOVE-POEMS

In his article on Fijian poetry, referred to in the chapter on Coyness, Sir Arthur Gordon informs us that among the “sentimental” class of poems “there are not a few which are licentious, and many more which, though not open to that reproach, are coarse and indecent in their plain-spokenness.” Others of the love-songs, he declares, have “a ring of true feeling very unlike what is usually found in similar Polynesian compositions, and which may be searched for in vain in Gill’s *Songs of the Pacific*.” These songs, he adds, “more nearly resemble European love-songs than any with which I am acquainted among other semi-savage races;” and he finds in them “a ring of true passion as if of love arising not from mere animal instinct but intelligent association.” I for my part cannot find in them even a hint at supersensual altruistic sentiment. To give the reader a chance to judge for himself I cite the following:

I

He.—I seek my lady in the house when the breeze blows, I say to her, “Arrange the house, unfold the mats, bring the pillows, sit down and let us talk together.”

I say “Why do you provoke me? Be sure men despise coquetry such as yours, though they disguise from you the scorn they feel. Nay, be not angry; grant me to hold thy fairly tattooed hand. I am distracted with love. I would fain weep if I could move thee to tears.”

She.—You are cruel, my love, and perverse. To think thus much of an idle jest.

The setting sun bids all repose. Night is nigh.

II

I lay till dawn of day, peacefully asleep,
But when the sun rose, I rose too and ran without.

I hastily gathered the sweetest flowers I could find, shaking them
from the branches.

I came near the dwelling of my love with my sweet scented burden.

As I came near she saw me, and called playfully,

“What birds are you flying here so early?”

“I am a handsome youth and not a bird,” I replied,

“But like a bird I am mateless and forlorn.”

She took a garland of flowers off her neck and gave it to me

I in return gave her my comb; I threw it to her and ah me! it strikes
her face!



“What rough bark of a tree are you made from?” she cries. And so saying she turned and went away in anger.

III

In the mountain war of 1876 there was in the native force on the government side a handsome lad of the name of Naloko, much admired by the ladies. One day, all the camp and the village of Nasauthoko were found singing this song, which someone had composed:

“The wind blows over the great mountain of Magondro,
It blows among the rocks of Magondro.
The same wind plays in and raises the yellow locks of
Naloko.
Thou lovest me, Naloko, and to thee I am devoted,

Page 353

Shouldst thou forsake me, sleep would forever forsake me.
Shouldst thou enfold another in thine arms,
All food would be to me as the bitter root of the via.
The world to me would become utterly joyless
Without thee, my handsome, slender waisted,
Strong-shouldered, pillar-necked lad."

SERENADES AND PROPOSALS

At the time when Williams studied the Fijians, their poetry consisted of dirges, serenades, wake-songs, war-songs, and hymns for the dance (99). Of love-songs addressed to individuals he says nothing. The serenades do not come under that head, since, as he says (140), they are practised at night "by *companies* of men and women"—which takes all the romance out of them. One detail of the romance of courtship had, however, been introduced even in his time, through European influence. "Popping the question" is, he says, of recent date, "and though for the most part done by the men, yet the women do not hesitate to adopt the same course when so inclined." No violent individual preference seems to be shown. The following is a specimen of a man's proposal.

Simioni Wang Ravou, wishing to bring the woman he wanted to a decision, remarked to her, in the hearing of several other persons:

"I do not wish to have you because you are a good-looking woman; that you are not. But a woman is like a necklace of flowers—pleasant to the eye and grateful to the smell: but such a necklace does not long continue attractive; beautiful as it is one day, the next it fades and loses its scent. Yet a pretty necklace tempts one to ask for it, but, if refused no one will often repeat his request. If you love me, I love you; but if not, neither do I love you: let it be a settled thing" (150).

SUICIDES AND BACHELORS

Hearts are not likely to be broken by a refusal under such circumstances, which bears out Williams's remark (148) that no distinctive preference is apparent among these men and women. Under such circumstances it may appear strange that some widowers should commit suicide upon the death of a wife, as Seernan assures us they do (193). Does not this indicate deep feeling? Not in a savage. In all countries suicide is usually a sign of a weak intellect rather than of strong feelings, and especially is this the case



among the lower races, where both men and women are apt to commit suicide in a moment of excitement, often for the most trivial cause, as we shall see in the next chapter. Williams tells us (106) of a chief on Thithia who was addressed disrespectfully by a younger brother and who, rather than live to have the insult made the topic of common talk, loaded his musket, placed the muzzle at his breast, and pushing the trigger with his toe, shot himself through the heart. He knew a similar case on Vanua Levu.

Page 354

"Pride and anger combined often lead to self-destruction. ... The most common method of suicide in Fiji is by jumping over a precipice. This is, among the women, the fashionable way of destroying themselves; but they sometimes resort to the rope. Of deadly poisons they are ignorant, and drowning would be a difficult thing; for from infancy they learn to be almost as much at home in the water as on dry land."

In his book on the Melanesians Codrington says (243) that

"a wife jealous of her husband, or in any way incensed at him, would in former times throw herself from a cliff or tree, swim out to sea, hang or strangle herself, stab herself with an arrow, or thrust one down her throat; and a man jealous or quarrelling with his wife would do the like; but now it is easy to go off with another's wife or husband in a labor vessel to Queensland or Fiji."

There is one class of men in Fiji who are not likely to commit suicide. They are the bachelors, who, though they are scorned and frowned on in this life, must look forward to a worse fate after death. There is a special god, named Nangganangga—"the bitter hater of bachelors"—who watches for their souls, and so untiring is his watch, as Williams was informed (206), that no unwedded spirit has ever reached the Elysium of Fiji. Sly bachelors sometimes try to dodge him by stealing around the edge of a certain reef at low tide; but he is up to their tricks, seizes them and dashes them to pieces on the large black stone, just as one shatters rotten fire-wood.

SAMOAN TRAITS

Cruel and degraded as the Fijians are, they mark a considerable advance over the Australian savages. A further advance is to be noted as we come to the Samoans. Cannibalism was indulged in occasionally in more remote times, but not, as in Fiji, owing to a relish for human flesh, but merely as a climax of hatred and revenge. To speak of roasting a Samoan chief is a deadly insult and a cause for war (Turner, 108). Sympathy was a feeling known to Samoans; their treatment of the sick was invariably humane (141). And whereas in Australia, Borneo, and Fiji, it is just as honorable to slay a female as a male, Samoans consider it cowardly to kill a woman (196). Nor do they practise infanticide; but this abstinence is counterbalanced by the fact that the custom of destroying infants before birth prevailed to a melancholy extent (79).

Yet here as everywhere we discover that the sexual refinement on which the capacity for supersensual love depends comes last of the virtues. The Rev. George Turner, who had forty years of experience among the Polynesians, writes (125) that at their dances "all kinds of obscenity in looks, language, and gesture prevailed; and often they danced and revelled till daylight." The universal custom of tattooing was connected with immoral practices (90). During the wedding ceremonies of chiefs the friends of the bride

Page 355

“took up stones and beat themselves until their heads were bruised and bleeding. The ceremony to prove her virginity which preceded this burst of feeling will not bear the light of description.... Night dances and the attendant immoralities wound up the ceremonies.”

The same obscene ceremonies, he adds, were gone through, and this custom, he thinks, had some influence in cultivating chastity, especially among young women of rank who feared the disgrace and beating that was the lot of faithless brides. Presents were also given to those who had preserved their virtue; but the result of these efforts is thus summed up by Turner (91):

“Chastity was ostensibly cultivated by both sexes; but it was more a name than a reality. From their childhood their ears were familiar with the most obscene conversation; and as a whole family, to some extent, herded together, immorality was the natural and prevalent consequence. There were exceptions, especially among the daughters of persons of rank; but they were the exceptions, not the rule. Adultery, too, was sadly prevalent, although often severely punished by private revenge.”

When a chief took a wife, the bride’s uncle or other relative had to give up a daughter at the same time to be his concubine; to refuse this, would have been to displease the household god. A girl’s consent was a matter of secondary importance: “She had to agree if her parents were in favor of the match.” Many marriages were made chiefly for the sake of the attendant festivities, the bride being compelled to go whether or not she was willing. In this way a chief might in a short time get together a harem of a dozen wives; but most of them remained with him only a short time:

“If the marriages had been contracted merely for the sake of the property and festivities of the occasion, the wife was not likely to be more than a few days or weeks with her husband.”

COURTSHIP PANTOMIME

Elopements occur in Samoa in some cases where parental consent is refused. A vivid description of the pantomimic courtship preceding an elopement has been given by Kubary (*Globus*, 1885). A young warrior is surrounded by a bevy of girls. Though unarmed, he makes various gestures as if spearing or clubbing an enemy, for which the girls cheer him.

He then selects one, who at first seems coyly unwilling, and begins a dance with her. She endeavors to look indifferent and forbidding, while he, with longing looks and words, tries to win her regard. Presently, yielding to his solicitations, she smiles, and opens her arms for him. But he, foolishly, stops to reproach her for holding him off so

long. He shakes his head, rolls his eyes, and lo! when he gets ready to grasp her at last, she eludes him again, with a mocking laugh.

Page 356

It is now his turn to be perverse. Revenge is in his mind and mien. All his looks and gestures indicate contempt and malice, and he keeps turning his back to her. She cannot endure this long; his scorn overcomes her pride, and when he changes his attitude and once more begins to entreat, she at last allows him to seize her and they dance wildly. When finally the company separates for the evening meal, one may hear the word *toro* whispered. It means “cane,” and indicates a nocturnal rendezvous in the cane-field, where lovers are safe from observation. They find each other by imitating the owl’s sound, which excites no suspicion.

When they have met, the girl says: “You know that my parents hate you; nothing remains but *awenga*.” *Awenga* means flight; three nights later they elope in a canoe to some small island, where they remain for a few weeks till the excitement over their disappearance has subsided in the village and their parents are ready to pardon them.

TWO SAMOAH LOVE-STORIES

Turner devotes six pages (98-104) to two Samoan love-stories. One of them illustrates the devotion of a wife and her husband’s ingratitude and faithlessness, as the following summary will show:

There was a youth called Siati, noted for his singing. A serenading god came along, threw down a challenge, and promised him his fair daughter if he was the better singer. They sang and Siati beat the god. Then he rode on a shark to the god’s home and the shark told him to go to the bathing-place, where he would find the god’s daughters. The girls had just left the place when Siati arrived, but one of them had forgotten her comb and came back to get it. “Siati,” said she, “however have you come here?” “I’ve come to seek the song-god and get his daughter to wife.” “My father,” said she, “is more of a god than man—eat nothing he hands you, never sit on a high seat lest death should follow, and now let us unite.” The god did not like his son-in-law and tried various ways to destroy him, but his wife Puapae always helped him out of the scrape, one time even making him cut her into two and throw her into the sea to be eaten by a fish and find a ring the god had lost and asked him to get. She was afterward cast ashore with the ring; but Siati had not even kept awake, and she scolded him for it. To save his life, she subsequently performed several other miracles, in one of which her father and sister were drowned in the sea. Then she said to Siati: “My father and sister are dead, and all on account of my love to you; you may go now and visit your family and friends while I remain here, but see that you do not behave unseemly.” He went, visited his friends, and forgot Puapae. He tried to marry again, but Puapae came and stood on the other side. The chief called out, “Which is your wife, Siati?” “The one on the right side.” Puapae then broke

Page 357

silence with, "Ah, Siati, you have forgotten all I did for you;" and off she went. Siati remembered it all, darted after her crying, and then fell down dead.

Apart from the amusing "suddenness" of the proposal and the marriage, this tale is of interest as indicating that among the lower races woman has—as many observations indicate—a greater capacity for conjugal attachment than man.

The courtship scene cited above indicates an instinctive knowledge of the strategic value of coyness and feigned displeasure. The following story, which I condense from the versified form in which Turner gives it, would seem to be a sort of masculine warning to women against the danger and folly of excessive coyness, so inconvenient to the men:

Once there were two sisters, Sinaleuuna and Sinaeteva, who wished they had a brother. Their wish was gratified; a boy was born to their parents, but they brought him up apart, and the sisters never saw him till one day, when he had grown up, he was sent to them with some food. The girls were struck with his beauty. Afterwards they sat down and filled into a bamboo bottle the liquid shadow of their brother. A report had come to them of Sina, a Fijian girl who was so beautiful that all the swells were running after her. Hearing this, and being anxious to get a wife for their brother, they dressed up and went to Fiji, intending to tell Sina about their brother. But Sina was haughty; she slighted the sisters and treated them shamefully. She had heard of the beauty of the young man, whose name was Maluafiti ("Shade of Fiji"), and longed for his coming, but did not know that these were his sisters. The slighted girls got angry and went to the water when Sina was taking her bath. From the bottle they threw out on the water the shadow of their brother. Sina looked at the shadow and was struck with its beauty. "That is my husband," she said, "wherever I can find him." She called out to the villagers for all the handsome young men to come and find out of whom the figure in the water was the image. But the shadow was more beautiful than any of these young men and it wheeled round and round in the water whenever Maluafiti, in his own land, turned about. All this time the sisters were weeping and exclaiming:

"Oh, Maluafiti! rise up, it is day;
Your shadow prolongs our ill-treatment.
Maluafiti, come and talk with her face to face,
Instead of that image in the water."

Sina had listened, and now she knew it was the shadow of Maluafiti. "These are his sisters too," she thought, "and I have been ill-using them; forgive me, I've done wrong," But the ladies were angry still. Maluafiti came in his canoe to court Lady Sina, and also to fetch his sisters. When they told him of their treatment he flew into an implacable rage. Sina longed to get him;

Page 358

he was her heart's desire and long she had waited for him. But Maluafiti frowned and would return to his island, and off he went with his sisters. Sina cried and screamed, and determined to follow swimming. The sisters pleaded to save and to bring her, but Maluafiti relented not and Sina died in the ocean.

PERSONAL CHARMS OF SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS

"Falling in love" with a person of the other sex on the mere report of his or her beauty is a very familiar motive in the literature of Oriental and mediaeval nations in particular. It is, therefore, interesting to find such a motive in the Samoan story just cited. In my view, as previously explained, beauty, among the lower races, means any kind of attractiveness, sensual more frequently than esthetic. The South Sea Islanders have been credited with considerable personal charms, although it is now conceded that the early voyagers (to whom, after an absence from shore of several months, almost any female must have seemed a Helen) greatly exaggerated their beauty.

Captain Cook kept a level head. He found Tongan women less distinguished from the men by their features than by their forms, while in the case of Hawaiians even the figures were remarkably similar (II., 144, 246). In Tahitian women he saw "all those delicate characteristics which distinguish them from the men in other countries." The Hawaiians, though far from being ugly, are "neither remarkable for a beautiful shape, nor for striking features" (246).

The indolent, open-air, amphibious life led by the South Sea Islanders was favorable to the development of fine bodies. Cook saw among the Tongans "some absolutely perfect models of the human figure." But fine feathers do not make fine birds. The nobler phases of love are not inspired by fine figures so much as by beautiful and refined faces. Polynesian and Melanesian features are usually coarse and sensual. Hugo Zoller says that "the most beautiful Samoan woman would stand comparison at best with a pretty German peasant girl;" and from my own observations at Honolulu, and a study of many photographs, I conclude that what he says applies to the Pacific Islanders in general. Edward Reeves, in his recent volume on *Brown Men and Women* (17-22), speaks of "that fraud—the beautiful brown woman." He found her a "dream of beauty and refinement" only in the eyes of poets and romancers; in reality they were malodorous and vulgar. "All South Sea Island women are very much the same."

"To compare the prettiest Tongan, Samoan, Tahitian, or even Rotuman, to the plainest and most simply educated Irish, French, or Colonial girl that has been decently brought up is an insult to one's intelligence."

Wilkes (II., 22) hesitated to speak of the Tahitian females because he could not discover their much-vaunted beauty:



"I did not see among them a single woman whom I could call handsome. They have, indeed, a soft sleepiness about the eyes, which may be fascinating to some, but I should rather ascribe the celebrity their charms have obtained among navigators to their cheerfulness and gaiety. Their figures are bad, and the greater part of them are parrot-toed."

TAHITIANS AND THEIR WHITE VISITORS

Page 359

Tongan girls are referred to in Reeves's book as "bundles of blubber." It is not necessary to refer once more to the fact that "blubber" is the criterion and ideal of "beauty" among the Pacific Islanders, as among barbarians in general. Consequently their love cannot have been ennobled by any of the refined, esthetic, intellectual, and moral qualities which are embodied in a refined face and a daintily modelled figure.

Coarsest of all the Polynesians were the Tahitians; yet even here efforts have been made[186] to convey the impression that they owed their licentious practices to the influence of white visitors. The grain of truth in this assertion lies in the undoubted fact that the whites, with their rum and trinkets and diseases, aggravated the evil; but their contribution was but a drop in the ocean of iniquity which existed ages before these islands were discovered by whites. Tahitian traditions trace their vilest practices back to the earliest times known. (Ellis, I., 183.) The first European navigators found the same vices which later visitors deplored. Bougainville, who tarried at Tahiti in 1767, called the island Nouvelle Cythere, on account of the general immorality of the natives. Cook, when he visited the island in the following year, declined to make his journal "the place for exhibiting a view of licentious manners which could only serve to disgust" his readers (212). Hawkesworth relates (II., 206) that the Tahitians offered sisters and daughters to strangers, while breaches of conjugal fidelity are punished only by a few hard words or a slight beating:

"Among other diversions there is a dance called Timorodee, which is performed by young girls, whenever eight or ten of them can be collected together, consisting of motions and gestures beyond imagination wanton, in the practice of which they are brought up from their earliest childhood, accompanied by words which, if it were possible, would more explicitly convey the same ideas." "But there is a scale in dissolute sensuality, which these people have ascended, wholly unknown to every other nation whose manners have been recorded from the beginning of the world to the present hour, and which no imagination could possibly conceive."

This is the testimony of the earliest explorers who saw the natives before whites could have possibly corrupted them.[187] The later missionaries found no change for the better. Captain Cook already referred to the Areois who made a business of depravity (220). "So agreeable," he wrote,

"is this licentious plan of life to their disposition, that the most beautiful of both sexes thus commonly spend their youthful days, habituated to the practice of enormities which would disgrace the most savage tribes."

Ellis, who lived several years on this island, declares that they were noted for their humor and their jests, but the jests

Page 360

“were in general low and immoral to a disgusting degree.... Awfully dark, indeed, was their moral character, and notwithstanding the apparent mildness of their disposition, and the cheerful vivacity of their conversation, no portion of the human race was ever, perhaps, sunk lower in brutal licentiousness and moral degradation than this isolated people” (87).

He also describes the Areois (I., 185-89) as “privileged libertines,” who travelled from place to place giving improper dances and exhibitions, “addicted to every kind of licentiousness,” and “spreading a moral contagion throughout society,” Yet they were “held in the greatest respect” by all classes of the population. They had their own gods, who were “monsters in vice,” and “patronized every evil practice perpetrated during such seasons of public festivity.”

Did the white sailors also give the Tahitians their idea of Tahitian dances, and professional Areois, and corrupt gods? Did they teach them customs which Hawkesworth, himself a sailor, and accustomed to scenes of low life, said “no imagination could possibly conceive?” Did the European whites teach these natives to regard men as *ra* (sacred) and women as *noa* (common)? Did they teach them all those other customs and atrocities which the following paragraphs reveal?

HEARTLESS TREATMENT OF WOMEN

It can be shown that quite apart from their sensuality, the Tahitians were too coarse and selfish to be able to entertain any of those refined sentiments of love which the sentimentalists would have us believe prevailed before the advent of the white man.

Love is often compared to a flower; but love cannot, like a flower, grow on a dunghill. It requires a pure, chaste soul, and it requires the fostering sunshine of sympathy and adoration. To a Tahitian a woman was merely a toy to amuse him. He liked her as he liked his food and drink, or his cool plunge into the waves, for the reason that she pleased his senses. He could not feel sentimental love for her, since, far from adoring her, he did not even respect or well-treat her. Ellis (I., 109) relates that

“The men were allowed to eat the flesh of the pig, and of fowls, and a variety of fish, cocoanuts, and plantains, and whatever was presented as an offering to the gods; these the females, on pain of death, were forbidden to touch, as it was supposed they would pollute them. The fires at which the men’s food was cooked were also sacred, and were forbidden to be used by the females. The baskets in which their provision was kept, and the house in which the men ate, were also sacred, and prohibited to the females under the same cruel penalty. Hence the inferior food, both for wives, daughters, *etc.*, was cooked at separate fires, deposited in distinct baskets, and eaten in lonely solitude by the females, in little huts erected for the purpose.”

Page 361

Not content with this, when one man wished to abuse another in a particularly offensive way he would use some expression referring to this degraded condition of the women, such as “mayst thou be baked as food for thy mother.” Young children were deliberately taught to disregard their mother, the father encouraging them in their insults and violence (205). Cook (220) found that Tahitian women were often treated with a degree of harshness, or rather “brutality,” which one would scarcely suppose a man would bestow on an object for whom he had the least affection. Nothing, however, is more common than “to see the men beat them without mercy” (II., 220). They killed more female than male infants, because, as they said, the females were useless for war, the fisheries, or the service of the temple. For the sick they had no sympathy; at times they murdered them or buried them alive. (Ellis, I., 340; II., 281.) In battle they gave no quarter, even to women or children. (Hawkesworth, II., 244.)

“Every horrid torture was practised. The females experienced brutality and murder, and the tenderest infants were perhaps transfixed to the mother’s heart by a ruthless weapon—caught up by ruffian hands, and dashed against the rocks or the trees—or wantonly thrown up into the air, and caught on the point of the warrior’s spear, where it writhed in agony, and died, ... some having two or three infants hanging on the spear they bore across their shoulders” (I., 235-36). The bodies of females slain in war were treated with “a degree of brutality as inconceivable as it was detestable.”

TWO STORIES OF TAHITIAN INFATUATION

While ferocity, cruelty, habitual wantonness and general coarseness are fatal obstacles to sentimental love, they may be accompanied, as we have seen, by the violent sensual infatuation which is so often mistaken for love. Unsuccessful Tahitian suitors have been known to commit suicide under the influence of revenge and despair, as is stated by Ellis (I., 209), who also notes two instances of violent individual preference.

The chief of Eimeo, twenty years old, of a mild disposition, became attached to a Huahine girl and tendered proposals of marriage. She was a niece of the principal roatira in the island, but though her family was willing, she declined all his proposals. He discontinued his ordinary occupations, and repaired to the habitation of the individual whose favor he was so anxious to obtain. Here he appeared subject to the deepest melancholy, and from morning to night, day after day, he attended his mistress, performing humiliating offices with apparent satisfaction. His disappointment finally became the topic of general conversation. At length the girl was induced to accept him. They were publicly married and lived very comfortably together for a few months, when the wife died.

Page 362

In the other instance the girl was the lover and the man unwilling. A belle of Huahine became exceedingly fond of the society of a young man who was temporarily staying on the island and living in the same house. It was soon intimated to him that she wished to become his companion for life. The intimation, however, was disregarded by the young man, who expressed his intention to prosecute his voyage. The young woman became unhappy, and made no secret of the cause of her distress. She was assiduous in redoubling her efforts to please the individual whose affection she was desirous to retain. At this period Ellis never saw him either in the house of his friend or walking abroad without the young woman by his side. Finding the object of her attachment, who was probably about eighteen years of age, unmoved by her attentions, she not only became exceedingly unhappy, but declared that if she continued to receive the same indifference and neglect, she would either strangle or drown herself. Her friends now interfered, using their endeavors with the young man. He relented, returned the attentions he had received, and the two were married. Their happiness, however, was of short duration. The attachment which had been so ardent in the bosom of the young woman before marriage was superseded by a dislike as powerful, and though he seemed not unkind to her, she not only treated him with insult but finally left him.

“The marriage tie,” says Ellis (I., 213),

“was probably one of the weakest and most brittle that existed among them; neither party felt themselves bound to abide by it any longer than it suited their convenience. The slightest cause was often sufficient to occasion or justify the separation.”

CAPTAIN COOK ON TAHITIAN LOVE

It has been said of Captain Cook that his maps and topographical observations are characterized by remarkable accuracy. The same may be said in general of his observations regarding the natives of the islands he visited more than a century ago. He, too, noted some cases of strong personal preference among Tahitians, but this did not mislead him into attributing to them a capacity for true love:

“I have seen several instances where the women have preferred personal beauty to interest, though I must own that, even in these cases, they seem scarcely susceptible of those delicate sentiments that are the result of mutual affection; and I believe that there is less Platonic love in Otaheite than in any other country.”

Not that Captain Cook was infallible. When he came across the Tonga group he gave it the name of “Friendly Islands,” because of the apparently amicable disposition of the natives toward him; but, as a matter of fact, their intention was to massacre him and his crew and take the two ships—a plan which would have been put in execution if the chiefs had not had a dispute as to the exact mode and

Page 363

time of making the assault.[188] Cook was pleased with the appearance and the ways of these islanders; they seemed kind, and he was struck at seeing “hundreds of truly European faces” among them. He went so far as to declare that it was utterly wrong to call them savages, “for a more civilized people does not exist under the sun.” He did not stay with them long enough to discover that they were morally not far above the other South Sea Islanders.

WERE THE TONGANS CIVILIZED?

Mariner, who lived among the Tongans four years, and whose adventures and observations were afterward recorded by Martin, gives information which indicates that Cook was wrong when he said that a more civilized people does not exist under the sun. “Theft, revenge, rape and murder,” Mariner attests (II., 140), “under many circumstances are not held to be crimes.” It is considered the duty of married women to remain true to their husbands and this, Mariner thinks, is generally done. Unmarried women “may bestow their favors upon whomsoever they please, without any opprobrium” (165). Divorced women, like the unmarried, may admit temporary lovers without the least reproach or secrecy.

“When a woman is taken prisoner (in war) she generally has to submit; but this is a thing of course, and considered neither an outrage nor dishonor; the only dishonor being to be a prisoner and consequently a sort of servant to the conqueror. Rape, though always considered an outrage, is not looked upon as a crime unless the woman be of such rank as to claim respect from the perpetrator” (166).

Many of their expressions, when angry, are

“too indelicate to mention.” “Conversation is often intermingled with allusions, even when women are present, which could not be allowed in any decent society in England.”

Two-thirds of the women

“are married and are soon divorced, and are married again perhaps three, four, or five times in their lives.” “No man is understood to be bound to conjugal fidelity; it is no reproach to him to intermix his amours.” “Neither have they any word expressive of chastity except *nofo mow*, remaining fixed or faithful, and which in this sense is only applied to a married woman to signify her fidelity to her husband.”

Even the married women of the lower classes had to yield to the wishes of the chiefs, who did not hesitate to shoot a resisting husband. (Waitz-Gerland, VI., 184.)

While these details show that Captain Cook overrated the civilization of the Tongans, there are other facts indicating that they were in some respects superior to other Polynesians, at any rate. The women are capable of blushing, and they are reproached if they change their lovers too often. They seem to have a dawning sense of the value of chastity and of woman's claims to consideration. In Mariner's description (l., 130) of a chief's wedding occurs this sentence:

Page 364

"The dancing being over, one of the old matabooles (nobles) addressed the company, making a moral discourse on the subject of chastity—advising the young men to respect, in all cases, the wives of their neighbors, and never to take liberties even with an unmarried woman against her free consent."

The wives of chiefs must not go about without attendants. Mariner says, somewhat naively, that when a man has an amour, he keeps it secret from his wife,

"not out of any fear or apprehension, but because it is unnecessary to excite her jealousy, and make her perhaps unhappy; for it must be said, to the honor of the men, that they consult in no small degree, and in no few respects, the happiness and comfort of their wives."

If Mariner tells the truth, it must be said in this respect that the Tongans are superior to all other peoples we have so far considered in this book. Though the husband's authority at home is absolute, and though one girl in every three is betrothed in her infancy, men do not, he says, make slaves or drudges of their wives, or sell their daughters, two out of every three girls being allowed to choose their own husbands—"early and often." The men do most of the hard work, even to the cooking. "In Tonga," says Seemann (237), "the women have been treated from time immemorial with all the consideration demanded by their weaker and more delicate constitution, not being allowed to perform any hard work." Cook also found (II., 149) that the province allotted to the men was "far more laborious and extensive than that of the women," whose employments were chiefly such as may be executed in the house.

LOVE OF SCENERY

If we may rely on Mariner there is still another point in which the Tongans appear to be far above other Polynesians, and barbarians in general. He would have us believe that while they seldom sing about love or war, they evince a remarkable love of nature (I., 293). He declares that they sometimes ascend a certain rock to "enjoy the sublime beauty of the surrounding scenery," or to reflect on the deeds of their ancestors. He cites a specimen of their songs, which, he says, is often sung by them; it is without rhymes or regular measure, and is given in a sort of recitative beginning with this highly poetic passage:

"Whilst we were talking of *Vavaoo tooa Licoo*, the women said to us, let us repair to the back of the island to contemplate the setting sun: there let us listen to the warbling of the birds and the cooing of the wood-pigeon. We will gather flowers ... and partake of refreshments ... we will then bathe in the sea and ... anoint our skins in the sun with sweet-scented oil, and will plait in wreaths the flowers gathered at *Matawlo*. And now, as we stand motionless on the eminence over *Ana Manoo*, the whistling of the wind among the branches of the lofty *toa*

Page 365

shall fill us with a pleasing melancholy; or our minds shall be seized with astonishment as we behold the roaring surf below, endeavoring but in vain to tear away the firm rocks. Oh! how much happier shall we be thus employed, than when engaged in the troublesome and insipid affairs of life.”

Inasmuch as Mariner did not take notes on the spot, but relied on his memory after an absence of several years, it is to be feared that the above passage may not be unadulterated Tongan. The rest of the song has a certain Biblical tone and style in a few of the sentences which arouse the suspicion (remember Ossian!) that a missionary may have edited, if not composed, this song. However that may be, the remainder of it gives us several pretty glimpses of Tongan amorous customs and may therefore be cited, omitting a few irrelevant sentences:

“Alas! how destructive is war!—Behold! how it has rendered the land productive of weeds, and opened untimely graves for departed heroes! Our chiefs can now no longer enjoy the sweet pleasure of wandering alone by moonlight in search of their mistresses: but let us banish sorrow from our hearts: since we are at war, we must think and act like the natives of Fiji, who first taught us this destructive art. Let us therefore enjoy the present time, for to-morrow perhaps or the next day we may die. We will dress ourselves with *chi coola*, and put bands of white *tappa* round our waists: we will plait thick wreaths of *jiale* for our heads, and prepare strings of *hooni* for our necks, that their whiteness may show off the color of our skins. Mark how the uncultivated spectators are profuse of their applause!—But now the dance is over: let us remain here to-night, and feast and be cheerful, and to-morrow we will depart for the *Mooa*. How troublesome are the young men, begging for our wreaths of flowers, while they say in their flattery, ‘See how charming these young girls look coining from *Licoo*!—how beautiful are their skins, diffusing around a fragrance like the flowery precipice of *Mataloco*.’ Let us also visit *Licoo*; we will depart to-morrow.”

A CANNIBAL BARGAIN

This story intimates, what may be true, that the Fijians first taught the Tongans the art of war, and if the Tongans were not originally a warlike people, we would have in that significant fact alone an explanation of much of their superiority to other Pacific islanders. The Fijians also appear to have taught them cannibalism, to which, however, they never became so addicted as their teachers. Mariner (I., 110-111) tells a story of two girls who, in a time of scarcity, agreed to play a certain game with two young men on these conditions: if the girls won, they were to divide a yam belonging to them and give half to the men; if the two men won they were still to have their share of the yam, but they were to go and kill a man and give half his body to the girls. The men won and promptly proceeded to carry out their part of the contract. Concealing themselves near a fortress, they soon saw a man who came to fill his cocoanut shells with water. They

rushed on him with their clubs, brought the body home at the risk of their lives, divided it and gave the young women the promised half.

Page 366

THE HANDSOME CHIEFS

To Captain Cook the muscular Tongan men conveyed the suggestion of strength rather than of beauty. They have, however, a legend which indicates that they had a high opinion of their personal appearance. It is related by Mariner (II., 129-34).

The god Langai dwelt in heaven with his two daughters. One day, as he was going to attend a meeting of the gods, he warned the daughters not to go to Tonga to gratify their curiosity to see the handsome chiefs there. But hardly had he gone when they made up their minds to do that very thing. "Let us go to Tonga," they said to each other; "there our celestial beauty will be appreciated more than here where all the women are beautiful." So they went to Tonga and, arm in arm, appeared before the feasting nobles, who were astounded at their beauty and all wanted the girls. Soon the nobles came to blows, and the din of battle was so great that it reached the ears of the gods. Langai was despatched to bring back and punish the girls. When he arrived, one of them had already fallen a victim to the contending chiefs. The other he seized, tore off her head, and threw it into the sea, where it was transformed into a turtle.

HONEYMOON IN A CAVE

On the west coast of the Tongan Island of Hoonga there is a peculiar cave, the entrance to which is several feet beneath the surface of the sea, even at low water. It was first discovered by a young chief, while diving after a turtle. He told no one about it, and luckily, as we shall see. He was secretly enamoured of a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a certain chief, but as she was betrothed to another man, he dared not tell her of his love. The governor of the islands was a cruel tyrant, whose misdeeds at last incited this girl's father to plot an insurrection. The plot unfortunately was discovered and the chief with all his relatives, including the beautiful girl, condemned to be taken out to sea in a canoe and drowned.

No time was to be lost. The lover hastened to the girl, informed her of her danger, confessed his love, and begged her to come with him to a place of safety. Soon her consenting hand was clasped in his; the shades of evening favored their escape; while the woods afforded her concealment until her lover had brought a canoe to a lonely part of the beach. In this they speedily embarked, and as he paddled her across the smooth water he related his discovery of the cavern destined to be her asylum till an opportunity offered of conveying her to the Fiji Islands.

When they arrived at the rock he jumped into the water, and she followed close after; they rose into the cavern, safe from all possibility of discovery, unless he should be watched. In the morning he returned to Vavaoo to bring her mats to lie on, and *gnatoo* (prepared bark of mulberry-tree) for a change of dress. He gave her as much of his



time as prudence allowed, and meanwhile pleaded his tale of love, to which she was not deaf; and when she confessed that she, too, had long regarded him with a favorable eye (but a sense of duty had caused her to smother her growing fondness), his measure of happiness was full.

Page 367

This cave was a very nice place for a honeymoon, but hardly for a permanent residence. So the young chief contrived a way of getting her out of the cavernous prison. He told his inferior chiefs that he wanted them to take their families and go with him to Fiji. A large canoe was soon got ready, and as they embarked he was asked if he would not take a Tongan wife with him. He replied, No! but that he should probably find one by the way. They thought this a joke, but when they came to the spot where the cave was, he asked them to wait while he went into the sea to fetch his wife. As he dived, they began to suspect he was insane, and as he did not soon reappear they feared he had been devoured by a shark.

While they were deliberating what to do, all at once, to their great surprise, he rose to the surface and brought into the canoe a beautiful young woman who, they all supposed, had been drowned with her family. The chief now told the story of the cave, and they proceeded to Fiji, where they lived some years, until the cruel governor of Tonga died, whereupon they returned to that island.

A HAWAIIAN CAVE-STORY

In an interesting book called *The Legends and Myths of Hawaii*, by King Kalakaua, there is a tale called "Kaala, the Flower of Lanai; A Story of the Spouting Cave of Palikaholo," which also involves the use of a submarine cave, but has a tragic ending. It takes the King fifteen pages to tell it, but the following condensed version retains all the details of the original that relate directly to love:

Beneath a bold rocky bluff on the coast of Lanai there is a cave whose only entrance is through the vortex of a whirlpool. Its floor gradually rises from the water, and is the home of crabs, polypi, sting-rays, and other noisome creatures of the deep, who find here temporary safety from their larger foes. It was a dangerous experiment to dive into this cave. One of the few who had done it was Oponui, a minor chief of Lanai Island. He had a daughter named Kaala, a girl of fifteen, who was so beautiful that her admirers were counted by the hundreds. It so happened that the great monarch Kamehameha I. paid a visit to Lanai about this time (near the close of the eighteenth century). He was received with enthusiasm, and among those who brought offerings of flowers was the fair Kaala. As she scattered the flowers she was seen by Kaaialii, one of the King's favorite lieutenants. "He was of chiefly blood and bearing" with sinewy limbs and a handsome face, and when he stopped to look into the eyes of Kaala and tell her that she was beautiful, she thought the words, although they had been frequently spoken to her by others, had never sounded so sweetly to her before. He asked her for a simple flower and she twined a *lei* for his neck. He asked her for a smile, and she looked up into his face and gave him her heart.

After they had seen each other a few times the lieutenant went to his chief and said:

Page 368

"I love the beautiful Kaala, daughter of Oponui. Give her to me for a wife."

"The girl is not mine to give," replied the King. "We must be just. I will send for her father. Come to-morrow."

Oponui was not pleased when he was brought before the King and heard his request. He had once, in war, narrowly escaped death at the hand of Kaaialii and now felt that he would rather feed his daughter to the sharks than give her to the man who had sought his life. Still, as it would have been unwise to openly oppose the King's wishes, he pretended to regard the proposal with favor, but regretted that his daughter was already promised to another man. He was, however, willing, he added, to let the girl go to the victor in a contest with bare hands between the two suitors. The rival suitor was Mailou, a huge, muscular savage known as the "bone breaker." Kaala hated and feared him and had taken every occasion to avoid him; but as her father was anxious to secure so strong an ally, his desire finally had prevailed against her aversion. Kaaialii was less muscular than his rival, but he had superior cunning, and thus it happened that in the fierce contest which followed he tripped up the "bone-breaker," seized his hair as he fell, placed his knees against his back, and broke his spine. Breaking away from her disappointed father Kaala sprang through the crowd and threw herself into the victor's arms. The king placed their hands together and said: "You have won her nobly. She is now your wife. Take her with you." But Oponui's wrath was greater than before, and he plotted revenge. On the morning after the marriage he visited Kaala and told her that her mother was dangerously ill at Mahana and wanted to see her before she died. The daughter followed him, though her husband had some misgivings. Arriving at the seashore, the father told her, with a wild glare in his eyes, that he had made up his mind to hide her down among the gods of the sea until the hated Kaaialii had left the island, when he would bring her home again. She screamed and tried to escape, but he gathered the struggling girl in his arms and jumped with her into the circling waters above the Spouting Cave. Sinking a fathom or so, they were sucked upward into the cave, where he placed her just above the reach of the water among the crabs and eels, with scarcely light enough to see them. He offered to take her back if she would promise to accept the love of the chief of Olowalu and allow Kaaialii to see her in the embrace of another. But she declared she would sooner perish in the cave. Having warned her that if she attempted to escape she would surely be dashed against the rocks and become the food of the sharks, he returned to the shore. Kaaialii awaited his wife's return with his heart aching for her warm embrace.

Page 369

He recalled the sullen look of Oponui, and panic seized him. He climbed a hill to watch for her return and his heart beat with joy when he saw a girl returning toward him. He thought it was Kaala, but it was Ua, the friend of Kaala and almost her equal in beauty. Ua told him that his wife had not been seen at her mother's, and as her father had been seen taking her through the forest, it was feared she would not be allowed to return. With an exclamation of rage Kaaialii started down toward the coast. Here he ran across Oponui and tried to seize him by the throat; but Oponui escaped and ran into a temple, where he was safe from an attack. In a paroxysm of rage and disappointment Kaaialii threw himself upon the ground cursing the *tabu* that barred him from his enemy. His friends took him to his hut, where Ua sought to soothe and comfort him. But he talked and thought alone of Kaala, and after partaking hastily of food, started out to find her. Of every one he met he inquired for Kaala, and called her name in the deep valleys and at the hilltops. Near the sacred spring of Kealia he met a white-haired priest who took pity on him and told him where Kaala had been hidden. "The place is dark and her heart is full of terror. Hasten to her, but tarry not, or she will be the food of the creatures of the sea." Thanking the priest, Kaaialii hastened to the bluff. With the words "Kaala, I come!" he sprang into the whirlpool and disappeared. The current sucked him up and suddenly he found himself in a chilly cave, feeling his way on the slimy floor by the dim light. Suddenly a low moan reached his ear. It was the voice of Kaala. She was lying near him, her limbs bruised with fruitless attempts to leave the cave, and no longer strong enough to drive away the crabs that were feeding upon her quivering flesh. He lifted her up and bore her toward the light. She opened her eyes and whispered, "I am dying, but I am happy, for you are here." He told her he would save her, but she made no response, and when he put his hand on her heart he found she was dead. For hours he held her in his arms. At length he was aroused by the splashing of water. He looked up and there was Ua, the gentle and beautiful friend of Kaala, and behind her the King Kamehameha. Kaaialii rose and pointed to the body before him. "I see," said the King, softly, "the girl is dead. She could have no better burial-place. Come, Kaaialii, let us leave it." But Kaaialii did not move. For the first time in his life he refused to obey his King. "What! would you remain here?" said the monarch. "Would you throw your life away for a girl? There are others as fair. Here is Ua; she shall be your wife, and I will give you the valley of Palawai. Come, let us leave at once lest some angry god close the entrance against us!" "Great chief," replied Kaaialii, "you have always been kind and

Page 370

generous to me, and never more so than now. But hear me; my life and strength are gone. Kaala was my life, and she is dead. How can I live without her? You are my chief. You have asked me to leave this place and live. It is the first request of yours I have ever disobeyed. It shall be the last!" Then seizing a stone, with a swift, strong blow he crushed in brow and brain, and fell dead upon the body of Kaala. A wail of anguish went up from Ua. Kamehameha spoke not, moved not. Long he gazed upon the bodies before him; and his eye was moist and his strong lips quivered as, turning away at last, he said: "He loved her indeed!" Wrapped in *kapa*, the bodies were laid side by side and left in the cavern; and there to-day may be seen the bones of Kaala, the flower of Lanai, and of Kaaialii, her knightly lover, by such as dare seek the passage to them through the whirlpool of Palikaholo.

IS THIS ROMANTIC LOVE?

These two Polynesian cave-stories are of interest from several points of view. In Waitz-Gerland (VI., 125), the Tongan tale is referred to as "a very romantic love-story," and if the author had known the Hawaiian story he would have had even more reason to call it romantic. But is either of these tales a story of romantic love? Is there evidence in them of anything but strong selfish passion or eagerness to possess one of the other sex? Is there any trace of the *higher* phases of love—of unselfish attachment, sympathy, adoration, as of a superior being, purity, gallantry, self-sacrifice? Not one. The Hawaiian Kaaialii does indeed smash his own skull when he finds his bride is dead. But that is a very different thing from sacrificing himself to save or please *her*. We have seen, too, on how slight a provocation these islanders will commit suicide, an act which proves a weak intellect rather than strong feeling. A man capable of feeling true love would have brains enough to restrain himself from committing such a silly and useless act in a fit of disappointment.

There is every reason to believe, moreover, that these stories have been embroidered by the narrators. In the vast majority of cases the men who have had an opportunity to note down primitive love-stories unfortunately did not hesitate to disguise their native flavor with European sauce in order to make them more palatable to the general public. This makes them interesting stories, made realistic by the use of local color, but utterly mars them for the scientific epicure who often relishes most what is caviare to the general. Take that Hawaiian story. It is supposed to be told by King Kalakaua himself. At least, the book of *Legend and Myths* has "By His Hawaiian Majesty" on the title page. Beneath those words we read that the book was edited by the Hon. E.M. Daggett; and in the preface acknowledgment is made to as many as eight

Page 371

persons “for material in the compilation of many of the legends embraced in this volume.” Thus there are ten cooks, and the question arises, “did they carefully and conscientiously tell these stories exactly as related to them by aboriginal Hawaiians, free from missionary influences, or did they flavor the broth with European condiments?” To this question no answer is given in the book, but there is plenty of evidence that either the King himself, in order to make his people as much like ours as possible, or his foreign assistants, embellished them with sentimental details. To take only two significant points: it sounds very sentimental to be told that the girl Ua, after Kaaialii had jumped into the vortex “wailed upon the winds a requiem of love and grief,” but a native Hawaiian has no more notion of the word requiem than he has of a syllogism. Then again, the story is full of expressions like this: “His *heart beat with joy*, for he thought she was Kaala;” or “He asked her for a smile and she *gave him her heart*.” Such phrases mislead not only the general reader but careless anthropologists into the belief that the lower races feel and express their love just as we do. As a matter of fact, Polynesians do not attribute feelings to the heart. Ellis (II., 311), could not even make them understand what he was talking about when he tried to explain to them our ideas regarding the heart as a seat of moral feeling. The fact that our usage in this respect is a mere convention, not based on physiological facts, makes it all the more reprehensible to falsify psychology by adorning aboriginal tales with the borrowed plumes and phrases of civilization.

VAGARIES OF HAWAIIAN FONDNESS

It is quite possible that the events related in the cave-story did occur; but a Hawaiian, untouched by missionary influences, would have told them very differently. It is very much more likely, however, that if a Hawaiian had found himself in the predicament of Kaaialii, he would have sympathized with the king's contemptuous speech: “What! would you throw your life away for a girl? There are others as fair. Here is Ua; she shall be your wife.” This would have been much more in accordance with what observers have told us of Hawaiian “heart-affairs.” “The marriage tie is loose,” says Ellis (IV., 315), “and the husband can dismiss his wife on any occasion.” “The loves of the Hawaiians are usually ephemeral,” says “Haeole,” the author of *Sandwich Island Notes* (267). The widow seldom or never plants a solitary flower over the grave of her lord. She may once visit the mound that marks the repose of his ashes, but never again, unless by accident. It not unfrequently happens that a second husband is selected while the remains of the first are being conveyed to his “long home.” Hawaiian women seem more attached to pigs and puppies than to their husbands or even their children. The writer just

Page 372

quoted says whole volumes might be written concerning the “silly affection” of the women for animals. They carry them in their bosoms, and do not hesitate to suckle them. It is one of their duties to drive pigs to the market, and one day “Haeole” came across a group of native women who had taken off their only garments and soaked them in water to cool their dear five hundred-pounder, while others were fanning him! As late as 1881 Isabella Bird wrote (213) that

“the crime of infanticide, which formerly prevailed to a horrible extent, has long been extinct; but the love of pleasure and the dislike of trouble which partially actuated it are apparently still stronger among the women than the maternal instinct, and they do not take the trouble necessary to rear infants.... I have nowhere seen such tenderness lavished upon infants as upon the pet dogs that the women carry about with them.”

HAWAIIAN MORALS

Hawaiians did not treat women as brutally as Fijians do; yet how far they were from respecting, not to speak of adoring, them, is obvious from the contemptuous and selfish taboos which forbade women, on penalty of death, to eat any of the best and commonest articles of food, such as bananas, cocoanuts, pork, turtle; or refused them permission to eat with their lords and masters, or to share in divine worship, because their touch would pollute the offerings to the gods.

The grossness of the Hawaiian erotic taste is indicated by “Haeole’s” reference (123) to “the immense corpulency of some of the old Hawaiian queens, a feature which, in those days, was deemed the *ne plus ultra* of female beauty.” Incest was permitted to the chiefs, and the people vied with their rulers in the grossest sensuality.

“Nearly every night, with the gathering darkness, crowds would retire to some favorite spot, where, amid every species of sensual indulgence, they would revel until the morning twilight” (412). “In Hawaii, whether the woman was married or single, she would have been thought very churlish and boorish if she refused any favor asked by a male friend of the family,”

says E. Tregear; [189] and in Dibble’s *History of the Sandwich Islands* (126-27) we read:

“For husbands to interchange wives, or for wives to interchange husbands, was a common act of friendship, and persons who would not do this were not considered on good terms of sociability. For a man or a woman to refuse a solicitation for illicit intercourse was considered an act of meanness, and so thoroughly was this sentiment wrought into their minds that, even to the present day, they seem not to rid themselves of the feeling of meanness in making a refusal.”

The Hawaiian word for marriage is *hoao*, meaning “trial.” It was also customary for a married woman to have an acknowledged lover known as *punula*. The word *hula hula* is familiar the world over as the name of an improper dance, but it is nothing to what it used to be. The famous cave Niholua was consecrated to it. In past generations

Page 373

“warriors came here to revel with their paramours. The Tartarean gloom was slightly relieved by torches ingeniously formed of strings of the candle-nut. Beneath this rugged roof, and amid this darkness—their faces strangely reflecting the feeble torch-light—and divested of every particle of apparel, they promiscuously united in dancing the *hula hula* (the licentious dance).... Wives were exchanged, and so were concubines; fathers despoiled their own daughters, and brothers deemed it no crime to perpetrate incest.”

Waitz-Gerland (VI., 459) cite Wise as attesting that “in 1848 the missionaries gave up a girls’ school, because it was impossible to preserve the virtue of their pupils,” and Steen Bill wrote that in 1846 seventy per cent of all the crimes punished were of a lewd character, and that on the whole island there was not a chaste girl of eleven years of age. Isabella Bird wrote (169) that “the Hawaiian women have no notions of virtue as we understand it, and if there is to be any future for this race it must come through a higher morality.”

THE HELEN OF HAWAII

As there was practically no difference between married and unmarried women in Hawaii, it is not strange that cases of abduction of wives should have occurred. The following story, related in Kalakana’s book, probably suffered no great change at the hands of the recorder. I give a condensed version of it:

In the twelfth century, the close of the second era of migration from Tahiti and Samoa, there lived a girl named Hina, noted as the most beautiful maiden on the islands. She married the chief Hakalanileo, and had two children by him. Reports of her beauty had excited the fancy of Kaupeepee, the chief of Haupu. He went to test the reports with his own eyes, and saw that they were not exaggerated. So he hovered around the coast of Hilo watching for a chance to abduct her. It came at last. One day, after sunset, when the moon was shining, Hina repaired to the beach with her women to take a bath. A signal was given—it is thought by the first wife of Hina’s husband—and, not long after, a light but heavily manned canoe dashed through the surf and shot in among the bathers. The women screamed and started for the shore. Suddenly a man leaped from the canoe into the water. There was a brief struggle, a stifled scream, a sharp word of command, and a moment later Kaupeepee was again in the canoe with the nude and frantic Hina in his arms. The boatmen lost no time to start; they rowed all night and in the morning reach Haupu. Hina had been wrapped in folds of soft *kapa*, and she spent the night sobbing, not knowing what was to become of her. When shore was reached she was borne to the captor’s fortress and given an apartment provided with every luxury. She fell asleep from fatigue, and when she awoke and realized where she was it was not

Page 374

without a certain feeling of pride that she reflected that her beauty had led the famous and mighty Kaupeepee to abduct her. After partaking of a hearty breakfast, she sent for him and he came promptly. "What can I do for you?" he asked. "Liberate me!" was her answer. "Return me to my children!" "Impossible!" was the firm reply. "Then kill me," she exclaimed. The chief now told her how he had left home specially to see her, and found her the most beautiful woman in Hawaii. He had risked his life to get her. "You are my prisoner," he said, "but not more than I am yours. You shall leave Haupu only when its walls shall have been battered down and I lie dead among the ruins." Hina saw that resistance was useless. He had soothed her with flattery; he was a great noble; he was gentle though brave. "How strangely pleasant are his words and voice," she said to herself. "No one ever spoke so to me before. I could have listened longer." After that she hearkened for his footsteps and soon accepted him as her lover and spouse. For seventeen years she remained a willing prisoner. In the meantime her two sons by her first husband had grown up; they ascertained where their mother was, demanded her release, and on refusal waged a terrible war which at last ended in the death of Kaupeepee and the destruction of his walls.

INTERCEPTED LOVE-LETTERS

The Rev. H.T. Cheever prints in his book on the Sandwich Islands (226-28) a few amusing specimens of the love-letters exchanged between the native lads of the Lahainaluna Seminary and certain lasses of Lahaina. The following ones were intercepted by the missionaries. The first was penned by a girl:

"Love to you, who speakest sweetly, whom I did kiss. My warm affections go out to you with your love. My mind is oppressed in consequence of not having seen you these times. Much affection for thee dwelling there where the sun causeth the head to ache. Pity for thee in returning to your house, destitute as you supposed. I and she went to the place where we had sat in the meeting-house, and said she, Let us weep. So we two wept for you, and we conversed about you. "We went to bathe in the bread-fruit yard; the wind blew softly from Lahainaluna, and your image came down with it. We wept for you. Thou only art our food when we are hungry. We are satisfied with your love.

"It is better to conceal this; and lest dogs should prowl after it, and it should be found out, when you have read this letter, tear it up."

The next letter is from one of the boys to a girl:

Page 375

“Love to thee, thou daughter of the Pandanus of Lanahuli. Thou *hina hina*, which declarest the divisions of the winds.[190] Thou cloudless sun of the noon. Thou most precious of the daughters of the earth. Thou beauty of the clear nights of Lehua. Thou refreshing fountain of Keipi. Love to thee, O Pomare, thou royal woman of the Pacific here. Thou art glorious with ribbons flying gracefully in the gentle breeze of Puna. Where art thou, my beloved, who art anointed with the fragrance of glory? Much love to thee, who dost draw out my soul as thou dwellest in the shady bread-fruits of Lahaina. O thou who art joined to my affection, who art knit to me in the hot days of Lahainaluna!“Hark! When I returned great was my love. I was overwhelmed with love like one drowning. When I lay down to sleep I could not sleep; my mind floated after thee. Like the strong south wind of Lahaina, such is the strength of my love to thee, when it comes. Hear me; at the time the bell rings for meeting, on Wednesday, great was my love to you. I dropped my hoe and ran away from my work. I secretly ran to the stream of water, and there I wept for my love to thee. Harken, my love resembles the cold water far inland. Forsake not thou this our love. Keep it quietly, as I do keep it quietly here.”

Here is another from one of the students in the missionary school:

“Love to thee, by reason of whom my heart sleeps not night nor day, all the days of my dwelling here. O thou beautiful one, for whom my love shall never cease. Here also is this—at the time I heard you were going to Waihekee, I was enveloped in great love. And when I had heard you had really gone, great was my regret for you, and exceeding great my love. My appearance was like a sick person who cannot answer when spoken to. I would not go down to the sea again, because I supposed you had not returned. I feared lest I should see all the places where you and I conversed together, and walked together, and I should fall in the streets on account of the greatness of my love to you. I however did go down, and I was continually longing with love to you. Your father said to me, Won’t you eat with us? I refused, saying I was full. But the truth was I had eaten nothing. My great love to you, that was the thing which could alone satisfy me. Presently, however, I went to the place of K——, and there I heard you had arrived. I was a little refreshed by hearing this. But my eyes still hung down. I longed to see you, but could not find you, though I waited till dark. Now, while I am writing, my tears are dropping down for you; now my tears are my friends, and my affection to you, O thou who wilt forever be loved. Here, also is this: consent thou to my desire, and write me, that I may know your love. My love to you is great, thou splendid flower of Lana-kahula.”

Cheever seems to accept these letters as proof that

Page 376

love is universal, and everywhere the same. He overlooks several important considerations. Were these letters penned by natives or by half-castes, with foreign blood in their veins and inherited capacities of feeling? Unless we know that, no scientific deduction is allowable. These natives are very imitative. They learn our music easily and rapidly, and with the art of writing and reading they readily acquire our amorous phrases. A certain Biblical tone, suggesting the Canticles, is noticeable. The word "heart" is used in a way foreign to Polynesian thought, and apart from these details, is there anything in these letters that goes beyond selfish longing and craving for enjoyment? Is there anything in them that may not be summed up in the language of appetite: "Thou art very desirable—I desire thee—I grieve, and weep, and refuse to eat, because I cannot possess thee now?" Such longing, so intense and fiery[191] that it seems as if all the waters of the ocean could not quench it, constitutes a phase of all amorous passion, from the lowest up to the highest. Philosophers have, indeed, disputed as to which is the more violent and irrepressible, animal passion or sentimental love. Schopenhauer believed the latter, Lichtenberg the former.[192]

MAORIS OF NEW ZEALAND

Hawaii has brought us quite near the coast of America, whose red men will form the subject of our next chapter. But, before passing on to the Indians, we must once more return to the neighborhood of Australia, to the island of New Zealand, which offers some points of great interest to a student of love and a collector of love-stories. We have seen that the islands of Torres Straits, north of Australia, have natives and customs utterly unlike those of Australia. We shall now see that south of Australia, too, there is an island (or rather two islands), whose inhabitants are utterly un-Australian in manners and customs, as well as in origin. The Maoris (that is, natives) of New Zealand have traditions that their ancestors came from Hawaii (Hawaiki), disputes about land having induced them to emigrate. They may have done so by way of other islands, on some of their large canoes, aided by the trade winds.[193] The Maoris are certainly Polynesians, and they resemble Hawaiians and Tongans in many respects. Their ferocity and cannibalism put them on a level with Fijians, making them a terror to navigators, while in some other respects they appear to have been somewhat superior to most of their Polynesian cousins, the Tongans excepted. The Maoris and Tongans best bear out Waitz-Gerland's assertion that "the Polynesians rank intellectually considerably higher than all other uncivilized peoples." The same authorities are charmed by the romantic love-stories of the Maoris, and they certainly are charming and romantic. Sir George Grey's *Polynesian Mythology* contains four of these stories, of which I will give condensed versions, taking care, as usual, to preserve all pertinent details and intimations of higher qualities.

Page 377

THE MAIDEN OF ROTORUA

There was a girl of high rank named Hine-Moa. She was of rare beauty, and was so prized by her family that they would not betroth her to anyone. Such fame attended her beauty and rank that many of the men wanted her; among them a chief named Tutanekai and his elder brothers. Tutanekai had built an elevated balcony where, with his friend Tiki, he used to play the horn and the pipe at night. On calm nights the music was wafted to the village and reached the ears of the beautiful Hine-Moa, whose heart was gladdened by it, and who said to herself, "Ah, that is the music of Tutanekai which I hear." She and Tutanekai had met each other on those occasions when all the people of Eotorua come together. In those great assemblies they had often glanced each at the other, to the heart of each of them the other appeared pleasing, and worthy of love, so that in the breast of each there grew up a secret passion for the other. Nevertheless, Tutanekai could not tell whether he might venture to approach Hine-Moa to take her hand, to see would she press his in return, because, said he, "Perhaps I may be by no means agreeable to her;" on the other hand, Hine-Moa's heart said to her, "If you send one of your female friends to tell him of your love, perchance he will not be pleased with you." However, after they had thus met for many, many days, and had long fondly glanced at each other, Tutanekai sent a messenger to Hine-Moa, to tell of his love; and when Hine-Moa had seen the messenger, she said, "Eh-hu! have we then each loved alike?" Some time after this, a dispute arose among the brothers as to which of them the girl loved. Each one claimed that he had pressed the hand of Hine-Moa and that she had pressed his in return. But the elder brothers sneered at Tutanekai's claims (for he was an illegitimate son), saying, "Do you think she would take any notice of such a lowborn fellow as you?" But in reality Tutanekai had already arranged for an elopement with the girl, and when she asked, "What shall be the sign by which I shall know that I should then run to you?" he said to her, "A trumpet will be heard sounding every night, it will be I who sound it, beloved—paddle then your canoe to that place." Now always about the middle of the night Tutanekai and his friend went up into their balcony and played. Hine-Moa heard them and vastly desired to paddle over in her canoe; but her friends suspecting something, had all the canoes on the shore of the lake. At last, one evening, she again heard the horn of Tutanekai, and the young and beautiful chieftainess felt as if an earthquake shook her to make her go to the beloved of her heart. At last she thought, perhaps I might be able to swim across. So she took six large, dry, empty gourds as floats,

Page 378

lest she should sink in the water, threw off her clothes, and plunged into the water. It was dark, and her only guide was the sound of her lover's music. Whenever her limbs became tired she rested, the gourds keeping her afloat. At last she reached the island on which her lover dwelt. Near the shore there was a hot spring, into which she plunged, partly to warm her trembling body, and partly also, perhaps, from modesty, at the thoughts of meeting Tutanekai. Whilst the maiden was thus warming herself in the hot spring, Tutanekai happened to feel thirsty and sent his servant to fetch him a calabash of water. The servant came to dip it from the lake near where the girl was hiding. She called out to him in a gruff voice, like that of a man, asking him for some to drink, and he gave her the calabash, which she purposely threw down and broke. The servant went back for another calabash and again she broke it in the same way. The servant returned and told his master that a man in the hot spring had broken all his calabashes. "How did the rascal dare to break my calabashes?" exclaimed the young man. "Why, I shall die of rage." He threw on some clothes, seized his club, and hurried to the hot spring, calling out "Where's that fellow who broke my calabashes?" And Hine-Moa knew the voice, and the sound of it was that of the beloved of her heart; and she hid herself under the overhanging rocks of the hot spring; but her hiding was hardly a real hiding, but rather a bashful concealing of herself from Tutanekai, that he might not find her at once, but only after trouble and careful searching for her; so he went feeling about along the banks of the hot spring, searching everywhere, whilst she lay coyly hid under the ledges of the rock, peeping out, wondering when she would be found. At last he caught hold of a hand, and cried out "Hollo, who's this?" And Hine-Moa answered, "It's I, Tutanekai;" And he said, "But who are you?—who's I?" Then she spoke louder and said, "It's I, 'tis Hine-Moa." And he said "Ho! ho! ho! can such in very truth be the case? Let us two then go to the house." And she answered, "Yes," and she rose up in the water as beautiful as the wild white hawk, and stepped upon the edge of the bath as the shy white crane; and he threw garments over her and took her, and they proceeded to his house, and reposed there; and thenceforth, according to the ancient laws of the Maori, they were man and wife.

THE MAN ON THE TREE

A young man named Maru-tuahu left home in quest of his father, who had abandoned his mother before the son was born because he had been unjustly accused of stealing sweet potatoes from another chief. Maru-tuahu took along a slave, and they carried with them a spear for killing birds for food on the journey through the forest. One morning, after they had been on the way a month, he happened to be up in a forest tree when two young girls, daughters of a chief, came along. They saw the slave sitting at the root of the tree, and sportively contested with each other whose slave he should be.

Page 379

All this time Maru-tuahu was peeping down at the two girls from the top of the tree; and they asked the slave, saying, "Where is your master?" He answered, "I have no master but him," Then the girls looked about, and there was a cloak lying on the ground, and a heap of dead birds, and they kept on asking, "Where is he?" but it was not long before a flock of Tuis settled on the tree where Maru-tuahu was sitting; he speared at them and struck one of the birds, which made the tree ring with its cries; the girls heard it, and looking up, the youngest saw the young chief sitting in the top boughs of the tree; and she at once called up to him, "Ah! you shall be my husband;" but the eldest sister exclaimed, "You shall be mine," and they began jesting and disputing between themselves which should have him for a husband, for he was a very handsome young man.

Then the two girls called up to him to come down from the tree, and down he came, and dropped upon the ground, and pressed his nose against the nose of each of the young girls. They then asked him to come to their village with them; to which he consented, but said, "You two go on ahead, and leave me and my slave, and we will follow you presently;" and the girls said, "Very well, do you come after us." Maru-tuahu then told his slave to make a present to the girls of the food they had collected, and he gave them two bark baskets of pigeons, preserved in their own fat, and they went off to their village with these.

As soon as the girls were gone, Maru-tuahu went to a stream, washed his hair, and combed it carefully, tied it in a knot, and stuck fifty red Kaka feathers and other plumes in his head, till he looked as handsome as the large-crested cormorant. The young girls soon came back from the village to meet their so-called husband, and when they saw him in his new head-dress and attired in a chief's cloak they felt deeply in love with him and they said, "Come along to our father's village with us." On the way they found out from the slave that his master was the far-famed Maru-tuahu, and they replied: "Dear, dear, we had not the least idea that it was he," Then they ran off to tell his father (for this was the place where his father had gone and married again) that he was coming. The son was warmly welcomed. All the young girls ran outside, waved the corners of their cloaks and cried out, "Welcome, welcome, make haste."

Then there was a great feast, at which ten dogs were eaten. But all this time the two girls were quarrelling with each other as to which of them should have the young chief for a husband. The elder girl was plain, but thought herself pretty, and could not see the least reason why he should be frightened at her; but Maru-tuahu did not like her on account of her plainness, and her pretty sister kept him as her husband.

LOVE IN A FORTRESS



Page 380

A chief named Rangirarunga had a daughter so celebrated for her beauty that the fame of it had reached all parts of these islands. A young hero named Takarangi also heard of her beauty, and it may be that his heart sometimes dwelt long on the thoughts of such loveliness. They belonged to different tribes, and war broke out between them, during which the fortress of the girl's father was besieged. Soon the inhabitants were near dying from want of food and water. At last the old chief Rangirarunga, overcome by thirst, stood on the top of the defences and cried out to the enemy: "I pray you to give me one drop of water." Some were willing, and got calabashes of water, but others were angry thereat and broke them in their hands. The old chief then appealed to the leader of the enemy, who was Takarangi, and asked him if he could calm the wrath of these fierce men. Takarangi replied: "This arm of mine is one which no dog dares to bite." But what he was really thinking was, "That dying old man is the father of Rau-mahora, of that lovely maid. Ah, how should I grieve if one so young and innocent should die tormented with the want of water." Then he filled a calabash with fresh cool water, and the fierce warriors looked on in wonder and silence while he carried it to the old man and his daughter. They drank, both of them, and Taka-rangi gazed eagerly at the young girl, and she too looked eagerly at Takarangi; long time gazed they each one at the other; and as the warriors of the army of Takarangi looked on, lo, he had climbed up and was sitting at the young maiden's side; and they said, amongst themselves, "O comrades, our lord Takarangi loves war, but one would think he likes Rau-mahora almost as well."

At last a sudden thought struck the heart of the aged chief; so he said to his daughter, "O my child, would it be pleasing to you to have this young chief for a husband?" And the young girl said, "I like him." Then the old man consented that his daughter should be given as a bride to Takarangi, and he took her as his wife. Thence was that war brought to an end, and the army of Takarangi dispersed.

STRATAGEM OF AN ELOPEMENT

Two tribes had long been at war, but as neither gained a permanent victory peace was at last concluded. Then one day the chief Te Ponga, with some of his followers, approached the fortress of their former enemies. They were warmly welcomed, ovens were heated, food cooked, served in baskets and distributed. But the visitors did not eat much, in order that their waists might be slim when they stood up in the ranks of the dancers, and that they might look as slight as if their waists were almost severed in two.

As soon as it began to get dark the villagers danced, and whilst they sprang nimbly about, Puhihuia, the young daughter of the village chief, watched them till her time came to enter the ranks. She performed her part beautifully; her fall-orbed eyes seemed clear and brilliant as the full moon rising in the horizon, and while the strangers looked at the young girl they all were quite overpowered with her beauty; and Te Ponga,

their young chief, felt his heart grow wild with emotion when he saw so much loveliness before him.

Page 381

Then up sprang the strangers to dance in their turn. Te Ponga waited his opportunity, and when the time came, danced so beautifully that the people of the village were surprised at his agility and grace, and as for the young girl, Puhihuia, her heart conceived a warm passion for Te Ponga.

When the dance was concluded, everyone, overcome with weariness, went to sleep—all except Te Ponga, who lay tossing from side to side, unable to sleep, from his great love for the maiden, and devising scheme after scheme by which he might have an opportunity of conversing with her alone. At last he decided to carry out a plan suggested by his servant. The next night, when he had retired in the chief's house, he called this servant to fetch him some water; but the servant, following out the plot, had concealed himself and refused to respond. Then the chief said to his daughter, "My child, run and fetch some water for our guest." The maiden rose, and taking a calabash, went off to fetch some water, and no sooner did Te Ponga see her start off than he too arose and went out, feigning to be angry with his slave and going to give him a beating; but as soon as he was out of the house he went straight off after the girl. He did not well know the path to the well, but was guided by the voice of the maiden, who sang merrily as she went along.

When she arrived at the fountain she heard someone behind her, and turning suddenly around she beheld the young chief. Astonished, she asked, "What can have brought you here?" He answered, "I came here for a draught of water." But the girl replied, "Ha, indeed! Did not I come here to draw water for you? Could not you have remained at my father's house until I brought the water for you?" Then Te Ponga answered, "You are the water that I thirsted for." And as the maiden listened to his words, she thought within herself, "He, then, has fallen in love with me," and she sat down, and he placed himself by her side, and they conversed together, and to each of them the words of the other seemed most pleasant and engaging. Before they separated they arranged a time when they might escape together, and then they returned to the village.

When the time came for Te Ponga to leave his host he directed some dozen men of his to go to the landing-place in the harbor, prepare one large canoe in which he and his followers might escape, and then to take the other canoes and cut the lashings which made the top sides fast to the hulls. The next morning he announced that he must return to his own country. The chief and his men accompanied him part of the way to the harbor. Puhihuia and the other girls had stolen a little way along the road, laughing and joking with the visitors. The chief, seeing his daughter going on after he had turned back, called out, "Children, children, come back here!" Then the other girls stopped and ran back toward the village, but as to Puhihuia, her heart beat but to the one thought of escaping with her beloved Te Ponga.

Page 382

So she began to run. Te Ponga and his men joined in the swift flight, and as soon as they had reached the water they jumped into their canoe, seized their paddles and shot away, swift as a dart from a string. When the pursuing villagers arrived at the beach they laid hold of another canoe, but found that the lashings of all had been cut, so that pursuit was impossible. Thus the party that had come to make peace returned joyfully to their own country, with the enemy's young chieftainess, while their foes stood like fools upon the shore, stamping with rage and threatening them in vain.

These stories are undoubtedly romantic; but again I ask, are they stories of romantic love? There is romance and quaint local color in the feat of the girl who, reversing the story of Hero and Leander, swam over to her lover; in the wooing of the two girls proposing to an unseen man up a tree; in the action of the chief who saved the beautiful girl and her father from dying of thirst, and acted so that his men came to the conclusion he must love her "almost as well" as war; in the slyly planned elopement of Te Ponga. But there is nothing to indicate the quality of the love—to show an "illumination of the senses by the soul," or a single altruistic trait. Even such touches of egoistic sentimentality as the phrase "To the heart of each of them the other appeared pleasing and worthy, so that in the breast of each there grew up a secret passion for the other;" and again, "he felt his heart grow wild with emotion, when he saw so much loveliness before him," are quite certainly a product of Grey's fancy, for Polynesians, as we have seen, do not speak of the "heart" in that sense, and such a word as "emotions" is entirely beyond their powers of abstraction and conception. Grey tells us that he collected different portions of his legends from different natives, in very distant parts of the country, at long intervals, and afterward rearranged and rewrote them. In this way he succeeded in giving us some interesting legends, but a phonographic record of the *fragments* related to him, without any embroidering of "heart-affairs," "wild emotions," and other adornments of modern novels, would have rendered them infinitely more valuable to students of the evolution of emotions. It is a great pity that so few of the recorders of aboriginal tales followed this principle; and it is strange that such neatly polished, arranged, and modernized tales as these should have been accepted so long as illustrations of primitive love.[194]

MAORI LOVE-POEMS

Besides their stories of love, the Maoris of New Zealand also have poems, some accompanied with (often obscene) pantomimes, others without accompaniment. Shortland (146-55), Taylor (310), and others have collected and translated some of these poems, of which the following are the best. Taylor cites this one:

The tears gush from my eyes,
My eyelashes are wet with tears;

But stay, my tears, within,
Lest you should be called mine.



Page 383

Alas! I am betrothed (literally, my hands are bound);
It is for Te Maunee
That my love devours me.
But I may weep indeed,
Beloved one, for thee,
Like Tiniran's lament
For his favorite pet Tutunui
Which was slain by Ngae.
Alas!

Shorland gives these specimens of the songs that are frequently accompanied by immodest gestures of the body. Some of them are "not sufficiently decent to bear translating." The one marked (4) is interesting as an attempt at hyperbole.

(1)

Your body is at Waitemata,
But your spirit came hither
And aroused me from my sleep.

(4)

Tawera is the bright star
Of the morning.
Not less beautiful is the
Jewel of my heart.

(5)

The sun is setting in his cave,
Touching as he descends (the
Land) where dwells my mate,
He who is whirled away
To southern seas.

More utilitarian are (6) and (7), in which a woman asks "Who will marry a man too lazy to till the ground for food?" And a man wants to know "Who will marry a woman too lazy to weave garments?" Very unlover-like is the following:

I don't like the habits of woman.
When she goes out—
She *Kuikuis*
She *Koakoas*
She chatters

The very ground is terrified,
And the rats run away.
Just so.

More poetic are the *waiata*, which are sung without the aid of any action. The following ode was composed by a young woman forsaken by her lover:

Look where the mist
Hangs over Pukehina.
There is the path
By which went my love.

Turn back again hither,
That may be poured out
Tears from my eyes.

It was not I who first spoke of love.
You it was who made advances to me
When I was but a little thing.

Therefore was my heart made wild.
This is my farewell of love to thee.

A young woman, who had been carried away prisoner from Tuhua, gives vent to her longing in these lines:

"My regret is not to be expressed. Tears like a spring gush from my eyes. I wonder whatever is Te Kaiuku [her lover] doing: he who deserted me. Now I climb upon the ridge of Mount Parahaki; from whence is clear the view of the island Tuhua. I see with regret the lofty Taumo, where dwells Tangiteruru. If I were there, the shark's tooth would hang from my ear. How fine, how beautiful, should I look. But see whose ship is that tacking? Is it yours? O Hu! you husband of Pohiwa, sailing away on the tide to Europe.

"O Tom! pray give me some of your fine things; for
beautiful are the clothes of the sea-god.

"Enough of this. I must return to my rags, and to my
nothing-at-all."

Page 384

In this case the loss of her finery seems to trouble the girl a good deal more than the loss of her lover. In another ode cited by Shortland a deserted girl, after referring to her tearful eyes, winds up with the light-hearted

Now that you are absent in your native land,
The day of regret will, perhaps, end.

There is a suggestion of Sappho in the last of these odes I shall cite:

“Love does not torment forever. It came on me like the fire which rages sometimes at Hukanai. If this (beloved) one is near me, do not suppose, O Kiri, that my sleep is sweet. I lie awake the live-long night, for love to prey on me in secret.

“It shall never be confessed, lest it be heard of by
all. The only evidence shall be seen on my cheeks.

“The plain which extends to Tauwhare: that path I trod that I might enter the house of Rawhirawhwi. Don’t be angry with me, O madam [addressed to Rawhirawhwi’s wife]; I am only a stranger. For you there is the body (of your husband). For me there remains only the shadow of desire.”

“In the last two lines,” writes Shortland, “the poetess coolly requests the wife of the person for whom she acknowledges an unlawful passion not to be angry with her, because ‘she—the lawful wife—has always possession of the person of her husband; while hers is only an empty, Platonic sort of love.’ This is rather a favorite sentiment, and is not unfrequently introduced similarly into love-songs of this description.”

THE WOOING-HOUSE

It is noticeable that these love-poems are all by females, and most frequently by deserted females. This does not speak well for the gallantry or constancy of the men. Perhaps they lacked those qualities to offset the feminine lack of coyness. In the first of our Maori stories the maiden swims to the man, who calmly awaits her, playing his horn. In the second, a man is simultaneously proposed to by two girls, before he has time to come off his perch on the tree. This arouses a suspicion which is confirmed by E. Tregear’s revelations regarding Maori courtship (*Journ. Anthropol. Inst.*, 1889):

“The girl generally began the courting. I have often seen the pretty little love-letter fall at the feet of a lover—it was a little bit of flax made into a sort of half-knot—‘yes’ was made by pulling the knot tight—‘no’ by leaving the matrimonial noose alone. Now, I am sorry to say, it is often thrown as an invitation for love-making of an improper character. Sometimes in the *Whare-Matoro* (the wooing-house), a building in which the young of both sexes assemble for play, songs, dances, *etc.*, there would be at stated times a

meeting; when the fires burned low a girl would stand up in the dark and say, 'I love So-and-so, I want him for my husband,' If he coughed (sign of assent), or said 'yes'

Page 385

it was well; if only dead silence, she covered her head with her robe and was ashamed. This was not often, as she generally had managed to ascertain (either by her own inquiry or by sending a girl friend) if the proposal was acceptable. On the other hand, sometimes a mother would attend and say 'I want So-and-so for my son.' If not acceptable there was general mocking, and she was told to let the young people have their house (the wooing-house) to themselves. Sometimes, if the unbetrothed pair had not secured the consent of the parents, a late suitor would appear on the scene, and the poor girl got almost hauled to death between them all. One would get a leg, another an arm, another the hair, *etc.* Girls have been injured for life in these disputes, or even murdered by the losing party."

LIBERTY OF CHOICE AND RESPECT FOR WOMEN

The assertion that "the girl generally began the courting" must not mislead us into supposing that Maori women were free, as a rule, to marry the husbands of their choice. As Tregear's own remarks indicate, the advances were either of an improper character, or the girl had made sure beforehand that there was no impediment in the way of her proposal. The Maori proverb that as the fastidious Kahawai fish selects the hook which pleases it best, so a woman chooses a man out of many (on the strength of which alone Westermarck, 217, claims liberty of choice for Maori women) must also refer to such liaisons before marriage, for all the facts indicate that the original Maori customs allowed women no choice whatever in regard to marriage. Here the brother's consent had to be obtained, as Shortland remarks (118). Many of the girls were betrothed in infancy, and many others married at an age—twelve to thirteen—when the word choice could have had no rational meaning. Tregear informs us that if a couple had not been betrothed as children, everyone in the tribe claimed a right to interfere, and the only way the couple could get their own way was by eloping. Darwin was informed by Mantell "that until recently almost every girl in New Zealand who was pretty or promised to be pretty was tapu to some chief;" and we further read that

"when a chief desires to take to himself a wife, he fixes his attention upon her, and takes her, if need be, by force, without consulting her feelings and wishes or those of anyone else."

This is confirmed by William Brown, in his book on the aborigines. But the most graphic and harrowing description of Maori maltreatment of women is given by the Rev. E. Taylor:

Page 386

“The *ancient and most general way* of obtaining a wife was for the gentleman to summon his friends and make a regular *taua*, or fight, to carry off the lady by force, and oftentimes with great violence.... If the girl had eloped with someone on whom she had placed her affection, then her father and brother would refuse their consent,” and fight to get her back. “The unfortunate female, thus placed between two contending parties, would soon be divested of every rag of clothing, and would then be seized by her head, hair, or limbs,” her “cries and shrieks would be unheeded by her savage friends. In this way the poor creature was often nearly torn to pieces. These savage contests sometimes ended in the strongest party bearing off in triumph the naked person of the bride. In some cases, after a long season of suffering, she recovered, to be given to a person for whom she had no affection, in others to die within a few hours or days from the injuries which she had received. But it was not uncommon for the weaker party, when they found they could not prevail, for one of them to put an end to the contest by suddenly plunging his spear into the woman’s bosom to hinder her from becoming the property of another.”

After giving this account on page 163 of the Maori’s “ancient and *most general way*” of obtaining a wife—which puts him below the most ferocious brutes, since those at least spare their females—the same writer informs us on page 338 that “there are few races who treat their women with more deference than the Maori!” If that is so, it can only be due to the influence of the whites, since all the testimony indicates that the unadulterated Maori—with whom alone we are here concerned—did not treat them “with great respect,” nor pay any deference to them whatever. The cruel method of capture described above was so general that, as Taylor himself tells us, the native term for courtship was *he aru aru*, literally, a following or pursuing after; and there was also a special expression for this struggling of two suitors for a girl—*he puna rua*. As for their “great respect” for women, they do not allow them to eat with the men. A chief, says Angas (II., 110), “will sometimes permit his favorite wife to eat with him, though not out of the same dish.” Ellis relates (III., 253) that New Zealanders are “addicted to the greatest vices that stain the human character—treachery, cannibalism, infanticide, and murder.” The women caught in battle, as well as the men, were, he says, enslaved or eaten. “Sometimes they chopped off the legs and arms and otherwise mangled the body before they put the victim to death.” Concubines had to do service as household drudges. A man on dying would bequeath his wives to his brother. No land was bequeathed to female children. The real Maori feeling toward women is brought out in the answer given to a sister who went to her brothers to ask for a share of the lands of the family: “Why, you’re only a slave to blow up your husband’s fire.” (Shortland, 119, 255-58.)

Page 387

MAORI MORALS AND CAPACITY FOR LOVE

When Hawkesworth visited New Zealand with Captain Cook, he one day came accidentally across some women who were fishing, and who had thrown off their last garments. When they saw him they were as confused and distressed as Diana and her nymphs; they hid among the rocks and crouched down in the sea until they had made and put on girdles of seaweeds (456). "There are instances," writes William Brown (36-37), "of women committing suicide from its being said that they had been seen naked. A chief's wife took her own life because she had been hung up by the heels and beaten in the presence of the whole tribe."

Shall we conclude from this that the Maoris were genuinely modest and perhaps capable of that delicacy in regard to sexual matters which is a prerequisite of sentimental love? What is modesty? The *Century Dictionary* says it is "decorous feeling or behavior; purity or delicacy of thought or manner; reserve proceeding from pure or chaste character;" and the *Encyclopaedic Dictionary* defines it as "chastity; purity of manners; decency; freedom from lewdness or un-chastity." Now, Maori modesty, if such it maybe called, was only skin deep. Living in a colder climate than other Polynesians, it became customary among them to wear more clothing; and what custom prescribes must be obeyed to the letter among all these peoples, be the ordained dress merely a loin cloth or a necklace, or a cover for the back only, or full dress. It does not argue true modesty on the part of a Maori woman to cover those parts of her body which custom orders her to cover, any more than it argues true modesty on the part of an Oriental barbarian to cover her face only, on meeting a man, leaving the rest of her body exposed. Nor does suicide prove anything, since it is known that the lower races indulge in self-slaughter for as trivial causes as they do in the slaughter of others. True modesty, as defined above, is not a Maori characteristic. The evidence on this point is too abundant to quote in full.

Shortland (126-27) describes in detail all of the ceremonies which were in former days the pastimes of the New Zealanders, and which accompanied the singing of their *haka* or "love-songs," to which reference has already been made. In the front were seated three elderly ladies and behind them in rows, eight or ten in a row, and five or six ranks deep, sat "*the best born young belles of the town*" who supplied the poem and the music for the *haka* pantomime:

"The *haka* is not a modest exhibition, but the reverse; and, on this occasion, two of the old ladies who stood in front ... accompanied the music by movements of the arms and body, their postures being often disgustingly lascivious. However, they suited the taste of the audience, who rewarded the performers at such times with the applause they desired.... It was altogether as ungodly a scene as can well be imagined."

The same author, who lived among the natives several years, says (120) that

Page 388

“before marriage the greatest license is permitted to young females. The more admirers they can attract and the greater their reputation for intrigue, the fairer is their chance of making an advantageous match.”

William Brown writes (35) that “among the Maoris chastity is not deemed one of the virtues; and a lady before marriage may be as liberal of her favors as she pleased without incurring censure.” “As a rule,” writes E. Tregear in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute* (1889),

“the girls had great license in the way of lovers. I don’t think the young woman knew when she was a virgin, for she had love-affairs with the boys from the cradle. This does not apply, of course, to every individual case—some girls are born proud, and either kept to one sweetheart or had none, but this was rare.”

After marriage a woman was expected to remain faithful to her husband, but of course not from any regard for chastity, but because she was his private property. Like so many other uncivilized races the Maori saw no impropriety in lending his wife to a friend. (Tregear, 104.)

The faces of Maori women were always wet with red ochre and oil. Both sexes anointed their hair (which was vermin-infested) with rancid shark’s oil, so that they were as disagreeable to the smell as Hottentots. (Hawkesworth, 451-53.) They were cannibals, not from necessity, but for the love of human flesh, though they did not, like the Australians, eat their own relatives. Food, says Thompson (l., 160), affected them “as it does wild beasts.” They practised infanticide, killed cripples, abandoned the sick—in a word, they displayed a coarseness, a lack of delicacy, in sexual and other matters, which makes it simply absurd to suppose they could have loved as we love, with our altruistic feeling of sympathy and affection. William Brown says (38) that mothers showed none of that doting fondness for their children common elsewhere, and that they suckled pigs and pups with “affection.” “Should a husband quarrel with his wife, she would not hesitate to kill her children, merely to annoy him” (41). “They are totally devoid of natural affection.” The men “appear to care little for their wives,” apparently from

“a want of that sympathy between the sexes which is the source of the delicate attentions paid by the male to the female in most civilized countries. In my own experience I have seen only one instance where there was any perceptible attachment between husband and wife. To all appearance they behave to each other as if they were not at all related; and it not infrequently happens that they sleep in different places before the termination of the first week of their marriage.”

Thus even in the romantic isles of the Pacific we seek in vain for true love. Let us now see whether the vast continent of North and South America will bring us any nearer to our goal.

Page 389

HOW AMERICAN INDIANS LOVE

"On the subject of love no persons have been less understood than the Indians," wrote Thomas Ashe in 1806 (271).

"It is said of them that they have no affection, and that the intercourse of the sexes is sustained by a brutal passion remote from tenderness and sensibility. This is one of the many gross errors which have been propagated to calumniate these innocent people."

Waitz remarks (III., 102):

"How much alike human nature is everywhere is evinced by the remarkable circumstance that notwithstanding the degradation of woman, cases of romantic love are not even very rare"

among Indians. "Their languages," writes Professor Brinton (*R.P.*, 54),

"supply us with evidence that the sentiment of love was awake among them, and this is corroborated by the incidents we learn of their domestic life.... Some of the songs and stories of this race seem to reveal even a capability for romantic love such as would do credit to a modern novel. This is the more astonishing, as in the African and Mongolian races this ethereal sentiment is practically absent, the idealism of passion being something foreign to those varieties of man."

The Indians, says Catlin (*N.A.I.*, I., 121), "are not in the least behind us in conjugal, in filial, and in paternal affection." In the preface to Mrs. Eastman's *Life and Legend of the Sioux*, Mrs. Kirkman exclaims that

"in spite of all that renders gross and mechanical their ordinary mode of marrying and giving in marriage, instances are not rare among them of love as true, as fiery, and as fatal as that of the most exalted hero of romance."

Let us listen to a few of the tales of Indian love, as recorded by Schoolcraft.[195]

THE RED LOVER

Many years ago there lived a Chippewa warrior on the banks of Lake Superior. His name was Wawanosh and he was renowned for his ancestry and personal bravery. He had an only daughter, eighteen years old, celebrated for her gentle virtues, her *slender* form, her full beaming hazel eyes, and her dark and flowing hair. Her hand was sought by a young man of humble parentage, but a tall commanding form, a manly step, and an eye beaming with the tropical fires of love and youth. These were sufficient to attract the favorable notice of the daughter, but did not satisfy the father, who sternly informed



the young man that before he could hope to mingle his humble blood with that of so renowned a warrior he would have to go and make a name for himself by enduring fatigue in the campaigns against enemies, by taking scalps, and proving himself a successful hunter.



Page 390

The intimidated lover departed, resolved to do a deed that should render him worthy of the daughter of Wawanosh, or die in the attempt. In a few days he succeeded in getting together a band of young men all eager, like himself, to distinguish themselves in battle. Armed with bow and quiver, and ornamented with war-paint and feathers, they had their war-dance, which was continued for two days and nights. Before leaving with his companions the leader sought an interview with the daughter of Wawanosh. He disclosed to her his firm intention never to return unless he could establish his name as a warrior. He told her of the pangs he had felt at her father's implied imputation of effeminacy and cowardice. He averred that he never could be happy, either with or without her, until he had proved to the whole tribe the strength of his heart, which is the Indian term for courage. He repeated his *protestations of inviolable attachment*, which she returned, and, *pledging vows of mutual fidelity*, they parted.

She never saw him again. A warrior brought home the tidings that he had received a fatal arrow in his breast after distinguishing himself by the most heroic bravery. From that moment the young girl never smiled again. She pined away by day and by night. Deaf to entreaty and reproach, she would seek a sequestered spot, where she would sit under a shady tree, and sing her mournful laments for hours together. A small, beautiful bird, of a kind she had never seen, sat on her tree, every day, singing until dark. Her fond imagination soon led her to suppose it was the spirit of her lover, and her visits were repeated with greater frequency. She passed her time in fasting and singing her plaintive songs. Thus she pined away, until *the death she so fervently desired* came to her relief. After her death the bird was never more seen, and it became a popular opinion that this mysterious bird had flown away with her spirit. But bitter tears of regret fell in the lodge of Wawanosh. Too late he *regretted his false pride* and his harsh treatment of the noble youth.

THE FOAM WOMAN

There once lived an Ottawa woman on the shores of Lake Michigan who had a daughter as beautiful as she was modest and discreet. She was so handsome that her mother feared she would be carried off, and, to prevent it, she put her in a box on the lake, which was tied by a long string to a stake on the shore. Every morning the mother pulled the box ashore, and combed her daughter's long, shining hair, gave her food, and then put her out again on the lake.

Page 391

One day a handsome young man chanced to come to the spot at the moment she was receiving her morning's attentions from her mother. He was struck with her beauty and immediately went home and told his feelings to his uncle, who was a great chief and a powerful magician. The uncle told him to go to the mother's lodge, sit down in a modest manner, and, without saying a word, *think* what he wanted, and he would be understood and answered. He did so; but the mother's answer was: "Give you my daughter? No, indeed, my daughter shall never marry *you*." This pride and haughtiness angered the uncle and the spirits of the lake, who raised a great storm on the water. The tossing waves broke the string, and the box with the girl floated off through the straits to Lake Huron. It was there cast on shore and found by an old spirit who took the beautiful girl to his lodge and married her.

The mother, when she found her daughter gone, raised loud cries, and continued her lamentations for a long time. At last, after two or three years, the spirits had pity on her and raised another storm, greater even than the first. When the water rose and encroached on the lodge where the daughter lived, she leaped into the box, and the waves carried her back to her mother's lodge. The mother was overjoyed, but when she opened the box she found that her daughter's beauty had almost all departed. However, she still loved her because she was her daughter, and she now thought of the young man who had made her the offer of marriage. She sent a formal message to him, but he had changed his mind, for he knew that she had been the wife of another. "I marry your daughter?" said he; "*your* daughter! No, indeed! I shall never marry her."

THE HUMPBACK MAGICIAN

Bokwewa and his brother lived in a secluded part of the country. They were considered as Manitoes who had assumed mortal shapes. Bokwewa was a humpback, but had the gifts of a magician, while the brother was more like the present race of beings. One day the brother said to the humpback that he was going away to visit the habitations of men, and procure a wife. He travelled alone a long time. At length he came to a deserted camp, where he saw a corpse on a scaffold. He took it down and found it was the body of a beautiful young woman. "She shall be my wife," he exclaimed.

He took her and carried her home on his back. "Brother," he exclaimed, "cannot you restore her life? Oh! do me that favor."

The humpback said he would try, and, after performing various ceremonies, succeeded in restoring her to life. They lived very happily for some time. But one day when the humpback was home alone with the woman, her husband having gone out to hunt, a powerful Manito came and carried her off, though Bokwewa used all his strength to save her.

Page 392

When the brother returned and heard what had happened he would not taste food for several days. Sometimes he would fall to weeping for a long time, and appear almost beside himself. At last he said he would go in search of her. His brother, finding that he could not dissuade him, cautioned him against the dangers of the road; he must pass by the large grape-vine and the frog's eggs that he would come across. But the young husband heeded not his advice. He started out on his journey and when he found the grapes and the frog's eggs he ate them.

At length he came to the tribe into which his wife had been stolen. Throngs of men and women, gaily dressed, came out to meet him. As he had eaten of the grapes and frog's eggs—snares laid for him—he was soon overcome by their flatteries and pleasures, and he was not long afterward seen beating corn with their women (the strongest proof of effeminacy), although his wife, for whom he had mourned so much, was in that Indian metropolis.

Meanwhile Bokwewa waited patiently for his brother, but when he did not return he set out in search of him. He avoided the allurements along the road and when he came among the luxurious people of the South he wept on seeing his brother beating corn with the women. He waited till the stolen wife came down to the river to draw water for her new husband, the Manito. He changed himself into a hair-snake, was scooped up in her bucket, and drunk by the Manito, who soon after was dead. Then the humpback resumed his human shape and tried to reclaim his brother; but the brother was so taken up with the pleasures and dissipations into which he had fallen that he refused to give them up. Finding he was past reclaiming, Bokwewa left him and disappeared forever.

THE BUFFALO KING

Aggodagauda was an Indian who lived in the forest. Though he had accidentally lost the use of one of his two legs he was a famous hunter. But he had a great enemy in the king of buffaloes, who frequently passed over the plain with the force of a tempest. The chief object of the wily buffalo was to carry off Aggodagauda's daughter, who was very beautiful. To prevent this Aggodagauda had built a log cabin, and it was only on the roof of this that he permitted his daughter to take the open air and disport herself. Now her hair was so long that when she untied it the raven locks hung down to the ground.

One day, when her father was off on a hunt, she went out on top of the house and sat combing her long and beautiful hair, on the eaves of the lodge, when the buffalo king, coming suddenly by, caught her glossy hair, and winding it about his horns, tossed her onto his shoulders and carried her to his village. Here he *paid every attention to gain her affections*, but all to no purpose, for she sat pensively and disconsolate in the lodge among the other females, and scarcely ever spoke, and took no part in the domestic cares

Page 393

of her lover the king. He, on the contrary, *did everything he could think of to please her and win her affections*. He told the others in his lodge to give her everything she wanted, and to be *careful not to displease her*. They set before her the choicest food. They *gave her the seat of honor in the lodge*. The king himself went out hunting to obtain the most dainty bits of meat. And not content with these proofs of his attachment *he fasted himself*, and would often take his flute and sit near the lodge indulging his mind in repeating a few pensive notes:

My sweetheart,
My sweetheart,
Ah me!
When I think of you,
When I think of you,
Ah me!
How I love you,
How I love you,
Ah me!
Do not hate me,
Do not hate me,
Ah me!

In the meantime Aggodagauda had returned from his hunt, and finding his daughter gone, determined to recover her. During her flight her long hair had caught on the branches and broken them, and it was by following these broken twigs that he tracked her. When he came to the king's lodge it was evening. He cautiously peeped in and saw his daughter sitting disconsolately. She caught his eye, and, in order to meet him, said to the king, "Give me a dipper, I will go and get you a drink of water." Delighted with this token of submission, the king allowed her to go to the river. There she met her father and escaped with him.

THE HAUNTED GROVE

Leelinau was the favorite daughter of an Odjibwa hunter, living on the shore of Lake Superior. From her earliest youth she was observed to be pensive and timid, and to spend much of her time *in solitude and fasting*. Whenever she could leave her father's lodge she would fly to the remote haunts and recesses of the woods, or *sit upon some high promontory of rock overhanging the lake*. But her favorite place was a forest of pines known as the Sacred Grove. It was supposed to be inhabited by a class of *fairies who love romantic scenes*. This spot Leelinau visited often, *gathering on the way strange flowers or plants* to bring home. It was there that she fasted, supplicated, and strolled.



The effect of these visits was to make the girl melancholy and dissatisfied with the realities of life. She did not care to play with the other young people. Nor did she favor the plan of her parents to marry her to a man much her senior in years, but a reputed chief. No attention was paid to her disinclination, and the man was informed that his offer had been favorably received. The day for the marriage was fixed and the guests invited.

Page 394

The girl had told her parents that she would never consent to the match. On the evening preceding the day fixed for her marriage she dressed herself in her best garments and put on all her ornaments. Then she told her parents she was going to meet her little lover, the chieftain of the green plume, who was waiting for her at the Spirit Grove. Supposing she was going to act some harmless freak, they let her go. When she did not return at sunset alarm was felt; with lighted torches the gloomy pine forest was searched, but no trace of the girl was ever found, and the parents mourned the loss of a daughter whose inclinations they had, in the end, too violently thwarted.

THE GIRL AND THE SCALP

About the middle of the seventeenth century there lived on the shores of Lake Ontario a Wyandot girl so beautiful that she had for suitors nearly all the young men of her tribe; but while she rejected none, neither did she favor any one in particular. To prevent her from falling to someone not in their tribe the suitors held a meeting and concluded that their claims should be withdrawn and the war chief urged to woo her. He objected on account of the disparity of years, but was finally persuaded to make his advances. His practice had been confined rather to the use of stone-headed arrows than love-darts, and his dexterity in the management of hearts displayed rather in making bloody incisions than tender impressions. But after he had painted and arrayed himself as for battle and otherwise adorned his person, he paid court to her, and a few days later was accepted on condition that he would pledge his word as a warrior to do what she should ask of him. When his pledge had been given she told him to bring her the scalp of a certain Seneca chief whom she hated. He begged her to reflect that this chief was his bosom friend, whose confidence it would be an infamy to betray. But she told him either to redeem his pledge or be proclaimed for a lying dog, and then left him.

Goaded into fury, the Wyandot chief blackened his face and rushed off to the Seneca village, where he tomahawked his friend and rushed out of the lodge with his scalp. A moment later the mournful scalp-whoop of the Senecas was resounding through the village. The Wyandot camp was attacked, and after a deadly combat of three days the Senecas triumphed, avenging the murder of their chief by the death of his assailant as well as of the miserable girl who had caused the tragedy. The war thus begun lasted more than thirty years.

A CHIPPEWA LOVE-SONG

In 1759 great exertions were made by the French Indian Department under General Montcalm to bring a body of Indians into the valley of the lower St. Lawrence, and invitations for this purpose reached the utmost shores of Lake Superior. In one of the canoes from that quarter, which was left on the way down at the mouth of the Utawas, was a Chippewa girl named Paigwaineoshe, or the White Eagle. While the party

awaited there the result of events at Quebec she formed an attachment for a young Algonquin belonging to a French mission. This attachment was mutual, and gave rise to a song of which the following is a prose translation:

Page 395

- I. Ah me! When I think of him—when I think of him—my sweetheart, my Algonquin.
- II. As I embarked to return, he put the white wampum around my neck—a pledge of troth, my sweetheart, my Algonquin.
- III. I shall go with you, he said, to your native country—I shall go with you, my sweetheart—my Algonquin.
- IV. Alas! I replied—my native country is far, far away—my sweetheart, my Algonquin.
- V. When I looked back again—where we parted, he was still looking after me, my sweetheart, my Algonquin.
- VI. He was still standing on a fallen tree—that had fallen into the water, my sweetheart, my Algonquin.
- VII. Alas! When I think of him—when I think of him—It is when I think of him, my Algonquin.

HOW “INDIAN STORIES” ARE WRITTEN

Here we have seven love-stories as romantic as you please and full of sentimental touches. Do they not disprove my theory that uncivilized races are incapable of feeling sentimental love? Some think they do, and Waitz is not the only anthropologist who has accepted such stories as proof that human nature, as far as love is concerned, is the same under all circumstances. The above tales are taken from the books of a man who spent much of his life among Indians and issued a number of works about them, one of which, in six volumes, was published under the auspices of the United States Government. This expert—Henry R. Schoolcraft—was member of so many learned societies that it takes twelve lines of small type to print them all. Moreover, he expressly assures us[196] that “the value of these traditionary stories appears to depend very much upon their being left, as nearly as possible, in their original forms of thought and expression,” the obvious inference being an assurance that he has so left them; and he adds that in the collection and translation of these stories he enjoyed the great advantages of seventeen years’ life as executive officer for the tribes, and a knowledge of their languages.

And now, having given the enemy’s battle-ship every possible advantage, the reader will allow me to bring on my little torpedo-boat. In the first place Schoolcraft mentions (*A.R.*, I., 56) twelve persons, six of them women, who helped him collect and interpret the material of the tales united in his volumes; but he does not tell us whether all or any of these collectors acted on the principle that these stories could claim absolutely no

scientific value unless they were verbatim reports of aboriginal tales, *without any additions and sentimental embroideries by the compilers*. This omission alone is fatal to the whole collection, reducing it to the value of a mere fairy book for the entertainment of children, and allowing us to make no inferences from it regarding the quality and expression of an Indian's love.

Page 396

Schoolcraft stands convicted by his own action. When I read his tales for the first time I came across numerous sentences and sentiments which I knew from my own experience among Indians were utterly foreign to Indian modes of thought and feeling, and which they could no more have uttered than they could have penned Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, or the essays of Emerson. In the stories of "The Red Lover," "The Buffalo King," and "The Haunted Grove," [197] I have italicized a few of these suspicious passages. To take the last-named tale first, it is absurd to speak of Indian "fairies who love romantic scenes," or of a girl romantically sitting on a rocky promontory, [198] or "gathering strange flowers;" for Indians have no conception of the romantic side of nature—of scenery for its own sake. To them a tree is simply a grouse perch, or a source of fire-wood; a lake, a fish-pond, a mountain, the dreaded abode of evil spirits. In the tale of the "Buffalo King" we read of the chief doing a number of things to win the affection of the refractory bride—telling the others not to displease her, giving her "the seat of honor," and going so far as to fast himself, whereas in real life, under such circumstances, he would have curtly clubbed the stolen bride into submission. In the tale of the "Red Lover" the girl is admired for her "slender form," whereas a real Indian values a woman in proportion to her weight and rotundity. Indians do not make "protestations of inviolable attachment," or "pledge vows of mutual fidelity," like the lovers of our fashionable novels. As Charles A. Leland remarks of the same race of Indians (85), "When an Indian seeks a wife, he or his mutual friend makes no great ado about it, but utters two words which tell the whole story." But there is no need of citing other authors, for Schoolcraft, as I have just intimated, stands convicted by his own action. In the second edition of his *Algic Researches*, which appeared after an interval of seventeen years and received the title of *The Myth of Hiawatha and other Oral Legends of the North American Indians*, he seemed to remember what he wrote in the preface of the first regarding these stories, "that in the original there is no attempt at ornament," so he removed nearly all of the romantic embroideries, like those I have italicized and commented on, and also relegated the majority of his ludicrously sentimental interspersed poems to the appendix. In the preface to *Hiawatha*, he refers in connection with some of these verses to "the poetic use of aboriginal ideas." Now, a man has a perfect right to make such "poetic use" of "aboriginal ideas," but not when he has led his readers to believe that he is telling these stories "as nearly as possible in their original forms of thought and expression." It is very much as if Edward MacDowell had published the several movements of his Indian Suite as being, not only in their ideas, but in their (modern European) harmonies and orchestration, a faithful transcript of aboriginal Indian music. Schoolcraft's procedure, in other words, amounts to a sort of Ossianic mystification; and unfortunately he has had not a few imitators, to the confusion of comparative psychologists and students of the evolution of love.

Page 397

It is a great pity that Schoolcraft, with his valuable opportunities for ethnological research, should not have added a critical attitude and a habit of accuracy to his great industry. The historian Parkman, a model observer and scholar, described Schoolcraft's volumes on the Indian Tribes of the United States as

"a singularly crude and illiterate production, stuffed with blunders and contradictions, giving evidence on every page of a striking unfitness for historical or scientific inquiry." [199]

REALITY VERSUS ROMANCE

A few of the tales I have cited are not marred by superadded sentimental adornments, but all of them are open to suspicion from still another point of view. They are invariably so proper and pure that they might be read to Sunday-school classes. Since one-half of Schoolcraft's assistants in the compilation of this material were women, this might have been expected, and if the collection had been issued as a Fairy Book it would have been a matter of course. But they were issued as accurate "oral legends" of wild Indians, and from the point of view of the student of the history of love the most important question to ask was, "Are Indian stories in reality as pure and refined in tone as these specimens would lead us to suspect?" I will answer that question by citing the words of one of the warmest champions of the Indians, the eminent American anthropologist, Professor D.G. Brinton (*M.N.W.*, 160):

"Anyone who has listened to Indian tales, not as they are recorded in books, but as they are told by the camp-fire, will bear witness to the abounding obscenity they deal in. That the same vulgarity shows itself in their arts and life, no genuine observer need doubt."

And in a footnote he gives this extremely interesting information:

"The late George Gibbs will be acknowledged as an authority here. He was at the time of his death preparing a Latin translation of the tales he had collected, as they were too erotic to print in English. He wrote me, 'Schoolcraft's legends are emasculated to a degree that they become no longer Indian.'"

No longer Indian, indeed! And these doctored stories, artfully sentimentalized at one end and expurgated at the other, are advanced as proofs that a savage Indian's love is just as refined as that of a civilized Christian! What Indian stories really are, the reader, if he can stomach such things, may find out for himself by consulting the marvellously copious and almost phonographically accurate collection of native tales which another of our most eminent anthropologists, Dr. Franz Boas, has printed. [200] And it must be borne in mind that these stories are not the secret gossip of vulgar men alone by

themselves, but are national tales with which children of both sexes become familiar from their earliest years. As Colonel Dodge remarks

Page 398

(213): it is customary for as many as a dozen persons of both sexes to live in one room, hence there is an entire lack of privacy, either in word or act. "It is a wonder," says Powers (271), "that children grow up with any virtue whatever, for the conversation of their elders in their presence is often of the filthiest description." "One thing seems to me more than intolerable," wrote the French missionary Le Jeune in 1632 (*Jesuit Relations*, V., 169).

"It is their living together promiscuously, girls, women, men, and boys, in a smoky hole. And the more progress one makes in the knowledge of the language, the more vile things one hears.... I did not think that the mouth of the savage was so foul as I notice it is every day."

Elsewhere (VI., 263) the same missionary says:

"Their lips are constantly foul with these obscenities; and it is the same with the little children.... The older women go almost naked, the girls and young women are *very modestly clad*; but, among themselves, their language has the foul odor of the sewers."

Of the Pennsylvania Indians Colonel James Smith (who had lived among them as a captive) wrote (140): "The squaws are generally very immodest in their words and actions, and will often put the young men to the blush."

DECEPTIVE MODESTY

The late Dr. Brinton shot wide off the mark when he wrote (*R. and P.*, 59) that even among the lower races the sentiment of modesty "is never absent." With some American Indians, as in the races of other parts of the world, there is often not even the appearance of modesty. Many of the Southern Indians in North America and others in Central and South America wear no clothes at all, and their actions are as unrestrained as those of animals.[201] The tribes that do wear clothes sometimes present to shallow or biased observers the appearance of modesty. To the Mandan women Catlin (I., 93, 96) attributes "excessive modesty of demeanor."

"It was customary for hundreds of girls and women to go bathing and swimming in the Missouri every morning, while a quarter of a mile back on a terrace stood several sentinels with bows and arrows in hand to protect the bathing-place from men or boys, who had their own swimming-place elsewhere."

This, however, tells us more about the immorality of the men and their anxiety to guard their property than about the character of the women. On that point we are enlightened by Maximilian Prinz zu Wied, who found that these women were anything but prudes, having often two or three lovers at a time, while infidelity was seldom punished (I., 531). According to Gatschet (183) Creek women also "were assigned a bathing-place in the

river currents at some distance below the men;" but that this, too, was a mere curiosity of pseudo-modesty becomes obvious when we read in Schoolcraft (V., 272) that among these Indians

Page 399

“the sexes indulge their propensities with each other promiscuously, unrestrained by law or custom, and without secrecy or shame.” Powers, too, relates (55) that among the Californian Yurok “the sexes bathe apart, and the women do not go into the sea without some garment on.” But Powers was not a man to be misled by specious appearances. He fully understood the philosophy of the matter, as the following shows (412): “Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary by false friends and weak maundering philanthropists, the California Indians are a grossly licentious race. None more so, perhaps. There is no word in all their language that I have examined which has the meaning of ‘mercenary prostitute,’ because such a creature is unknown to them; but among the unmarried of both sexes there is very little or no restraint; and this freedom is so much a matter of course that there is no reproach attaching to it; so that *their young women are notable for their modest and innocent demeanor*. This very modesty of outward deportment has deceived the hasty glance of many travellers. But what their conduct really is is shown by the Argus-eyed surveillance to which women are subjected. If a married woman is seen even walking in the forest with another man than her husband she is chastised by him. A repetition of the offence is generally punished with speedy death. Brothers and sisters scrupulously avoid living alone together. A mother-in-law is never allowed to live with her son-in-law. To the Indian’s mind the opportunity of evil implies the commission of it.”

WERE INDIANS CORRUPTED BY WHITES?

Having disposed of the modesty fallacy, let us examine once more, and for the last time, the doctrine that savages owe their degradation to the whites.

In the admirable preface to his book on the Jesuit missionaries in Canada, Parkman writes concerning the Hurons (XXXIV.):

“Lafitau, whose book appeared in 1724, says that the nation was corrupt in his time, but that this was a degeneracy from their ancient manners. La Potherie and Charlevoix make a similar statement. Megapolensis, however, in 1644 says that they were then exceedingly debauched; and Greenhalgh, in 1677, gives ample evidence of a shameless license. One of their most earnest advocates of the present day admits that the passion of love among them had no other than an animal existence (Morgan, *League of the Iroquois*, 322). There is clear proof that the tribes of the South were equally corrupt. (See Lawson’s *Carolina*, 34, and other early writers.)”

Another most earnest advocate of the Indians, Dr. Brinton, writes (*M.N.W.*, 159) that promiscuous licentiousness was frequently connected with the religious ceremonies of the Indians:

Page 400

“Miscellaneous congress very often terminated their dances and festivals. Such orgies were of common occurrence among the Algonkins and Iroquois at a very early date, and are often mentioned in the *Jesuit Relations*; Venagas describes them as frequent among the tribes of Lower California, and Oviedo refers to certain festivals of the Nicaraguans, during which the women of all ranks extended to whosoever wished just such privileges as the matrons of ancient Babylon, that mother of harlots and all abominations, used to grant even to slaves and strangers in the temple of Melitta as one of the duties of religion.”

In Part I. (140-42) of the *Final Report of Investigations among the Indians of the Southwestern United States*, [202] A.F. Bandelier, the leading authority on the Indians of the Southwest, writes regarding the Pueblos (one of the most advanced, of all American tribes):

“Chastity was an act of penitence; to be chaste signified to do penance. Still, after a woman had once become linked to a man by the performance of certain simple rites it was unsafe for her to be caught trespassing, and her accomplice also suffered a penalty. But there was the utmost liberty, even license, as toward girls. Intercourse was almost promiscuous with members of the tribe. Toward outsiders the strictest abstinence was observed, and this fact, which has long been overlooked or misunderstood, explains the prevailing idea that before the coming of the white man the Indians were both chaste and moral, while the contrary is the truth.”

Lewis and Clarke travelled a century ago among Indians that had never been visited by whites. Their observations regarding immoral practices and the means used to obviate the consequences bear out the above testimony. M'Lean (II., 59, 120) also ridicules the idea that Indians were corrupted by the whites. But the most conclusive proof of aboriginal depravity is that supplied by the discoverers of America, including Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci. Columbus on his fourth voyage touched the mainland going down near Brazil. In Cariay, he writes, [203] the enchanters

“sent me immediately two girls very showily dressed. The elder could not be more than eleven years of age and the other seven, and both exhibited so much immodesty that more could not be expected from public women.”

On another page (30) he writes: “The habits of these Caribbees are brutal,” adding that in their attacks on neighboring islands they carry off as many women as they can, using them as concubines. “These women also say that the Caribbees use them with such cruelty as would scarcely be believed; and that they eat the children which they bear to them.”

Page 401

Brazil was visited in 1501 by Amerigo Vespucci. The account he gives of the dissolute practices of the natives, who certainly had never set eye on a white man, is so plain spoken that it cannot be quoted here in full. "They are not very jealous," he says, "and are immoderately libidinous, and the women much more so than the men, so that for decency I omit to tell you the ... They are so void of affection and cruel that if they be angry with their husbands they ... and they slay an infinite number of creatures by that means.... The greatest sign of friendship which they can show you is that they give you their wives and their daughters" and feel "highly honored" if they are accepted. "They eat all their enemies whom they kill or capture, as well females as males." "Their other barbarous customs are such that expression is too weak for the reality."

The ineradicable perverseness of some minds is amusingly illustrated by Southey, in his *History of Brazil*. After referring to Amerigo Vespucci's statements regarding the lascivious practices of the aboriginals, he exclaims, in a footnote: "This is false! Man has never yet been discovered in such a state of depravity!" What the navigators wrote regarding the cannibalism and cruelty of these savages he accepts as a matter of course; but to doubt their immaculate purity is high treason! The attitude of the sentimentalists in this matter is not only silly and ridiculous, but positively pathological. As their number is great, and seems to be growing (under the influence of such writers as Catlin, Helen Hunt Jackson, Brinton, Westermarck, etc.), it is necessary, in the interest of the truth, to paint the Indian as he really was until contact with the whites (missionaries and others) improved him somewhat.[204]

THE NOBLE RED MAN

Beginning with the Californians, their utter lack of moral sense has already been described. They were no worse than the other Pacific coast tribes in Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, and Alaska. George Gibbs, the leading authority on the Indians of Western Oregon and Washington, says regarding them (I., 197-200):

"Prostitution is almost universal. An Indian, perhaps, will not let his favorite wife, but he looks upon his others, his sisters, daughters, female relatives, and slaves, as a legitimate source of profit.... Cohabitation of unmarried females among their own people brings no disgrace if unaccompanied with child-birth, which they take care to prevent. This commences at a very early age, perhaps ten or twelve years."

"Chastity is not considered a virtue by the Chinook women," says Ross (92),

"and their amorous propensities know no bounds. All classes, from the highest to the lowest, indulge in coarse sensuality and shameless profligacy. Even the chief would boast of obtaining a paltry toy or trifle in return for the prostitution of his virgin daughter."

Lewis and Clarke (1814) found that among the Chinooks, “*as, indeed, among all Indians*” they became acquainted with on their perilous pioneer trips through the Western wilds, prostitution of females was not considered criminal or improper (439).

Page 402

Such revelations, illustrating not individual cases of depravity, but a whole people's attitude, show how utterly hopeless it is to expect refined and pure love of these Indians. Gibbs did not give himself up to any illusions on this subject. "A strong *sensual* attachment often undoubtedly exists," he wrote (198),

"which leads to marriage, and instances are not rare of young women destroying themselves on the death of a lover; but where the idea of chastity is so entirely wanting in both sexes, *this cannot deserve the name of love*, or it is at best of a temporary duration." The italics are mine.

In common with several other high authorities who lived many years among the Indians (as we shall see at the end of this chapter) Gibbs clearly realized the difference between red love and white love—between sensual and sentimental attachments, and failed to find the latter among the American savages.

British Columbian capacity for sexual delicacy and refined love is sufficiently indicated by the reference on a preceding page (556) to the stories collected by Dr. Boas. Turning northeastward we find M'Lean, who spent twenty-five years among the Hudson's Bay natives, declaring of the Beaver Indians (Chippewayans) that "the unmarried youth, of both sexes, are generally under no restraint whatever," and that "the lewdness of the Carrier [Taculli] Indians cannot possibly be carried to a greater excess." M'Lean, too, after observing these northern Indians for a quarter of a century, came to the conclusion that "the tender passion seems unknown to the savage breast."

"The Hurons are lascivious," wrote Le Jeune (whom I have already quoted), in 1632; and Parkman says (*J.N.A.*, XXXIV.):

"A practice also prevailed of temporary or experimental marriage, lasting a day, a week, or more.... An attractive and enterprising damsel might, and often did, make twenty such marriages before her final establishing."

Regarding the Sioux, that shrewd observer, Burton, wrote (*C. of S.*, 116): "If the mother takes any care of her daughter's virtue, it is only out of regard to its market value." The Sioux, or Dakotas, are indeed, sometimes lower than animals, for, as S.R. Riggs pointed out, in a government publication (*U.S. Geogr. and Geol. Soc.*, Vol. IX.), "Girls are sometimes taken very young, before they are of marriageable age, which generally happens with a man who has a wife already." "The marriageable age," he adds, "is from fourteen years old and upward." Even the Mandans, so highly lauded by Catlin, sometimes brutally dispose of girls at the age of eleven, as do other tribes (Comanches, *etc.*).

Of the Chippewas, Ottawas, and Winnebagoes we read in H. Trumbull's *History of the Indian Wars* (168):

“It appears to have been a very prevalent custom with the Indians of this country, before they became acquainted with the Europeans, to compliment strangers with their wives;”

and “the Indian women in general are amorous, and before marriage not less esteemed for gratifying their passions.”

Page 403

Of the New York Indians J. Buchanan wrote (II., 104):

“that it is no offence for their married women to associate with another man, provided she acquaint her husband or some near relation therewith, but if not, it is sometimes punishable with death.”

Of the Comanches it is said (Schoolcraft, V., 683) that while “the men are grossly licentious, treating female captives in a most cruel and barbarous manner,” upon their women “they enforce rigid chastity;” but this is, as usual, a mere question of masculine property, for on the next page we read that they lend their wives; and Fossey (*Mexique*, 462) says: “Les Comanches obligent le prisonnier blanc, dont ils ont admire le valeur dans le combat, a s’unir a leurs femmes pour perpetuer sa race.” Concerning the Kickapoo, Kansas, and Osage Indians we are informed by Hunter (203), who lived among them, that

“a female may become a parent out of wedlock without loss of reputation, or diminishing her chances for a subsequent matrimonial alliance, so that her paramour is of respectable standing.”

Maximilian Prinz zu Weid found that the Blackfeet, though they horribly mutilated wives for secret intrigues [violation of property right], offered these wives as well as their daughters for a bottle of whiskey. “Some very young girls are offered” (I., 531). “The Navajo women are very loose, and do not look upon fornication as a crime.”

“The most unfortunate thing which can befall a captive woman is to be claimed by two persons. In this case she is either shot or delivered up for indiscriminate violence” (Bancroft, I., 514).

Colonel R.I. Dodge writes of the Indians of the plains (204):

“For an unmarried Indian girl to be found away from her lodge alone is to invite outrage, consequently she is never sent out to cut and bring wood, nor to take care of the stock.”

He speaks of the “Indian men who, animal-like, approach a female only to make love to her,” and to whom the idea of continence is unknown (210). Among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes

“no unmarried woman considers herself dressed to meet her beau at night, to go to a dance or other gathering, unless she has tied her lower limbs with a rope.... Custom has made this an almost perfect protection against the brutality of the men. Without it she would not be safe for an instant, and even with it, an unmarried girl is not safe if found alone away from the immediate protection of the lodge” (213).

A brother does not protect his sister from insult, nor avenge outrage (220).

“Nature has no nobler specimen of man than the Indian,” wrote Catlin, the sentimentalist, who is often cited as an authority. To proceed: “Prostitution is the rule among the (Yuma) women, not the exception.” The Colorado River Indians “barter and sell their women into prostitution, with hardly an exception.” (Bancroft, I., 514.) In his *Antiquities of the Southern Indians*, C.C. Jones says of the Creeks, Cherokees, Muscogulges, etc. (69):

Page 404

“Comparatively little virtue existed among the unmarried women. Their chances of marriage were not diminished, but rather augmented, by the fact that they had been great favorites, provided they had avoided conception during their years of general pleasure.”

The wife “was deterred, by fear of public punishment, from the commission of indiscretions.” “The unmarried women among the Natchez were unusually unchaste,” says McCulloh (165).

This damning list might be continued for the Central and South American Indians. We should find that the Mosquito Indians often did not wait for puberty (Bancroft, I., 729); that, according to Martius, Oviedo, and Navarette,

“in Cuba, Nicaragua,[205] and among the Caribs and Tupis, the bride yielded herself first to another, lest her husband should come to some ill-luck by exercising a priority of possession.... This *jus primae noctis* was exercised by the priests” (Brinton, *M.N.W.*, 155);

that the Waraus give girls to medicine men in return for professional services (Brett, 320); that the Guaranis lend their wives and daughters for a drink (Reich, 435); that among Brazilian tribes the *jus primae noctis* is often enjoyed by the chief (*Journ. Roy. G.S.*, II., 198); that in Guiana “chastity is not considered an indispensable virtue among the unmarried women” (Dalton, I., 80); that the Patagonians often pawned and sold their wives and daughters for brandy (Falkner, 97); that their licentiousness is equal to their cruelty (Bourne, 56-57), *etc.*, *etc.*

APPARENT EXCEPTIONS

A critical student will not be able, I think, to find any exceptions to this rule of Indian depravity among tribes untouched by missionary influences. Westermarck, indeed, refers (65) with satisfaction to Hearne’s assertion (311) that the northern Indians he visited carefully guarded the young people. Had he consulted page 129 of the same writer he would have seen that this does not indicate a regard for chastity as a virtue, but is merely a result of their habit of regarding women as property, to which Franklin, speaking of these same Indians, refers (287); for as Hearne remarks in the place alluded to, “it is a very common custom among the men of this country to exchange a night’s lodging with each other’s wives.” An equal lack of insight is shown by Westermarck, when he professes to find female chastity among the Apaches. For this assertion he relies on Bancroft, who does indeed say (I., 514) that “all authorities agree that the Apache women, both before and after marriage, are remarkably pure.” Yet he himself adds that the Apaches will lend their wives to each other.[206] If the women are otherwise chaste, it is not from a regard for purity, but from fear of their cruel husbands and masters. United States Boundary Commissioner, Bartlett, has enlightened us

Page 405

on this point. "The atrocities inflicted upon an Apache woman taken in adultery baffle all description," he writes, "and the females whom they capture from their enemies are invariably doomed to the most infamous treatment." Thus they are like other Indians—the Comanches, for instance, concerning whom we read in Schoolcraft (V., 683) that "the men are grossly licentious, treating female captives in a most cruel and barbarous manner; but they enforce rigid chastity upon their women."

Among the Modocs a wife who violated her husband's property rights in her "chastity," was disembowelled in public, as Bancroft informs us (I., 350). No wonder, that, as he adds, "adultery, being attended with so much danger, is comparatively rare, but among the unmarried, who have nothing to fear, a gross licentiousness prevails."

The Peruvian sun virgins are often supposed to indicate a regard for purity; but in reality the temples in which these girls were reared and guarded were nothing but nurseries for providing a choice assortment of concubines for the licentious Incas and their friends. (Torquemada, IX., 16.)[207]

"In the earlier times of Peru the union of the sexes was voluntary, unregulated, and accompanied by barbarous usages: many of which even at the present day exist among the uncivilized nations of South America." (Tschudi's *Antiquities*, 184; McCulloh, 379.)

Of the Mexicans, too, it has been erroneously said that they valued purity; but Bandelier has collected facts from the old Spanish writers, in summing which up he says: "This almost establishes promiscuity among the ancient Mexicans, as a preliminary to formal marriage." Oddly enough, the crime of adultery with a married woman was considered one against a cluster of kindred, and not against the husband; for if he caught the culprits *in flagrante delictu* and killed the wife, he lost his own life!

Another source of error regarding exceptional virtue in an Indian tribe lies in the fact that in some few cases female captives were spared. This was due, however, not to a chivalrous regard for female virtue, but to superstition. James Adair relates of the Choktah (164) that even a certain chief noted for his cruelty

"did not attempt the virtue of his female captives lest (as he told one of them) 'it should offend the Indian's god;' though at the same time his pleasures were heightened in proportion to the shrieks and groans from prisoners of both sexes while they were under his torture. Although the Choktah are libidinous, yet I have known them to take several female prisoners without offering the least violence to their virtue, till the time of purgation was expired; then some of them forced their captives, notwithstanding their pressing entreaties and tears."

Parkman, too, was convinced (*Jes. in Can.*, XXXIV.) that the remarkable forbearance observed by some tribes was the result of superstition; and he adds: "To make the Indian a hero of romance is mere nonsense."

Page 406

INTIMIDATING CALIFORNIA SQUAWS

Besides the atrocious punishments inflicted on women who forgot their role as private property, some of the Indians had other ways of intimidating them, while reserving for themselves the right to do as they pleased. Powers relates (156-61) that, among the California Indians in general,

“there is scarcely such an attribute known as virtue or chastity in either sex before marriage. Up to the time when they enter matrimony most of the young women are a kind of *femmes incomprises*, the common property of the tribe; and after they have once taken on themselves the marriage covenant, simple as it is, they are guarded with a Turkish jealousy, for even the married women are not such models as Mrs. Ford.... The one great burden of the harangues delivered by the venerable peace-chief on solemn occasions is the necessity and excellence of *female* virtue; all the terrors of superstitious sanction and the direst threats of the great prophet are levelled at unchastity, and all the most dreadful calamities and pains of a future state are hung suspended over the heads of those who are persistently lascivious. All the devices that savage cunning can invent, all the mysterious masquerading horrors of devil-raising, all the secret sorceries, the frightful apparitions and bugbears, which can be supposed effectual in terrifying women into virtue and preventing smock treason, are resorted to by the Pomo leaders.”

Among these Pomo Indians, and Californian tribes almost universally (406), there existed secret societies whose simple purpose was to conjure up infernal terrors and render each other assistance in keeping their women in subjection. A special meeting-house was constructed for this purpose, in which these secret women-tamers held a grand devil-dance once in seven years, twenty or thirty men daubing themselves with barbaric paint and putting vessels of pitch on their heads. At night they rushed down from the mountains with these vessels of pitch flaming on their heads, and making a terrible noise. The squaws fled for dear life; hundreds of them clung screaming and fainting to their valorous protectors. Then the chief took a rattlesnake from which the fangs had been extracted, brandished it into the faces of the shuddering women, and threatened them with dire things if they did not live lives of chastity, industry, and obedience, until some of the terrified squaws shrieked aloud and fell swooning upon the ground.

GOING A-CALUMETING

Page 407

We are now in a position to appreciate the unintentional humor of Ashe's indignant outcry, cited at the beginning of this chapter, against those who calumniate these innocent people "by denying that there is anything but 'brutal passion' in their love-affairs." He admits, indeed, that "no expressions of endearment or tenderness ever escape the Indian sexes toward each other," as all observers have remarked, but claims that this reserve is merely a compliance with a political and religious law which "stigmatizes youth wasting their time in female dalliance, except when covered with the veil of night and beyond the prying eye of man." Were a man to speak to a squaw of love in the daytime, he adds, she would run away from him or disdain him. He then proceeds, with astounding naivete, to describe the nocturnal love-making of "these innocent people." The Indians leave their doors open day and night, and the lovers take advantage of this when they go a-courting, or "a-calumeting," as it is called.

"A young man lights his calumet, enters the cabin of his mistress, and gently presents it to her. If she extinguishes it she admits him to her arms; but if she suffer it to burn unnoticed he softly retires with a disappointed and throbbing heart, knowing that while there was light she never could consent to his wishes. This spirit of nocturnal amour and intrigue is attended by one dreadful practice: the girls drink the juice of a certain herb which prevents conception and often renders them barren through life. They have recourse to this to avoid the shame of having a child—a circumstance *in which alone* the disgrace of their conduct consists, and which would be thought a thing so heinous as to deprive them forever of respect and religious marriage rites. *The crime is in the discovery.*" "I never saw gallantry conducted with more *refinement* than I did during my stay with the Shawnee nation."

In brief, Ashe's idea of "refined" love consists in promiscuous immorality carefully concealed! "On the subject of love," he sums up with an injured air, "no persons have been less understood than the Indians." Yet this writer is cited seriously as a witness by Westermarck and others!

In view of the foregoing facts every candid reader must admit that to an Indian an expression like "Love hath weaned my heart from low desires," or Werther's "She is sacred to me; all desire is silent in her presence," would be as incomprehensible as Hegel's metaphysics; that, in other words, mental purity, one of the most essential and characteristic ingredients of romantic love, is always absent in the Indian's infatuation. The late Professor Brinton tried to come to the rescue by declaring (*E.A.*, 297) that

Page 408

“delicacy of sentiment bears no sort of constant relation to culture. Every man ... can name among his acquaintances men of unusual culture who are coarse voluptuaries and others of the humblest education who have the delicacy of a refined woman. So it is with families, and so it is with tribes.”

Is it? That is the point to be proved. I myself have pointed out that among nations, as among individuals, intellectual culture alone does not insure a capacity for true love, because that also implies emotional and esthetic culture. Now in our civilized communities there are all sorts of individuals, many coarse, a few refined, while some civilized races, too, are more refined than others. To prove his point Dr. Brinton would have had to show that among the Indians, too, there are tribes and individuals who are morally and esthetically refined; and this he failed to do; wherefore his argument is futile. Diligent and patient search has not revealed to me a single exception to the rule of depravity above described, though I admit the possibility that among the Indians who have been for generations under missionary control such exceptions might be found. But we are here considering the wild Indian and not the missionary's garden plant.

SQUAWS AND PERSONAL BEAUTY

An excellent test of the Indian's capacity for refined amorous feeling may be found in his attitude toward personal beauty. Does he admire real beauty, and does it decide his choice of a mate? That there are good-looking girls among some Indian tribes cannot be denied, though they are exceptional. Among the thousands of squaws I have seen on the Pacific Slope, from Mexico to Alaska, I can recall only one whom I could call really beautiful. She was a pupil at a Sitka Indian school, spoke English well, and I suspect had some white blood in her. Joaquin Miller, who married a Modoc girl and is given to romancing and idealizing, relates (227) how “the brown-eyed girls danced, gay and beautiful, half-nude, in their rich black hair and flowing robes.” Herbert Walsh,[208] speaking of the girls at a Navajo Indian school, writes that

“among them was one little girl of striking beauty, with fine, dark eyes, regularly and delicately modelled features, and a most winning expression. Nothing could be more attractive than the unconscious grace of this child of nature.”

I can find no indication, however, that the Indians ever admire such exceptional beauty, and plenty of evidence that what they admire is not beautiful. “These Indians are far from being connoisseurs in beauty,” wrote Mrs. Eastman (105) of the Dakotas. Dobrizhoffer says of the Abipones (II., 139) what we read in Schoolcraft concerning the Creeks: “Beauty is of no estimation in either sex;” and I have also previously quoted Belden's testimony (302), that the men select the squaws not for their personal beauty but “their strength and ability

Page 409

to work;" to which he should have added, their weight; for bulk is the savage's synonym for beauty. Burton (C.S., 128) admired the pretty doll-like faces of the Sioux girls, but only up to the age of six. "When full grown the figure becomes dumpy and *trapu*;" and that is what attracts the Indian. The examples given in the chapter on Personal Beauty of the Indians' indifference to geological layers of dirt on their faces and bodies would alone prove beyond all possibility of dispute that they can have no esthetic appreciation of personal charms. The very highest type of Indian beauty is that described by Powers in the case of a California girl

"just gliding out of the uncomfortable obesity of youth, her complexion a soft, creamy hazel, her wide eyes dreamy and idle ... a not unattractive type of vacuous, facile, and voluptuous beauty"

—a beauty, I need not add, which may attract, but would not inspire love of the sentimental kind, even if the Indian were capable of it.

ARE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS GALLANT?

Having failed to find mental purity and admiration of personal beauty in the Indian's love-affairs, let us now see how he stands in regard to the altruistic impulses which differentiate love from self-love. Do Indians behave gallantly toward their women? Do they habitually sacrifice their comfort and, in case of need, their lives for their wives?

Dr. Brinton declares (*Am. R.*, 48) that "the position of women in the social scheme of the American tribes has often been portrayed in darker colors than the truth admits." Another eminent American anthropologist, Horatio Hale, wrote[209] that women among the Indians and other savages are not treated with harshness or regarded as inferiors except under special circumstances. "It is entirely a question of physical comfort, and mainly of the abundance or lack of food," he maintains. For instance, among the sub-arctic Tinneh, women are "slaves," while among the Tinneh (Navajos) of sunny Arizona they are "queens." Heckewelder declares (*T.A.P.S.*, 142) that the labors of the squaws "are no more than their fair share, under every consideration and due allowance, of the hardships attendant on savage life." This benevolent and oft-cited old writer shows indeed such an eager desire to whitewash the Indian warrior that an ignorant reader of his book might find some difficulty in restraining his indignation at the horrid, lazy squaws for not also relieving the poor, unprotected men of the only two duties which they have retained for themselves—murdering men or animals. But the most "fearless" champion of the noble red man is a woman—Rose Yawger—who writes (in *The Indian and the Pioneer*, 42) that "the position of the Indian woman in her nation was not greatly inferior to that enjoyed by the American woman of to-day." ... "They were treated with great respect." Let us confront these assertions with facts.

Page 410

Beginning with the Pacific Coast, we are told by Powers (405) that, on the whole, California Indians did not make such slaves of women as the Indians of the Atlantic side of the continent. This, however, is merely comparative, and does not mean that they treat them kindly, for, as he himself says (23), “while on a journey the man lays far the greatest burdens on his wife.” On another page (406) he remarks that while a California boy is not “taught to pierce his mother’s flesh with an arrow to show him his superiority over her, as among the Apaches and Iroquois,” he nevertheless afterward “slays his wife or mother-in-law, if angry, with very little compunction.” Colonel McKee, in describing an expedition among California Indians (Schoolcraft, III., 127), writes:

“One of the whites here, in breaking in his squaw to her household duties, had occasion to beat her several times. She complained of this to her tribe and they informed him that he must not do so; if he was dissatisfied, *let him kill her and take another!*” “The men,” he adds, “allow themselves the privilege of shooting any woman they are tired of.”

The Pomo Indians make it a special point to slaughter the women of their enemies during or after battle. “They do this because, as they argue with the greatest sincerity, one woman destroyed is tantamount to five men killed” (Bancroft, I., 160), for without women the tribe cannot multiply. A Modoc explained why he needed several wives—one to take care of his house, a second to hunt for him, a third to dig roots (259). Bancroft cites half a dozen authorities for the assertion that among the Indians of Northern California “boys are disgraced by work” and “women work while men gamble or sleep” (I., 351). John Muir, in his recent work on *The Mountains of California* (80), says it is truly astonishing to see what immense loads the haggard old Pah Ute squaws make out to carry bare-footed over the rugged passes. The men, who are always with them, stride on erect and unburdened, but when they come to a difficult place they “kindly” pile stepping-stones for their patient pack-animal wives, “just as they would prepare the way for their ponies.”

Among some of the Klamath and other California tribes certain women are allowed to attain the rank of priestesses. To be “supposed to have communication with the devil” and be alone “potent over cases of witchcraft and witch poisoning” (67) is, however, an honor which women elsewhere would hardly covet. Among the Yurok, Powers relates (56), when a young man cannot afford to pay the amount of shell-money without which marriage is not considered legal, he is sometimes allowed to pay half the sum and become what is termed “half-married.” “Instead of bringing her to his cabin and making her his slave, he goes to live in her cabin and becomes her slave.” This, however, “occurs only in case of soft uxorious fellows.” Sometimes, too, a squaw will take the law in her own

Page 411

hands, as in a case mentioned by the same writer (199). A Wappo Indian abandoned his wife and went down the river to a ranch where he took another woman. But the lawful spouse soon discovered his whereabouts, followed him up, confronted him before his paramour, upbraided him fiercely, and then seized him by the hair and led him away triumphantly to her bed and basket. It is to check such unseemly “new-womanish” tendencies in their squaws that the Californians resorted to the bugaboo performances already referred to. The Central Californian women, says Bancroft (391), are more apt than the others to rebel against the tyranny of their masters; but the men usually manage to keep them in subjection. The Tatu and Pomo tribes intimidate them in this way:

“A man is stripped naked, painted with red and black stripes, and then at night takes a sprig of poison oak, dips it in water, and sprinkles it on the squaws, who, from its effects on their skins, are convinced of the man’s satanic power, so that his object is attained.” (Powers, 141.)

The pages of Bancroft contain many references besides those already quoted, showing how far the Indians of California were from treating their women with chivalrous, self-sacrificing devotion. “The principal labor falls to the lot of the women” (I., 351). Among the Gallineros,

“as usual, the women are treated with great contempt by the men, and forced to do all the hard and menial work; they are not even allowed to sit at the same fire or eat at the same repast with their lords” (390).

Among the Shoshones “the weaker sex *of course* do the hardest labor” (437), *etc.* With the Hupa a girl will bring in the market \$15 to \$50—“about half the valuation of a man.” (Powers, 85.)

Nor do matters mend if we proceed northward on the Pacific coast. Thus, Gibbs says (198) of the Indians of Western Oregon and Washington, “the condition of the woman is that of slavery under any circumstances;” and similar testimony might be adduced regarding the Indians of British Columbia and Alaska.

Among the eastern neighbors of the Californians there is one Indian people—the Navajos of Arizona and New Mexico—that calls for special attention, as its women, according to Horatio Hale, are not slaves but “queens.” The Navajos have lived for centuries in a rich and fertile country; their name is said to mean “large cornfields” and the Spaniards found, about the middle of the sixteenth century, that they practised irrigation. A more recent writer, E.A. Graves,[210] says that the Navajos “possess more wealth than all the wild tribes in New Mexico combined. They are rich in horses, mules, asses, goats, and sheep.” Bancroft cites evidence (I., 513) that the women were the owners of the sheep; that they were allowed to take their meals with the men, and admitted to their councils; and that they were relieved of the drudgery

Page 412

of menial work. Major E. Backus also noted (Schoolcraft, IV., 214) that Navajo women “are treated more kindly than the squaws of the northern tribes, and perform far less of laborious work than the Sioux or Chippewa women.” But when we examine the facts more closely we find that this comparative “emancipation” of the Navajo women was not a chivalrous concession on the part of the men, but proceeded simply from the lack of occasion for the exercise of their selfish propensities. No one would be so foolish as to say that even the most savage Indian would put his squaw into the treadmill merely for the fun of seeing her toil. He makes a drudge of her in order to save himself the trouble of working. Now the Navajos were rich enough to employ slaves; their labor, says Major Backus, was “mostly performed by the poor dependants, both male and female.” Hence there was no reason for making slaves of their wives. Backus gives another reason why these women were treated more kindly than other squaws. After marriage they became free, for sufficient cause, to leave their husbands, who were thus put on their good behavior. Before marriage, however, they had no free choice, but were the property of their fathers. “The consent of the father is absolute, and the one so purchased assents or is taken away by force.”[211]

A total disregard of these women’s feelings was also shown in the “very extensive prevalence of polygamy,” and in the custom that the wife last chosen was always mistress of her predecessors. (Bancroft, I., 512.) But the utter incapacity of Navajo men for sympathetic, gallant, chivalrous sentiment is most glaringly revealed by the barbarous treatment of their female captives, who, as before stated, were often shot or delivered up for indiscriminate violence. Where such a custom prevails as a national institution it would be useless to search for refined feeling toward any woman. Indeed, the Navajo women themselves rendered the growth of refined sexual feeling impossible by their conduct. They were notorious, even among Indians, for their immodesty and lewd conduct, and were consequently incapable of either feeling or inspiring any but the coarsest sensual passion. They were not queens, as the astonishing Hale would have it, but they certainly were queans.

Concerning other Indians of the Southwest—Yumas, Mojaves, Pueblos, *etc.*—M.A. Dorchester writes:[212]

“The native Indian is naturally polite, but until touched by civilization, it never occurred to him to be polite to his wife.” “If there is one drawback to Indian civilization more difficult to overcome than any other, it is to convince the Indian that he ought not to put the hardest work upon the Indian women.”

The ferocious Apaches make slaves of their women. (Bancroft, I., 512.) Among the Comanches “the women do all the menial work.” The husband has the pleasant excitement of killing the game, while the women do the hard work even here: “they butcher and transport the meat, dress the skins, *etc.*” “The females are abused and



often beaten unmercifully." (Schoolcraft, I., 236, V., 684.) The Moquis squaws were exempt from field labor not from chivalrous feelings but because the men feared amorous intrigues. (Waitz, IV., 209.) A Snake, Lewis and Clarke found (308),

Page 413

“would consider himself degraded by being compelled to walk any distance; and were he so poor as to possess only two horses, he would ride the best of them, and leave the other for his wives and children and their baggage; and if he has too many wives or too much baggage for the horse, the wives have no alternative but to follow him on foot.”

Turning to the great Dakota or Sioux stock, we run against one of the most naive of the sentimentalists, Catlin, who perpetrated several books on the Indians and made many “fearless” assertions about the red men in general and the Mandans in particular. G.E. Ellis, in his book, *The Red Man and the White Man* (101), justly observes of Catlin that “he writes more like a child than a well-balanced man,” and Mitchell (in Schoolcraft, III., 254) declares that much of what Catlin wrote regarding the Mandans existed “entirely in the fertile imagination of that gentleman.” Yet this does not prevent eminent anthropologists like Westermarck (359) from soberly quoting Catlin’s declaration that “it would be untrue and doing injustice to the Indians, to say that they were in the least behind us in conjugal, in filial, and in paternal affection” (*L.N.N.A.I.*, I., 121). There is only one way of gauging a man’s affection, and that is by his actions. Now how, according to Catlin himself, does an Indian act toward his wife? Even among the Mandans, so superior to the other Indians he visited, he found that the women, however attractive or hungry they might be,

“are not allowed to sit in the same group with the men while at their meals. So far as I have yet travelled in the Indian country I have never seen an Indian woman eating with her husband. Men form the first group at the banquet, and *women and children and dogs* all come together at the next.”

Men first, women and dogs next—yet they are “not in the least behind us in conjugal affection!” With his childish disregard of logic and lack of a sense of humor Catlin goes on to tell us that Mandan women lose their beauty soon because of their early marriages and “the slavish life they lead.” In many cases, he adds, the inclinations of the girl are not considered in marriage, *the father selling her to the highest bidder*.

Mandan conjugal affection, “just like ours,” is further manifested by the custom, previously referred to, which obliges mourning women to crop off all their hair, while of a man’s locks, which “are of much greater importance,” only one or two can be spared. (Catlin, *I.c.*, I., 95, 119, 121; II., 123.) An amusing illustration of the Mandan’s supercilious contempt for women, also by Catlin, will be given later.[213]

Page 414

The Sioux tribes in general have always been notorious for the brutal treatment of their women. Mrs. Eastman, who wrote a book on their customs, once received an offer of marriage from a chief who had a habit of expending all his surplus bad temper upon his wives. He had three of them, but was willing to give them all up if she would live with him. She refused, as she "did not fancy having her head split open every few days with a stick of wood." G.P. Belden, who also knew the Sioux thoroughly, having lived among them twelve years, wrote (270, 303-5) that "the days of her childhood are the only happy or pleasant days the Indian girl ever knows." "From the day of her marriage [in which she has no choice] until her death she leads a most wretched life." The women are "the servants of servants." "On a winter day the Sioux mother is often obliged to travel eight or ten miles and carry her lodge, camp-kettle, ax, child, and several small dogs on her back and head." She has to build the camp, cook, take care of the children, and even of the pony on which her lazy and selfish husband has ridden while she tramped along with all those burdens. "So severe is their treatment of women, a happy female face is hardly ever seen in the Sioux nation." Many become callous, and take a beating much as a horse or ox does. "Suicide is very common among Indian women, and, considering the treatment they receive, it is a wonder there is not more of it." [214]

Burton attests (C.S., 125, 130, 60) that "the squaw is a mere slave, living a life of utter drudgery." The husbands "care little for their wives." "The drudgery of the tent and field renders the squaw cold and unimpassioned." "The son is taught to make his mother toil for him." "One can hardly expect a smiling countenance from the human biped trudging ten or twenty miles under a load fit for a mule." "Dacotah females," writes Neill (82, 85),

"deserve the sympathy of every tender heart. From early childhood they lead worse than a dog's life. Uncultivated and treated like brutes, they are prone to suicide, and, when desperate, they act more like infuriated beasts than creatures of reason."

Of the Crow branch of the Dakotas, Catlin wrote: [215] "They are, *like all other Indian women, the slaves of their husbands* ... and not allowed to join in their religious rites and ceremonies, nor in the dance or other amusements." All of which is delightfully consistent with this writer's assertion that the Indians are "not in the least behind us in conjugal affection." [216]

In his *Travels Through the Northwest Regions of the United States* Schoolcraft thus sums up (231) his observations:

Page 415

“Of the state of female society among the Northern Indians I shall say little, because on a review of it I find very little to admire, either in their collective morality, or personal endowments.... Doomed to drudgery and hardships from infancy ... without either mental resources or personal beauty—what can be said in favor of the Indian women?”

A French author, Eugene A. Vail, writes an interesting summary (207-14) of the realistic descriptions given by older writers of the brutal treatment to which the women of the Northern Indians were subjected. He refers, among other things, to the efforts made by Governor Cass, of Michigan, to induce the Indians to treat their women more humanely; but all persuasion was in vain, and the governor finally had to resort to punishment. He also refers to the selfish ingenuity with which the men succeeded in persuading the foolish squaws that it would be a disgrace for their lords and masters to do any work, and that polygamy was a desirable thing. The men took as many wives as they pleased, and if one of them remonstrated against a new rival, she received a sound thrashing.

In Franklin's *Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea* we are informed (160) that the women are obliged to drag the heavily laden sledges:

“Nothing can more shock the feelings of a person accustomed to civilized life than to witness the state of their degradation. When a party is on a march the women have to drag the tent, the meat, and whatever the hunter possesses, whilst he only carries his gun and medicine case.”

When the men have killed any large beast, says Hearne (90), the women are always sent to carry it to the tent. They have to prepare and cook it,

“and when it is done the wives and daughters of the greatest captains in the country are never served till all the males, even those who are in the capacity of servants, have eaten what they think proper.”

Of the Chippewas, Keating says (II., 153), that “frequently ... their brutal conduct to their wives produces abortions.”

A friend of the Blackfoot Indians, G.B. Grinnell, relates (184, 216) that, while boys play and do as they please, a girl's duties begin at an early age, and she soon does all a woman's “and so menial” work. Their fathers select husbands for them and, if they disobey, have a right to beat or even kill them. “As a consequence of this severity, suicide was quite common among the Blackfoot girls.”

A passage in William Wood's *New England Prospect*, published in 1634,[217] throws light on the aboriginal condition of Indian women in that region. Wood refers to “the customarie churlishnesse and salvage inhumanitie” of the men. The Indian women, he says, are

Page 416

“more loving, pittiful and modest, milde, provident, and laborious than their lazie husbands.... Since the *English* arrivall comparison hath made them miserable, for seeing the kind usage of the *English* to their wives, they doe as much condemne their husbands for unkindnesse and commend the *English* for love, as their husbands, commending themselves for their wit in keeping their wives industrious, doe condemn the *English* for their folly in spoiling good working creatures.”

Concerning the intelligent, widely scattered, and numerous Iroquois, Morgan, who knew them more intimately than anyone else, wrote (322), that “the Indian regarded woman as the inferior, the dependent, and the servant of man, and, from nature and habit, she actually considered herself to be so.” “Adultery was punished by whipping; but the punishment was inflicted on the woman alone, who was supposed to be the only offender” (331). “Female life among the Hurons had no bright side,” wrote Parkman (J.C., XXXIII.). After marriage,

“the Huron woman from a wanton became a drudge ... in the words of Champlain, ‘their women were their mules.’ The natural result followed. In every Huron town were shrivelled hags, hideous and despised, who, in vindictiveness, ferocity, and cruelty, far exceeded the men.”

The *Jesuit Relations* contain many references to the merciless treatment of their women by the Canadian Indians. “These poor women are real pack-mules, enduring all hardships.” “In the winter, when they break camp, the women drag the heaviest loads over the snow; in short, the men seem to have as their share only hunting, war, and trading” (IV., 205). “The women here are mistresses and servants” (Hurons, XV.). In volume III. of the *Jesuit Relations* (101), Biard writes under date of 1616:

“These poor creatures endure all the misfortunes and hardships of life; they prepare and erect the houses, or cabins, furnishing them with fire, wood, and water; prepare the food, preserve the meat and other provisions, that is, dry them in the smoke to preserve them; go to bring the game from the place where it has been killed; sew and repair the canoes, mend and stitch the skins, curry them and make clothes and shoes of them for the whole family; they go fishing and do the rowing; in short, undertake all the work except that alone of the grand chase, besides having the care and so weakening nourishment of the children....“Now these women, although they have so much trouble, as I have said, yet are not cherished any more for it. The husbands beat them unmercifully, and often for a very slight cause. One day a certain Frenchman undertook to rebuke a savage for this; the savage answered, angrily: ‘How now, have you nothing to do but to see into my house, every time I strike my dog?’”

Surely Dr. Brinton erred grievously when he wrote,

Page 417

in his otherwise admirable book, *The American Race* (49), that the fatigues of the Indian women were scarce greater than those of their husbands, nor their life more onerous than that of the peasant women of Europe to-day. Peasants in Europe work quite as hard as their wives, whereas the Indian—except during the delightful hunting period, or in war-time, which, though frequent, was after all merely episodic—did nothing at all, and considered labor a disgrace to a man, fit only for women. The difference between the European peasant and the American red man can be inferred by anyone from what observers reported of the Creek Indians of our Southern States (Schoolcraft, V., 272-77):

“The summer season, with the men, is devoted to war, or their domestic amusements of riding, horse-hunting, ball-plays, and dancing, and by the women to their customary hard labor.” “The women perform all the labor, both in the house and field, and are, in fact, but slaves to the men, without any will of their own, except in the management of the children.” “A stranger going into the country must feel distressed when he sees naked women bringing in huge burdens of wood on their shoulders, or, bent under the scorching sun, at hard labor in the field, while the indolent, robust young men are riding about, or stretched at ease on some scaffold, amusing themselves with a pipe or a whistle.”

The excesses to which bias and unintelligent philanthropy can lead a man are lamentably illustrated in the writings of the Moravian missionary, Heckewelder, regarding the Delaware Indians.[218] He argues that

“as women are not obliged to live with their husbands any longer than suits their pleasure or convenience, it cannot be supposed that they would submit to be loaded with unjust or unequal burdens” (!) “Were a man to take upon himself a part of his wife’s duty, in addition to his own [hunting (!), for the Delawares were then a peaceful tribe], he must necessarily sink under the load, and of course his family must suffer with him.”

The heartless sophistry of this reasoning—heartless because of its pitiless disregard of the burdens and sufferings of the poor women—is exposed in part by his own admissions regarding the selfish actions of the men. He does not deny that after the women have harvested their corn or maple sugar the men arrogate the right to dispose of it as they please. He relates that in case of a domestic quarrel the husband shoulders his gun and goes away a week or so. The neighbors naturally say that his wife is quarrelsome. All the odium consequently falls on her, and when he gets back she is only too willing to drudge for him more than ever. Heckewelder naively gives the Indian’s recipe for getting a useful wife:

Page 418

“Indian, when he see industrious squaw, which he like, he go to *him* [her], place his two forefingers close aside each other, make two look like one—see *him* [her] smile—which is all *he* [she] say, *yes!* so he take *him* [her] home. Squaw know too well what Indian do if *he* [she] cross! Throw *him* [her] away and take another! Squaw love to eat meat! no husband! no meat! Squaw do everything to please husband! he do same to please squaw [??]! live happy.”

When that Indian said “he do the same to please the squaw,” he must have chuckled at his own sarcasm. Heckewelder does, indeed, mention a few instances of kindness to a wife (e.g., going a great distance to get some berries which she, in a pregnant state, eagerly desired;) but these were obviously exceptional, as I have found nothing like them in other records of Indian life. It must be remembered that, as Roosevelt remarks (97) these Indians, under the influence of the Moravian missionaries, had been

“transformed in one generation from a restless, idle, blood-thirsty people of hunters and fishers into an orderly, thrifty, industrious folk; believing with all their hearts the Christian religion.”

It was impossible, however, to drive out the devil entirely, as the facts cited show, and as we may infer from what, according to Loskiel, was true a century ago of the Delawares as well as the Iroquois: “Often it happens that an Indian deserts his wife because she has a child to suckle, and marries another whom he presently abandons for the same reason.” In this respect, however, the women are not much better than the men, for, as he adds, they often desert a husband who has no more presents to give them, and go with another who has. Truly Catlin was right when he said that the Indians (and these were the best of them) were “not in the least behind us in conjugal affection!”

Thus do even the apparent exceptions to Indian maltreatment of women—which exceptions are constantly cited as illustrations of the rule—melt away like mists when sunlight is brought to bear upon them. One more of these exceptions, of which sly sentimentalists have made improper use, must be referred to here. It is maintained, on the authority of Charlevoix, that the women of the Natchez Indians asserted their rights and privileges even above those of the men, for they were allowed to put unfaithful husbands to death while they themselves could have as many paramours as they pleased. Moreover, the husband had to stand in a respectful posture in the presence of his wife, was not allowed to eat with her, and had to salute her in the same way as the servants. This, truly, would be a remarkable sociological fact—if it were a fact. But upon referring to the pages of Charlevoix (264) we find that these statements, while perfectly true, do not refer to the Natchez women in general, but only to the princesses, or “female suns.”

Page 419

These were allowed to marry none but private men; but by way of compensation they had the right to discard their husbands whenever they pleased and take another. The other women had no more privileges than the squaws of other tribes; whenever a chief saw a girl he liked he simply informed the relatives of the fact and enrolled her among the number of his wives. Charlevoix adds that he knew of no nation in America where the women were more unchaste. The privileges conferred on the princesses thus appear like a coarse, topsy-turvy joke, while affording one more instance of the lowest degradation of woman.

Summing up the most ancient and trustworthy evidence regarding Mexico, Bandelier writes (627):

“The position of women was so inferior, they were regarded as so far beneath the male, that the most degrading epithet that could be applied to any Mexican, aside from calling him a dog, was that of woman.”

If a woman presumed to don a man’s dress her death alone could wipe out the dishonor.

SOUTH AMERICAN GALLANTRY

So much for the Indians of North America. The tribes of the southern half of the continent would furnish quite as long and harrowing a tale of masculine selfishness and brutality, but considerations of space compel us to content ourselves with a few striking samples.

In the northern regions of South America historians say that “when a tribe was preparing poison in time of war, its efficacy was tried upon the old women of the tribe.”[219]

“When we saw the Chaymas return in the evening from their gardens,” writes Humboldt (I., 309),

“the man carried nothing but the knife or hatchet (machete) with which he clears his way among the underwood; whilst the woman, bending under a great load of plantains, carried one child in her arms, and, sometimes, two other children placed upon the load.”

Schomburgk (II., 428) found that Caribbean women generally bore marks of the brutal treatment to which they were subjected by the men. Brett noted (27, 31) that among the Guiana tribes women had to do all the work in field and home as well as on the march, while the men made baskets, or lay indolently in hammocks until necessity compelled them to go hunting or fishing. The men had succeeded so thoroughly in creating a sentiment among the women that it was their duty to do all the work, that when Brett

once induced an Indian to take a heavy bunch of plantains off his wife's head and carry it himself, the wife (slave to the backbone) seemed hurt at what she deemed a degradation of her husband. One of the most advanced races of South America were the Abipones of Paraguay. While addicted to infanticide they, contrary to the rule, were more apt to spare the female children; but their reason for this was purely commercial. A son, they said, would be obliged to purchase a wife, whereas daughters may be sold to a bridegroom (Dobrizhoffer, II., 97). The same missionary relates (214) that boys are laughed at, praised and rewarded for throwing bones, horns, *etc.*, at their mothers.

Page 420

"If their wives displease them, it is sufficient; they are ordered to decamp.... Should the husband cast his eyes upon any handsome woman the old wife must move merely on this account, her fading form and advancing age being her only accusers, though she may be universally commended for conjugal fidelity, regularity of conduct, diligent obedience, and the children she has borne."

In Chili, among the Mapuches (Araucanians) the females, says Smith (214), "do all the labor, from ploughing and cooking to the saddling and unsaddling of a horse; for the 'lord and master' does nothing but eat, sleep, and ride about." Of the Peruvian Indians the Jesuit Pater W. Bayer (cited Reich, 444) wrote about the middle of the eighteenth century that wives are treated as slaves and are so accustomed to being regularly whipped that when the husband leaves them alone they fear he is paying attention to another woman and beg him to resume his beating. In Brazil, we are informed by Spix and Martins (I., 381),

"the women in general are slaves of the men, being compelled when on the march to carry everything needed, like beasts of burden; nay, they are even obliged to bring home from the forest the game killed by the men."

Tschndi (*R.d.S.A.*, 284, 274) saw the marks of violence on many of the Botocudo women, and he says the men reserved for themselves the beautiful plumes of birds, leaving to the women such ornaments as pig's claws, berries, and monkey's teeth. A peculiar refinement of selfishness is alluded to by Burton (*H.B.*, II., 49):

"The Brazilian natives, to warm their naked bodies, even in the wigwam, and to defend themselves against wild beasts, used to make their women keep wood burning all night."

Of the Patagonians Falkner says (125) that the women "are obliged to submit to every species of drudgery." He gives a long list of their duties (including even hunting) and adds:

"No excuse of sickness, or being big with child, will relieve them from their appointed labor; and so rigidly are they obliged to perform their duty, that their husbands cannot help them on any occasion, or in the greatest distress, without incurring the highest ignominy."

Even the wives of the chiefs were obliged to drudge unless they had slaves. At their marriages there is little ceremony, the bride being simply handed over to the man as his property. The Fuegians, according to Fitzroy, when reduced to a state of famine, became cannibals, eating their old women first, before they kill their dogs. A boy being asked why they did this, answered: "Doggie catch otters, old women no." (Darwin, *V.B.*, 214.)

Thus, from the extreme north to the extreme south of the American continent we find the “noble red man” consistent in at least one thing—his maltreatment of women. How, in the face of these facts, which might be multiplied indefinitely, a specialist like Horatio Hale could write that there was among the Indians “complete equality of the sexes in social estimation and influence,” and that

Page 421

“casual observers have been misled by the absence of those artificial expressions of courtesy which have descended to us from the time of chivalry, and which, however gracious and pleasing to witness, are, after all, merely signs of condescension and protection from the strong to the weak”[220]

—surpasses all understanding. It is a shameful perversion of the truth, as all the intelligent and unbiassed evidence of observers from the earliest time proves.

HOW INDIANS ADORE SQUAWS

Not content with maltreating their squaws, the Indians literally add insult to injury by the low estimation in which they hold them. A few sample illustrations must suffice to show how far that adoration which a modern lover feels for women and for his sweetheart in particular is beyond their mental horizon.

“The Indians,” says Hunter (250), “regarding themselves as the lords of the earth, look down upon the squaws as an inferior order of beings,” created to rear families and do all the drudgery; “and the squaws, accustomed to such usage, cheerfully acquiesce in it as a duty.” The squaw is not esteemed for her own sake, but “in proportion to the number of children she raises, particularly if they are males, and prove brave warriors.” Franklin says (287) that the Copper Indians “hold women in the same low estimation as the Chippewayans do, looking upon them as a kind of property which the stronger may take from the weaker.” He also speaks (157) “of the office of nurse, so degrading in the eyes of a Chippewayan, as partaking of the duties of a woman.” “The manner of the Indian boy toward his mother,” writes Willoughby (274), “is almost uniformly disrespectful;” while the adults consider it a disgrace to do a woman’s work—that is, practically any work at all; for hunting is not regarded as work, but is indulged in for the sport and excitement. In the preface to Mrs. Eastman’s book on the Dakotas we read:

“The peculiar sorrows of the Sioux woman commence at her birth. Even as a child she is despised, in comparison with her brother beside her, who is one day to be a great warrior.”

“Almost everything that a man owns is sacred,” says Neill (86), “but nothing that the woman possesses is so esteemed.” The most insulting epithets that can be bestowed on a Sioux are coward, dog, woman. Among the Creeks, “old woman” is the greatest term of reproach which can be used to those not distinguished by war names. You may call an Indian a liar without arousing his anger, but to call him a woman is to bring on a quarrel at once. (Schoolcraft, V., 280.) If the Natchez have a prisoner who winces under torture he is turned over to the women as being unworthy to die by the hands of men. (Charlevoix, 207.) In many cases boys are deliberately taught to despise their mothers as their inferiors. Blackfeet men mourn for the loss of a man by scarifying their legs; but if the deceased is only a woman, this is never done. (Grinnell, 194.) Among all the



tribes the men look on manual work as a degradation, fit only for women. The Abipones think it beneath a man to take any part in female quarrels, and this too is a general trait. (Dobrizhoffer, II., 155.)[221] Mrs. Eastman relates (XVII.) that

Page 422

“among the Dakotas the men think it undignified for them to steal, so they send their wives thus unlawfully to procure what they want—and woe be to them if they are found out.”

Horse-stealing alone is considered worthy of superior man. But the most eloquent testimony to the Indian's utter contempt for woman is contributed in an unguarded moment by his most ardent champion. Catlin relates (*N.A.I.*, I., 226) how he at one time undertook to paint the portraits of the chiefs and such of the warriors as the chiefs deemed worthy of such an honor. All was well until, after doing the men, he proposed also to paint the pictures of some of the squaws:

“I at once got myself into a serious perplexity, being heartily laughed at by the whole tribe, both by men and by women, for my exceeding and (to them) unaccountable condescension in seriously proposing to paint a woman, conferring on her the same honor that I had done the chiefs and braves. Those whom I had honored were laughed at by the hundreds of the jealous, who had been decided unworthy the distinction, and were now amusing themselves with the *very enviable honor* which the *great white medicine man* had conferred *especially* on them, and was now to confer equally upon the *squaws!*”

CHOOSING A HUSBAND

It might be inferred *a priori* that savages who despise and abuse their women as the Indians do would not allow girls to choose their own husbands except in cases where no selfish reason existed to force them to marry the choice of their parents. This inference is borne out by the facts. Westermarck, indeed, remarks (215) that “among the Indians of North America, numberless instances are given of woman's liberty to choose her husband.” But of the dozen or so cases he cites, several rest on unreliable evidence, some have nothing to do with the question at issue,[222] and others prove exactly the contrary of what he asserts; while, *more suo*, he placidly ignores the mass of facts which disprove his assertion that “women are not, as a rule, married without having any voice of their own in the matter.” There are, no doubt, some tribes who allow their women more or less freedom. Apache courtship appears to be carried on in two ways, in each of which the girl has the power to refuse. In both cases the proposal is made by pantomime, without a word being spoken. According to Cremony (245). the lover stakes his horse in front of the girl's “roost.” Should she favor his suit, she takes his horse, gives it food and water, and secures it in front of his lodge. Four days comprise the term allowed for an answer. Dr. J.W. Hoffman relates[223] that a Coyotero Apache, having selected the girl he wants, watches to find out the trail she is apt to frequent when she goes to pick berries or grass seed. Having discovered it, he places a row of stones on both sides of it for a distance of ten or fifteen paces:

Page 423

“He then allows himself to be seen by the maiden before she leaves camp, and running ahead, hides himself in the immediate vicinity of the row of stones. If she avoids them by passing to the outside, it is a refusal, but should she continue on her trail, and pass between the two rows, he immediately rushes out, catches her and ... carries her triumphantly to camp.”

Lewis and Clarke relate (441) that among the Chinooks the women “have a rank and influence very rarely found among Indians.” They are allowed to speak freely before the men, their advice is asked, and the men do not make drudges of them. The reason for this may be found in a sentence from Ross’s book on Oregon (90): “Slaves do all the laborious work.” Among such Indians one might expect that girls would have their inclinations consulted when it came to choosing a husband. In the twelfth chapter of his *Wa-Kee-Nah*, James C. Strong gives a graphic description of a bridal chase which he once witnessed among the Mountain Chinooks. A chief had an attractive daughter who was desired by four braves. The parents, having no special choice in the matter, decided that there should be a race on horseback, the girl being the winner’s prize. But if the parents had no preference, the girl had; she indulged in various ingenious manoeuvres to make it possible for the Indian on the bay horse to overtake her first. He succeeded, put his arm round her waist, lifted her from her horse to his own, and married her the next day.

Here the girl had her way, and yet it was only by accident, for while she had a preference, she had no liberty of choice. It was the parents who ordered the bridal race, and, had another won it, she would have been his. It is indeed difficult to find real instances of liberty of choice where the daughter’s desire conflicted with the wishes of the parents or other relatives. Westermarck claims that the Creeks endeavored to gain the girl’s consent, but no such fact can be gathered from the passage he refers to (Schoolcraft, V., 269). Moreover, among the Creeks, unrestrained license prevailed before marriage, and marriage was considered only as a temporary convenience, not binding on the party more than a year; and finally, Creeks who wanted to marry had to gain the consent of the young woman’s uncles, aunts, and brothers. Westermarck also says that among the Thlinkets the suitor had to consult the wishes of the “young lady;” yet on page 511 he tells us that among these Indians, “when a husband dies, his sister’s son *must* marry the widow.” It does not seem likely that where even widows are treated so unceremoniously, any deference is paid to the wishes of the “young ladies.” From Keating Westermarck gathers the information that although with the Chippewas the mothers generally settle the preliminaries to marriage without consulting the children, the parties are not considered husband and wife till they have given their

Page 424

consent. A reference to the original passage gives, however, a different impression, showing that the parents always have their own way, unless the girl elopes. The suitor's mother arranges the matter with the parents of the girl he wants, and when the terms have been agreed upon her property is removed to his lodge. "The disappearance of the property is the first intimation which she receives of the contemplated change in her condition." If one or both are unwilling, "the parents, who have a great influence, generally succeed in bringing them to second their views."

COMPULSORY "FREE CHOICE"

A story related by C.G. Murr, a German missionary, warns us that assertions as to the girls being consulted must always be accepted with great caution. His remarks relate to several countries of Spanish America. He was often urged to find husbands for girls only thirteen years old, by their mothers, who were tired of watching them. "Much against my will," he writes,

"I married such young girls to Indians fifty or sixty years old. At first I was deceived, because the girls said it was their free choice, whereas, in truth, they had been persuaded by their parents with flatteries or threats. Afterwards I always asked the girls, and they confessed that their father and mother had threatened to beat them if they disobeyed."

In tribes where some freedom seems to be allowed the girls at present there are stories or traditions indicating that such a departure from the natural state of affairs is resented by the men. Sometimes, writes Dorsey (260) of the Omahas,

"when a youth sees a girl whom he loves, if she be willing, he says to her, 'I will stand in that place. Please go thither at night.' Then after her arrival he enjoys her, and subsequently asks her of her father in marriage. But it was different with a girl who had been petulant, one who had refused to listen to the suitor at first. He might be inclined to take his revenge. After lying with her, he might say, 'As you struck me and hurt me, I will not marry you. Though you think much of yourself, I despise you.' Then would she be sent away without winning him for her husband; and it was customary for the man to make songs about her. In these songs the woman's name was not mentioned unless she had been a 'minckeda,' or dissolute woman." [224]

A BRITISH COLUMBIA STORY

An odd story about a man who was so ugly that no girl would have him is related by Boas. [225] This man was so distasteful to the girls that if he accidentally touched the



blanket of one of them she cut out the piece he had touched. Ten times this had happened, and each time he had gathered the piece that had been cut out, giving it to his mother to save. Besides being so ugly, he was also very poor, having gambled away everything he possessed, and being reduced to

Page 425

the necessity of swallowing pebbles to allay the pangs of hunger. A sorcerer, however, put a fine new head on him and told him where he would find two lovely girls who had refused every suitor, but who would accept him. He did so and the girls were so pleased with his beauty that they became his wives at once and went home with him. He resumed his gambling and lost again, but his wives helped him to win back his losses. They also said to him:

"All the girls who formerly would have nothing to do with you will now be eager to be yours. Pay no attention to them, however, but repel them if they touch you."

The girls did come to his mother, and they said they would like to be his wives. When the mother told him this, he replied: "I suppose they want to get back the pieces they cut out of their blankets." He took the pieces, gave them to the girls, with taunting words, and drove them away.

THE DANGER OF COQUETRY

The moral of this sarcastic conclusion obviously was intended to be that girls must not show independence and refuse a man, though he be a reckless gambler, so poor that he has to eat pebbles, and so ugly that he needs to have a new head put on him. Another story, the moral of which was "to teach girls the danger of coquetry," is told by Schoolcraft (*Oneota*, 381-84). There was a girl who refused all her suitors scornfully. In one case she went so far as to put together her thumb and three fingers, and, raising her hand gracefully toward the young man, deliberately open them in his face. This gesticulatory mode of rejection is an expression of the highest contempt, and it galled the young warrior so much that he was taken ill and took to his bed until he thought out a plan of revenge which cured him. He carried it out with the aid of a powerful spirit, or personal Manito. They made a man of rags and dirt, cemented it with snow and brought it to life. The girl fell in love with this man and followed him to the marshes, where the snow-cement melted away, leaving nothing but a pile of rags and dirt. The girl, unable to find her way back, perished in the wilderness.

THE GIRL MARKET

In the vast majority of instances the Indians did not simply try to curb woman's efforts to secure freedom of choice by intimidating her or inventing warning stories, but held the reins so tightly that a woman's having a will of her own was out of the question. It may be said that there are three principal stages in the evolution of the custom of choosing a wife. In the first and lowest stage a man casts his eyes on a woman and tries to get her, utterly regardless of her own wishes. In the second, an attempt is made to win at least her good-will, while in the third—which civilized nations are just entering—a lover would refuse to marry a girl at the expense of her happiness.

Page 426

A few Indian tribes have got as far as the second stage, but most of them belong to the first. Provided a warrior coveted a girl, and provided her parents were satisfied with the payment he offered, matters were settled without regard to the girl's wishes. To avoid needless friction it was sometimes deemed wise to first gain the girl's good-will; but this was a matter of secondary importance. "It is true," says Smith in his book on the Indians of Chili (214),

"that the Araucanian girl is not regularly put up for sale and bartered for, like the Oriental houris; but she is none the less an article of merchandise, to be paid for by him who would aspire to her hand. She has no more freedom in the choice of her husband than has the Circassian slave."

"Marriage with the North Californians," says Bancroft (I., 349),

"is essentially a matter of business. The young brave must not hope to win his bride by feats of arms or softer wooing, but must buy her of her father like any other chattel, and pay the price at once, or resign in favor of a richer man. The inclinations of the girl are in nowise consulted; no matter where her affections are placed, she goes to the highest bidder. The purchase effected, the successful suitor leads his blushing property to his hut and she becomes his wife without further ceremony. Wherever this system of wife-purchase obtains the rich old men almost absorb the youth and beauty of the tribe, while the younger and poorer men must content themselves with old and ugly wives. Hence their eagerness for that wealth which will enable them to throw away their old wives and buy new ones." [226]

A favorable soil for the growth of romantic and conjugal love! The Omahas have a proverb that an old man cannot win a girl, he can only win her parents; nevertheless if the old man has the ponies he gets the girl. The Indians insist on their rights, too. Powers tells (318) of a California (Nishinam) girl who loathed the man that had a claim on her. She took refuge with a kind old widow, who deceived the pursuers. When the deception was discovered, the noble warriors drew their arrows and shot the widow to death in the middle of the village amid general approval. I myself once saw a poor Arizona girl who had taken refuge with a white family. When I saw the man to whom she had been sold—a dirty old tramp whom a decent person would not want in the same tribe, much less in the same wigwam—I did not wonder she hated him; but he had paid for her and she was ultimately obliged to live with him.

Of the Mandans, Catlin says (I., 119) that wives "are mostly treated for with the father, as in all instances they are regularly bought and sold." Belden relates (32) how he married a Sioux girl. One evening his Indian friend Frombe came to his lodge and said he would take him to see his sweetheart.

“I followed him and we went out of the village to where some girls were watching the Indian boys play at ball. Pointing to a good-looking Indian girl, Frombe said: ‘That is Washtella,’

Page 427

“Is she a good squaw?’ I inquired.

“‘Very,’ he replied.

“‘But perhaps she will not want to marry me,’ I said.

“‘She has no choice,’ he answered, laughing.

“‘But her parents,’ I interposed, ‘will they like this kind of proceeding?’

“‘The presents you are expected to make them will be more acceptable than the girl,’ he answered.”

And when full moon came the two were married.

Blackfeet girls, according to Grinnell (316),

“had very little choice in the selection of a husband. If a girl was told she had to marry a certain man, she had to obey. She might cry, but her father’s will was law, and she might be beaten or even killed by him if she did not do as she was ordered.”

Concerning the Missasaguas of Ontario, Chamberlain writes (145), that in former times,

“when a chief desired to marry, he caused all the marriageable girls in the village to come together and dance before him. By a mark which he placed on the clothes of the one he had chosen her parents knew she had been the favored one.”

Of the Nascopie girls, M’Lean says (127) that “their sentiments are never consulted.”

The Pueblos, who treat their women exceptionally well, nevertheless get their wives by purchase. With the Navajos “courtship is simple and brief; the wooer pays for his bride and takes her home.” (Bancroft, L, 511.) Among the Columbia River Indians, “to give a wife away without a price is in the highest degree disgraceful to her family.” (Bancroft, L., 276.) “The Pawnees,” says Catlin,[227] “marry and unmarry at pleasure. Their daughters are held as legitimate merchandise.... The women, as a rule, accept the situation with the apathy of the race.” Of the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and other Plains Indians, Dodge says (216) that girls are regarded as valuable property to be sold to the highest bidder, in later times by preference to a white man, though it is known that he will probably soon abandon his wife. In Oregon and Washington “wives, particularly the later ones, are often sold or traded off.... A man sends his wife away, or sells her, at his will.” (Gibbs, 199.)

OTHER WAYS OF THWARTING FREE CHOICE

Besides this commercialism, which was so prevalent that, as Dr. Brinton says (*A.R.*, 48), “in America marriage was usually by purchase,” there were various other obstacles to free choice. “In a number of tribes,” as the same champion of the Indian remarks, “the purchase of the eldest daughter gave a man a right to buy all the younger daughters as they reached nubile age.” Concerning the Blackfeet—who were among the most advanced Indians—Grinnell says (217) that

Page 428

“all the younger sisters of a man’s wife were regarded as his potential wives. If he was not disposed to marry them, they could not be disposed of to any other man without his consent.” “When a man dies his wives become the potential wives of his brother.” “In the old days, it was a very poor man who did not have three wives. Many had six, eight, and some more than a dozen.”

Morgan refers (A.S., 432) to forty tribes where sisters were disposed of in bunches; and in all such cases liberty of choice is of course out of the question. Indeed the wide prevalence of so utterly barbarous and selfish a custom shows us vividly how far from the Indian’s mind in general was the thought of seriously consulting the choice of girls.

Furthermore, to continue Dr. Brinton’s enumeration, “the selection of a wife was often regarded as a concern of the gens rather than of the individual. Among the Hurons, for instance, the old women of the gens selected the wives for the young men, and united them with painful uniformity to women several years their senior.” “Thus,” writes Morgan (*L. of I.*, 320),

“it often happened that the young warrior at twenty-five was married to a woman of forty, and oftentimes a widow; while the widower at sixty was joined to a maiden of twenty.”

Besides these obstacles to free choice there are several others not referred to by Dr. Brinton, the most important being the custom of wrestling for a wife, and of infant betrothal or very early marriage. According to a passage in Hearne (104) cited on a previous occasion, and corroborated by W.H. Hooper and J. Richardson, it has always been the custom of northern Indians to wrestle for the women they want, the strongest one carrying off the prize, and a weak man being “seldom permitted to keep a wife that a stronger man thinks worth his notice.” It is needless to say that this custom, which “prevails throughout all their tribes,” puts the woman’s freedom of choice out of question as completely as if she were a slave sold in the market. Richardson says (*Il.*, 24) that

“the bereaved husband meets his loss with the resignation which custom prescribes in such a case, and seeks his revenge by taking the wife of another man weaker than himself.”

Duels or fights for women also occurred in California, Mexico, Paraguay, Brazil and other countries.[228]

Among the Comanches “the parents exercise full control in giving their daughters in marriage,” and they are frequently married before the age of puberty. (Schoolcraft, *Il.*, 132.) Concerning the customs of early betrothal and marriage enough has been said in preceding pages. It prevailed widely among the Indians and, of course, utterly frustrated all possibility of choice. In fact, apart from this custom, Indian marriage, being in the vast majority of cases with girls under fifteen,[229] made choice, in any rational sense of the word, entirely out of the question.

Page 429

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICAN EXAMPLES

It has long been fashionable among historians to attribute to certain Indians of Central and South America a very high degree of culture. This tendency has received a check in these critical days.[230] We have seen that morally the Mexicans, Central Americans, and Peruvians were hardly above other Indians. In the matter of allowing females to choose their mates we likewise find them on the same low level. In Guatemala even the men were obliged to accept wives selected for them by their parents, and Nicaraguan parents usually arranged the matches. In Peru the Incas fixed the conditions under which matrimony might take place as follows:

“The bridegroom and bride must be of the same town or tribe, and of the same class or position; the former must be somewhat less than twenty-four years of age, the latter eighteen. The consent of the parents and chiefs of the tribes was indispensable.” (Tschudi, 184.)

Unless the consent of the parents had been obtained the marriage was considered invalid and the children illegitimate. (Garcilasso de la Vega, I., 207.) As regards the Mexicans, Bandelier shows (612, 620) that the position of woman was “little better than that of a costly animal,” and he cites evidence indicating that as late as 1555 it was ordained at a *concile* that since it is customary among the Indians “not to marry without permission of their principals ... and the marriage among free persons is not as free as it should be,” etc.

As for the other Indians of the Southern Continent it is needless to add that they too are habitually guided by the thought that daughters exist for the purpose of enriching their parents. To the instances previously cited I may add what Schomburgk says in his book on Guiana—that if the girl to whom the parents betroth their son is too young to marry, they give him meanwhile a widow or an older unmarried woman to live with. This woman, after his marriage, becomes his servant. Musters declares (186) that among the Tehuelches (Patagonians) “marriages are always those of inclination.” But Falkner’s story is quite different (124):

“As many of these marriages are compulsive on the side of the woman, they are frequently frustrated. The contumacy of the woman sometimes tires out the patience of the man, who then turns her away, or sells her to the person on whom she has fixed her affections.”

Westermarck fancies he has a case on his side in Tierra del Fuego, where, “according to Lieutenant Bove, the eagerness with which young women seek for husbands is surprising, but even more surprising is the fact that they nearly always attain their ends.” More careful study of the pages of the writer referred to[231] and a moment’s

unbiased reflection would have made it clear to Westermarck that there is no question here either of choice or of marriage

Page 430

in our sense of the words. The “husbands” the girls hunted for were boys of fourteen to sixteen, and the girls themselves began at twelve to thirteen years of age, or five years before they became mothers, and Fuegian marriage “is not regarded as complete until the woman has become a mother,” as Westermarck knew (22, 138). In reality the conduct of these girls was nothing but wantonness, in which the men, as a matter of course, acquiesced. The missionaries were greatly scandalized at the state of affairs, but their efforts to improve it were strongly resented by the natives.[232]

WHY INDIANS ELOPE

With the Abipones of Paraguay “it frequently happens,” according to Dobrizhoffer (207),

“that the girl rescinds what has been *settled and agreed upon between the parents and the bridegroom*, obstinately rejecting the very mention of marriage. Many girls, *through fear of being compelled to marry*, have concealed themselves in the recesses of the woods or lakes; seeming to dread the assaults of tigers less than the untried nuptials.”

The italics are mine; they make it obvious that the choice of the girls is not taken into account and that they can escape parental tyranny only by running away. Among the Indians in general it often happens that merely to escape a hated suitor a girl elopes with another man. Such cases are usually referred to as love-matches, but all they indicate is a (comparative) preference, while proving that there was no liberty of choice. A girl whose parents try to force her on a much-married warrior four or five times her age must be only too glad to run away with any young man who comes along, love or no love.[233]

In the chapter on Australia I commented on Westermarck’s topsy-turvy disposition to look upon elopements as indications of the liberty of choice. He repeats the same error in his references to Indians. “It is indeed,” he says,

“common in America for a girl to run away from a bridegroom *forced upon her by the parents*, whilst, if they *refuse to give their daughter* to a suitor whom she loves, the couple elope. Thus, among the Dakotas, as we are told by Mr. Prescott, ‘there are many matches made by elopement, *much to the chagrin of the parents.*’”

The italics again indicate that denial of choice is the custom, while the elopement indicates the same thing, for if there were liberty of choice there would be no need of eloping. Moreover, an Indian elopement does not at all indicate a romantic preference on the part of an eloping couple. If we examine the matter carefully we find that an Indian elopement is usually a very prosaic affair indeed. A young man likes a girl and wishes to marry her; but she has no choice, as her father insists on a number of ponies

or blankets in payment for her which the suitor may not have; therefore the two ran away. In other words, an

Page 431

Indian elopement is a purely commercial transaction, and one of a very shady character too, being nothing less than a desire to avoid paying the usual price for a girl. It is in fact a kind of theft, an injustice to the parents; for while paying for a bride may be evidence of savagery, it is the custom among Indians, and parents naturally resent its violation, though ultimately they may forgive the elopers. Dodge relates (202) that among the Indians of the great plains parents prefer a rich suitor, though he may have several wives already. If the daughter prefers another man the only thing to do is to elope. This is not easy, for a careful watch is kept on suspicious cases. But the girl may manage to step out while the family is asleep. The lover has two ponies in readiness, and off they speed. If overtaken by the pursuers the man is liable to be killed. If not, the elopers return after a few weeks and all is forgiven. Such elopements, Dodge adds, are frequent in the reservations where young men are poor and cannot afford ponies. Moreover, the concentration of large numbers of Indians of different bands and tribes on the reservations has increased the opportunities of acquaintance and love-making among the young people.

In an article on Love-Songs among the Omaha Indians,[234] Miss Alice Fletcher calls attention to the fact that the individual is little considered in comparison with the tribal organization: "Marriage was therefore an affair of the gentes, and not the free union of a man and woman as we understand the relation." But side by side with the formal marriage sanctioned by the tribe grew up the custom of secret courtship and elopement; so the saying among the Omahas is: "An old man buys his wife; a young man steals his." Dorsey says (260):

"Should a man get angry because his single daughter, sister, or niece has eloped, the other Omahas would talk about him saying, 'That man is angry on account of the elopement of his daughter.' They would ridicule him for his behavior."

Other Indians take the matter much more seriously. When a Blackfoot girl elopes her parents feel very bitter against the man.

"The girl has been stolen. The union is no marriage at all. The old people are ashamed and disgraced for their daughter. Until the father has been pacified by satisfactory payments, there is no marriage." (Grinnell, 215.)

The Nez Perces so bitterly resent elopements that they consider the bride in such a case as a prostitute and her parents may seize upon the man's property. (Bancroft, I., 276.)

Indian elopements, I repeat, are nothing but attempts to dodge payment for a bride, and therefore do not afford the least evidence of exalted sentiments, *i.e.*, of romantic love,

however romantic they may be as incidents. Read, for instance, what Mrs. Eastman writes (103) regarding the Sioux:

Page 432

“When a young man is unable to purchase the girl he loves best, or if her parents are unwilling she should marry him, if he have gained the heart of the maiden he is safe. They appoint a time and place to meet; take whatever will be necessary for their journey.... Sometimes they merely go to the next village to return the next day. But if they fancy a bridal tour, away they go several hundred miles, with the grass for their pillow, the canopy of heaven for their curtains, and the bright stars to watch over them. When they return home the bride goes at once to chopping wood, and the groom to smoking.”

What does such a romantic incident tell us regarding the nature of the elopers' feelings—whether they are refined and sentimental or purely sensual and frivolous? Nothing whatever. But the last sentence of Mrs. Eastman's description—photographed from life—indicates the absence of at least four of the most elementary and important ingredients of romantic love. If he adored his bride, if he sympathized with her feelings, if he felt the faintest impulse toward gallantry or sacrifice of his selfish comforts, he would not allow her to chop wood while he loafed and smoked. Moreover, if he had an appreciation of personal beauty he would not permit his wife to sacrifice hers before she is out of her teens by making her do all the hard work. But why should he care? Since all his marriage customs are on a commercial basis, why should he not discard a wife of thirty and take two new ones of fifteen each?

SUICIDE AND LOVE

Having thus disposed of elopements, let us examine another phenomenon which has always been a mainstay of those who would fain make out that in matters of love there is no difference between us and savages. Waitz (III., 102) accepts stories of suicide as evidence of genuine romantic love, and Westermarck follows his example (358, 530), while Catlin (II., 143) mentions a rock called Lover's Leap,

“from the summit of which, it is said, a beautiful Indian girl, the daughter of a chief, threw herself off, in presence of her tribe, some fifty years ago, and dashed herself to pieces, to avoid being married to a man whom her father had decided to be her husband, and whom she would not marry.”

Keating has a story which he tells with all the operatic embellishments indulged in by his guide (I., 280). Reduced to its simplest terms, the tale, as he gives it, is as follows:

In a village of the tribe of Wapasha there lived a girl named Winona. She became attached to a young hunter who wished to marry her, but her parents refused their consent, having intended her for a prominent warrior. Winona would not listen to the warrior's addresses and told her parents she preferred the hunter, who would always be with her, to the warrior, who would be constantly away on martial exploits. The parents paid no attention to her remonstrances

Page 433

and fixed the day for her wedding to the man of their choice. While all were busy with the preparations, she climbed the rock overhanging the river. Having reached the summit, she made a speech full of reproaches to her family, and then sang her dirge. The wind wafted her words and song to her family, who had rushed to the foot of the rock. They implored her to come down, promising at last that she should not be forced to marry. Some tried to climb the rock, but before they could reach her she threw herself down the precipice and fell a corpse at the feet of her friends.

Mrs. Eastman also relates the story of Winona's leap (65-70). "The incident is well known," she writes. "Almost everyone has read it a dozen times, *and always differently told*." It is needless to say that a story told in a dozen different ways and embellished by half-breed guides and white collectors of legends has no value as scientific evidence. [235] But even if we grant that the incidents happened just as related, there is nothing to indicate the presence of exalted sentiments. The girl preferred the hunter because he would be more frequently with her than the warrior (one of the versions says she wanted to wed "the successful hunter") [236]—which leaves us in doubt as to the utilitarian or sentimental quality of her attachment. Apparently she was not very eager to marry the hunter, for had she been, why did she refuse to live when they told her she would not be forced to marry the warrior? But the most important consideration is that she did not commit suicide for *love* at all, but from *aversion*—to escape being married to a man she disliked. Aversion is usually the motive which leads Indian women to what are called "suicides for love." As Griggs remarks (*l.c.*):

"Sometimes it happens that a young man wants a girl, and her friends are also quite willing, while she alone is unwilling. The purchase-bundle is desired by her friends, and hence compulsion is resorted to. The girl yields and goes to be his slave, or she holds out stoutly, sometimes taking her own life as the alternative. Several cases of the kind have come to the personal knowledge of the writer."

Not long ago I read in the Paris *Figaro* a learned article on suicide in which the assertion was made that, as is well known, savages never take their own lives. W.W. Westcott, in his otherwise excellent book on suicide, which is based on over a hundred works relating to his subject, makes the same astounding assertion. I have shown in preceding pages that many Africans and Polynesians commit suicide, and I may now add that Indians seem still more addicted to this idiotic practice. Sometimes, indeed, they have cause for it. I have already cited the words of Belden that suicide is very common among Indian women, and that "considering the treatment they receive, it is a wonder there is not more of it." Keating says (*ll.*, 172) that "among the women suicide is far more frequent [than among men], and is the result of jealousy, or of disappointments in love; sometimes extreme grief at the loss of a child will lead to it." "Not a season passes away," writes Mrs. Eastman (169),

Page 434

“but we hear of some Dacotah girl who puts an end to her life in consequence of jealousy, or from the fear of being forced to marry some one she dislikes. A short time ago a very young girl hung herself rather than become the wife of a man who was already the husband of one of her sisters.”

It cannot be denied that in some of these cases (which might be multiplied indefinitely) there is a strong provocation to self-murder. But as a rule suicide among Indians, as among other savages and barbarians, and among civilized races, is not proof of strong feeling, but of a weak intellect. The Chippewas themselves hold it to be a foolish thing (Keating, II., 168); and among the Indians in general it was usually resorted to for the most trivial causes.

“The very frequent suicides committed [by Creeks] in consequence of the most trifling disappointment or quarrel between men and women are not the result of grief, but of savage and unbounded revenge.”

(Schoolcraft, V., 272.) Krauss (222) found that suicide was frequent among the Alaskan Thlinket Indians. Men sometimes resorted to it when they saw no other way of securing revenge, for a person who causes a suicide is fined and punished as if he were a murderer. One woman cut her throat because a shahman accused her of having by sorcery caused another one's illness. A favorite mode of committing suicide is to go out into the sea, cast away oar and rudder, and deliver themselves to wind and waves. Sometimes they change their mind. A man, whose face had been all scratched up by his angry wife, left home to end his life; but after spending the night with a trader he concluded to go home and make up the quarrel. Mrs. Eastman (48) tells of an old squaw who wanted to hang herself because she was angry with her son; but when, “after having doubled the strap four times to prevent its breaking, she found herself choking, her courage gave way—she yelled frightfully.” They cut her down and in an hour or two she was quite well again. Another squaw, aged ninety, attempted to hang herself because the men would not allow her to go with a war-party. Her object in wanting to go was to have the pleasure of mutilating the corpses of enemies! Keating says that Sank men sometimes kill themselves because they are envious of the power of others. Neill (85) records the cases of a Dakota wife who hanged herself because her husband had flogged her for hiding his whiskey; of a woman who hanged herself because her son-in-law refused to give her whiskey; of an old woman who flew into a passion and committed suicide because her pet granddaughter had been whipped by her father.

Page 435

If a storm in a tea-kettle is accepted as a true storm, then we may infer from these suicides the existence of deep feeling and profound despair. As a matter of fact, a savage's feelings are no deeper than a tea-kettle, and for that very reason they boil up and overflow more readily than if they were deeper. Loskiel tells us (74-75), that Delaware Indians, both men and women, have committed suicide on discovering that their spouse was unfaithful; these are the same Indians among whom husbands used to abandon their wives when they had babes, and wives their husbands when there were no more presents to receive. Yet even if we admitted such feelings to have been deep, suicide would not prove the existence of genuine affection. Heckewelder reports instances of Indians who took their own lives because the girls they loved and were engaged to jilted them and married other men. Was the love which led to these suicides mere sensual passion or was it refined sentiment, devoted affection? There is nothing to tell us, and the inference from everything we know about Indians is that it was purely sensual. Gibbs, who understood Indian nature thoroughly, took this view when he wrote (198) that among the Indians of Oregon and Washington "a strong sensual attachment" not rarely leads young women to destroy themselves on the death of a lover. And the writer who refers in Schoolcraft (V., 272) to the frequent suicides among the Creeks declares that genuine love is unknown to any of them. Had the young men referred to by Heckewelder lost their lives in trying to save the lives of the girls in question, it might be permissible to infer the existence of affection, but no Indian has ever been known to commit such an act. If a savage commits suicide he does it like everything else, for selfish reasons—as an *antidote to distress*—and selfishness is the very negation of love. The distinguished psychologist, Dr. Maudsley, has well said that

"any poor creature from the gutter can put an end to himself; there is no nobility in the act and no great amount of courage required for it. It is a deed rather of cowardice shirking duty, generated in a *monstrous feeling of self*, and accomplished in the most sinful, because wicked, ignorance."

In itself, no doubt, a suicide is apt to be extremely "romantic," A complete dime-novel is condensed in a few remarks which Squier makes[237] anent a quaint Nicaraguan custom.

Poor girls, he says, would often get their marriage portion by having amours with several young men. Having collected enough for a "dowry," the girl would assemble all her lovers and ask them to build a house for her and the one she intended to choose for a husband. She then selected the one she liked best, and the others had their pains and their past for their love. Sometimes it happened that one of the discarded lovers committed suicide from grief. In that case the special honor was in store for him of being eaten up by his former rivals and colleagues. The bride also, I presume, partook of the feast—at least after the men had had all they wanted.



Page 436

LOVE-CHARMS

Indians indulge not only in elopements and suicide, but in the use of love-charms—powders, potions, and incantations. Inasmuch as the distinguished anthropologist Waitz mentions (III., 102) the use of such charms among the things which show that “genuine romantic love is not rare among Indians,” it behooves us to investigate the matter.

The ancient Peruvians had, according to Tschudi,[238] a special class of medicine men whose business it was

“to bring lovers together. For this purpose they prepared talismans made from roots or feathers, which were introduced, secretly if possible, into the clothes or bed of those whose inclination was to be won. Sometimes hairs of the persons whose love was to be won were used, or else highly colored birds from the forest, or their feathers only. They also sold to the lovers a so-called *Kuyanarumi* (a stone to cause love) of which they said it could be found only in places that had been struck by lightning. They were mostly black agates with white veins and were called *Sonko apatsinakux* (mutual heart-carriers). These *Runatsinkix* (human-being-uniter) also prepared infallible and irresistible love-potions.”

Among North American Indians the Ojibways or Chippawas appear to have been especially addicted to the use of love-powders. Keating writes (II., 163):

“There are but few young men or women among the Chippewas who have not compositions of this kind, to promote love in those in whom they feel an interest. These are generally powders of different colors; sometimes they insert them into punctures made in the heart of the little images which they procure for this purpose. They address the images by the names of those whom they suppose them to represent, bidding them to requite their affection. Married women are likewise provided with powders, which they rub over the heart of their husbands while asleep, in order to secure themselves against any infidelity.”

Hoffman says[239] of these same powders that they are held in great honor, and that their composition is a deep secret which is revealed to others only in return for high compensation. Nootka maidens sometimes sprinkle love-powders into the food intended for their lovers, and await their coming. The Menomini[240] have a charm called *takosawos*, “the powder that causes people to love one another.” It is composed of vermilion and mica laminae, ground very fine and put into a thimble which is carried suspended from the neck or from some part of the wearing apparel. It is also necessary to secure from the one whose inclination is to be won a hair, a nail-paring, or a small scrap of clothing, which must also be put into the thimble.

The Rev. Peter Jones says (155) that the Ojibway Indians have a charm made of red ochre and other ingredients, with which they paint their faces, believing it to possess a power so irresistible as to cause the object of their desire to love them. But the moment this medicine is taken away, and the charm withdrawn, the person who before was almost frantic with love hates with a perfect hatred. The Sioux also have great faith in spells.

Page 437

"A lover will take gum," says Mrs. Eastman, "and, after putting some medicine in it, will induce the girl of his choice to chew it, or put it in her way so that she will take it up of her own accord." Burton thought (160) that an Indian woman "will administer 'squaw medicine,' a love philter, to her husband, but rather for the purpose of retaining his protection than his love."

Quite romantic are all these things, no doubt; but I fail to see that they throw any light whatever on the problem whether Indians can love sentimentally. Waitz refers particularly to the Chippewa custom of putting powders into the images of coveted persons as a symptom of "romantic love," forgetting that a superstitious fool may resort to such a procedure to evoke any kind of love, sensual or sentimental, and that unless there are other and more specific symptoms there is nothing to indicate the quality of the lover's feelings or the ethical character of his desires.

CURIOSITIES OF COURTSHIP

Some of the Indian courtship customs are quite romantic; perhaps we may find evidence of romantic love in this direction. Those of the Apaches have been already referred to. Pawnee courtship is thus described by Grinnell.[241]

"The young man took his stand at some convenient point where he was likely to see the young woman and waited for her appearance. Favorite places for waiting were near the trail which led down to the river or to the spot usually resorted to for gathering wood. The lover, wrapped in his robe or blanket, which covered his whole person except his eyes, waited here for the girl, and as she made her appearance stepped up to her and threw his blanket about her, holding her in his arms. If she was favorably inclined to him she made no resistance, and they might stand there concealed by the blanket, which entirely covered them, talking to one another for hours. If she did not favor him she would at once free herself from his embrace and go away."

This blanket-courtship, as it might be called, also prevailed among the Indians of the great plains described by Colonel Dodge (193-223). The lover, wrapped in a blanket, approaches the girl's lodge and sits before it. Though in plain view of everybody, it is etiquette not to see a lover under such circumstances. After more or less delay the girl may give signs and come out, but not until she has taken certain precautions against the Indian's "romantic" love which have been already referred to. He seizes her and carries her off a little distance. At first they sit under two blankets, but later on one suffices. Thus they remain as long as they please, and no one disturbs them. If there is more than one suitor the girl cries out if seized by the wrong one, who at once lets go. In these cases it may seem as if the girl had her own choice. But it does not at all follow that because she favors a certain suitor she will be allowed to marry him. If her father prefers another she will have to take him, unless her lover is ready to risk an elopement.

Page 438

The Piutes of the Pacific slope, like some eastern Indians, appear to have indulged in a form of nocturnal courtship strikingly resembling that of the Dyaks of Borneo. The Indian woman (Sarah W. Hopkins) who wrote *Life Among the Piutes* declares that the lover never speaks to his chosen one,

“but endeavors to attract her attention by showing his horsemanship, etc. As he knows that she sleeps next to her grandmother in the lodge, he enters in full dress after the family has retired for the night, and seats himself at her feet. If she is not awake, her grandmother wakes her. He does not even speak to the young woman or grandmother, but when the young woman wishes him to go away, she rises and goes and lies down by the side of her mother. He then leaves as silently as he came in. This goes on sometimes for a year or longer if the young woman has not made up her mind. She is never forced by her parents to marry against her wishes.”

Courtship among the Nishinam Indians of California is thus described by Powers (317):

“The Nishinam may be said to set up and dissolve the conjugal estate almost as easily as do the brute beasts. No stipulated payment is made for the wife. A man seeking to become a son-in-law is bound to cater (*ye-lin*) or make presents to the family, which is to say, he will come along some day with a deer on his shoulder, perhaps fling it off on the ground before the wigwam, and go his way without a single word being spoken. Some days later he may bring along a brace of hare or a ham of grizzly-bear meat, or some fish, or a string of *ha-wok* [shell money]. He continues to make these presents for awhile, and if he is not acceptable to the girl and her parents they return him an equivalent for each present (to return his gift would be grossly insulting); but if he finds favor in her eyes they are quietly appropriated, and in due course of time he comes and leads her away, or comes to live at her house.”

Belden remarks (301) that a Sioux seldom gets the girl he wants to marry to love him. He simply buys her of her parents, and as for the girl, after being informed that she has been sold

“she immediately packs up her little keepsakes and trinkets, and without exhibiting any emotion, such as is common to white girls, leaves her home, and goes to the lodge of her master,”

where she is henceforth his wife and “willing slave.” Among the Blackfoot Indians, too, there was apparently no form of courtship, and young men seldom spoke to girls unless they were relatives. (Grinnell, 216.) It was a common thing among these Indians for a youth and a girl not to know about each other until they were informed of their impending marriage.

Page 439

The Araucanian maidens of Chili are disposed of with even less ceremony. In the choice of husbands, as we have seen, they have no more freedom than a Circassian slave. Our informant (E.R. Smith, 214) adds, however, that attachments do sometimes spring up, and, though the lovers have little opportunity to communicate freely, they resort occasionally to amatory songs, tender glances, and other tricks which lovers understand. "Matrimony may follow, but such a preliminary courtship is by no means considered necessary." When a man wants a girl he calls on her father with his friends. While the friends talk with the parent, he seizes the bride

"by the hair or by the heel, as may be most convenient, and drags her along the ground to the open door. Once fairly outside, he springs to the saddle, still firmly grasping his screaming captive, whom he pulls up over the horse's back, and yelling forth a whoop of triumph, he starts off at full gallop.... Gaining the woods, the lover dashes into the tangled thickets, while the friends considerably pause upon the outskirts until the screams of the bride have died away."

A day or two later the couple emerge from the forest and without further ceremony live as man and wife. This is the usual way; but sometimes

"a man meets a girl in the fields alone, and far away from home; a sudden desire to better his solitary condition seizes him, and without further ado he rides up, lays violent hands upon the damsel and carries her off. Again, at their feasts and merrymakings (in which the women are kept somewhat aloof from the men), a young man may be smitten with a sudden passion, or be emboldened by wine to express a long slumbering preference for a dusky maid; his sighs and amorous glances will perhaps be returned, and rushing among the unsuspecting females, he will bear away the object of his choice while yet she is in the melting mood. When such an attempt is foreseen the unmarried girls form a ring around their companion, and endeavor to shield her; but the lover and his friends, by well-directed attacks, at length succeed in breaking through the magic circle, and drag away the damsel in triumph; perhaps, in the excitement of the game, some of her defenders too may share her fate."

A Patagonian courtship is amusingly described by Bourne (91). The chief of the tribe that held him a captive several months would not allow anyone to marry without his consent. In his opinion

"no Indian who was not an accomplished rogue—particularly in the horse-stealing line—an expert hunter, able to provide plenty of meat and grease, was fit to have a wife on any conditions."

One day a suitor appeared for the hand of the chief's own daughter, a quasi-widow, but the chief repulsed him because he had no horses. As a last resort the suitor appealed to the young woman herself, promising, if she favored him, that he would give her plenty of

Page 440

grease. This grease argument she was unable to resist, so she entreated her father to give his consent. At this he broke out in a towering passion, threw cradle and other chattels out of the door and ordered her to follow at once. The girl's mother now interceded, whereupon "seizing her by the hair, he hurled her violently to the ground and beat her with his clenched fists till I thought he would break every bone in her body." The next morning, however, he went to the lodge of the newly married couple, made up, and they returned, bag and baggage, to his tent.

Grease appears to play a role in the courtship of northern Indians too. Leland relates (40) that the Algonquins make sausages from the entrails of bears by simply turning them inside out, the fat which clings to the outside of the entrails filling them when they are thus turned. These sausages, dried and smoked, are considered a great delicacy. The girls show their love by casting a string of them round the neck of the favored youth.

PANTOMIMIC LOVE-MAKING

It is noticeable in the foregoing accounts that courtship and even proposal are apt to be by pantomime, without any spoken words. The young Piute who visits his girl while she is in bed with her grandmother "does not speak to her." The Nishinam hunter leaves his presents and they are accepted "without a word being spoken;" and the Apaches, as we saw, "pop the question" with stones or ponies. Why this silent courtship? Obviously because the Indian is not used to playing so humble a role as that of suitor to so inferior a being as a woman. He feels awkward, and has nothing to say. As Burton has remarked (C.S., 144), "in savage and semi-barbarous societies the separation of the sexes is the general rule, because, as they have no ideas in common, each prefers the society of its own." "Between the sexes," wrote Morgan (322)

"there was but little sociality, as this term is understood in polished society. Such a thing as formal visiting was entirely unknown. When the unmarried of opposite sexes were casually brought together there was little or no conversation between them. No attempts by the unmarried to please or gratify each other by acts of personal attention were ever made. At the season of councils and religious festivals there was more of actual intercourse and sociality than at any other time; but this was confined to the dance and was in itself limited."

HONEYMOON

It is needless to say that where there is no mental intercourse there can be no choice and union of souls, but only of bodies; that is, there can be no sentimental love. The

honeymoon, where there is one,[242] is in this respect no better than the period of courtship. Parkman gives this realistic sketch from life among the Ogallalla Indians (*O.T.*, ch. XI.):

Page 441

"The happy pair had just entered upon the honeymoon. They would stretch a buffalo robe upon poles, so as to protect them from the fierce rays of the sun, and, spreading beneath this rough canopy a luxuriant couch of furs, would sit affectionately side by side for half a day, though I could not discover that much conversation passed between them. Probably they had nothing to say; for an Indian's supply of topics is far from being copious."

MUSIC IN INDIAN COURTSHIP

Inasmuch as music is said to begin where words end, we might expect it to play a role in the taciturn courtship of Indians. One of the maidens described by Mrs. Eastman (85) "had many lovers, who wore themselves out playing the flute, to as little purpose as they braided their hair and painted their faces," Gila Indians court and pop the question with their flutes, according to the description by Bancroft (I., 549):

"When a young man sees a girl whom he desires for a wife he first endeavors to gain the good-will of the parents; this accomplished, he proceeds to serenade his lady-love, and will often sit for hours, day after day, near her house playing on his flute. Should the girl not appear, it is a sign that she rejects him; but if, on the other hand, she comes out to meet him, he knows that his suit is accepted, and he takes her to his house. No marriage ceremony is performed."

In Chili, among the Araucanians, every lover carries with him an amatory Jew's-harp, which is played almost entirely by inhaling. According to Smith

"they have ways of expressing various emotions by different modes of playing, all of which the Araucanian damsels seem fully to appreciate, although I must confess that I could not. "The lover usually seats himself at a distance from the object of his passion, and gives vent to his feeling in doleful sounds, indicating the maiden of his choice by slyly gesturing, winking, and rolling his eyes toward her. This style of courtship is certainly sentimental and might be recommended to some more civilized lovers who always lose the use of their tongues at the very time it is most needed."

"Sentimental" in one sense of the word, but not in the sense in which it is used in this book. There is nothing in winking, rolling the eyes, and playing the Jew's-harp, either by inhalation or exhalation, to indicate whether the youth's feelings toward the girl are refined, sympathetic, and devoted, or whether he merely longs for an amorous intrigue. That these Indian lovers *may* convey definite *ideas* to the minds of the girls is quite possible. Even birds have their love-calls, and savages in all parts of the world use "leading motives" *a la* Wagner, *i.e.*, musical phrases with a definite meaning.[243]

Chippewayan medicine men make use of music-boards adorned with drawings which recall special magic formulae to their minds. On one of these (Schoolcraft, V., 648)

there is the figure of a young man in the frenzy of love. His head is adorned with feathers, and he has a drum in hand which he beats while crying to his absent love: "Hear my drum! Though you be at the uttermost parts of the earth, hear my drum!"

Page 442

"The flageolet is the musical instrument of young men and is principally used in love-affairs to attract the attention of the maiden and reveal the presence of the lover," says Miss Alice Fletcher, who has written some entertaining and valuable treatises on Indian music and love-songs.[244] Mirrors, too, are used to attract the attention of girls, as appears from a charming idyl sketched by Miss Fletcher, which I will reproduce here, somewhat condensed.

One day, while dwelling with the Omahas, Miss Fletcher was wandering in quest of spring flowers near a creek when she was arrested by a sudden flash of light among the branches. "Some young man is near," she thought, "signalling with his mirror to a friend or sweetheart." She had hardly seen a young fellow who did not carry a looking-glass dangling at his side. The flashing signal was soon followed by the wild cadences of a flute. In a few moments the girls came in sight, with merry faces, chatting gayly. Each one carried a bucket. Down the hill, on the other side of the brook, advanced two young men, their gay blankets hanging from one shoulder. The girls dipped their pails in the stream and turned to leave when one of the young men jumped across the creek and confronted one of the girls, her companion walking away some distance. The lovers stood three feet apart, she with downcast face, he evidently pleading his cause to not unwilling ears. By and by she drew from her belt a package containing a necklace, which she gave to the young man, who took it shyly from her hands. A moment later the girl had joined her friend, and the man recrossed the brook, where he and his friend flung themselves on the grass and examined the necklace. Then they rose to go. Again the flute was heard gradually dying away in the distance.

INDIAN LOVE-POEMS

As it is not customary for an Indian to call at the lodge where a girl lives, about the only chance an Omaha has to woo is at the creek where the girl fetches water, as in the above idyl. Hence courting is always done in secret, the girls never telling the elders, though they may compare notes with each other.

"Generally an honorable courtship ends in a more or less speedy elopement and marriage, but there are men and women who prefer dalliance, and it is this class that furnishes the heroes and heroines of the Wa-oo-wa-an."

These Wa-oo-wa-an, or woman songs, are a sort of ballad relating the experiences of young men and women. "They are sung by young men when in each other's company, and are seldom overheard by women, almost never by women of high character;" they "belong to that season in a man's career when 'wild oats' are said to be sown." Some of them are vulgar, others humorous.

Page 443

"They are in no sense love-songs, they have nothing to do with courtship, and are reserved for the exclusive audience of men." "The true love-song, called by the Omahas Bethae wa-an ... is sung generally in the early morning, when the lover is keeping his tryst and watching for the maiden to emerge from the tent and go to the spring. They belong to the secret courtship, and are sometimes called Me-the-g'thun wa-an—courting songs." "The few words in these songs convey the one poetic sentiment: 'With the day I come to you;' or 'Behold me as the day dawns.' Few unprejudiced listeners," the writer adds, "will fail to recognize in the Bethae wa-an, or love-songs, the emotion and the sentiment that prompts a man to woo the woman of his choice."

Miss Fletcher is easily satisfied. For my part I cannot see in a tune, however rapturously sung or fluted, or in the words "with the day I come to you" and the like any sign of real sentiment or the faintest symptom differentiating the two kinds of love. Moreover, as Miss Fletcher herself remarks:

"The Omahas as a tribe have ceased to exist. The young men and women are being educated in English speech, and imbued with English thought; their directive emotion will hereafter take the lines of our artistic forms."

Even if traces of sexual sentiment were to be found among Indians like the Omahas, who have been subjected for some generations to civilizing influences, they would allow no inference as to the love-affairs of the real, wild Indian.

Miss Fletcher makes the same error as Professor Fillmore, who assisted her in writing *A Study of Omaha Indian Music*. He took the wild Indian tunes and harnessed them to modern German harmonies—a procedure as unscientific as it would be unhistoric to make Cicero record his speeches in a phonograph. Miss Fletcher takes simple Indian songs and reads into them the feelings of a New York or Boston woman. The following is an instance. A girl sings to a warrior (I give only Miss Fletcher's translation, omitting the Indian words): "War; when you returned; die; you caused me; go when you did; God; I appealed; standing," This literal version our author explains and translates freely, as follows:

"No. 82 is the confession of a woman to the man she loves, that he had conquered her heart before he had achieved a valorous reputation. The song opens upon the scene. The warrior had returned victorious and passed through the rites of the Tent of War, so he is entitled to wear his honors publicly; the woman tells him how, when he started on the war-path, she went up on the hill and standing there cried to Wa-kan-da to grant him success. He who had now won that success had even then vanquished her heart, 'had caused her to die' to all else but the thought of him"(!)

Another instance of this emotional embroidery may be found on pages 15-17 of the same treatise.



Page 444

What makes this procedure the more inexplicable is that both these songs are classed by Miss Fletcher among the Wa-oo-wa-an or “woman songs,” concerning which she has told us that “they are in no sense love-songs,” and that usually they are not even the effusions of a woman’s own feelings, but the compositions of frivolous and vain young men put into the mouth of wanton women. The honorable secret courtships were never talked of or sung about.

Regarding the musical and poetic features of Dakota courtship, S.R. Riggs has this to say (209):

“A boy begins to feel the drawing of the other sex and, like the ancient Roman boys, he exercises his ingenuity in making a ‘cotanke,’ or rude pipe, from the bone of a swan’s wing, or from some species of wood, and with that he begins to call to his lady-love, on the night air. Having gained attention by his flute, he may sing this:

Stealthily, secretly, see me,
Stealthily, secretly, see me,
Stealthily, secretly, see me,
Lo! thee I tenderly regard;
Stealthily, secretly, see me.”

Or he may commend his good qualities as a hunter by singing this song:

Cling fast to me, and you’ll ever have plenty,
Cling fast to me, and you’ll ever have plenty,
Cling fast to me....”

“A Dacota girl soon learns to adorn her fingers with rings, her ears with tin dangles, her neck with beads. Perhaps an admirer gives her a ring, singing:

Wear this, I say;
Wear this, I say;
Wear this, I say;
This little finger ring,
Wear this, I say.”

For traces of real amorous sentiment one would naturally look to the poems of the semi-civilized Mexicans and Peruvians of the South rather than to the savage and barbarous Indians of the North. Dr. Brinton (*E. of A.*, 297) has found the Mexican songs the most delicate. He quotes two Aztec love-poems, the first being from the lips of an Indian girl:

I know not whether thou hast been absent:
I lie down with thee, I rise up with thee,

In my dreams thou art with me.
If my ear-drop trembles in my ears,
I know it is thou moving within my heart.

The second, from the same language, is thus rendered:

On a certain mountain side,
Where they pluck flowers,
I saw a pretty maiden,
Who plucked from me my heart,
Whither thou goest,
There go I.

Dr. Brinton also quotes the following poem of the Northern Kioways as “a song of true love in the ordinary sense:”

I sat and wept on the hillside,
I wept till the darkness fell;
I wept for a maiden afar off,
A maiden who loves me well.

The moons are passing, and some moon,
I shall see my home long-lost,
And of all the greetings that meet me,
My maiden's will gladden me most.

Page 445

"The poetry of the Indians is the poetry of naked thought. They have neither rhyme nor metre to adorn it," says Schoolcraft (*Oneota*, 14). The preceding poem has both; what guarantee is there that the translator has not embellished the substance of it as he did its form? Yet, granting he did not embroider the substance, we know that weeping and longing for an absent one are symptoms of sensual as well as of sentimental love, and cannot, therefore, be accepted as a criterion. As for the Mexican and other poems cited, they give evidence of a desire to be near the beloved, and of the all-absorbing power of passion (monopoly) which likewise are characteristic of both kinds of love. Of the true criteria of love, the altruistic sentiments of gallantry, self-sacrifice, sympathy, adoration, there is no sign in any of these poems. Dr. Brinton admits, too, that such poems as the above are rare among the North American Indians anywhere.

"Most of their chants in relation to the other sex are erotic, not emotional; and this holds equally true of those which in some tribes on certain occasions are addressed by the women to the men."

Powers says (235) that the Wintun of California have a special dance and celebration when a girl reaches the age of puberty. The songs sung on this occasion "sometimes are grossly licentious." Evidences of this sort might be supplied by the page.[245]

An interesting collection of erotic songs sung by the Klamath Indians of Southern Oregon has been made by A.S. Gatschet.[246] "With the Indians," he says,

"all these and many other erotic songs pass under the name of puberty songs. They include lines on courting, love-sentiments, disappointments in love, marriage fees paid to the parents, on marrying and on conjugal life."

From this collection I will cite those that are pertinent to our inquiry. Observe that usually it is the girl that sings or does the courting.

1. I have passed into womanhood.
3. Who comes there riding toward me?
4. My little pigeon, fly right into the dovecot!
5. This way follow me before it is full daylight.
9. I want to wed you for you are a chief's son.
7. Very much I covet you as a husband, for in times to come you will live in affluence.
8. She: And when will you pay for me a wedding gift?
He: A canoe I'll give for you half filled with water.



9. He spends much money on women, thinking to obtain them easily.
11. It is not that black fellow that I am striving to secure.
14. That is a pretty female that follows me up.
16. That's because you love me that rattle around the lodge.
27. Why have you become so estranged to me?
37. I hold you to be an innocent girl, though I have not lived with you yet.



Page 446

38. Over and over they tell me,
That this scoundrel has insulted me.

52. Young chaps tramp around;
They are on the lookout for women.

54. Girls: Young man, I will not love you, for you run around
with no blanket on; I do not desire such a husband.
Boys: And I do not like a frog-shaped woman with swollen
eyes.[247]

Most of these poems, as I have said, were composed and sung by women. The same is true of a collection of Chinook songs (Northern Oregon and adjacent country) made by Dr. Boas.[248] The majority of his poems, he says, "are songs of love and jealousy, such as are made by Indian women living in the cities, or by rejected lovers." These songs are rather pointless, and do not tell us much about the subject of our inquiry. Here are a few samples:

1. Yaya,
When you take a wife,
Yaya,
Don't become angry with me.
I do not care.

2. Where is Charlie going now?
Where is Charlie going now?
He comes back to see me,
I think.

3. Good-by, oh, my dear Charlie!
When you take a wife
Don't forget me.

4. I don't know how I feel
Toward Johnny.
That young man makes a foe of me.

5. My dear Annie,
If you cast off Jimmy Star,
Do not forget
How much he likes
You.



Of much greater interest are the “Songs of the Kwakiutl Indians,” of Vancouver Island, collected by Dr. Boas.[249] One of them is too obscene to quote. The following lines evidence a pretty poetic fancy, suggesting New Zealand poetry:

1. Y[=i]! Yawa, wish I could—and make my true love happy,
haigia, hay[=i]a.

Y[=i]! Yawa, wish I could arise from under the ground right
next to my true love, haigia hay[=i]a.

Y[=i]! Yawa, wish I could alight from the heights, from the
heights of the air right next to my true love, haigia,
hay[=i]a.

Y[=i]! Yawa, wish I could sit among the clouds and fly with
them to my true love.

Y[=i]! Yawa, I am downcast on account of my true love.

Y[=i]! Yawa, I cry for pain on account of my true love, my
dear.

Dr. Boas confesses that this song is somewhat freely translated. The more's the pity. An expression like “my true love,” surely is utterly un-Indian.

2. An[=a]ma! Indeed my strong-hearted, my dear.
An[=a]ma! Indeed, my strong hearted, my dear.
An[=a]ma! Indeed my truth toward my dear.
Not pretend I I know having master my dear.
Not pretend I I know for whom I am gathering property, my
dear.
Not pretend I I know for whom I am gathering blankets, my
dear.

Page 447

3. Like pain of fire runs down my body my love to you, my dear!
Like pain runs down my body my love to you, my dear.
Just as sickness is my love to you, my dear.
Just as a boil pains me my love to you, my dear.
Just as a fire burns me my love to you, my dear.
I am thinking of what you said to me
I am thinking of the love you bear me.
I am afraid of your love, my dear.
O pain! O pain!
Oh, where is my true love going, my dear?
Oh, they say she will be taken away far from here. She will
leave me, my true love, my dear.
My body feels numb on account of what I have said, my true
love, my dear.
Good-by, my true love, my dear.[250]

MORE LOVE-STORIES

Apart from “free translations” and embellishments, the great difficulty with poems like these, taken down at the present day, is that one never knows, though they may be told by a pure Indian, how far they may have been influenced by the half-breeds or the missionaries who have been with these Indians, in some cases for many generations. The same is true of not a few of the stories attributed to Indians.

Powers had heard among other “Indian” tales one of a lover’s leap, and another of a Mono maiden who loved an Awani brave and was imprisoned by her cruel father in a cave until she perished. “But,” says Powers (368), “neither Choko nor any other Indian could give me any information touching them, and Choko dismissed them all with the contemptuous remark, ‘*White man too much lie.*’” I have shown in this chapter how large is the number of white men who “too much lie” in attributing to Indians stories, thoughts, and feelings, which no Indian ever dreamt of.[251]

The genuine traditional literature of the Indians consists, as Powers remarks (408), almost entirely of petty fables about animals, and there is an almost total lack of human legends. Some there are, and a few of them are quite pretty. Powers relates one (299) which may well be Indian, the only suspicious feature being the reference to a “beautiful” cloud (for Indians know only the utility, not the charm, of nature).

“One day, as the sun was setting, Kiunaddissi’s daughter went out and saw a beautiful red cloud, the most lovely cloud ever seen, resting like a bar along the horizon, stretching southward. She cried out to her father, ‘O father, come and see this beautiful [bright?] cloud!’ He did so.... Next day the daughter took a basket and went out into the plain to gather clover to eat. While picking the clover she found a very pretty arrow,



trimmed with yellow-hammer's feathers. After gazing at it awhile in wonder she turned to look at her basket, and there beside it stood a man who was called Yang-wi'-a-kan-ueh (Red Cloud) who was none other than the cloud she had seen

Page 448

the day before. He was so bright and resplendent to look upon that she was abashed; she modestly hung down her head and uttered not a word. But he said to her, 'I am not a stranger. You saw me last night; you see me every night when the sun is setting. I love you; you love me; look at me; be not afraid.' Then she said, 'If you love me, take and eat this basket of grass-seed pinole.' He touched the basket and in an instant all the pinole vanished in the air, going no man knows whither. Thereupon the girl fell away in a swoon, and lay a considerable time there upon the ground. But when the man returned to her behold she had given birth to a son. And the girl was abashed, and would not look in his face, but she was full of joy because of her new-born son."

The Indian's anthropomorphic way of looking at nature (instead of the esthetic or scientific, both of which are as much beyond his mental capacity as the faculty for sentimental love) is also illustrated by the following Dakota tale, showing how two girls got married.[252]

"There were two women lying out of doors and looking up to the shining stars. One of them said to the other, 'I wish that very large and bright shining star was my husband,' The other said, 'I wish that star that shines so brightly were my husband.' Thereupon they both were immediately taken up. They found themselves in a beautiful country, which was full of twin flowers. They found that the star which shone most brightly was a large man, while the other was only a young man. So they each had a husband, and one became with child."

Fear and superstition are, as we know, among the obstacles which prevent an Indian from appreciating the beauties of nature. The story of the Yurok siren, as related by Powers (59), illustrates this point:

"There is a certain tract of country on the north side of the Klamath River which nothing can induce an Indian to enter. They say that there is a beautiful squaw living there whose fascinations are fatal. When an Indian sees her he straightway falls desperately in love. She decoys him farther and farther into the forest, until at last she climbs a tree and the man follows. She now changes into a panther and kills him; then, resuming her proper form, she cuts off his head and places it in a basket. She is now, they say, a thousand years old, and has an Indian's head for every year of her life."

Such tales as these may well have originated in an Indian's imagination. Their local color is correct and charming, and they do not attribute to a savage notions and emotions foreign to his mind and customs.

"WHITE MAN TOO MUCH LIE"

Page 449

It is otherwise with a class of Indian tales of which Schoolcraft's are samples, and a few more of which may here be referred to. With the unquestioning trust of a child the learned Waitz accepts as a specimen of genuine romantic love a story[253] of an Indian maiden who, when an arrow was aimed at her lover's heart, sprang before him and received the barbed shaft in her own heart; and another of a Creek Indian who jumped into a cataract with the girl he loved, meeting death with her when he found he could not escape the tomahawk of the pursuers. The solid facts of the first story will be hinted at presently in speaking of Pocahontas; and as for the second story it is, reduced to Indian realism, simply an incident of an elopement and pursuit such as may have easily happened, though the motive of the elopement was nothing more than the usual desire to avoid paying for the girl. Such sentences as "she loved him with an intensity of passion that only the noblest souls know," and "they vowed eternal love; they vowed to live and die with each other," ought to have opened Waitz's eyes to the fact that he was not reading an actual Indian story, but a story sentimentalized and embellished in the cheapest modern dime-novel style. The only thing such stories tell us is that "white man too much lie."

White woman, too, is not always above suspicion. Mrs. Eastman assures us that she got her Sioux legends from the Indians themselves. One of these stories is entitled "The Track Maker" (122-23). During an interval of peace between the Chippewas and Dakotas, she relates, a party of Chippewas visited a camp of the Dakotas. A young Dakota warrior fell in love with a girl included in the Chippewa party. "*Though he would have died to save her from sorrow*, yet he knew that she could never be his wife," for the tribes were ever at war. Here Mrs. Eastman, with the recklessness of a newspaper reporter, puts into an Indian's head a sentiment which no Indian ever dreamt of. All the facts cited in this chapter prove this, and, moreover, the sequel of her own story proves it. After exchanging vows of love (!) with the Dakotan brave, the girl departed with her Chippewa friends. Shortly afterward two Dakotas were murdered. The Chippewas were suspected, and a party of warriors at once broke up in pursuit of the innocent and unsuspecting party. The girl, whose name was Flying Shadow, saw her lover among the pursuers, who had already commenced to slaughter and scalp the other women, though the maidens clasped their hands in a "vain appeal to the merciless wretches, who see neither beauty nor grace when rage and revenge are in their hearts." Throwing herself in his arms she cried, "Save me! save me! Do not let them slay me before your eyes; make me your prisoner! You said that you loved me, spare my life!" He did spare her life; he simply touched her with his spear, then passed on, and a moment later the girl was slain and scalped by his companions. And why did the gallant and self-sacrificing lover touch her with his spear before he left her to be murdered? Because touching an enemy—male or female—with his spear entitles the noble red man to wear a feather of honor as if he had taken a scalp! Yet he "would have died to save her from sorrow"!



Page 450

An Indian's capacity for self-sacrifice is also revealed in a favorite Blackfoot tale recorded by Grinnell (39-42). A squaw was picking berries in a place rendered dangerous by the proximity of the enemy. Suddenly her husband, who was on guard, saw a war party approaching. Signalling to the squaw, they mounted their horses and took to flight. The wife's horse, not being a good one, soon tired out and the husband had to take her on his. But this was too much of a load even for his powerful animal. The enemy gained on them constantly. Presently he said to his wife: "Get off. The enemy will not kill you. You are too young and pretty. Some one of them will take you, and I will get a big party of our people and rescue you." But the woman cried "No, no, I will die here with you." "Crazy person," cried the man, and with a quick jerk he threw the woman off and escaped. Having reached the lodge safely, he painted himself black and "walked all through the camp crying." Poor fellow! How he loved his wife! The Indian, as Catlin truly remarked, "is not in the least behind us in conjugal affection." The only difference—a trifling one to be sure—is that a white man, under such circumstances, would have spilt his last drop of blood in defence of his wife's life and her honor.

THE STORY OF POCAHONTAS

The rescue of John Smith by Pocahontas is commonly held to prove that the young Indian girl, smitten with sudden love for the white man, risked her life for him. This fanciful notion has however, been irreparably damaged by John Fiske (*O.V.*, I., 102-111). It is true that "the Indians debated together, and presently two big stones were placed before the chiefs, and Smith was dragged thither and his head laid upon them;" and that

"even while warriors were standing with clubs in hand, to beat his brains out, the chief's young daughter Pocahontas rushed up and embraced him, whereupon her father spared his life."

It is true also that Smith himself thought and wrote that "Pocahontas hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save" his. But she did no such thing. Smith simply was ignorant of Indian customs:

"From the Indian point of view there was nothing romantic or extraordinary in such a rescue: it was simply a not uncommon matter of business. The romance with which readers have always invested it is the outcome of a misconception no less complete than that which led the fair dames of London to make obeisance to the tawny Pocahontas as to a princess of imperial lineage. Time and again it used to happen that when a prisoner was about to be slaughtered some one of the dusky assemblage, moved by pity or admiration or some unexplained freak, would interpose in behalf of the victim; and as a rule such interposition was heeded. Many a poor wretch, already tied to the fatal tree and benumbed with unspeakable

Page 451

terror, while the firebrands were heating for his torment, has been rescued from the jaws of death and adopted as brother or lover by some laughing young squaw, or as a son by some grave wrinkled warrior. In such cases the new-comer was allowed entire freedom and treated like one of the tribe.... Pocahontas, therefore, did not hazard the beating out of her own brains, though the rescued stranger, looking with civilized eyes, would naturally see it in that light. Her brains were perfectly safe. This thirteen-year-old squaw liked the handsome prisoner, claimed him, and got him, according to custom."

VERDICT: NO ROMANTIC LOVE

In the hundreds of genuine Indian tales collected by Boas I have not discovered a trace of sentiment, or even of sentimentality. The notion that there is any refinement of passion or morality in the sexual relations of the American aborigines has been fostered chiefly by the stories and poems of the whites—generally such as had only a superficial acquaintance with the red men. "The less we see and know of real Indians," wrote G.E. Ellis (111), "the easier will it be to make and read poems about them." General Custer comments on Cooper's false estimate of Indian character, which has misled so many.

"Stripped of the beautiful romance with which we have been so long willing to envelop him, transferred from the inviting pages of the novelist to the localities where we are compelled to meet with him in his native village, on the warpath, and when raiding upon our frontier settlements and lines of travel, the Indian forfeits his claim to the appellation of the 'noble red man'" (12).

The great explorer Stanley did not see as much of the American savage as of the African, yet he had no difficulty in taking the American's correct measure. In his *Early Travels and Adventures* (41-43), he pokes fun at the romantic ideas that poets and novelists have given about Indian maidens and their loves, and then tells in unadorned terms what he saw with his own eyes—Indian girls with "coarse black hair, low foreheads, blazing coal-black eyes, faces of a dirty, greasy color"—and the Indian young man whose romance of wooing is comprised in the question, "How much is she worth?"

One of the keenest and most careful observers of Indian life, the naturalist Bates, after living several years among the natives of Brazil, wrote concerning them (293):

"Their phlegmatic, apathetic temperament; coldness of desire and deadness of feeling; want of curiosity and slowness of intellect, make the Amazonian Indians very uninteresting companions anywhere. Their imagination is of a dull-gloomy quality, and they seemed never to be stirred by the emotions—love, pity, admiration, fear, wonder, joy, enthusiasm. These are characteristics of the whole race,"

In Schoolcraft (V., 272) we read regarding the Creeks

Page 452

that “the refined passion of love is unknown to any of them, although they apply the word *love* to rum or anything else they wish to be possessed of.” A capital definition of Indian love! I have already quoted the opinion of the eminent expert George Gibbs that the attachment existing among the Indians of Oregon and Washington, though it is sometimes so strong as to lead to suicide, is too sensual to deserve the name of love. Another eminent traveller, Keating, says (II., 158) concerning the Chippewas: “We are not disposed to believe that there is frequently among the Chippewas an inclination entirely destitute of sensual considerations and partaking of the nature of a sentiment; such may exist in a few instances, but in their state of society it appears almost impossible that it should be a common occurrence.”

M’Lean, after living for twenty-five years among Indians, says, in writing of the Nascopies (II., 127):

“Considering the manner in which their women are treated it can scarcely be supposed that their courtships are much influenced by sentiments of love; in fact, the tender passion seems unknown to the savage breast.”

From his observations of Canadian Indians Heriot came to the conclusion (324) that “The passion of love is of too delicate a nature to admit of divided affections, and its real influence can scarcely be felt in a society where polygamy is tolerated.” And again (331): “The passion of love, feeble unless aided by imagination, is of a nature too refined to acquire a great degree of influence over the mind of savages.” He thinks that their mode of life deadens even the physical ardor for the sex, but adds that the females appear to be “much more sensible of tender impressions.” Even Schoolcraft admits implicitly that Indian love cannot have been sentimental and esthetic, but only sensual, when he says (*Travels, etc.*, 231) that Indian women are “without either mental resources or personal beauty.”

But the most valuable and weighty evidence on this point is supplied by Lewis A. Morgan in his classical book, *The League of the Iroquois* (320-35). He was an adopted member of the Senecas, among whom he spent nearly forty years of his life, thus having unequalled opportunities for observation and study. He was moreover a man of scientific training and a thinker, whose contributions to some branches of anthropology are of exceptional value. His bias, moreover, is rather in favor of the Indians than against them, which doubles the weight of his testimony. This testimony has already been cited in part, but in summing up the subject I will repeat it with more detail. He tells us that marriage among these Indians “was not founded on the affections ... but was regulated exclusively as a matter of physical necessity.” The match was made by the mothers, and

Page 453

“not the least singular feature of the transaction was the entire ignorance in which the parties remained of the pending negotiations; the first intimation they received being the announcement of their marriage without, perhaps, ever having known or seen each other. Remonstrance or objections on their part was never attempted; they received each other as the gift of their parents.”

There was no visiting or courting, little or no conversation between the unmarried, no attempts were made to please each other, and the man regarded the woman as his inferior and servant. The result of such a state of affairs is summed up by Morgan in this memorable passage:

“From the nature of the marriage institution among the Iroquois it follows that the passion of love was entirely unknown among them. Affections after marriage would naturally spring up between the parties from association, from habit, and from mutual dependence; but of that marvellous passion which originates in a higher development of the passions of the human heart and is founded upon the cultivation of the affections between the sexes they were entirely ignorant. In their temperaments they were below this passion in its simplest forms. Attachments between individuals, or the cultivation of each other’s affections before marriage, was entirely unknown; so also were promises of marriage.”

Morgan regrets that his remarks “may perhaps divest the mind of some pleasing impressions” created by novelists and poets concerning the attachments which spring up in the bosom of Indian society; but these, he adds, are “entirely inconsistent with the marriage institution as it existed among them, and with the facts of their social history.” I may add that another careful observer who had lived among the Indians, Parkman, cites Morgan’s remarks as to their incapacity for love with approval.

There is one more important conclusion to be drawn from Morgan’s evidence. The Iroquois were among the most advanced of all Indians. “In intelligence,” says Brinton (A.R., 82), “their position must be placed among the highest.” As early as the middle of the fifteenth century the great chief Hiawatha completed the famous political league of the Iroquois. The women, though regarded as inferiors, had more power and authority than among most other Indians. Morgan speaks of the “unparalleled generosity” of the Iroquois, of their love of truth, their strict adherence to the faith of treaties, their ignorance of theft, their severe punishment for the infrequent crimes and offences that occurred among them. The account he gives of their various festivals, their eloquence, their devout religious feeling and gratitude to the Great Spirit for favors received, the thanks addressed to the earth, the rivers, the useful herbs, the moving wind which banishes disease, the sun, moon, and stars for the light they give, shows them to be far superior to most of the red men. And yet they were “below the passion of love in its simplest forms.” Thus we see once more that refinement of sexual feeling, far from being, as the sentimentalists would have us believe, shared with us by the lowest savages, is in reality one of the latest products of civilization—if not the very latest.

Page 454

THE UNLOVING ESKIMO

Throughout this chapter no reference has been made to the Eskimos, who are popularly considered a race apart from the Indians. The best authorities now believe that they are a strictly American race, whose primal home was to the south of the Hudson Bay, whence they spread northward to Labrador, Greenland, and Alaska.[254] I have reserved them for separate consideration because they admirably illustrate the grand truth just formulated, that a race may have made considerable progress in some directions and yet be quite below the sentiment of love. Westermarck's opinion (516) that the Eskimos are "a rather advanced race" is borne out by the testimony of those who have known them well. They are described as singularly cheerful and good-natured among themselves. Hall says "their memory is remarkably good, and their intellectual powers, in all that relates to their native land, its inhabitants, its coasts, and interior parts, is of a surprisingly high order" (I., 128). But what is of particular interest is the great aptitude Eskimos seem to show for art, and their fondness for poetry and music. King[255] says that "the art of carving is universally practised" by them, and he speaks of their models of men, animals, and utensils as "executed in a masterly style." Brinton indeed says they have a more artistic eye for picture-writing than any Indian race north of Mexico. They enliven their long winter nights with imaginative tales, music, and song. Their poets are held in high honor, and it is said they get their notion of the music of verse by sleeping by the sound of running water, that they may catch its mysterious notes.

Yet when we look at the Eskimos from another point of view we find them horribly and bestially unaesthetic. Cranz speaks of "their filthy clothes swarming with vermin." They make their oil by chewing seal blubber and spurning the liquid into a vessel. "A kettle is seldom washed except the dogs chance to lick it clean." Mothers wash children's faces by licking them all over.[256]

Such utter lack of delicacy prepares us for the statement that the Eskimos are equally coarse in other respects, notably in their treatment of women and their sexual feelings. It would be a stigma upon an Eskimo's character, says Cranz (I., 154), "if he so much as drew a seal out of the water." Having performed the pleasantly exciting part of killing it, he leaves all the drudgery and hard work of hauling, butchering, cooking, tanning, shoe-making, etc., to the women. They build the houses, too, while the men look on with the greatest insensibility, not stirring a finger to assist them in carrying the heavy stones. Girls are often "engaged" as soon as born, nor are those who grow up free allowed to marry according to their own preference. "When friendly exhortations are unavailing she is compelled by force, and even blows, to receive her husband."

Page 455

(Cranz, I., 146.) They consider children troublesome, and the race is dying out. Women are not allowed to eat of the first seal of the season. The sick are left to take care of themselves. (Hall, II., 322, I., 103.) In years of scarcity widows “are rejected from the community, and hover about the encampments like starving wolves ... until hunger and cold terminate their wretched existence.” (M’Lean, II., 143.) Men and women alike are without any sense of modesty; in their warm hovels both sexes divest themselves of nearly all their clothing. Nor, although they fight and punish jealousy, have they any regard for chastity *per se*. Lending a wife or daughter to a guest is a recognized duty of hospitality. Young couples live together on trial. When the husband is away hunting or fishing the wife has her intrigues, and often adultery is committed *sans gene* on either side. Unnatural vices are indulged in without secrecy, and altogether the picture is one of utter depravity and coarseness.[257]

Under such circumstances we hardly needed the specific assurance of Rink, who collected and published a volume of *Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo*, and who says that “never is much room given in this poetry to the almost universal feeling of love.” He refers, of course, to any kind of love, and he puts it very mildly. Not only is there no trace of altruistic affection in any of these tales and traditions, but the few erotic stories recorded (e.g., pp. 236-37) are too coarse to be cited or summarized here. Hall, too, concluded that “love—if it come at all—comes after marriage.” He also informs us (II., 313) that there “generally exists between husband and wife a steady but not very demonstrative affection;” but here he evidently wrongs the Eskimos; for, as he himself remarks (126), they

“always summarily punish their wives for any real or imaginary offence. They seize the first thing at hand—a stone, knife, hatchet, or spear—and throw it at the offending woman, just as they would at their dogs.”

What could be more “demonstrative” than such “steady affection?”

INDIA—WILD TRIBES AND TEMPLE GIRLS

India, it has been aptly said, “forms a great museum of races in which we can study man from his lowest to his highest stages of culture.” It is this multiplicity of races and their lack of patriotic co-operation that explains the conquest of the hundreds of millions of India by the tens of millions of England. Obviously it would be impossible to make any general assertion regarding love that would apply equally to the 10,000,000 educated Brahmans, who consider themselves little inferior to gods, the 9,000,000 outcasts who are esteemed and treated infinitely worse than animals, and the 17,000,000 of the aboriginal tribes who are comparable in position and culture to our American Indians. Nevertheless, we can get an approximately correct composite

portrait of love in India by making two groups and studying first, the aboriginal tribes, and then the more or less civilized Hindoos (using this word in the most comprehensive sense), with their peculiar customs, laws, poetic literature, and bayaderes, or temple girls.

Page 456

In Bengal and Assam alone, which form but a small corner of this vast country, the aborigines are divided into nearly sixty distinct races, differing from each other in various ways, as American tribes do. They have not been described by as many and as careful observers as our American Indians have, but the writings of Lewin, Galton, Rowney, Man, Shortt, Watson and Kaye, and others supply sufficient data to enable us to understand the nature of their amorous feelings.

“WHOLE TRACTS OF FEELING UNKNOWN TO THEM”

Lewin gives us the interesting information (345-47) that with the Chittagong hill-tribes

“women enjoy perfect freedom of action; they go unveiled, they would seem to have equal rights of heritage with men, while their power of selecting their own husband is to the full as free as that of our own English maidens.”

Moreover, “in these hills the crime of infidelity among wives is almost unknown; so also harlots and courtesans are held in abhorrence amongst them.”

On reading these lines our hopes are raised that at last we may have come upon a soil favorable to the growth of true love. But Lewin’s further remarks dispel that illusion:

“In marriage, with us, a perfect world springs up at the word, of tenderness, of fellowship, trust, and self-devotion. With them it is a mere animal and convenient connection for procreating their species and getting their dinner cooked. They have no idea of tenderness, nor of the chivalrous devotion that prompted the old Galilean fisherman when he said ‘Give ye honor unto the woman as to the weaker vessel,’ ... The best of them will refuse to carry a burden if there be a wife, mother, or sister near at hand to perform the task.” *“There are whole tracts of mind, and thought, and feeling, which are unknown to them.”*

PRACTICAL PROMISCUITY

One of the most important details of my theory is that while there can be no romantic love without opportunity for genuine courtship and free choice, nevertheless the existence of such opportunity and choice does not guarantee the presence of love unless the other conditions for its growth—general refinement and altruistic impulses—coexist with them. Among the Chittagong hill-tribes these conditions—constituting “whole tracts of mind, and thought, and feeling”—do not coexist with the liberty of choice, hence it is useless to look for love in our sense of the word. Moreover, when we further read in Lewin that the reason why there are no harlots is that they “are rendered unnecessary by the freedom of intercourse indulged in and allowed to both sexes before marriage,” we see that what at first seemed a virtue is really a mark of lower degradation. Some of the oldest legislators, like Zoroaster and Solon, already

recognized the truth that it was far better to sacrifice a few women to the demon of immorality than to expose them

Page 457

all to contamination. The wild tribes of India in general have not yet arrived at that point of view. In their indifference to chastity they rank with the lowest savages, and usually there is a great deal of promiscuous indulgence before a mate is chosen for a union of endurance. Among the Oraons, as Dalton tells us (248), "liaisons between boys and girls of the same village seldom end in marriage;" and he gives strange details regarding the conduct of the young people which may not be cited here, and in which the natives see "no impropriety." Regarding the Butias Rowney says (142): "The marriage tie is so loose that chastity is quite unknown amongst them. The husbands are indifferent to the honor of their wives, and the wives do not care to preserve that which has no value attached to it. ... The intercourse of the sexes is, in fact, promiscuous."

Of the Lepchas Rowney says (139) that "chastity in adult girls previous to marriage is neither to be met with nor cared for." Of the Mishmees he says (163): "Wives are not expected to be chaste, and are not thought worse off when otherwise," and of the Kookies (186): "All the women of a village, married or unmarried, are available to the chief at his will, and no stigma attaches to those who are favored by him." In some tribes wives are freely exchanged. Dalton says of the Butan (98) that "the intercourse between the sexes is practically promiscuous." Rhyongtha girls indulge in promiscuous intercourse with several lovers before marriage. (Lewin, 121.) With the Kurmuba, "no such ceremony as marriage exists." They "live together like the brute creation." (W.R. King, 44.)

My theory that in practice, at any rate, if not in form, promiscuity was the original state of affairs among savages, in India as elsewhere, is supported by the foregoing facts, and also by what various writers have told us regarding the licentious festivals indulged in by these wild tribes of India. "It would appear," says Dalton (300),

"that most of the hill-tribes found it necessary to promote marriage by stimulating intercourse between the sexes at particular seasons of the year.... At one of the Kandh festivals held in November all the lads and lasses assemble for a spree, and a bachelor has then the privilege of making off with any unmarried girl whom he can induce to go with him, subject to a subsequent arrangement with the parents of the maiden."

Dalton gives a vivid description of these festivals as practised by the Hos in January, when the granaries are full of wheat and the natives "full of devilry:"

Page 458

“They have a strange notion that at this period men and women are so overcharged with vicious propensities, that it is absolutely necessary for the safety of the person to let off steam by allowing, for a time, full vent to the passions. The festival therefore becomes a saturnale, during which servants forget their duties to their masters, children their reverence for parents, even their respect for women, and women all notions of modesty, delicacy, and gentleness; they become raging bacchantes....“The Ho population of the village forming the environs of Chaibasa are at other seasons quiet and reserved in manner, and in their demeanor toward women gentle and decorous; even in the flirtations I have spoken of they never transcend the bounds of decency. The girls, though full of spirits and somewhat saucy, have innate notions of propriety that make them modest in demeanor, though devoid of all prudery.... Since their adoption of clothing they are careful to drape themselves decently as well as gracefully, but they throw all this aside during the Magh feast. Their natures appear to undergo a temporary change. Sons and daughters revile their parents in gross language, and parents their children; men and women become almost like animals in the indulgence of their amorous propensities. They enact all that was ever portrayed by prurient artists in a bacchanalian festival or pandean orgy; and as the light of the sun they adore and the presence of numerous spectators seem to be no restraint on their indulgence, it cannot be expected that chastity is preserved when the shades of night fall on such a scene of licentiousness and debauchery.”

“MARVELLOUSLY PRETTY AND ROMANTIC”

Nor are these festivals of rare occurrence. They last three or four days and are held at the different villages at different dates, so the inhabitants of each may take part in “a long succession of these orgies.” When Dalton declares (206) regarding these coarse and dissolute Hos, who thus spend a part of each year in “a long succession of orgies,” in which their own wives and daughters participate, that they are nevertheless capable of the higher emotions—though he admits they have no words for them—he merely proves that long intercourse with such savages blunted his own sensibilities, or what is more probable—that he himself never understood the real nature of the higher emotions—those “tracts of feeling” which Lewin found missing among the hill-tribes. We are confirmed in this suspicion by noticing Dalton’s ecstatic delight over the immoral courtship customs of the Bhuiyas, which he found “marvellously pretty and romantic” and describes as follows:

Page 459

“In each village there is, as with the Oraons, an open space for a dancing ground, called by the Bhuiyas the Darbar; and near it the bachelors’ hall.... here the young men must all sleep at night, and here the drums are kept. Some villages have a ‘Dhangarin bassa,’ or house for maidens, which, strange to say, they are allowed to occupy without anyone to look after them. They appear to have very great liberty, and slips of morality, as long as they are confined to the tribe, are not much heeded. Whenever the young men of the village go to the Darbar and beat the drums the young girls join them there, and they spend their evenings dancing and enjoying themselves without any interference on the part of the elders.”The more exciting and exhilarating occasions are when the young men of one village proceed to visit the maidens of another village, or when the maidens return the call. The young men provide themselves with presents for the girls, generally consisting of combs for the hair and sweets, and going straight to the Darbar of the village they visit, they proclaim their arrival loudly by beating their drums and tambourines. The girls of that village immediately join them. Their male relations and neighbors must keep entirely out of view, leaving the field clear for the guests. The offerings of the visitors are now gallantly presented and graciously accepted and the girls at once set to work to prepare a dinner for their beaux, and after the meal they dance and sing and flirt all night together, and the morning dawns on more than one pair of pledged lovers. Then the girls, if the young men have conducted themselves to their satisfaction, make ready the morning meal for themselves and their guests; after which the latter rise to depart, and still dancing and playing on the drums, move out of the village followed by the girls, who escort them to the boundary. This is generally a rock-broken stream with wooded banks; here they halt, the girls on one side, the lads on the other, and to the accompaniment of the babbling brook sing to each other in true bucolic style. The song on these occasions is to a certain extent improvised, and is a pleasant mixture of raillery and love-making....“The song ended, the girls go down on their knees, and bowing to the ground respectfully salute the young men, who gravely and formally return the compliment, and they part.”The visit is soon returned by the girls. They are received by the young men in their Darbar and entertained, and the girls of the receiving village must not be seen....

“They have certainly more wit, more romance, and more poetry in their composition than is usually found among the country folk in India.”

LIBERTY OF CHOICE

Page 460

All this may indeed be “marvellously pretty and romantic,” but I fail to see the least indication of the “higher emotions.” Nor can I find them in some further interesting remarks regarding the Hos made by the same author (192-93). Thirty years ago, he says, a girl of the better class cost forty or fifty head of cattle. Result—a decrease in the number of marriages and an increase of immoral intimacies. Sometimes a girl runs away with her lover, but the objection to this is that elopements are not considered respectable.

“It is certainly not from any yearning for celibacy that the marriage of Singbhum maidens is so long postponed. The girls will tell you frankly that they do all they can to please the young men, and I have often heard them pathetically bewailing their want of success. They make themselves as attractive as they can, flirt in the most demonstrative manner, and are not too coy to receive in public attentions from those they admire. They may be often seen in well-assorted pairs returning from market with arms interlaced, and looking at each other as lovingly as if they were so many groups of Cupids and Psyche, but with all this the ‘men will not propose.’ Tell a maiden you think her nice-looking, she is sure to reply ‘Oh, yes! I am, but what is the use of it, the young men of my acquaintance don’t see it.’”

Here we note a frankly commercial view of marriage, without any reference to “higher emotions.” In this tribe, too, the girls are not allowed the liberty of choice. Indeed, when we examine this point we find that Westermarck is wrong, as usual, in assigning such a privilege to the girls of most of these tribes. He himself is obliged to admit (224) that

“in many of the uncivilized tribes of India parents are in the habit of betrothing their sons.... The paternal authority approaches the *patria potestas* of the ancient Aryan nations.”

The Kisans, Mundas, Santals, Marias, Mishmis, Bhils, and Yoonthalin Karens are tribes among whom fathers thus reserve the right of selecting wives for their sons; and it is obvious that in all such cases daughters have still less choice than sons. Colonel Macpherson throws light on this point when he says of the Kandhs:

“The parents obtain the wives of their sons during their boyhood, as very valuable *domestic servants*, and *their selections are avowedly made with a view to utility in this character.*”[258]

Rowney reports (103) that the Khond boys are married at the age of ten and twelve to girls of fifteen to sixteen; and among the Reddies it is even customary to marry boys of five or six years to women of sixteen to twenty. The “wife,” however, lives with an uncle or relation, who begets children for the boy-husband. When the boy grows up his “wife” is perhaps too old for him, so he in turn takes possession of some other boy’s “wife”.
[259] The young

Page 461

folks are obviously in the habit of obeying implicitly, for as Dalton says (132) of the Kisans, "There is no instance on record of a youth or maiden objecting to the arrangement made for them." With the Savaras, Boad Kandhs, Hos, and Kaupuis, the prevalence of elopements shows that the girls are not allowed their own choice. Lepcha marriages are often made on credit, and are breakable if the payment bargained for is not made to the parent within the specified time. (Rowney, 139.)[260]

SCALPS AND FIELD-MICE

While among the Nagas, as already stated, the women must do all the hard work, they have one privilege: tribal custom allows them to refuse a suitor until he has put in their hands a human skull or scalp; and the gentle maidens make rigorous use of this privilege—so much so that in consequence of the difficulty of securing these "gory tokens of love" marriages are contracted late in life. The head need not be that of an enemy: "A skull may be acquired by the blackest treachery, but so long as the victim was not a member of the clan," says Dalton (39), "it is accepted as a chivalrous offering of a true knight to his lady," Dalton gives another and less grewsome instance of "chivalry" occurring among the Oraons (253).

"A young man shows his inclination for a girl thus: He sticks flowers in the mass of her back-hair, and if she subsequently return the compliment, it is concluded that she desires a continuance of his attention. The next step may be an offering to his lady-love of some nicely grilled field-mice, which the Oraons declare to be the most delicate of food. Tender looks and squeezes whilst both are engaged in the dance are not much thought of. They are regarded merely as the result of emotions naturally arising from pleasant contiguity and exciting strains; but when it comes to flowers and field-mice, matters look serious."

A TOPSY-TURVY CUSTOM

Coyness as well as primitive gallantry has its amusing phases among these wild tribes. The following description seems so much like an extravaganza that the reader may suspect it to be an abstract of a story by Frank Stockton or a libretto by Gilbert; but it is a serious page from Dalton's *Descriptive Ethnology of Bengal* (63-64). It relates to the Garos, who are thus described:

"The women are on the whole the most unlovely of the sex, but I was struck with the pretty, plump, nude figures, the merry musical voices and good-humored countenances of the Garos girls. Their sole garment is a piece of cloth less than a foot in breadth that

just meets round the loins, and in order that it may not restrain the limbs it is only fastened where it meets under the hip at the upper corners.”

But if they have not much to boast of in the way of dress, these girls enjoy a privilege rare in India or elsewhere of making the first advances.

Page 462

“As there is no restriction on innocent intercourse, the boys and girls freely mixing together in the labors of the field and other pursuits, an amorous young lady has ample opportunity of declaring her partiality, and it is her privileged duty to speak first.... The maiden coyly tells the youth to whom she is about to surrender herself that she has prepared a spot in some quiet and secluded valley to which she invites him.... In two or three days they return to the village and their union is then publicly proclaimed and solemnized. Any infringement of the rule which declares that the initiative shall in such cases rest with the girl is summarily and severely punished.”

For a man to make the advances would be an insult not only to the girl but to the whole tribe, resulting in fines. But let us hear the rest of the topsy-turvy story.

“The marriage ceremony chiefly consists of dancing, singing, and feasting. The bride is taken down to the nearest stream and bathed, and the party next proceeds to the house of the bridegroom, who pretends to be unwilling and runs away, but is caught and subjected to a similar ablution, and then taken, in spite of the resistance and the counterfeited grief and lamentation of his parents, to the bride’s house.”

It is true that this inversion of the usual process of proposing and acting a comedy of sham coyness occurs only in the case of the poor girls, the wealthy ones being betrothed by their parents in infancy; but it would be interesting to learn the origin of this quaint custom from someone who has had a chance to study this tribe. Probably the girl’s poverty furnishes the key. The whole thing seems like a practical joke raised to the dignity of an institution. The perversion of all ordinary rules is consistently carried out in this, too, that “if the old people refuse they can be beaten into compliance!” That the loss of female coyness is not a gain to the cause of love or of virtue is self-evident.

PAHARIA LADS AND LASSES

Thus, once more, we are baffled in our attempts to find genuine romantic love. Of its fourteen ingredients the altruistic ones are missing entirely. What Dalton writes (248) regarding the Oraons,

“Dhumkuria lads are no doubt great flirts, but each has a special favorite among the young girls of his acquaintance, and the girls well know to whose touch and pressure in the dance each maiden’s heart is especially responsive,” will not mislead any reader of this book, who will know that it indicates merely individual preference, which goes with all sorts of love, and is moreover, characteristically shallow here; for, as Dalton has told us, these village flirtations “seldom end in marriage.”

The other ingredients that primitive love shares with romantic love—monopoly, jealousy, coyness, *etc.*, are also, as we saw, weak among the wild

Page 463

tribes of India. Westermarck (503) indeed fancied he had discovered the occurrence among them of “the absorbing passion for one.” “Colonel Dalton,” he says, “represents the Paharia lads and lasses as forming very romantic attachments; ‘if separated only for an hour,’ he says, ‘they are miserable.’” In reality Dalton does not “represent them” thus; he says “they are represented;” that is, he gives his information at second-hand, without naming his authority, who, to judge by some of his remarks, was apparently a facetious globe-trotter. It is of course possible that these young folks are much attached to each other. Even sheep are “miserable if separated only for an hour;” they bleat pathetically and are disconsolate, though there is no question of an “absorbing passion for one.” What kind of love unites these Paharia lads and lasses may be inferred from the further information given in Dalton’s book that “they work together, go to market together, eat together, and sleep together;” while indiscretions are atoned for by shedding the blood of an animal, whereupon all is forgiven! In other words, where Westermarck found “the absorbing passion for one,” a critical student can see nothing but a vulgar case of reprehensible free lust.

And yet, though we have found no indications of true love, I can see reasons for Dalton’s exclamation,

“It is singular that in matters of the affections the feelings of these semi-savages should be more in unison with the sentiments and customs of the highly organized western nations than with the methodical and unromantic heart-schooling of their Aryan fellow-countrymen.”

Whether these wild tribes are really more like ourselves in their amorous customs than the more or less civilized Hindoos to whom we now turn our attention, the reader will be able to decide for himself after finishing this chapter.

CHILD MURDER AND CHILD MARRIAGE

Twenty years ago there were in India five million more men than women, and there has been no change in that respect. The chief cause of this disparity is the habitual slaughter of girl babies. The unwelcome babes are killed with opium pills or exposed to wild beasts. The Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati, in her agonizing book, *The High Caste Hindu Woman*, writes with bitter sarcasm, that

“even the wild animals are so intelligent and of such refined taste that they mock at British law and almost always steal *girls* to satisfy their hunger.” “The census of 1870 revealed the curious fact that three hundred children were stolen in one year by wolves from within the city of Umritsar, *all the children being girls.*”



Hindoo females who escape the opium pills and the wolves seldom have occasion to congratulate themselves therefor. Usually a fate worse than death awaits them. Long before they are old enough, physically or mentally, to marry, they are either delivered bodily

Page 464

or betrothed to men old enough to be their grandfathers. A great many girls are married literally in the cradle, says the authoress just quoted (31). "From five to eleven years is the usual period for this marriage among the Brahmans all over India." Manu made twenty-four the minimum age for men to marry, but "popular custom defies the law. Boys of ten and twelve are now doomed to be married to girls of seven to eight years of age." This early marriage system is "at least five hundred years older than the Christian era." As superstitious custom compels poor parents to marry off their daughters by a given age "it very frequently happens that girls of eight or nine are given to men of sixty or seventy, or to men utterly unworthy of the maidens." [261]

MONSTROUS PARENTAL SELFISHNESS

In an article on "Child Marriages in Bengal," [262] D.N. Singha explains the superstition to which so many millions of poor girls are thus ruthlessly sacrificed. "It is," he says,

"a well-nigh universal conviction among Hindoos that every man's soul goes to a hell called Poot, no matter how good he may have been. Nothing but a son's fidelity can release or deliver him from it, hence all Hindoos are driven to seek marriage as early as possible to make sure of a son." "A son, the fruit of marriage, saves him from perdition, so that the one purpose of marriage is to leave a son behind him." [263] A daughter's son may take his son's place: hence the eagerness to marry off the girls young. In other words, in order to save themselves from a hell hereafter the brutal fathers drive their poor little daughters to a hell on earth. And what is worse, public opinion compels them to act in this cruel manner; for, as the same writer informs us, the man who suffers his daughter to remain unmarried till she is thirteen or fourteen years old is "subjected to endless annoyances, beset with stinging remarks, unpleasant whisperings and slanderous gossip. No orthodox Hindoo will allow his son to accept the hand of such a grown-up girl."

How preventive of all possibility of free choice or love such a custom is may be inferred from another brief extract from the same article:

"The superstitious notion of a Hindoo parent that it is a sin not to give his daughter in marriage before she ceases to be a child impels him urgently to get her a husband before she has passed her ninth or tenth year. He sends out to match-makers and spares no pains to discover a bridegroom in some family of rank equal or superior to his own. Having found a boy ... he endeavors to secure him by entreaty or by large offers of money or jewels."

The Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati (22) gives some further gruesome details which would seem like the inventions of a burlesque writer were they not attested by such unbiassed

authority. "Religions enjoin that every girl must be given in marriage; the neglect of this duty means for the father unpardonable sin, public ridicule, and caste excommunication."

Page 465

But in the higher castes the cost of a marriage is at least \$200, wherefore if a man has several daughters his ruin is almost certain. Female infanticide is often the result, but even if the girls are allowed to grow up there is a way for the father to escape. There is a special high class of Brahmans who make it their business to marry these girls. They go up and down the land marrying ten, twenty, sometimes as many as one hundred and fifty of them, receiving presents from the bride's parents and immediately thereafter bidding good-bye to her, going home never to see their "wife" again. The parents have now done their duty; they have escaped religious and social ostracism at the expense, it is true, of their daughters, who remain at home to make themselves useful. These poor girls can never marry again, and whether or not they become moral outcasts, their life is ruined; but that, to a Hindoo, is a trifling matter; girls, in his opinion, were not created for their own sake, but for the pleasure, comfort, and salvation of man.

HOW HINDOO GIRLS ARE DISPOSED OF

In some parts of India the infant girls are merely subjected to an "irrevocable betrothal" for the time being, while in others they fall at once into the clutches of their degraded husbands.[264] In either case they have absolutely no choice in the selection of a life-partner. As Dubois remarks (l., 198):

"In negotiating marriage the inclinations of the future spouses are never attended to. Indeed, it would be ridiculous to consult girls of that age; and, accordingly, the choice devolves entirely upon the parents," "The ceremony of the 'bhanwar,' or circuit of the pole or branch, is," says Dalton (148), "observed in most Hindu marriages.... Its origin is curious.. As a Hindu bridegroom of the upper classes has no opportunity of trotting out his intended previous to marriage, and she is equally in the dark regarding the paces of her lord, the two are made to walk around the post a certain number of times to prove that they are sound in limb."

Even the *accidental* coincidence of the choice of a husband with the girl's own preference—should any such exist—is rendered impossible by a superstitious custom which demands that a horoscope must in all cases be taken to see if the signs are propitious, as Ramabai Sarasvati informs us (35), adding that if the signs are not propitious another girl is chosen. Sometimes a dozen are thus rejected, and the number may rise to three hundred before superstition is satisfied and a suitable match is found! The same writer gives the following pathetic instance of the frivolous way in which the girls are disposed of. A father is bathing in the river; a stranger comes in, the father asks him to what caste he belongs, and finding that all right, offers him his nine-year-old daughter. The stranger accepts, marries the child the next day, and carries her to his home nine hundred miles away. These poor child brides, she says, are often delighted to get married, because they are promised a ride on an elephant!

Page 466

But the most extraordinary revelation made by this doctor is contained in the following paragraph which, I again beg the reader to remember, was not written by a humorous globetrotter or by the librettist of *Pinafore*, but by a native Hindoo woman who is bitterly in earnest, a woman who left her country to study the condition of women in England and America, and who then returned to devote her life to the attempt to better the dreadful fate of her country-women:

“As it is absurd to assume that girls should be allowed to choose their future husbands, in their infancy, this is done for them by their parents or guardians. In the northern part of this country the *family barber* is generally employed to select the boys and girls to be married, it being considered *too humiliating and mean an act* on the part of the parents and guardians to go out and seek their future daughters and sons-in-law.”

HINDOOS FAR BELOW BRUTES

A more complete disregard of the real object of marriage and of the existence of love could hardly be found among clams and oysters. In their sexual relations the civilized Hindoos are, indeed, far beneath the lowest of animals. Young animals are never prevented by their parents from mating according to their choice; they never unite till they have reached maturity; they use their procreative instinct only for the purpose for which it was designed, whereas the Hindoos—like their wild neighbors—indulge in a perpetual carnival of lust; they never kill their offspring, and they never maltreat their females as the Hindoos do.[265] On this last point some more details must be given:

“The Hindu is supposed to be, of all creatures on earth, the most generous, the most kind-hearted, the most gentle, the most sympathetic, and the most unselfish. After living for nearly seven years in India, I must tell you that the reverse of this is true.... It has been said that among the many languages spoken by the people of Hindustan there is no such word as home, in the sense in which we understand it; that among the languages spoken there is no such word as love, in the sense in which we know it. I cannot vouch for the truth of this, as I am not acquainted with the languages of India, but I do know that among all the heathen people of that country there is no such place as home, as we understand it; there is no such sentiment as love, as we feel it.”

The writer of the above is Dr. Salem Armstrong-Hopkins, who, during her long connection with the Woman's Hospital of Hyderabad, Sindh, had the best of opportunities for observing the natives of all classes, both at the hospital and in their homes, to which she was often summoned. In her book *Within the Purdah* she throws light on the popular delusion that Hindoos must be kind to each other since they are kind to animals. In Bombay there is even a hospital for

Page 467

diseased and aged animals: but that is a result of religious superstition, not of real sympathy, for the same Brahman who is afraid to bring a curse upon his soul by killing an animal “will beat his domestic animals most cruelly, and starve and torture them in many ways, thus exhibiting his lack of kindness.” And the women fare infinitely worse than the animals. The wealthiest are perpetually confined in rooms without table or chairs, without a carpet on the mud floor or picture on the mud walls—and this in a country where fabulous sums are spent on fine architecture. All girl babies are neglected, or dosed with opium if they cry; the mother’s milk—which an animal would give to them—being reserved for their brothers, though these brothers be already several years old. Unless a girl is married before her twelfth year she is considered a disgrace to the family, is stripped of all her finery and compelled to do the drudgery of her father’s household, receiving

“kicks and abuses from any and all its members, and often upon the slightest provocation. Should she fall ill, no physician is consulted and no effort is made to restore her health or to prolong life.” “The expression of utter hopelessness, despair, and misery” on such a girl’s face “beggars description.”

Nor are matters any better for those who get married. Not only are they bestowed in infancy on any male—from an infant boy to an old man with many wives—whom the father can secure[266]—but the daughter-in-law becomes “a drudge and slave in her husband’s home.” One of her tasks is to grind wheat between two great stones. “This is very arduous labor, and the slight little women sometimes faint away while engaged in the task”, yet by a satanic refinement of cruelty they are compelled to sing a grinding song while the work lasts and never stop, on penalty of being beaten. And though they prepare all the food for the family and serve the others, they get only what is left—which often is nothing at all, and many literally starve to death. No wonder these poor creatures—be they little girls or women—all wear “the same look of hopeless despair and wretchedness,” making an impression on the mind more pitiable than any disease. The writer had among her patients some who tried by the most agonizing of deaths—voluntary starvation—to escape their misery.

CONTEMPT IN PLACE OF LOVE

No one can read these revelations without agreeing with the writer that “the Hindu is of all people the most cowardly and the most cruel,” and that he cannot know what real love of any kind is. The Abbe Dubois, who lived many years among the Hindoos, wearing their clothes and adopting their customs so far as they did not conflict with his Christian conscience, wrote (I., 51) that

“the affection and attachment between brothers and sisters, never very ardent, almost entirely disappears as soon as they are married. After that event, they scarcely ever meet, unless it be to quarrel.”

Ramabai Sarasvati thinks that loving couples can be found in India, but Dubois, applying the European standard, declared (I., 21, 302-303):

Page 468

“During the long period of my observation of them and their habits, I am not sure that I have ever seen two Hindu marriages that closely united the hearts by a true and inviolable attachment.”

The husband thinks his wife “entitled to no attentions, and never pays her any, even in familiar intercourse.” He looks on her “merely as his servant, and never as his companion.” “We have said enough of women in a country where they are considered as scarcely forming a part of the human species.” And Ramabai herself confesses (44) that at home “men and women have almost nothing in common.” “The women’s court is situated at the back of the houses, where darkness reigns perpetually.” Even after the second ceremony the young couple seldom meet and talk.

“Being cut off from the chief means of forming attachment, the young couple are almost strangers, and in many cases ... a feeling kindred to hatred takes root between them.” There is “no such thing as the family having pleasant times together.”

Dr. Ryder thinks that for “one kind husband there are one hundred thousand cruel ones,” and she gives the following illustration among others:

“A rich husband (merchant caste) brought his wife to me for treatment. He said she was sixteen, and they had been married eight years. ‘She was good wife, do everything he want, wait on him and eight brothers, carry water up three flights of stairs on her head; now, what will you cure her for? She suffer much. I not pay too much money. When it cost too much I let her die. I don’t care. I got plenty wives. When you cure her for ten shilling I get her done, but I not pay more.’ I explained to him that her medicines would cost more than that amount, and he left, saying, ‘I don’t care. Let her die. I can have plenty wives. I like better a new wife.’”[267]

Though the lawgiver Manu wrote “where women are honored there the gods are pleased,” he was one of the hundreds of Sanscrit writers, who, as Ramabai Sarasvati relates, “have done their best to make woman a hateful being in the world’s eye.” Manu speaks of their “natural heartlessness,” their “impure desires, wrath, dishonesty, malice, and bad conduct.” Though mothers are more honored than other women, yet even they are declared to be “as impure as falsehood itself.”

“I have never read any sacred book in Sanscrit literature without meeting this kind of hateful sentiment about women.... Profane literature is by no means less severe or more respectful toward women.”

The wife is the husband’s property and classed by Manu with “cows, mares, female camels, slave girls, buffalo cows, she goats, and ewes.” A man may abandon his wife if he finds her blemished or diseased, while she must not even show disrespect to a husband who is diseased, addicted to evil passions, or a drunkard. If she does she shall be deserted for three months and deprived of her ornaments and

Page 469

furniture.[268] Even British rule has not been able to improve the condition of woman, for the British Government is bound by treaties not to interfere with social and religious customs; hence many pathetic cases are witnessed in the courts of unwilling girls handed over, in accordance with national custom, to the loathed husbands selected for them. "The gods and justice always favor the men." "Many women put an end to their earthly sufferings by committing suicide."

WIDOWS AND THEIR TORMENTORS

If anything can cast a ray of comfort into the wretched life of a Hindoo maiden or wife it is the thought that, after all, she is much better off than if she were a widow—though, to be sure, she runs every risk of becoming one ere she is old enough to be considered marriageable in any country where women are regarded as human beings. In considering the treatment of Hindoo widows we reach the climax of inhuman cruelty—a cruelty far exceeding that practised by American Indians toward female prisoners, because more prolonged and involving mental as well as physical agonies.

In 1881 there were in British India alone 20,930,000 widows, 669,000 of whom were under nineteen, and 78,976 *under nine* years of age.[269] Now a widow's life is naturally apt to be one of hardship because she has lost her protector and breadwinner; but in India the tragedy of her fate is deepened a thousandfold by the diabolical ill-treatment of which she is made the innocent victim. A widow who has borne sons or who is aged is somewhat less despised than the child widow; on her falls the worst abuse and hatred of the community, though she be as innocent of any crime as an angel. In the eyes of a Hindoo the mere fact of being a widow is a crime—the crime of surviving her husband, though he may have been seventy and the wife seven.

All women love their soft glossy hair; and a Hindoo woman, says Ramabai Sarasvati (82), "thinks it worse than death to lose her hair"; yet "among the Brahmans of Deccan the heads of all widows must be shaved regularly every fortnight." "Shaved head" is a term of derision everywhere applied to the widows. All their ornaments are taken from them and they are excluded from every ceremony of joy. The name "rand" given to a widow "is the same that is borne by a Nautch girl or a harlot." One poor woman wrote to a missionary:

"O great Lord, our name is written with drunkards, with lunatics, with imbeciles, with the very animals; as they are not responsible, we are not. Criminals confined in jails for life are happier than we."

Another of these widows wrote:[270] "While our husbands live we are their slaves, when they die we are still worse off." The husband's funeral, she says, may last all day in a

broiling sun, and while the others are refreshed, she alone is denied food and water. After returning she is reviled by her own relatives. Her mother says: "Unhappy

Page 470

creature! I can't bear the thought of anyone so vile. I wish she had never been born." Her mother-in-law says: "The horned viper! She has bitten my son and killed him, and now he is dead, and she, useless creature, is left behind." It is impossible for her to escape this fate by marrying again. The bare mention of remarriage by a widow, though she be only eight or nine years old, would be regarded, says Dubois (l., 191), "as the greatest of insults." Should she marry again "she would be hunted out of society, and no decent person would venture at any time to have the slightest intercourse with her."

Attempts have been made in recent times by liberal-minded men to marry widows; but they were subjected to so much odium and persecution therefor that they were driven to suicide.

When a widow dies her corpse is disposed of with hardly any ceremony. Should a widow try to escape her fate the only alternatives are suicide or a life of shame. To a Hindoo widow, says Ramabai Sarasvati, death is "a thousand times more welcome than her miserable existence." It is for this reason that the suttee or "voluntary" burning of widows on the husband's funeral pyre—the climax of inhuman atrocity—lost some of its horrors to the victims until the moment of agony arrived. I have already (p. 317) refuted the absurd whim that this voluntary death of Hindoo widows was a proof of their conjugal devotion. It was proof, on the contrary, of the unutterably cruel selfishness of the male Hindoos, who actually forged a text to make the suttee seem a religious duty—a forgery which during two thousand years caused the death of countless innocent women. Best was told that the real cause of widow-burning was a desire on the part of the men to put an end to the frequent murders of husbands by their cruelly treated wives (Reich, 212). However that may be, the suttee in all probability was due to the shrewd calculation that the fear of being burned alive, or being more despised and abused than the lowest outcasts, would make women more eager to follow obediently the code which makes of them abject slaves of their husbands, living only for them and never having a thought or a care for themselves.

HINDOO DEPRAVITY

Since, as Ward attests (116), the young widows "without exception, become abandoned women," it is obvious that one reason why the priests were so anxious to prevent them from marrying again was to insure an abundant supply of victims for their immoral purposes. The hypocritical Brahmans were not only themselves notorious libertines, but they shrewdly calculated that the simplest way to win the favor and secure control of the Indian populace was by pandering to their sensual appetites and supplying abundant opportunities and excuses for their gratification—making these opportunities, in fact, part and parcel of their religious ceremonies. Their temples and their

Page 471

sacred carts which traversed the streets were decorated with obscene pictures of a peculiarly disgusting kind,[271] which were freely exposed to the gaze of old and young of both sexes; their temples were little more than nurseries for the rearing of bayaderes, a special class of “sacred prostitutes;” while scenes of promiscuous debauchery sometimes formed part of the religious ceremony, usually under some hypocritical pretext.

It would be unjust, however, to make the Brahman priests entirely responsible for Hindoo depravity. It has indeed been maintained that there was a time when the Hindoos were free from all the vices which now afflict them; but that is one of the silly myths of ignorant dreamers, on a level with the notion that savages were corrupted by whites. One of the oldest Hindoo documents, the *Mahabharata*, gives us the native traditions concerning these “good old times” in two sentences:

“Though in their youthful innocence the women abandoned their husbands, they were guilty of no offence; for such was the rule in early times.” “Just as cattle are situated, so are human beings, too, within their respective castes”

which suggests a state of promiscuity as decided as that which prevailed in Australia. Civilization did not teach the Hindoos love—for that comes last—but merely the refinements of lust, such as even the Greeks and Romans hardly knew. Ovid’s *Ars Amandi* is a model of purity compared with the Hindoo “Art of Love,” the *K[=a]mas[=u]tram* (or *Kama Soutra*) of V[=a]tsy[=a]yana, which is nothing less than a handbook for libertines, of which it would be impossible even to print the table of contents. Whereas the translator of Ovid into a modern language need not omit more than a page of the text, the German translator of the *K[=a]mas[=u]tram*, Dr. Richard Schmidt, who did his work in behalf of the Kgl. Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin, felt it incumbent on him to turn more than fifty pages out of four hundred and seventy into Latin. Yet the author of this book, who lived about two thousand years ago, recommends that every one, including young girls, should study it. In India, as his French translator, Lamairesse, writes, “everything is done to awaken carnal desires even in young children of both sexes.” The natural result is that, as the same writer remarks (186):

“Les categories des femmes faciles sont si nombreuses qu’elles doivent comprendre presque toutes les personnes du sexe. Aussi un ministre protestant ecrivait-il au milieu de notre siecle qu’il n’existait presque point de femmes vertueuses dans l’Inde.”

The Rev. William Ward wrote (162) in 1824:

Page 472

"It is a fact which greatly perplexes many of the well-informed Hindus, that notwithstanding the wives of Europeans are seen in so many mixed companies, they remain chaste; while their wives, though continually secluded, watched, and veiled, are so notoriously corrupt. I recollect the observation of a gentleman who had lived nearly twenty years in Bengal, whose opinions on such a subject demanded the highest regard, that the infidelity of the Hindu women was so great that he scarcely thought there was a single instance of a wife who had been always faithful to her husband." [272]

TEMPLE GIRLS

The Brahman priests, who certainly knew their people well, had so little faith in their virtue that they would not accept a girl to be brought up for temple service if she was over five years old. She had to be not only pure but physically flawless and sound in health. Yet her purity was not valued as a virtue, but as an article of commerce. The Brahmans utilized the charms of these girls for the purpose of supporting the temples with their sinful lives, their gains being taken from them as "offerings to the gods." As soon as a girl was old enough she was put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder. If she was specially attractive the bids would sometimes reach fabulous sums, it being a point of honor and eager rivalry among Rajahs and other wealthy men, young and old, to become the possessors of bayadere debutantes. Temporarily only, of course, for these girls were never allowed to marry. While they were connected with the temple they could give themselves to anyone they chose, the only condition being that they must never refuse a Brahman (Jacolliot, 169-76). The bayaderes, says Dubois, call themselves Deva-dasi, servants or slaves of the gods, "but they are known to the public by the coarser name of strumpets." They are, next to the sacrificers, the most important persons about the temples. While the poor widows who had been respectably married are deprived of all ornaments and joys of life, these wantons are decked with fine clothes, flowers, and jewelry; and gold is showered upon them. The bayaderes Vasantasena is described by the poet Cudraka as always wearing a hundred gold ornaments, living in her own palace, which has eight luxurious courts, and on one occasion refusing an unwelcome suitor though he sent 100,000 gold pieces.

Bayaderes are supposed to be originally descendants of the apsaras, or dancing girls of the god Indra, the Hindoo Jupiter. In reality they are recruited from various castes, some parents making it a point to offer their third daughter to the Brahmans. Bands of the bayaderes are engaged by the best families to provide dancing and music, especially at weddings. To have dealings with bayaderes is not only in good form, but is a meritorious thing, since it helps to support the temples. And yet, when one of these girls dies she is not cremated in the same place as other women, and her ashes are scattered to the winds. In some provinces of Bengal, Jacolliot says, she is only half burnt, and the body then thrown to the jackals and vultures.

Page 473

The temple of Sunnat had as many as five hundred of these priestesses of Venus, and a Rajah has been known to entertain as many as two thousand of them. Bayaderes, or Nautch girls, as they are often called in a general way, are of many grades. The lowest go about the country in bands, while the highest may rise to the rank and dignity of an Aspasia. To the former class belong those referred to by Lowrie (148)—a band of twenty girls, all unveiled and dressed in their richest finery, who wanted to dance for his party and were greatly disappointed when refused. “Most of them were very young—about ten or eleven years old.” Their course is brief; they soon lose their charms, are discarded, and end their lives as beggars.

AN INDIAN ASPASIA

A famous representative of the superior class of bayaderes is the heroine of King Cudraka’s drama just referred to—Vasantasena. She has amassed immense wealth—the description of her palace takes up several pages—and is one of the best known personages in town, yet that does not prevent her from being spoken of repeatedly as “a noble woman, the jewel of the city.”[273] She is, indeed, represented as differing in her love from other bayaderes, and, as she herself remarks, “a bayaderes is not reprehensible in the eyes of the world if she gives her heart to a poor man.” She sees the Brahman Tscharudatta in the temple garden of Kama, the god of love, and forthwith falls in love with him, as he does with her, though he is married. One afternoon she is accosted in the street by a relative of the king, who annoys her with his unwelcome attentions. She takes refuge in her lover’s house and, on the pretext that she has been pursued on account of her ornaments, leaves her jewelry in his charge. The jewels are stolen during the night, and this mishap leads to a series of others which finally culminate in Tscharudatta being led out to execution for the alleged murder of Vasantasena. At the last moment Vasantasena, who had been strangled by the king’s relative, but has been revived, appears on the scene, and her lover’s life is saved, as well as his honor.

The royal author of this drama, who has been called the Shakspeare of India, probably lived in one of the first centuries of the Christian era. His play may in a certain sense be regarded as a predecessor of *Manon Lescaut* and *Camille*, inasmuch as an attempt is made in it to ascribe to the heroine a delicacy of feeling to which women of her class are naturally strangers. She hesitates to make advances to Tscharudatta, and at first wonders whether it would be proper to remain in his house. See informs her pursuer that “love is won by noble character, not by importunate advances.” Tscharudatta says of her: “There is a proverb that ‘money makes love—the treasurer has the treasure,’ But no! she certainly cannot be won with treasures.” She is in fact represented throughout as being different from the typical bayaderes, who are thus described by one of the characters:

Page 474

“For money they laugh or weep; they win a man’s confidence but do not give him theirs. Therefore a respectable man ought to keep bayaderes like flowers of a cemetery, three steps away from him. It is also said: changeable like waves of the sea, like clouds in a sunset, glowing only a moment—so are women. As soon as they have plundered a man they throw him away like a dye-rag that has been squeezed dry. This saying, too, is pertinent: just as no lotos grows on a mountain top, no mule draws a horse’s load, no scattered barley grows up as rice; so no wanton ever becomes a respectable woman.”

Vasantasena, however, does become a respectable woman. In the last scene the king confers on her a veil, whereby the stain on her birth and life is wiped away and she becomes Tscharudatta’s legitimate second wife.

But how about the first wife? Her actions show how widely in India conjugal love may differ from what we know as such, by the absence of monopoly and jealousy. When she first hears of the theft of Vasantasena’s jewels in her husband’s house she is greatly distressed at the impending loss of his good name, but is not in the least disturbed by the discovery that she has a rival. On the contrary, she takes a string of pearls that remains from her dowry, and sends it to her husband to be given to Vasantasena as an equivalent for her lost jewels. Vasantasena, on her part, is equally free from jealousy. Without knowing whence they came, she afterward sends the pearls to her lover’s wife with these words addressed to her servants:

“Take these pearls and give them to my sister, Tscharudatta’s wife, the honorable woman, and say to her: ‘Conquered by Tscharudatta’s excellence, I have become also your slave. Therefore use this string of pearls as a necklace.’”

The wife returned the pearls with the message:

“My master and husband has made you a present of these pearls. It would therefore be improper for me to accept them: my master and husband is my special jewel. This I beg you to consider.”

And, in the final scenes, the wife shows her great love for her husband by hastening to get ready for the funeral pyre to be burnt alive with his corpse. And when, after expressing her joy at his rescue and kissing him, she turns and sees Vasantasena, she exclaims: “O this happiness! How do you do, my sister?” Vasantasena replies: “Now I am happy,” and the two embrace!

The translator of Cudraka’s play notes in the preface that there is a curious lack of ardor in the expression of Tscharudatta’s love for Vasantasena, and he naively—though quite in the Hindoo spirit—explains this as showing that this superior person (who is a model of altruistic self-sacrifice in every respect), “remains untouched by coarse outbursts of sensual passion.” The only time he warms up is when he hears that the bayaderes prefers him to her wealthy persecutor; he then exclaims,

Page 475

“Oh, how this girl deserves to be worshipped like a goddess.” Vasantasena is much the more ardent of the two. It is she who goes forth to seek him, repeatedly, dressed in purple and pearls, as custom prescribes to a girl who goes to meet her lover. It is she who exclaims: “The clouds may rain, thunder, or send forth lightning: women who go to meet their lovers heed neither heat nor cold.” And again: “may the clouds tower on high, may night come on, may the rain fall in torrents, I heed them not. Alas, my heart looks only toward the lover.” It is she who is so absent-minded, thinking of him, that her maid suspects her passion; she who, when a royal suitor is suggested to her, exclaims, “’Tis love I crave to bestow, not homage.”

SYMPTOMS OF FEMININE LOVE

This portrayal of the girl as the chief lover is quite the custom in Hindoo literature, and doubtless mirrors life as it was and is. Like a dog that fawns on an indifferent or cruel master, these women of India were sometimes attached to their selfish lovers and husbands. They had been trained from their childhood to be sympathetic, altruistic, devoted, self-sacrificing, and were thus much better prepared than the men for the germs of amorous sentiment, which can grow only in such a soil of self-denial. Hence it is that Hindoo love-poems are usually of the feminine gender. This is notably the case with the *Saptacatakam* of Hala, an anthology of seven hundred Prakrit verses made from a countless number of love-poems that are intended to be sung—“songs,” says Albrecht Weber, “such as the girls of India, especially perhaps the bayaderes or temple girls may have been in the habit of singing.”[274] Some of these indicate a strong individual preference and monopoly of attachment:

No. 40: “Her heart is dear to her as being your abode,
her eyes because she saw you with them, her body
because it has become thin owing to your absence.”

No. 43: “The burning (grief) of separation is (said to be) made more endurable by hope. But, mother, if my beloved is away from me even in the same village, it is worse than death to me.” No. 57: “Heedless of the other youths, she roams about, transgressing the rules of propriety, casting her glances in (all) directions of the world for your sake, O child.”

No. 92: “That momentary glimpse of him whom, oh, my aunt, I constantly long to see, has (touched) quenched my thirst (as little) as a drink taken in a dream.”

No. 185: "She has not sent me. You have no relations with her. What concern of ours is it therefore? Well, she dies in her separation from you."

No. 202: "No matter how often I repeat to my mistress the message you confided to me, she replies 'I did not hear' (what you said), and thus makes me repeat it a hundred times."

No. 203: "As she looked at you, filled with the might of her self-betraying love, so she then, in order to conceal it, looked also at the other persons."

Page 476

No. 234: "Although all (my) possessions were consumed in the village fire, yet is (my) heart rejoiced, (when it was put out) he took the bucket as it passed from hand to hand (from my hand)." No. 299: "She stares, without having an object, gives vent to long sighs, laughs into vacant space, mutters unintelligible words—surely she must bear something in her heart." No. 302: "'Do give her to the one she carries in her heart. Do you not see, aunt, that she is pining away?' 'No one rests in my heart' [literally; whence could come in my heart resting?]"—thus speaking, the girl fell into a swoon."

No. 345: "If it is not your beloved, my friend, how is it that at the mention of his name your face glows like a lotos bud opened by the sun's rays?"

No. 368: "Like illness without a doctor—like living with relatives if one is poor, like the sight of an enemy's prosperity—so difficult is it to endure separation from you."

No. 378: "Whatever you do, whatever you say, and wherever you turn your eyes, the day is not long enough for her efforts to imitate you."

No. 440: "...She, whose every limb was bathed in perspiration, at the mere mention of his name."

No. 453: "My friend! tell me honestly, I ask you: do the bracelets of all women become larger when the lover is far away?"

No. 531: "In whichever direction I look I see you before me, as if painted there. The whole firmament brings before me as it were a series of pictures of you."

No. 650: "From him proceed all discourses, all are about him, end with him. Is there then, my aunt, but one young man in all this village?"

While these poems may have been sung mostly by bayaderes, there are others which obviously give expression to the legitimate feelings of married women. This is especially true of the large number which voice the sorrows of women at the absence of their husbands after the rains have set in. The rainy season in India is looked on as the season of love, and separation from the lover at this time is particularly bewailed, all the more as the rains soon make the roads impassable.

No. 29: "To-day, when, alone, I recalled the joys we had formerly shared, the thunder of the new clouds sounded to me like the death-drum (that accompanies culprits to the place of execution)." No. 47: "The young wife of the man who has got ready for his journey roams, after his departure, from house to house, trying to get the secret for



preserving life from wives who have learned how to endure separation from their beloved.”No. 227: “In putting down the lamp the wife of the wanderer turns her face aside, fearing that the stream of tears that falls at the thought of the beloved might drop on it.”

No. 501: “When the voyager, on taking leave, saw his wife turn pale, he was overcome by grief and unable to go.”

Page 477

No. 623: "The wanderer's wife does indeed protect her little son by interposing her head to catch the rain water dripping from the eaves, but fails to notice (in her grief over her absent one) that he is wetted by her tears."

These twenty-one poems are the best samples of everything contained in Hala's anthology illustrating the serious side of love among the bayaderes and married women of India. Careful perusal of them must convince the reader that there is nothing in them revealing the altruistic phases of love. There is much ardent longing for the selfish gratification which the presence of a lover would give; deep grief at his absence; indications that a certain man could afford her much more pleasure by his presence than others—and that is all. When a girl wails that she is dying because her lover is absent she is really thinking of her own pleasure rather than his. None of these poems expresses the sentiment, "Oh, that I could do something to make *him* happy!" These women are indeed taught and *forced* to sacrifice themselves for their husbands, but when it comes to *spontaneous* utterances, like these songs, we look in vain for evidence of pure, devoted, high-minded, romantic love. The more frivolous side of Oriental love is, on the other hand, abundantly illustrated in Hala's poems, as the following samples show:

No. 40: "O you pitiless man! You who are afraid of your wife and difficult to catch sight of! You who resemble (in bitterness) a nimba worm—and yet who are the delight of the village women! For does not the (whole) village grow thin (longing) for you?"

No. 44: "The sweetheart will not fail to come back into his heart even though he caress another girl, whether he see in her the same charms or not."

No. 83: "This young farmer, O beautiful girl, though he already has a beautiful wife, has nevertheless become so reduced that his own jealous wife has consented to deliver this message to you."

The last two poems hint at the ease with which feminine jealousy is suppressed in India, of which we have had some instances before and shall have others presently. Coyness seems to be not much more developed, at least among those who need it most:

No. 465: "By being kind to him again at first sight you deprived yourself, you foolish girl, of many pleasures—his prostration at your feet and his eager robbing of a kiss." No. 45: "Since youth (rolls on) like the rapids of a river, the days speed away and the nights cannot be checked—my daughter! what means this accursed, proud reserve?" No. 139: "On the pretext that the descent to the Goda (river) is difficult, she threw herself in his arms. And he clasped her tightly without thereby incurring any reproach." (See also No. 108.) No. 121: "Though disconsolate at the death of her relatives, the captive girl looked lovingly upon the young kidnapper, because he appeared to her to be a perfect (hero). Who can remain sulky in the face of virtues?"

Such love as these women felt is fickle and transient:

Page 478

No. 240: "Through being out of sight, my child, in course of time the love dwindles away even of those who were firmly joined in tender union, as water runs from the hollow of the hand." No. 106: "O heart that, like a long piece of wood which is being carried down the rapids of a small stream is caught at every place, your fate is nevertheless to be burnt by some one!" No. 80: "By being out of sight love goes away; by seeing too often it goes away; also by the gossip of malicious persons it goes away; yes, it also goes away by itself."

"If the bee, eager to sip, always seeks the juices of new growths, this is the fault of the sapless flowers, not of the bee."

Where love is merely sensual and shallow lovers' quarrels do not fan the flame, but put it out:

"Love which, once dissolved, is united again, after unpleasant things have been revealed, tastes flat, like water that has been boiled."

The commercial element is conspicuous in this kind of love; it cannot persist without a succession of presents:

No. 67: "When the festival is over nothing gives pleasure. So also with the full moon late in the morning—and of love, which at last becomes insipid—and with gratification, that does not manifest itself in the form of presents."

The illicit, impure aspect of Oriental love is hinted at in many of the poems collected by Hala. There are frequent allusions to rendezvous in temples, which are so quiet that the pigeons are scared by the footsteps of the lovers; or in the high grain of the harvest fields; or on the river banks, so deserted that the monkeys there fill their paunches with mustard leaves undisturbed.

No. 19: "When he comes what shall I do? What shall I say and what will come of this? Her heart beats as, with these thoughts, the girl goes out on her first rendezvous." (Cf. also Nos. 223 and 491.) No. 628: "O summer time! you who give good opportunities for rendezvous by drying the small ditches and covering the trees with a dense abundance of leaves! you test-plate of the gold of love-happiness, you must not fade away yet for a long time."

No. 553: "Aunt, why don't you remove the parrot from this bed-chamber? He betrays all the caressing words to others."



Hindoo poets have the faculty, which they share with the Japanese, of bringing a whole scene or episode vividly before the eyes with a sentence or two, as all the foregoing selections show. Sometimes a whole story is thus condensed, as in the following:

“Master! He came to implore our protection. Save him!’ thus speaking, she very slyly hastened to turn over her paramour to her suddenly entering husband.” (See also No. 305 and *Hitopadesa*, p. 88.)

SYMPTOMS OF MASCULINE LOVE

Page 479

Since Hindoo women, in spite of their altruistic training, are prevented by their lack of culture or virtue (the domestic virtuous women have no culture and the cultured bayaderes have no virtue) from rising to the heights of sentimental love, it would be hopeless to expect the amazingly selfish, unsympathetic and cruel men to do so, despite their intellectual culture. Among all the seven hundred poems culled by Hala there are only two or three which even hint at the higher phases of love in masculine bosoms. Inasmuch as No. 383 tells us that even "the male elephant, though tormented by great hunger, thinking of his beloved wife, allows the juicy lotos-stalk to wither in his trunk," one could hardly expect of man less than the sentiment expressed in No. 576: "He who has a faithful love considers himself contented even in misfortune, whereas without his love he is unhappy though he possess the earth." Another poem indicating that Hindoo men may share with women a strong feeling of amorous monopolism is No. 498:

"He regards only her countenance, and she, too, is quite intoxicated at sight of him. Both of them, satisfied with one another, act as if in the whole world there were no other women or men."

But as a rule the men are depicted as being fickle, even more so than the women. A frequent complaint of the girls is that the men forget whom they happen to be caressing and call them by another girl's name. More frequent still are the complaints of neglect or desertion. One of these, No. 46, suggests the praises of night sung in the mediaeval legend of Tristan and Isolde:

"To-morrow morning, my beloved, the hard-hearted goes away—so people say. O sacred night! do lengthen so that there will be no morning for him."

At first sight the most surprising and important of Hala's seven hundred poems seems to be No. 567:

"Only over me, the iron-hearted, thunder, O cloud, and with all your might; be sure that you do not kill my poor one with the hanging locks."

Here, for once, we have the idea of self-sacrifice—only the idea, it is true, and not the act; but it indicates a very exceptional and exalted state for a Hindoo even to think of such a thing. The self-reproach of "iron-hearted" tells us, however, that the man has been behaving selfishly and cruelly toward his sweetheart or wife, and is feeling sorry for a moment. In such moments a Hindoo not infrequently becomes human, especially if he expects new favors of the maltreated woman, which she is only too willing to grant:

No. 85: "While with the breath of his mouth he cooled one of my hands, swollen from the effect of his blow, I put the other one laughingly around his neck."

Page 480

No. 191: "By untangling the hair of her prostrate lover from the notches of her spangles in which it had been caught, she shows him that her heart has ceased to be sulky."

References to such prostrations to secure forgiveness for inconstancy or cruelty are frequent in Hindoo poems and dramas, and it is needless to say that they are a very different thing from the disinterested prostrations and homage of modern gallantry. True gallantry being one of the altruistic ingredients of love, it would be useless to seek for it among the Hindoos. Not so with hyperbole, which being simply a magnifying of one's own sensations and an expression of extravagant feeling of any kind, forms, as we know, a phase of sensual as well as of sentimental love. The eager desire for a girl's favor makes her breath and all her attributes seem delicious not only to man but to inanimate things. The following, with the finishing touches applied by the German translator, approaches modern poetic sentiment more closely than any other of Hala's songs:

No. 13: "O you who are skilled in cooking! Do not be angry (that the fire fails to burn). The fire does not burn, smokes only, in order to drink in (long) the breath of (your) mouth, perfumed like red patela blossoms."

In the use of hyperbole it is very difficult to avoid the step from the sublime to the ridiculous. The author of No. 153 had a happy thought when he sang that his beloved was so perfect a beauty that no one had ever been able to see her whole body because the eye refused to leave whatever part it first alighted on. This pretty notion is turned into unconscious burlesque by the author of No. 274, who complains,

"How can I describe her from whose limbs the eyes that
see them cannot tear themselves away, like a weak cow
from the mud she is sticking in."

Hardly less grotesque to our Western taste is the favorite boast (No. 211 *et passim*) that the moon is making vain efforts to shine as brightly as the beloved's face. It is easier for us to sympathize with the Hindoo poets when they express their raptures over the eyes or locks of their beloved:

No. 470: "Other beauties too have in their faces
beautiful wide black eyes, with long lashes, but they
cannot cast such glances as you do."

No. 77: "I think of her countenance with her locks floating loosely about it as she shook her head when I seized her lip—like unto a lotos flower surrounded by a swarm of (black) bees attracted by its fragrance."

Yet even these two references to personal beauty are not purely esthetic, and in all the others the sensual aspect is more emphasized:

No. 556: “The brown girl’s hair, which had succeeded in touching her hips, weeps drops of water, as it were, now that she comes out of the bath, as if from fear of now being tied up again.”

No. 128: “As by a miracle, as by a treasure, as in heaven, as a kingdom, as a drink of ambrosia, was I affected when I (first) saw her without any clothing.”

Page 481

No. 473: "For the sake of the dark-eyed girls whose hips and thighs are visible through their wet dresses when they bathe in the afternoon, does Kama [the god of love] wield his bow."

Again and again the poets express their raptures over exaggerated busts and hips, often in disgustingly coarse comparisons—lines which cannot be quoted here.[275]

LYRICS AND DRAMAS

In his *History of Indian Literature* (209), Weber says that

"the erotic lyric commences for us with certain of the poems attributed to Kalidasa."
"The later Kavyas are to be ranked with the erotic poems rather than with the epic. In general this love-poetry is of the most unbridled and extravagantly sensual description; yet examples of deep and truly romantic tenderness are not wanting."

Inasmuch as he attributes the same qualities to some of the Hala poems in which we have been unable to find them, it is obvious that his conception of "deep and truly romantic tenderness" is different from ours, and it is useless to quarrel about words. Hala's collection, being an anthology of the best love-songs of many poets, is much more representative and valuable than if the verses were all by the same poet. If Hindoo bards and bayaderes had a capacity for true altruistic love-sentiment, these seven hundred songs could hardly have failed to reveal it. But to make doubly sure that we are not misrepresenting a phase of the history of civilization, let us examine the Hindoo dramas most noted as love-stories, especially those of Kalidasa, whose *Sakuntala* in particular was triumphantly held up by some of my critics as a refutation of my theory that none of the ancient civilized nations knew romantic love. I shall first briefly summarize the love-stories told in these dramas, and then point out what they reveal in regard to the Hindoo conception of love as based, presumably, on their experiences.

I. THE STORY OF SAKUNTALA

Once upon a time there lived on the banks of the Gautami River a hermit named Kaucika. He was of royal blood and had made so much progress with his saintly exercises of penitence that he was on the point of being able to defy the laws of Nature, and the gods themselves began to fear his power. To deprive him of it they sent down a beautiful *apsara* (celestial bayaderes) to tempt him. He could not resist her charms, and broke his vows. A daughter was born who received the name of Sakuntala, and was given in charge of another saint, named Kanva, who brought her up lovingly as if she had been his own daughter. She has grown up to be a maiden of more than human beauty, when one day she is seen by the king, who, while hunting, has strayed within



the sacred precincts while the saint is away on a holy errand. He is at once fascinated by her beauty—a beauty, as he says to himself, such as is seldom found in royal chambers—a wild vine more lovely than any garden-plant—and she, too, confesses to her companions that since she has seen him she is overcome by a feeling which seems out of place in this abode of penitence.

Page 482

The king cannot bear the idea of returning to his palace, but encamps near the grove of the penitents. He fears that he may not be able to win the girl's love, and she is tortured by the same doubt regarding him. "Did Brahma first paint her and then infuse life into her, or did he in his spirit fashion her out of a number of spirits?" he exclaims. He wonders what excuse he can have for lingering in the grove. His companion suggests gathering the tithe, but the king retorts: "What I get for protecting her is to be esteemed higher than piles of jewels." He now feels an aversion to hunting. "I would not be able to shoot this arrow at the gazelles who have lived with her, and who taught the beloved to gaze so innocently." He grows thin from loss of sleep. Unable to keep his feelings locked up in his bosom, he reveals them to his companion, the jester, but afterward, fearing he might tell his wives about this love-affair, he says to him:

"Of course there is no truth in the notion that I coveted this girl Sakuntala. Just think! how could we suit one another, a girl who knows nothing of love and has grown up perfectly wild with the young gazelles? No, my friend, you must not take a joke seriously."

But all the time he grows thinner from longing—so thin that his bracelet, whose jewels have lost all their lustre from his tears, falls constantly from his arm and has to be replaced.

In the meantime Sakuntala, without lacking the reserve and timidity proper to the girls of penitents, has done several things that encouraged the king to hope. While she avoided looking straight at him (as etiquette prescribed), there was a loving expression on her face, and once, when about to go away with her companions, she pretended that her foot had been cut by a blade of kusagrass—but it was merely an excuse for turning her face. Thus, while her love is not frankly discovered, it is not covered either. She doubts whether the king loves her, and her agony throws her into a feverish state which her companions try in vain to allay by fanning her with lotos leaves. The king is convinced that the sun's heat alone could not have affected her thus. He sees that she has grown emaciated and seems ill. "Her cheeks," he says,

"have grown thin, her bosom has lost its firm tension, her body has grown attenuated, her shoulders stoop, and pale is her face. Tortured by love, the girl presents an aspect as pitiable as it is lovable; she resembles the vine Madhavi when it is blighted by the hot breath of a leaf-desiccating wind."

He is watching her, unseen himself, as she reclines in an arbor with her friends, who are fanning her. He hears her say: "Since the hour when he came before my eyes ... the royal sage, ah, since that hour I have become as you see me—from longing for him;" and he wonders, "how could she fear to have any difficulty in winning her lover?" "The little hairs on her cheek

Page 483

reveal her passion by becoming erect," he adds as he sees her writing something with her nails on a lotos leaf. She reads to her companions what she has written: "*Your heart I know not; me love burns day and night, you cruel one, because I think of you alone.*"[276] Encouraged by this confession, the king steps from his place of concealment and exclaims: "Slender girl, the glowing heat of love only burns you, but me it consumes, and incessant is the great torture." Sakuntala tries to rise, but is too weak, and the king bids her dispense with ceremony. While he expresses his happiness at having found his love reciprocated, one of the companions mutters something about "Kings having many loves," and Sakuntala herself exclaims: "Why do you detain the royal sage? He is quite unhappy because he is separated from his wives at court." But the king protests that though he has many women at court, his heart belongs to no other but her. Left alone with Sakuntala, he exclaims:

"Be not alarmed! For am not I, who brings you adoring homage, at your side? Shall I fan you with the cooling petals of these water-lilies? Or shall I place your lotos feet on my lap and fondle them to my heart's content, you round-hipped maiden?"

"God forbid that I should be so indiscreet with a man that commands respect," replies Sakuntala. She tries to escape, and when the king holds her, she says: "Son of Puru! Observe the laws of propriety and custom! I am, indeed, inflamed by love, but I cannot dispose of myself." The king urges her not to fear her foster father. Many girls, he says, have freely given themselves to kings without incurring parental disapproval; and he tries to kiss her. A voice warns them that night approaches, and, hearing her friends returning, Sakuntala urges the king to conceal himself in the bushes.

Sakuntala now belongs to the king; they are united according to one of the eight forms of Hindoo marriage known as that of free choice. After remaining with her a short time the king returns to his other wives at court. Before leaving he puts a seal ring on her finger and tells her how she can count the days till a messenger shall arrive to bring her to his palace. But month after month passes and no messenger arrives. "The king has acted abominably toward Sakuntala," says one of her friends; "he has deceived an inexperienced girl who put faith in him. He has not even written her a letter, and she will soon be a mother." She feels convinced, however, that the king's neglect is due to the action of a saint who had cursed Sakuntala because she had not waited on him promptly. "Like a drunkard, her lover shall forget what has happened," was his curse. Relenting somewhat, he added afterward that the force of the curse could be broken by bringing to the king some ornament that he might have left as a souvenir. Sakuntala has her ring, and relying on that she departs with a retinue for the royal abode. On the way,

Page 484

in crossing a river, she loses the ring, and when she confronts the king he fails to remember her and dismisses her ignominiously. A fisherman afterward finds the ring in the stomach of a fish, and it gets into the hands of the king, who, at sight of it, remembers Sakuntala and is heartbroken at his cruel conduct toward her. But he cannot at once make amends, as he has chased her away, and it is not till some years later, and with supernatural aid, that they are reunited.

II. THE STORY OF URVASI

The saint Narayana had spent so many years in solitude, addicted to prayers and ascetic practices, that the gods dreaded his growing power, which was making him like unto them, and to break it they sent down to him some of the seductive apsaras. But the saint held a flower-stalk to his loins, and Urvasi was born, a girl more beautiful than the celestial bayaderes who had been sent to tempt him. He gave this girl to the apsaras to take as a present to the god Indra, whose entertainers they were. She soon became the special ornament of heaven and Indra used her to bring the saints to fall.

One day King Pururavas, while out driving, hears female voices calling for help. Five apsaras appear and implore him, if he can drive through the air, to come to the assistance of their companion Urvasi, who has been seized and carried away, northward, by a demon. The king forthwith orders his charioteer to steer in that direction, and ere long he returns victorious, with the captured maiden on his chariot. She is still overcome with terror, her eyes are closed, and as the king gazes at her he doubts that she can be the daughter of a cold and learned hermit; the moon must have created her, or the god of love himself. As the chariot descends, Urvasi, frightened, leans against the king's shoulder, and the little hairs on his body stand up straight, so much is he pleased thereat. He brings her back to the other apsaras, who are on a mountain-top awaiting their return. Urvasi, too much overcome to thank him for her rescue, begs one of her friends to do it for her, whereupon the apsaras, bidding him good-by, rise into the air. Urvasi lingers a moment on the pretence that her pearl necklace has got entangled in a vine, but in reality to get another peep at the king, who addresses fervent words of thanks to the bush for having thus given him another chance to look on her face. "Rising into the air," he exclaims, "this girl tears my heart from my body and carries it away with her."

The queen soon notices that his heart has gone away with another. She complains of this estrangement to her maid, to whom she sets the task of discovering the secret of it. The maid goes at it slyly. Addressing the king's viduschaka (confidential adviser), she informs him that the queen is very unhappy because the king addressed her by the name of the girl he longs for. "What?" retorts the viduschaka—"the king himself

Page 485

has revealed the secret? He called her Urvasi?" "And who, your honor, is Urvasi?" says the maid. "She is one of the apsaras," he says. "The sight of her has infatuated the king's senses so that he tortures not only the queen but me, the Brahman, too, for he no longer thinks of eating." But he expresses his conviction that the folly will not last long, and the maid departs.

Urvasi, tortured, like the king, by love and doubt, suppresses her bashfulness and asks one of her friends to go with her to get her pearl necklace which she had left entangled in the vine. "Then you are hurrying down, surely, to see Pururavas, the king?" says the friend; "and whom have you sent in advance?" "My heart," replied Urvasi. So they fly down to the earth, invisible to mortals, and when they see the king, Urvasi declares that he seems to her even more beautiful than at their first meeting. They listen to the conversation between him and the viduschaka. The latter advises his master to seek consolation by dreaming of a union with his love, or by painting her picture, but the king answers that dreams cannot come to a man who is unable to sleep, nor would a picture be able to stop his flood of tears. "The god of love has pierced my heart and now he tortures me by denying my wish." Encouraged by these words, but unwilling to make herself visible, Urvasi takes a piece of birch-bark, writes on it a message, and throws it down. The king sees it fall, picks it up and reads:

"I love you, O master; you did not know, nor I, that you burn with love for me. No longer do I find rest on my coral couch, and the air of the celestial grove burns me like fire."

"What will he say to that?" wonders Urvasi, and her friend replies, "Is there not an answer in his limbs, which have become like withered lotos stalks?" The king declares to his friend that the message on the leaf has made him as happy as if he had seen his beloved's face. Fearing that the perspiration on his hand (the sign of violent love) might wash away the message, he gives the birch-bark to the viduschaka. Urvasi's friend now makes herself visible to the king, who welcomes her, but adds that the sight of her delights him not as it did when Urvasi was with her. "Urvasi bows before you," the apsara answers, "and sends this message: 'You were my protector, O master, when a demon offered me violence. Since I saw you, god Kama has tortured me violently; therefore you must sometime take pity on me, great king!'" And the king retorts: "The ardor of love is here equally great on either side. It is proper that hot iron be welded with hot iron." After this Urvasi makes herself visible, too, but the king has hardly had time to greet her, when a celestial messenger arrives to summon her hastily back to heaven, to her own great distress and the king's.

Left alone, the king wants to seek consolation in the message written on the birch-bark. But to their consternation, they cannot find it. It had dropped from the viduschaka's hand and the wind had carried it off. "O wind of Malaya," laments the king,

Page 486

“you are welcome to all the fragrance breathing from the flowers, but of what use to you is the love-letter you have stolen from me? Know you not that a hundred such consolars may save the life of a love-sick man who cannot hope soon to attain the goal of his desires?”

In the meantime the queen and her maid have appeared in the background. They come across the birch-bark, see the message on it, and the maid reads it aloud. “With this gift of the celestial girl let us now meet her lover,” says the queen, and stepping forward, she confronts the king with the words: “Here is the bark, my husband. You need not search for it longer.” Denial is useless; the king prostrates himself at her feet, confessing his guilt and begging her not to be angry at her slave. But she turns her back and leaves him. “I cannot blame her,” says the king; “homage to a woman leaves her cold unless it is inspired by love, as an artificial jewel leaves an expert who knows the fire of genuine stones.” “Though Urvasi has my heart,” he adds, “yet I highly esteem the queen. Of course, I shall meet her with firmness, since she has disdained my prostration at her feet.”

The reason why Urvasi had been summoned back to heaven so suddenly was that Indra wanted to hear a play which the celestial manager had rehearsed with the apsaras. Urvasi takes her part, but her thoughts are so incessantly with the king that she blunders repeatedly. She puts passion into lines which do not call for it, and once, when she is called on to answer the question, “To whom does her heart incline?” she utters the name of her own lover instead of the one of similar sound called for in the play. For these mistakes her teacher curses her and forbids her remaining in heaven any longer. Then Indra says to the abashed maiden: “I must do a favor to the king whom you love and who aids me in battle. Go and remain with him at your will, until you have borne him a son.”

Ignorant of the happiness in store for him, the king meanwhile continues to give utterance to his longings and laments. “The day has not passed so very sadly; there was something to do, no time for longing. But how shall I spend the long night, for which there is no pastime?” The viduschaka counsels hope, and the king grants that even the tortures of love have their advantage; for, as the force of the torrent is increased a hundredfold if a rock is interposed, so is the power of love if obstacles retard the blissful union. The twitching of his right arm (a favorable sign) augments his hope. At the moment when he remarks: “The anguish of love increases at night,” Urvasi and her friend came down from the air and hover about him. “Nothing can cool the flame of my love,” he continues,

“neither a bed of fresh flowers, nor moonlight, nor strings of pearls, nor sandal ointment applied to the whole body. The only part of my body that has attained its goal is this shoulder, which touched her in the chariot.”

At these words Urvasi boldly steps before the king, but he pays no attention to her. "The great king," she complains to her friend, "remains cold though I stand before him." "Impetuous girl," is the answer, "you are still wearing your magic veil; he cannot see you."

Page 487

At this moment voices are heard and the queen appears with her retinue. She had already sent a message to the king to inform him that she was no longer angry and had made a vow to fast and wear no finery until the moon had entered the constellation of Rohini, in order to express her penitence and conciliate her husband. The king, greeting her, expresses sorrow that she should weaken her body, delicate as lotus root, by thus fasting. "What?" he adds, "you yourself conciliate the slave who ardently longs to be with you and who is anxious to win your indulgence!" "What great esteem he shows her!" exclaims Urvashi, with a confused smile; but her companion retorts: "You foolish girl, a man of the world is most polite when he loves another woman." "The power of my vow," says the queen, "is revealed in his solicitude for me." Then she folds her hands, and, bowing reverently, says:

"I call to witness these two gods, the Moon and his Rohini, that I beg my husband's pardon. Henceforth may he, unhindered, associate with the woman whom he loves and who is glad to be his companion."

"Is he indifferent to you?" asks the viduschaka. "Fool!" she replies; "I desire only my husband's happiness, and give up my own for that. Judge for yourself whether I love him."

When the queen has left, the king once more abandons himself to his yearning for his beloved. "Would that she came from behind and put her lotus hands over my eyes." Urvashi hears the words and fulfils his wish. He knows who it is, for every little hair on his body stands up straight. "Do not consider me forward if now I embrace his body," says Urvashi to her friend; "for the queen has given him to me." "You take my body as the queen's present," says the king; "but who, you thief, allowed you before that to steal my heart?" "It shall always be yours and I your slave alone," he continues. "When I took possession of the throne I did not feel so near my goal as now when I begin my service at your feet." "The moon's rays which formerly tortured me now refresh my body, and welcome are Kama's arrows which used to wound me." "Did my delaying do you harm?" asks Urvashi, and he replies: "Oh, no! Joy is sweeter when it follows distress. He who has been exposed to the sun is cooled by the tree's shade more than others;" and he ends the same with the words: "A night seemed to consist of a hundred nights ere my wish was fulfilled; may it be the same now that I am with you, O beauty! how glad I should be!"

Absorbed by his happy love, the king hands over the reins of government to his ministers and retires with Urvashi to a forest. One day he looks for a moment thoughtfully at another girl, whereat Urvashi gets so jealous that she refuses to accept his apology, and in her anger forgets that no woman must walk into the forest of the war-god. Hardly has she entered when she is changed into a vine. The king goes out of his mind from grief; he roams all over the forest,

Page 488

alternately fainting and raving, calling upon peacock and cuckoo, bee, swan, and elephant, antelope, mountain, and river to give him tidings of his beloved, her with the antelope eyes and the big breasts, and the hips so broad that she can only walk slowly. At last he sees in a cleft a large red jewel and picks it up. It is the stone of union which enables lovers to find one another. An impulse leads him to embrace the vine before him and it changes to Urvashi. A son is afterward born to her, but she sends him away before the king knows about it, and has him brought up secretly lest she be compelled to return at once to heaven. But Indra sends a messenger to bring her permission to remain with the king as long as he lives.

III. MALAVIKA AND AGNIMITRA

Queen Dharini, the head wife of King Agnimitra, has received from her brother a young girl named Malavika, whom he has rescued from robbers. The queen is just having a large painting made of herself and her retinue, and Malavika finds a place on it at her side. The king sees the picture and eagerly inquires: "Who is that beautiful maiden?" The suspicious queen does not answer his question, but takes measures to have the girl carefully concealed from him and kept busy with dancing lessons. But the king accidentally hears Malavika's name and makes up his mind that he must have her. "Arrange some stratagem," he says to his viduschaka, "so I may see her bodily whose picture I beheld accidentally." The viduschaka promptly stirs up a dispute between the two dancing-masters, which is to be settled by an exhibition of their pupils before the king. The queen sees through the trick too late to prevent its execution and the king's desire is gratified. He sees Malavika, and finds her more beautiful even than her picture—her face like the harvest moon, her bosom firm and swelling, her waist small enough to span with the hand, her hips big, her toes beautifully curved. She has never seen the king, yet loves him passionately. Her left eye twitches—a favorable sign—and she sings: "I must obey the will of others, but my heart desires you; I cannot conceal it." "She uses her song as a means of offering herself to you," says the viduschaka to the king, who replies: "In the presence of the queen her love saw no other way." "The Creator made her the poisoned arrow of the god of love," he continues to his friend after the performance is over and they are alone. "Apply your mind and think out other plans for meeting her." "You remind me," says the viduschaka, "of a vulture that hovers over a butcher's shop, filled with greed for meat but also with fear. I believe the eagerness to have your will has made you ill." "How were it possible to remain well?" the king retorts. "My heart no longer desires intimacies with any woman in all my harem. To her with the beautiful eyes, alone shall my love be devoted henceforth."

Page 489

In the royal gardens stands an asoka tree whose bloom is retarded. To hasten it, the tree must be touched by the decorated foot of a beautiful woman. The queen was to have done this, but an accident has injured her foot and she has asked Malavika to take her place. While the king and his adviser are walking in the garden they see Malavika all alone. Her love has made her wither like a jasmine wreath blighted by frost. "How long," she laments, "will the god of love make me endure this anguish, from which there is no relief?" One of the queen's maids presently arrives with the paints and rings for decorating Malavika's feet. The king watches the proceeding, and after the maiden has touched the tree with her left foot he steps forward, to the confusion of the two women. He tells Malavika that he, like the tree, has long had no occasion to bloom, and begs her to make him also, who loves only her, happy with the nectar of her touch. Unluckily this whole scene has also been secretly witnessed by Iravati, the second of the king's wives, who steps forward at this moment and sarcastically tells Malavika to do his bidding. The viduschaka tries to help out his confused master by pretending that the meeting was accidental, and the king humbly calls himself her loving husband, her slave, asks her pardon, and prostrates himself; but she exclaims: "These are not the feet of Malavika whose touch you desire to still your longing," and departs. The king feels quite hurt by her action. "How unjust," he exclaims,

"is love! My heart belongs to the dear girl, therefore Iravati did me a service by not accepting my prostration. And yet it was love that led her to do that! Therefore I must not overlook her anger, but try to conciliate her."

Iravati goes straight to the first queen to report on their common husband's new escapade. When the king hears of this he is astonished at "such persistent anger," and dismayed on learning further that Malavika is now confined in a dungeon, under lock and key, which cannot be opened unless a messenger arrives with the queen's own seal ring. But once more the viduschaka devises a ruse which puts him in possession of the seal ring. The maiden is liberated and brought to the water-house, whither the king hastens to meet her with the viduschaka, who soon finds an excuse for going outside with the girl's companion, leaving the lovers alone. "Why do you still hesitate, O beauty, to unite yourself with one who has so long longed for your love?" exclaims the king; and Malavika answers: "What I should like to do I dare not; I fear the queen." "You need not fear her." "Did I not see the master himself seized with fear when he saw the queen?" "Oh, that," replies the king, "was only a matter of good breeding, as becomes princes. But you, with the long eyes, I love so much that my life depends on the hope that you love me too. Take me, take me, who long have loved you." With these words he embraces her, while she tries to resist. "How charming is the coyness of young girls!" he exclaims.

Page 490

"Trembling, she tries to restrain my hand, which is busy with her girdle; while I embrace her ardently she puts up her own hands to protect her bosom; her countenance with the beautiful eyelashes she turns aside when I try to raise it for a kiss; by thus struggling she affords me the same delight as if I had attained what I desire."

Again the second queen and her maid appear unexpectedly and disturb the king's bliss. Her object is to go to the king's picture in the water-house and beg its pardon for having been disrespectful, this being better, in her opinion, than appearing before the king himself, since he has given his heart to another, while in that picture he has eyes for her alone (as Malavika, too, had noticed when she entered the water-house). The viduschaka has proved an unreliable sentinel; he has fallen asleep at the door of the house. The queen's maid perceives this and, to tease him, touches him with a crooked staff. He awakes crying that a snake has bitten him. The king runs out and is confronted again by Iravati. "Well, well!" she exclaims, "this couple meet in broad daylight and without hindrance to gratify their wishes!" "An unheard-of greeting is this, my dear," said the king. "You are mistaken; I see no cause for anger. I merely liberated the two girls because this is a holiday, on which servants must not be confined, and they came here to thank me." But he is glad to escape when a messenger arrives opportunely to announce that a yellow ape has frightened the princess.

"My heart trembles when I think of the queen," says Malavika, left alone with her companion. "What will become of me now?" But the queen knows her duty, according to Hindoo custom. She makes her maids array Malavika in marriage dress, and then sends a message to the king saying that she awaits him with Malavika and her attendants. The girl does not know why she has been so richly attired, and when the king beholds her he says to himself: "We are so near and yet apart. I seem to myself like the bird Tschakravaka;^[277] and the name of the night which does not allow me to be united with my love is Dharini." At that moment two captive girls are brought before the assemblage, and to everyone's surprise they greet Malavika as "Princess." A princess she proves to be, on inquiry, and the queen now carries out the plan she had had in her mind, with the consent also of the second queen, who sends her apologies at the same time. "Take her," says Dharini to the king, and at a hint of the viduschaka she takes a veil and by putting it on the new bride makes her a queen and spouse of equal rank with herself. And the king answers:

"I am not surprised at your magnanimity. If women are faithful and kind to their husbands, they even bring, by way of serving him, new wives to him, like unto the rivers which provide that the water of other streams also is carried to the ocean. I have now but one more wish; be hereafter always, irascible queen, prepared to do me homage. I wish this for the sake of the other women."

IV. THE STORY OF SAVITRI

Page 491

King Asvapati, though an honest, virtuous, pious man, was not blessed with offspring, and this made him unhappy.[278] He curbed all his appetites and for eighteen years lived a life of devotion to his religious duties. At the expiration of these years Savitri, the daughter of the sun-god, appeared to him and offered to reward him by granting a favor. "Sons I crave, many sons, O goddess, sons to preserve my family," he answered. But Savitri promised him a daughter; and she was born to him by his oldest wife and was named after the goddess Savitri. She grew up to be so beautiful, so broad-hipped, like a golden statue, that she seemed of divine origin, and, abashed, none of the men came to choose her as his wife. This saddened her father and he said:

"Daughter, it is time for you to marry, but no one comes to ask me for you. Go and seek your own husband, a man your equal in worth. And when you have chosen, you must let me know. Then I will consider him, and betroth you. For, according to the laws, a father who does not give his daughter in marriage is blameworthy."

And Savitri went on a golden chariot with a royal retinue, and she visited all the groves of the saints and at last found a man after her heart, whose name was Satyavant. Then she returned to her father—who was just conversing with the divine sage Narada—and told him of her choice. But Narada exclaimed: "Woe and alas, you have chosen one who is, indeed, endowed with all the virtues, but who is doomed to die a year from this day." Thereupon the king begged Savitri to choose another for her husband, but she replied: "May his life be long or short, may he have merits or no merits, I have selected him as my husband, and a second I shall not choose." Then the king and Narada agreed not to oppose her, and she went with her father to the grove where she had seen Satyavant, the man of her choice. The king spoke to this man's father and said: "Here, O royal saint, is my lovely daughter, Savitri; take her as your daughter-in-law in accordance with your duty as friend." And the saint replied: "Long have I desired such a bond of relationship; but I have lost my royal dignity, and how could your daughter endure the hardships of life in the forest?" But the king replied that they heeded not such things and their mind was made up. So all the Brahmans were called together and the king gave his daughter to Satyavant, who was pleased to win a wife endowed with so many virtues.

When her father had departed, Savitri put away all her ornaments and assumed the plain garb of the saints. She was modest, self-contained, and strove to make herself useful and to fulfil the wishes of all. But she counted the days, and the time came when she had to say to herself, "In three days he must die." And she made a vow and stood in one place three days and nights; on the following day he was to die. In the afternoon her husband took his axe on his shoulder and went into the primeval

Page 492

forest to get some wood and fruits. For the first time she asked to go with him. "The way is too difficult for you," said he, but she persisted; and her heart was consumed by the flames of sadness. He called her attention, as they walked on, to the limpid rivers and noble trees decked with flowers of many colors, but she had eyes only for him, following his every movement; for she looked on him as a dead man from that hour. He was filling his basket with fruits when suddenly he was seized with violent headache and longing for sleep. She took his head on her lap and awaited his last moment.

All at once she saw a man, in red attire, of fearful aspect, with a rope in his hand. And she said: "Who are you?" "You," he replied, "are a woman faithful to your husband and of good deeds, therefore will I answer you. I am Yama, and I have come to take away your husband, whose life has reached its goal." And with a mighty jerk he drew from the husband's body his spirit, the size of a thumb, and forthwith the breath of life departed from the body. Having carefully tied the soul, Yama departed toward the south. Savitri, tortured by anguish, followed him. "Turn back, Savitri," he said; "you owe your husband nothing further, and you have gone as far as you can go." "Wherever my husband goes or is taken, there I must go; that is an eternal duty." Thereupon Yama offered to grant any favor she might ask—except the life of her husband. "Restore the sight of the blind king, my father-in-law," she said; and he answered: "It is done already." He offered a second favor and she said: "Restore his kingdom to my father-in-law;" and it was granted, as was also the third wish: "Grant one hundred sons to my father, who has none." Her fourth wish, too, he agreed to: that she herself might have a hundred sons; and as he made the fifth and last wish unconditional, she said:

"Let Satyavant return to life; for, bereft of him, I desire not happiness; bereft of him I desire not heaven; I desire not to live bereft of him. A hundred sons you have promised me, yet you take away my husband? I desire this as a favor; let Satyavant live!"

"So be it!" answered the god of death as he untied the string.

"Your husband is released to you, blessed one, pride of your race. Sound and well you shall take him home, live with him four hundred years, beget one hundred sons, and all of them shall be mighty kings."

With these words he went his way. Life returned to the body of Satyavant, and his first feeling was distress lest his parents grieve over his absence. Thinking him too weak to walk, Savitri wanted to sleep in the forest, surrounded by a fire to keep off wild beasts, but he replied:

"My father and mother are distressed even in the daytime when I am away. Without them I could not live. As long as they live I live only for them. Rather than let anything

happen to them, I give up my own life, you woman with the beautiful hips; truly I shall kill myself sooner.”

So she helped him to rise, and they returned that very night, to the great joy of their parents and friends; and all the promises of Yama were fulfilled.

Page 493

V. NALA AND DAMAYANTI

Once upon a time there was a king by the name of Nala, a man handsome as the god of love, endowed with all the virtues, a favorite of men and women. There was also another king, named Bhima, the Terrible. He was renowned as a warrior and endowed with many virtues; yet he was discontented, for he had no offspring. But it happened that he was visited by a saint, whom he entertained so hospitably that the Brahman granted him in return a favor: a daughter and three sons were born to him. The daughter, who received the name of Damayanti, soon became famed for her beauty, her dignity, and her gracious manners. She seemed, amid her companions, like lightning born in a rain-cloud. Her beauty was so much vaunted in the hearing of King Nala, and his merits were so much extolled in her presence, that the two conceived an ardent passion for one another, though they had never met. Nala could hardly endure his yearnings of love; near the apartments of the women there was a forest; into that he retired, living in solitude. One day he came across some gold-decked geese. He caught one of them and she said to him: "Spare my life and I promise to praise you in Damayanti's presence in such a way that she shall never think of any other man." He did so, and the goose flew to Damayanti and said: "There is a man named Nala; he is like the celestial knights; no human being equals him. Yes, if you could become *his* wife, it would be worth while that you were born and became so beautiful. You are the pearl among women, but Nala, too, is the best of men." Damayanti begged the goose to go and speak to Nala similarly about her, and the goose said "Yes" and flew away.

From that moment Damayanti was always in spirit with Kala. Sunk in reverie, sad, with pale face, she visibly wasted away, and sighing was her only, her favorite, occupation. If anyone saw her gazing upward, absorbed in her thoughts, he might have almost fancied her intoxicated. Often of a sudden her whole face turned pale; in short, it was plain that love-longing held her senses captive. Lying in bed, sitting, eating, everything is distasteful to her; neither at night nor by day does sleep come to her. Ah and alas! thus her wails resound, and over and over again she begins to weep.

Her companions noted these symptoms and they said to the king: "Damayanti is not at all well." The king reflected, "Why is my daughter no longer well?" and it occurred to him that she had reached the marriageable age, and it became clear to him that he must without delay give her a chance to choose a husband. So he invited all the kings to assemble at his court for that purpose on a certain day. Soon the roads were filled with kings, princes, elephants, horses, wagons, and warriors, for she, the pearl of the world, was desired of men above all other women. King Nala also had received the message and set out

Page 494

on his journey hopefully. Like the god of love incarnate he looked. Even the ruling gods heard of the great event and went to join the worldly rulers. As they approached the earth's surface they beheld King Nala. Pleased with his looks, they accosted him and said: "We are immortals journeying on account of Damayanti. As for you, go you and bring Damayanti this message: 'The four gods, Indra, Agni, Yama, Varuna, desire to have you for a wife. Choose one of these four gods as your wedded husband.'"

Folding his hands humbly, Nala replied:

"The very same affair has induced me to make this journey: therefore you must not send me on this errand. For how could a man who himself feels the longing of love woo the same woman for another?"

But the gods ordered him to go at once, because he had promised to serve them before he knew what they wanted. They endowed him with power to enter the carefully guarded apartments of the princess, and presently he found himself in her presence. Her lovely face, her charmingly moulded limbs, her slender body, her beautiful eyes, diffused a splendor that mocked the light of the moon and increased his pangs of love; but he resolved to keep his promise. When the young maidens beheld him they could not utter a word; they were dazed by the splendor of his appearance, and abashed, the beautiful virgins. At last the astonished Damayanti began to speak and said with a sweet smile:

"Who are you, you with the faultless form, who increase the yearnings of my love? Like an immortal you came here, O hero! I would like to know you better, noble, good man. Closely guarded is my house, however, and most strict in his orders is the king."

"My name, gracious maiden, is Nala," he replied.

"As messenger of the gods have I come. Four of them—Indra, Agni, Varuna, Yama—would like you as bride, therefore choose one of them as husband, O beauty! That I entered unseen is the result, too, of their power. Now you have heard all; act as seems proper to you."

As he spoke the names of the gods Damayanti bowed humbly; then she laughed merrily and said:

"Follow you the inclination of your heart and be kind to me. What can I do to please you? Myself and all that is mine belongs to you. Lay aside all diffidence, my master and husband! Alas, the entire speech of the gold-swans, my prince, was to me a real firebrand. It was for your sake, O hero, that all these kings were in reality called



together so hastily. Should you ever, O my pride, be able to scorn me, who is so devoted to you, I shall resort on your account to poison, fire, water, rope."

"How can you," retorted Nala,

Page 495

“when gods are present in person, direct your desires toward a mortal? Not so! Let your inclination dwell with them, the creators of the world. Remember, too, that a mortal who does something to displease the gods is doomed to death. Therefore, you with the faultless limbs, save me by choosing the most worthy of the gods. Hesitate no longer. Your husband must be one of the gods.”

Then said Damayanti, while her eyes were diffused with anguish-born tears: “My reverence to the gods! As husband I choose you, mighty ruler on earth. What I say to you is immutable truth.” “I am here now as messenger of the gods, and cannot, therefore, plead my own cause. Later I shall have a chance to speak for myself,” said Nala; and Damayanti said, smiling, while tears choked her voice:

“I shall arrange that you as well as the gods are present on the day of my husband-choice. Then I shall choose you in the presence of the immortals. In that way no blame can fall on anyone.”

Returning to the gods, Nala told them just what happened, not omitting her promise that she would choose him in presence of the gods. The day now was approaching when the kings, who, urged by love-longings, had assembled, were to appear before the maiden. With their beautiful hair, noses, eyes, and brows, these royal personages shone like the stars in heaven. They fixed their gaze on the maiden's limbs, and wherever the eyes first rested there they remained fixed immovably. But the four gods had all assumed the exact form and appearance of Nala, and when Damayanti was about to choose him she saw five men all alike. How could she tell which of them was the king, her beloved? After a moment's thought she uttered an invocation to the gods calling upon them to assume the characteristics by which they differ from mortals. The gods, moved by her anguish, her faith in the power of truth, her intelligence and passionate devotion, heard her prayer and forthwith they appeared to her free from perspiration, with fixed gaze, ever fresh wreath, free from dust; and none of them, while standing, touched the floor; whereas King Nala betrayed himself by throwing a shadow, by having dust and perspiration on his body, a withered wreath, and eyelids that winked.

Thereupon the big-eyed maiden timidly seized him by the hem of his garment and put a beautiful wreath on his shoulders. Thus did she choose him to be her husband; and the gods granted them special favors.[279]

According to Schroeder, the Hindoos are “the romantic nation” among the ancients, as the Germans are among the moderns; and Albrecht Weber says that when, a little more than a century ago, Europe first became acquainted with Sanscrit literature, it was noticed that in the amorous poetry of India in particular the sentimental qualities of modern verse were traced in a much higher degree than they had been found in Greek and Roman literature. All this is doubtless true. The Hindoos appear

Page 496

to have been the only ancient people that took delight in forests, rivers, and mountains as we do; in reading their descriptions of Nature we are sometimes affected by a mysterious feeling of awe, like a reminiscence of the time when our ancestors lived in India. Their amorous hyperbole, too, despite its frequent grotesqueness, affects us perhaps more sympathetically than that of the Greeks. And yet the essentials of what we call romantic love are so entirely absent from ancient Hindoo literature that such amorous symptoms as are noted therein can all be readily brought under the three heads of artificiality, sensuality, and selfishness.

ARTIFICIAL SYMPTOMS

Commenting on the directions for caressing given in the *Kama Soutra*, Lamairesse remarks (56):

“All these practices and caresses are conventional rather than natural, like everything the Hindoos do. A bayaderes straying to Paris and making use of them would be a curiosity so extraordinary that she would certainly enjoy a *succes de vogue pour rire*.”

Nail-marks on various parts of the body, blows, bites, meaningless exclamations are prescribed or described in the diverse love-scenes. In Hindoo dramas several of the artificial symptoms—pure figments of the poetic fancy—are incessantly referred to. One of the most ludicrous of them is the drops of perspiration on the cheeks or other parts of the body, which are regarded as an infallible and inevitable sign of love. Urvasi's royal lover is afraid to take her birch-bark message in his hand lest his perspiration wipe away the letters. In Bhavabhuti's drama, *Malati and Madhava*, the heroine's feet perspire so profusely from excess of longing, that the lacquer of her couch is melted; and one of the stage directions in the same drama is: “Perspiration appears on Madayantika, with other things indicating love.”

Another of these grotesque symptoms is the notion that the touch or mere thought of the beloved makes the small hairs all over the body stand erect. No love-scene seems to be complete without this detail. The drama just referred to, in different scenes, makes the hairs on the cheeks, on the arms, all over the body, rise “splendidly,” the author says in one line.[280] A Hindoo lover always has twitching of the right or left arm or eye to indicate what kind of luck he is going to have; and she is equally favored. Usually the love is mutual and at first sight—nay, preferably *before* first sight. The mere hearsay that a certain man or maiden is very beautiful suffices, as we saw in the story of Nala and Damayanti, to banish sleep and appetite, and to make the lover pale and wan and most wretched. Sakuntala's royal lover wastes away so rapidly that in a few days his bracelet falls from his attenuated arm, and Sakuntala herself becomes so weak that she cannot rise, and is supposed to have sunstroke! Malati dwindles

Page 497

until her form resembles the moon in its last quarter; her face is as pale as the moon at morning dawn. Always both the lovers, though he be a king—as he generally is—and she a goddess, are diffident at first, fearing failure, even after the most unmistakable signs of fondness, in the betrayal of which the girls are anything but coy. All these symptoms the poets prescribe as regularly as a physician makes out a prescription for an apothecary.

A peculiar stare—which must be sidelong, not direct at the beloved—is another conventional characteristic of Hindoo amorous fiction. The gait becomes languid, the breathing difficult, the heart stops beating or is paralyzed with joy; the limbs or the whole body wither like flower-stalks after a frost; the mind is lamed, the memory weakened; cold shivers run down the limbs and fever shakes the body; the arms hang limp at the side, the breast heaves, words stick in the throat; pastimes no longer entertain; the perfumed Malayan wind crazes the mind; the eyelids are motionless, sighs give vent to anguish, which may end in a swoon, and if things take an unfavorable turn the thought of suicide is not distant. Attempts to cure this ardent love are futile; Madhava tries snow, and moonlight, and camphor, and lotos roots, and pearls, and sandal oil rubbed on his skin, but all in vain.

THE HINDOO GOD OF LOVE

Quite as artificial and unsentimental as the notions of the Hindoos concerning the symptoms of love is their conception of their god of love, Kama, the husband of Lust. His bow is made of sugar-cane, its string a row of bees, and his arrow-tips are red flower-buds. Spring is his bosom friend, and he rides on a parrot or the sea-monster Makara. He is also called Ananga—the bodiless—because Siwa once burned him up with the fire that flashed from his third eye for disturbing him in his devotions by awakening in him love for Parwati. Sakuntala's lover wails that Kama's arrows are "not flowers, but hard as diamond." Agnimitra declares that the Creator made his beloved "the poison-steeped arrow of the God of Love;" and again, he says: "The softest and the sharpest things are united in you, O Kama." Urvashi's royal lover complains that his "heart is pierced by Kama's arrow," and in *Malati and Madhava* we are told that "a cruel god no doubt is Kama;" while No. 329 of Ilala's love-poems declares:

"The arrows of Kama are most diverse in their effects—though made of flowers, very hard; though not coming into direct contact, insufferably hot; and though piercing, yet causing delight."

Our familiarity with Greek and Roman literature has made us so accustomed to the idea of a Cupid awakening love by shooting arrows that we fail to realize how entirely

fanciful, not to say whimsical, this conceit is. It would be odd, indeed, if the Hindoo poets had happened on the same fancy as the Greeks of their

Page 498

own accord; but there is no reason to suppose that they did. Kama is one of the later gods of the Indian Pantheon, and there is every reason to believe that the Hindoos borrowed him from the Greeks, as the Romans did. In *Sakuntala* (27) there is a reference to the Greek women who form the king's body-guard; in *Urvashi* (70) to a slave of Greek descent; and there are many things in the Hindoo drama that betray Greek influence.

Besides being artificial and borrowed, Kama is entirely sensual. Kama means "gratification of the senses,"[281] and of all the epithets bestowed on their god of love by the Hindoos none rises distinctly above sensual ideas. Dowson (147) has collated these epithets; they are: "the beautiful," "the inflamer," "lustful," "desirous," "the happy," "the gay, or wanton," "deluder," "the lamp of honey, or of spring," "the bewilderer," "the crackling fire," "the stalk of passion," "the weapon of beauty," "the voluptuary," "remembrance," "fire," "the handsome." [282]

The same disregard of sentimental, devotional, and altruistic elements is shown in the Ten Stages of Love-Sickness as conceived by the Hindoos: (1) desire; (2) thinking of her (his) beauty; (3) reminiscent revery; (4) boasting of her (his) excellence; (5) excitement; (6) lamentations; (7) distraction; (8) illness; (9) insensibility; (10) death.[283]

DYING FOR LOVE

The notion that the fever of love may become so severe as to lead to death plays an important role in Hindoo amorous sophistry. "Hindoo casuists," says Lamairesse (151, 179), "always have a peremptory reason, in their own eyes, for dispensing with all scruples in love-affairs: the necessity of not dying for love." "It is permissible," says the author of *Kama Soutra*, "to seduce another man's wife if one is in danger of dying from love for her;" upon which Lamairesse comments:

"This principle, liberally interpreted by those interested, excuses all intrigues; in theory it is capable of accommodating itself to all cases, and in the practice of the Hindoos it does thus accommodate itself. It is based on the belief that the souls of men who die of ungratified desires flit about a long time as manes before transmigrating."

Thus did the wily priests invoke the aid even of superstition to foster that national licentiousness by which they themselves profited most. Small wonder that the *Hitopadesa* declared (92) that "there is perhaps in all the world not a man who covets not his neighbor's wife;" or that the same collection of wise stories and maxims should take an equally low view of feminine morals (39, 40, 41, 54, 88); e.g. (in substance): "Then only is a wife faithful to her husband, when no other man covets her." "Seek chastity in those women only who have no opportunity to meet a lover." "A woman's lust

can no more be satisfied than a fire's greed for wood, the ocean's thirst for rivers, death's desire for victims." Another verse in the *Hitopadesa* (13) declares frankly that of the six good things in the world two of them are a caressing wife and a devoted sweetheart beside her—upon which the editor, Johannes Hertel, comments: "To a Hindoo there is nothing objectionable in such a sentiment."

Page 499

WHAT HINDOO POETS ADMIRE IN WOMEN

The Hindoo's inability to rise above sensuality also manifests itself in his admiration of personal beauty, which is purely carnal. No. 217 of Hala's anthology declares:

"Her face resembles the moon, the juice of her mouth nectar; but wherewith shall I compare (my delight) when I seize her, amid violent struggles, by the head and kiss her?"

Apart from such grotesque comparisons of the face to the moon, or of the teeth to the lotos, there is nothing in the amorous hyperbole of Hindoo poets that rises above the voluptuous into the neighborhood of esthetic admiration. Hindoo statues embodying the poets' ideal of women's waists so narrow that they can be spanned by the hand, show how infinitely inferior the Hindoos were to the Greeks in their appreciation of human beauty. The Hindoo poet's ideal of feminine beauty is a wasp-waist and grossly exaggerated bust and hips. Bhavabhuti allows his heroine Malati to be thus addressed (by a girl!):

"The wind, sandal-cool, refreshes your moon-face, in which nectar-like drops of perspiration appear from your walking, during which you lifted your feet but slowly, as they wavered under the weight of your thighs, which are strong as those of an elephant."

Usually, of course, these grotesquely coarse compliments are paid by the enamored men. Kalidasa makes King Pururavas, crazed by the loss of Urvashi, exclaim:

"Have you seen the divine beauty, who is compelled by the weight of her hips to walk slowly, and who never sees the flight of youth, whose bosom is high and swelling, whose gait is as the swan's?"

In another place he refers to her footsteps "pressed in deeper behind by the weight of the beloved's hips," Satyavant has no other epithet for Savitri than "beautiful-hipped." It is the same with Sakuntala's lover (who has been held up as an ancient embodiment of modern ethereal sentiment). What does he admire in Sakuntala? "Here," he says, "in the yellow sand are a number of fresh footsteps; they are higher in front, but depressed behind by the weight of her hips." "How slow was her gait—and naturally so, considering the weight of her hips." Compare also the poet's remarks on her bodily charms when the king first sees her.[284] Among all of the king's hyperbolic compliments and remarks there is not one that shows him to be fascinated by anything but the purely bodily charms of the young girl, charms of a coarse, voluptuous kind, calculated to increase *his* pleasure should he succeed in winning her, while there is not a trace of a desire on his part to make *her* happy. Nor is there anything in Sakuntala's symptoms rising above selfish distress at her uncertainty, or selfish longing to possess

her lover. In a word, there is no romantic love, in our sense of the word, in the dramas of the most romantic poet of the most romantic nation of antiquity.[285]

Page 500

THE OLD STORY OF SELFISHNESS

It might be maintained that the symptoms of true affection—altruistic devotion to the verge of self-sacrifice—are revealed, at any rate, in the *conjugal* love of Savitri and of Damayanti. Savitri follows the god of death as he carries away her husband's spirit, and by her devotion and entreaties persuades Yama to restore him to life; while Damayanti (whose story we did not finish) follows her husband, after he has gambled away all his kingdom, into the forest to suffer with him. One night, while she sleeps, he steals half of her only garment and deserts her. Left alone in the terrible forest with tigers and snakes, she sobs aloud and repeatedly faints away from fear. "Yet I do not weep for myself," she exclaims; "my only thought is, how will you fare, my royal master, being left thus all alone?" She is seized by a huge snake, which coils its body around her; yet "even in this situation she thinks not so much of herself as she bewails the fate of the king." A hunter saves her and proceeds to make improper advances, but she, faithful to her lord, curses the hunter and he falls dead before her. Then she resumes her solitary roaming in the gloomy forest, "*distressed by grief for her husband's fate,*" unmindful of his cruelty, or of her own sad plight.

It is needless to continue the tale; the reader cannot be so obtuse as not to notice the *moral* of it. The stories of Savitri and of Damayanti, far from exemplifying Hindoo conjugal devotion, simply afford fresh proof of the hoggish selfishness of the male Hindoo. They are intended to be *object-lessons* to wives, teaching them—like the laws of Manu and the custom of widow burning—that they do not exist for their own sakes, but for their husbands. Reading the stories in the light of this remark, we cannot fail to note everywhere the subtle craft of the sly men who invented them. If further evidence were needed to sustain my view it would be found in the fact related by F. Reuleaux, that to this day the priests arrange an annual "prayer-festival" of Hindoo women at which the wife must in every way show her subjection to her husband and master. She must wash his feet, dry them, put a wreath around his neck, and bring offerings to the gods, praying that *he* may prosper and live long. Then follows a meal for which she has prepared all *his* favorite dishes. And as a climax, *the story of Savitri is read*, a story in which the wife lives only for the husband, while he, as he rudely tells her—after all her devotion—*lives only for his parents!*

Page 501

If these stories were anything else than slyly planned object-lessons calculated to impress and subjugate the women, why is it that the *husband* is never chosen to act the self-sacrificing part? He does, indeed, sometimes indulge in frantic outbursts of grief and maudlin sentimentality, but that is because he has lost the young woman who pleased his senses. There is no sign of soul-love here; the husband never dreams of devoting his life to her, of sacrificing it for her sake, as she is constantly exhorted to do for his sake. In a word, masculine selfishness is the keynote of Hindoo life. "When in danger, never hesitate to sacrifice your goods and your wife to save your life," we read in the *Hitopadesa* (25); and No. 4112 of Boehtlingk's *Hindu Maxims* declares bluntly that a wife exists for the purpose of bearing sons, and a son for the purpose of offering sacrifices after his father's death. There we have masculine selfishness in a nutshell. Another maxim declares that a wife can atone for her lack or loss of beauty by faithful subjection to her husband. And in return for all the devotion expected of her she is utterly despised—considered unworthy of an education, unfit even to profess virginity—in a word, looked on "as scarcely forming a part of the human species." In the most important event in her life—marriage—her choice is never consulted. The matter is, as we have seen, left to the family barber, or to the parents, to whom questions of caste and wealth are of infinitely more importance than personal preferences. When those matters are arranged the man satisfies himself concerning the inclinations of the chosen girl's *kindred*, and when assured that he will not "suffer the affront of a refusal" from *them* he proceeds with the offer and the bargaining. "To marry or to buy a girl are synonymous terms in this country," says Dubois (I., 198); and he proceeds, to give an account of the bargaining and the disgraceful quarrels this leads to.

BAYADERES AND PRINCESSES AS HEROINES

Under such circumstances the Hindoo playwrights must have found themselves in a curious dilemma. They were sufficiently versed in the poetic art to build up a plot; but what chance for an amorous plot was there in a country where there was no courtship, where women were sold, ignored, maltreated, and despised? Perforce the poets had to neglect realism, give up all idea of mirroring respectable domestic life, and take refuge in the realms of tradition, fancy, or liaisons. It is interesting to note how they got around the difficulty. They either made their heroines bayaderes, or princesses, or girls willing to be married in a way allowing them their own choice, but not reputed respectable. Bayaderes, though not permitted to marry, were at liberty to choose their temporary companions. Cudraka indulges in the poetic license of making Vasantasena superior to other bayaderes and rewarding her in the

Page 502

end by a regular marriage as the hero's wife number two. By way of securing variety, apsaras, or celestial bayaderes, were brought on the scene, as in Kalidasa's *Urvashi*, permitting the poet to indulge in still bolder flights of fancy. Princesses, again, were favorite heroines, for various reasons, one of which was the tradition concerning the custom called Svayamvara or "Maiden's Choice"—a princess being "permitted," after a tournament, to "choose" the victor. The story of *Nala and Damayanti* has made us familiar with a similar meeting of kings, at which the princess chooses the lover she has determined on beforehand, though she has never seen him. Apart from the fantasticality of this episode, it is obvious that even if the Svayamvara was once a custom in royal circles it did not really insure to the princesses free choice of a rational kind. Brought up in strict seclusion, a king's daughter could never have seen any of the men competing for her. The victor might be the least sympathetic to her of all, and even if she had a large number of suitors to choose from, her selection could not be based on anything but the momentary and superficial judgment; of the eye. But for dramatic purposes the Svayamvara was useful.

VOLUNTARY UNIONS NOT RESPECTABLE

In *Sakuntala*, Kalidasa resorts to the third of the expedients I have mentioned. The king weds the girl whom he finds in the grove of the saints in accordance with a form which was not regarded as respectable—marriage based on mutual inclination, without the knowledge of the parents. The laws of Mann (III., 20-134) recognized eight kinds of marriage:

(1) gift of a daughter to a man learned in the Vedas, (2) gift of a daughter to a priest; (3) gift of a daughter in return for presents of cows, etc.; (4) gift of a daughter, with a dress. In these four the father gives away his daughter as he chooses. In (5) the groom buys the girl with presents to her kinsmen or herself; (6) is voluntary union; (7) forcible abduction (in war); (8) rape of a girl asleep, or drunk, or imbecile.

In other words, of the eight kinds of marriage recognized by Hindoo law and custom only one is based on free choice, and of that Mann says: "The voluntary connection of a maiden and a man is to be known as a Gandharva union, which arises from lust." It is classed among the blamable marriages. Even this appears not to have been a legal form before Mann. It is blamable because contracted without the consent or knowledge of the parents, and because, unless the sacred fire has been obtained from a Brahman to sanctify it, such a marriage is merely a temporary union. Gandharvas, after whom it is named, are singers and other musicians in Indra's heaven, who, like the apsaras, enter into unions that are not intended to be enduring, but are dissoluble at will. Such marriages (liaisons we call them) are

Page 503

frequently mentioned in Hindoo literature (e.g., *Hitopadesa*, p. 85). Malati (30) chides her friend for advising her to make a secret marriage, and later on exclaims (75): "I am lost! What a girl must not do, my friend counsels me." The orthodox view is unfolded by the Buddhist nun Kamandaki(33): "We hear of Duschyanta loving Sakuntala, of Pururavas loving Urvasi ... but these cases look like arbitrary action and cannot be commended as models." In *Sakuntala*, too, the king feels it incumbent on him to apologize to the girl he covets, when she bids him not to transgress the laws of propriety, by exclaiming that many other girls have thus been taken by kings without incurring parental disapproval. The directions for this form of courtship given in the *Kama Soutra* indicate that Sakuntala had every reason to appeal to the rules of propriety, social and moral. Kalidasa spares us the details.

The king's desertion of Sakuntala after he had obtained his self-indulgent object was quite in accordance with the spirit of a Gandharva marriage. Kalidasa, for dramatic purposes, makes it a result of a saint's curse, which enables him to continue his story interestingly. A poet has a right to such license, even though it takes him out of the realm of realism. Hindoo poets, like others, know how to rise above sordid reality into a more ideal sphere, and for this reason, even if we had found in the dramas of India a portrayal of true love, it would not prove that it existed outside of a poet's glowing and prophetic fancy. There is a Hindoo saying, "Do not strike a woman, even with a flower;" but we have seen that these Hindoos often do physically abuse their wives most cruelly, besides subjecting them to indescribable mental anguish, and mental anguish is much more painful and more prolonged than bodily torture. Fine words do not make fine feelings. From this point of view Dalton was perhaps right when he asserted that the wild tribes of India come closer to us in their love-affairs than the more cultured Hindoos, with their "unromantic heart-schooling." We have seen that Albrecht Weber's high estimate of the Hindoo's romantic sentiment does not bear the test of a close psychological analysis.

The Hindoo may have fewer uncultivated traits of emotion than the wild tribesmen, but they are in the same field. Hindoo civilization rose to splendid heights, in some respects, and even the great moral principle of altruism was cultivated; but it was not applied to the relations between the sexes, and thus we see once more that the refinement of the affections—especially the sexual affections—comes last in the evolution of civilization. Masculine selfishness and sensuality have prevented the Hindoo from entering the Elysian fields of romantic love. He has always allowed, and still allows, the minds of women to lie fallow, being contented with their bodily charms, and unaware that the most delightful of all sexual differences are those of mind and character. To quote once more the Abbe Dubois (l., 271), the most minute and philosophic observer of Indian manners and morals:

Page 504

"The Hindoos are nurtured in the belief that there can be nothing disinterested or innocent in the intercourse between a man and a woman; and however Platonic the attachment might be between two persons of different sex, it would be infallibly set down to sensual love."

DOES THE BIBLE IGNORE ROMANTIC LOVE?

My assertion that there are no cases of romantic love recorded in the Bible naturally aroused opposition, and not a few critics lifted up their voices in loud protest against such ignorant audacity. The case for the defence was well summed up in the *Rochester Post-Express*:

"The ordinary reader will find many love-stories in the Scriptures, What are we to think, for instance, of this passage from the twenty-ninth chapter of Genesis: 'And Laban had two daughters: the name of the elder was Leah, and the name of the younger was Rachel. Leah was tender-eyed; but Rachel was beautiful and well-favored. And Jacob loved Rachel; and said, I will serve thee seven years for Rachel thy younger daughter. And Laban said, It is better that I give her to thee, than that I should give her to another man: abide with me. And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had for her,' It may be said that after marriage Jacob's love was not of the modern conjugal type; but certainly his pre-matrimonial passion was self-sacrificing, enduring, and hopeful enough for a mediaeval romance. The courtship of Ruth and Boaz is a bold and pretty love-story, which details the scheme of an old widow and a young widow for the capture of a wealthy kinsman. The Song of Solomon is, on the surface, a wonderful love-poem. But it is needless to multiply illustrations from this source."

A Chicago critic declared that it would be easy to show that from the moment when Adam said,

"This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh"

—from that moment unto this day "that which it pleases our author to call romantic love has been substantially one and the same thing.... Has this writer never heard of Isaac and Rebekah; of Jacob and Rachel?" A Philadelphia reviewer doubted whether I believed in my own theory because I ignored in my chapter on love among the Hebrews "the story of Jacob and Rachel and other similar instances of what deserves to be called romantic love among the Hebrews." Professor H.O. Trumbull emphatically repudiates my theory in his *Studies in Oriental Social Life* (62-63); proceeding:

Page 505

“Yet in the very first book of the Old Testament narrative there appears the story of young Jacob’s romantic love for Rachel, a love which was inspired by their first meeting [Gen. 29: 10-18] and which was afresh and tender memory in the patriarch Jacob’s mind when long years after he had buried her in Canaan [Gen. 35: 16-20] he was on his deathbed in Egypt [Gen. 48: 1-7]. In all the literature of romantic love in all the ages there can be found no more touching exhibit of the true-hearted fidelity of a romantic lover than that which is given of Jacob in the words: ‘And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her.’ And the entire story confirms the abiding force of that sentiment. There are, certainly, gleams of romantic love from out of the clouds of degraded human passion in the ancient East, in the Bible stories of Shechem and Dinah [Gen. 34: 1-31], of Samson and the damsel of Timnath [Judg. 14: 1-3], of David and Abigail [I. Sam. 25: 1-42], of Adonijah and Abishag [I. Kings 2: 13-17], and other men and women of whom the Scriptures tell us.”

Cenac Moncaut, who begins his *Histoire de l'Amour dans l'Antiquite* with Adam and Eve, declares (28-31) that the episode of Jacob and Rachel marks the birth of perfect love in the world, the beginning of its triumph, followed, however, by relapses in days of darkness and degradation. If all these writers are correct then my theory falls to the ground and romantic love must be conceded to be at least four thousand years old, instead of less than one thousand. But let us look at the facts in detail and see whether there is really no difference between ancient Hebrew and modern Christian love.

The Rev. Stopford Brooke has remarked:

“Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph may have existed as real men, and played their part in the founding of the Jewish race, but their stories, as we have them, are as entirely legendary as those of Arthur or Siegfried, of Agamemnon or Charlemagne.”

This consideration would bring the date of the story from the time when Jacob is supposed to have lived down to the much later time when the legend was elaborated. I have no desire, however, to seek refuge behind such chronological uncertainties, nor to reassert that my theory is a question of evolution rather than of dates, and that, therefore, if Jacob and Rachel, during their prolonged courtship, had the qualities of mind and character to feel the exalted sentiment of romantic love, we might concede in their case an exception which, by its striking isolation, would only prove the rule. I need no such refuge, for I can see no reason whatever for accepting the story of Jacob and Rachel as an exceptional instance of romantic love.

THE STORY OF JACOB AND RACHEL

Page 506

Nothing could be more charmingly poetic than this story as told by the old Hebrew chronicler. The language is so simple yet so pictorial that we fancy we can actually see Jacob as he accosts the shepherds at the well to ask after his uncle Laban, and they reply "Behold, Rachel his daughter cometh with the sheep." We see him as he rolls the stone from the well's mouth and waters his uncle's flocks; we see him as he kisses Rachel and lifts up his voice and weeps. He kisses her of course by right of being a relative, and not as a lover; for we cannot suppose that even an Oriental shepherd girl could have been so devoid of maidenly prudence and coyness as to give a love-kiss to a stranger at their first meeting. Though apparently her cousin (Gen. 28: 2; 29:10), Jacob tells her he is her uncle; "and Jacob told Rachel that he was her father's brother." [286] There was the less impropriety in his kissing her, as she was probably a girl of fifteen or sixteen and he old enough to be her grandfather, or even great-grandfather, his age at the time of meeting her being seventy-seven. [287] But as men are reported to have aged slowly in those days, this did not prevent him from desiring to marry Rachel, for whose sake he was willing to serve her father. Strange to say, the words "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel" have been accepted as proof of self-sacrifice by several writers, including Dr. Abel, who cites those words as indicating that the ancient Hebrews knew "the devotion of love, which gladly serves *the beloved* and shuns no toil in her behalf." In reality Jacob's seven years of service have nothing whatever to do with self-sacrifice. He did not "serve his beloved" but her father; did not toil "in her behalf" but on his own behalf. He was simply doing that very unromantic thing, paying for his wife by working a stipulated time for her father, in accordance with a custom prevalent among primitive peoples the world over. Our text is very explicit on the subject; after Jacob had been with his relative a month Laban had said unto him: "Because thou art my brother shouldst thou therefore serve me for naught? tell me what shall thy wages be?" And Jacob had chosen Rachel for his wages. Rachel and Leah themselves quite understood the commercial nature of the matrimonial arrangement; for when, years afterward, they are prepared to leave their father they say: "Is there yet any portion or inheritance for us in our father's house? Are we not counted of him strangers? for he hath sold us, and hath also quite devoured the price paid for us."

Instead of the sentimental self-sacrifice of a devoted lover for his mistress we have here, therefore, simply an example of a prosaic, mercenary marriage custom familiar to all students of anthropology. But how about the second half of that sentence, which declares that Jacob's seven years of service "seemed to him but a few days for the love he had for her?" Is not this the language of an expert in love? Many of my critics, to my surprise, seemed to think so, but I am convinced that none of them can have ever been in love or they would have known that a lover is so impatient and eager to call his beloved irrevocably his own, so afraid that someone else might steal away her affection from him, that Jacob's seven years, instead of shrinking to a few days, would have seemed to him like seven times seven years.

Page 507

A minute examination of the story of Jacob and Rachel thus reveals world-wide differences between the ancient Hebrew and the modern Christian conceptions of love, corresponding, we have no reason to doubt, to differences in actual feeling. And as we proceed, these differences become more and more striking:

“And Jacob said unto Laban, Give me my wife, for my days are fulfilled, that I may go in unto her. And Laban gathered together all the men of the place, and made a feast. And it came to pass in the evening, that he took Leah his daughter, and brought her to him; and he went in unto her.... And it came to pass, in the morning that, behold, it was Leah: and he said to Laban, What is this thou has done unto me? Did not I serve with thee for Rachel? Wherefore then hast thou beguiled me? And Laban said, It is not so done in our place, to give the younger before the first-born. Fulfil the week of this one, and we will give thee the other also for the service which thou shalt serve with me yet seven other years. And Jacob did so, and fulfilled her week; and he gave him Rachel his daughter to wife.”

Surely it would be difficult to condense into so few lines more facts and conditions abhorrent to the Christian conception of the sanctity of love than is done in this passage. Can anyone deny that in a modern Christian country Laban's breach of contract with Jacob, his fraudulent substitution of the wrong daughter, and Jacob's meek acceptance of two wives in eight days would not only arouse a storm of moral indignation, but would land both these men in a police court and in jail? I say this not in a flippant spirit, but merely to bring out as vividly as possible the difference between the ancient Hebrew and modern Christian ideals of love. Furthermore, what an utter ignorance or disregard of the rights of personal preference, sympathy, and all the higher ingredients of love, is revealed in Laban's remark that it was not customary to give the younger daughter in marriage before the older had been disposed of! And how utterly opposed to the modern conception of love is the sequel of the story, in which we are told that “because” Leah was *hated* by her husband “therefore” she was made fruitful, and she bore him four sons, while the beloved Rachel remained barren! Was personal preference thus not only to be repressed by marrying off girls according to their age, but even punished? No doubt it was, according to the Hebrew notion; in their patriarchal mode of life the father was the absolute tyrant in the household, who reserved the right to select spouses for both his sons and daughters, and felt aggrieved if his plans were interfered with. The object of marriage was not to make a happy, sympathetic couple, but to raise sons; wherefore the hated Leah naturally exclaims, after she has borne Reuben, her first son, “Now my husband will love me.” That is not the kind of love we look for in our marriages. We expect a man to love his wife for her own sake.

Page 508

This notion, that the birth of sons is the one object of marriage, and the source of conjugal love, is so preponderant in the minds of these women that it crowds out all traces of monopoly or jealousy. Leah and Rachel not only submit to Laban's fraudulent substitution on the wedding-night, but each one meekly accepts her half of Jacob's attentions. The utter absence of jealousy is strikingly revealed in this passage:

"And when Rachel saw that she bare Jacob no children, Rachel envied her sister; and she said unto Jacob, Give me children, or else I die. And Jacob's anger was kindled against Rachel: and he said, Am I in God's stead, who hath withheld from thee the fruit of the womb? And she said, Behold my maid Bilhah, go in unto her; that she may bear upon my knees, and I also may obtain children by her. And she gave him Bilhah her handmaid to wife: and Jacob went in unto her. And Bilhah conceived and bare Jacob a son.... And Bilhah, Rachel's handmaid, conceived again, and bare Jacob a second son.... When Leah saw she had left bearing, she took Zilpah her handmaid, and gave her to Jacob to wife. And Zilpah Leah's handmaid bare Jacob a son.... And God hearkened unto Leah, and she conceived, and bare Jacob a fifth son. And Leah said, God hath given me my hire, because I gave my handmaid to my husband."

Thus polygamy and concubinage are treated not only as a matter of course, but as a cause for divine reward! It might be said that there does exist a sort of jealousy between Leah and Rachel: a rivalry as to which of the two shall bear their husband the more sons, either by herself or by proxy. But how utterly different this rivalry is from the jealousy of a modern Christian wife, the very essence of which lies in the imperative insistence on the exclusive affection and chaste fidelity of her husband! And as modern Christian jealousy differs from ancient Hebrew jealousy, so does modern romantic love in general differ from Hebrew love. There is not a line in the story of Jacob and Rachel indicating the existence of monopoly, jealousy, coyness, hyperbole, mixed moods, pride, sympathy, gallantry, self-sacrifice, adoration, purity. Of the thirteen essential ingredients of romantic love only two are implied—individual preference and admiration of personal beauty. Jacob preferred Rachel to Leah, and this preference was based on her bodily charms: she was "beautiful and well-favored." Of the higher mental phases of personal beauty not a word is said.

In the case of the women, not even their individual preference is hinted at, and this is eminently characteristic of the ancient Hebrew notions and practices in regard to marriage. Did Rachel and Leah marry Jacob because they preferred him to all other men they knew? To Laban and his contemporaries such a question would have seemed absurd. They knew nothing of marriage as a union of souls. The woman was not considered at all. The object of marriage, as in India, was to raise sons, in order that there might be someone to represent the departed father. Being chiefly for the father's benefit, the marriage was naturally arranged by him. As a matter of fact, even Jacob did not select his own wife!

Page 509

“And Isaac called Jacob, and blessed him, and charged him and said unto him, Thou shalt not take a wife of the daughters of Canaan, Arise, go to Padan-aram, to the house of Bethuel, thy mothers father; and take thee a wife from thence of the daughters of Laban thy mother’s brother.”

And Jacob did as ordered. His choice was limited to the two sisters.

THE COURTING OF REBEKAH

Isaac himself had even less liberty of choice than Jacob. He courted Rebekah by proxy—or rather his father courted her through her father, for him, by proxy! When Abraham was stricken with age he said to his servant, the elder of his house, that ruled over all that he had, and enjoined on him, under oath,

“thou shalt not take a wife for my son of the daughters of the Canaanites, among whom I shall dwell; but thou shalt go into my country, and to my kindred, and take a wife for my son Isaac.”

And the servant did as he had been ordered. He journeyed to the city of Mesopotamia where Abraham’s brother Nahor and his descendants dwelt. As he lingered at the well, Rebekah came out with her pitcher upon her shoulder. “And the damsel was very fair to look upon, a virgin, neither had any man known her.” And she filled her pitcher and gave him drink and then drew water and filled the trough for all his camels. And he gave her a ring and two bracelets of gold. And she ran and told her mother’s house what had happened. And her brother Laban ran out to meet the servant of Abraham and brought him to the house. Then the servant delivered his message to him and to Rebekah’s father, Bethuel; and they answered: “Behold, Rebekah is before thee, take her, and go, and let her be thy master’s son’s wife.” And he wanted to take her next day, but they wished her to abide with them at the least ten days longer. “And they said, We will call the damsel, and inquire at her mouth. And they called Rebekah, and said unto her, wilt thou go with this man? And she said, I will go. And they sent away Rebekah their sister, and her nurse, and Abraham’s servant, and his men.” And Isaac was in the field meditating when he saw their camels coming toward him. Rebekah lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac she lighted off her camel, and asked the servant who was the man coming to meet them; and when he said it was his master, she took her veil and covered herself. And Isaac brought her into her mother’s tent and she became his wife, and he loved her.

Such is the story of the courting of Rebekah. It resembles a story of modern courtship and love about as much as the Hebrew language resembles the English, and calls for no further comment. But there is another story to consider; my critics accused me of ignoring the three R’s of Hebrew love—Rachel, Rebekah, and Ruth. “The courtship of

Ruth and Boaz is a bold and pretty love-story.” Bold and pretty, no doubt; but let us see if it is a love-story. The following omits no essential point.

Page 510

HOW RUTH COURTED BOAZ

It came to pass during a famine that a certain man went to sojourn in the country of Moab with his wife, whose name was Naomi, and two sons. The husband died there and the two sons also, having married, died after ten years, leaving Naomi a widow with two widowed daughters-in-law, whose names were Orpah and Ruth. She decided to return to the country whence she had come, but advised the younger widows to remain and go back to the families of their mothers. I am too old, she said, to bear again husbands for you, and even if I could do so, would you therefore tarry till they were grown? Orpah thereupon kissed her mother-in-law and went back to her people; but Ruth clave unto her and said "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge.... Where thou diest, will I die." So the two went until they came to Bethlehem, in which place Naomi had a kinsman of her husband, a mighty man of wealth, whose name was Boaz. They arrived in the beginning of the barley harvest, and Ruth went and gleaned in the field after the reapers. Her hap was to light on the portion of the field belonging to Boaz. When he saw her he asked the reapers "Whose damsel is this?" And they told him. Then Boaz spoke to Ruth and told her to glean in his field and abide with his maidens, and when athirst drink of that which the young men had drawn; and he told the young men not to touch her. At meal-time he gave her bread to eat and vinegar to dip it in, and he told his young men to let her glean even among the sheaves and also to pull out some for her from the bundles, and leave it, and let her glean and rebuke her not. And he did all this because, as he said to her,

"It hath been shewed me, all that them hast done to thy mother-in-law since the death of thine husband: and how thou hast left thy father and mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore."

So Ruth gleaned in the field until even; then she beat out what she had gleaned and took it to Naomi and told her all that had happened. And Naomi said unto her,

"My daughter, shall I not seek rest for thee, that it may be well with thee? And now is there not Boaz our kinsman, with whose maidens thou wast? Behold, he winnoweth barley to-night in the threshing-floor. Wash thyself therefore, and anoint thee and put thy raiment upon thee, and get thee down to the threshing-floor; but make not thyself known unto the man, until he shall have done eating and drinking. And it shall be, when he lieth down, that thou shalt mark the place where he shall lie, and thou shalt go in, and uncover his feet, and lay thee down; and he will tell thee what thou wilt do."

And Ruth did as her mother-in-law bade her. And when Boaz had eaten and drunk, and his heart was merry, he went to lie down at the end of the heap of corn; and she came softly and uncovered his feet, and laid her down. And it came to pass at midnight, that the man was afraid [startled], and turned himself; and, behold, a woman lay at his feet.

And he said, “who art thou?” And she answered, “I am Ruth thine handmaid; spread therefore thy skirt over thine handmaid; for thou art a near kinsman.” And he said,

Page 511

“Blessed be thou of the Lord, my daughter; thou hast shewed more kindness in the latter end, than at the beginning, inasmuch as thou followedst not young men, whether poor or rich. And now, my daughter, fear not; I will do to thee all that thou sayest; for all the city of my people doth know that thou art a virtuous woman. And now it is true that I am a near kinsman: howbeit there is a kinsman nearer than I. Tarry this night, and it shall be in the morning, that if he will perform unto thee the part of a kinsman, well; let him do the kinsman’s part; but if he will not do the part of a kinsman to thee, then will I do the part of a kinsman to thee, as the LORD liveth: lie down until the morning.”

And she lay at his feet until the morning: and she rose up before one could discern another. For he said, “Let it not be known that the woman came to the threshing-floor.” Then he gave her six measures of barley and went into the city. He sat at the gate until the other kinsman he had spoken of came by, and Boaz said to him,

“Naomi selleth the parcel of land which was our brother Elimelech’s. If thou wilt redeem it, redeem it; but if thou wilt not redeem it, then tell me that I may know; for there is none to redeem it beside thee; and I am after thee. What day thou buyest the field of the hand of Naomi, thou must buy it also of Ruth, the wife of the dead, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance.”

And the near kinsman said, “I cannot redeem it for myself, lest I mar mine own inheritance; take then my right of redemption on thee; for I cannot redeem it. Buy it for thyself.” And he drew off his shoe. And Boaz called the elders to witness, saying,

“Ruth the Moabite, the wife of Mahlon, have I purchased to be my wife, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance, that the name of the dead be not cut off from among his brethren, and from the gate of his place.”

So Boaz took Ruth, and she became his wife.

How anyone can read this charmingly told, frank, and realistic tale of ancient Hebrew life and call it a love-story, passeth all understanding. There is not the slightest suggestion of love, either sensual or sentimental, on the part of either Ruth or Boaz. Ruth, at the suggestion of her mother-in-law, spends a night in a way which would convict a Christian widow, to say the least, of an utter lack of that modesty and coy reserve which are a woman’s great charm, and which, even among the pastoral Hebrews, cannot have been approved, inasmuch as Boaz did not want it to be known that she had come to the threshing-floor. He praises Ruth for following “not young men, whether rich or poor.” She followed him, a wealthy old man. Would love have acted thus? What she wanted was not a lover but a protector (“rest for thee that it may be well for thee,” as Naomi said frankly), and above all a son in order that her husband’s name might not perish. Boaz understands

Page 512

this as a matter of course; but so far is he, on his part, from being in love with Ruth, that he offers her first to the other relative, and on his refusal, buys her for himself, without the least show of emotion indicating that he was doing anything but his duty. He was simply fulfilling the law of the Levirate, as written in Deuteronomy (25:5), ordaining that if a husband die without leaving a son his brother shall take the widow to him to wife and perform the duty of an husband's brother unto her; that is, to beget a son (the first-born) who shall succeed in the name of his dead brother, "that his name be not blotted out of Israel." How very seriously the Hebrews took this law is shown by the further injunction that if a brother refuses thus to perform his duty, "then the elders of his city shall call him, and speak unto him: and if he stand and say, I like not to take her; then shall his brother's wife come into him in the presence of the elders, and loose his shoe off his foot, and spit in his face; and she shall answer and say, so shall it be done unto the man that doth not build up his brother's house. And his name shall be called in Israel, the house of him that hath his shoe loosed."

Onan was even slain for thus refusing to do his duty (Gen. 38:8-10).

NO SYMPATHY OR SENTIMENT

The three R's of Hebrew love thus show how these people arranged their marriages with reference to social and religious customs or utilitarian considerations, buying their wives by service or otherwise, without any thought of sentimental preferences and sympathies, such as underlie modern Christian marriages of the higher order. It might be argued that the ingredients of romantic love existed, but simply are not dwelt on in the old Hebrew stories. But it is impossible to believe that the Bible, that truly inspired and wonderfully realistic transcript of life, which records the minutest details, should have neglected in its thirty-nine books, making over seven hundred pages of fine print, to describe at least one case of sentimental infatuation, romantic adoration, and self-sacrificing devotion in pre-matrimonial love, had such love existed. Why should it have neglected to describe the manifestations of sentimental love, since it dwells so often on the symptoms and results of sensual passion? Stories of lust abound in the Hebrew Scriptures; Genesis alone has five. The Lord repented that he had made man on earth and destroyed even his chosen people, all but Noah, because every imagination in the thoughts of man's heart "was only evil continually." But the flood did not cure the evil, nor did the destruction of Sodom, as a warning example. It is after those events that the stories are related of Lot's incestuous daughters, the seduction of Dinah, the crime of Judah and Tamar, the lust of Potiphar's wife, of David and Bath-sheba, of Amnon and Tamar, of Absalom on the roof, with many other references to such crimes.[288]

Page 513

A MASCULINE IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD

There is every reason to conclude that these ancient Jews, unlike many of their modern descendants, knew only the coarser phases of the instinct which draws man to woman. They knew not romantic love for the simple reason that they had not discovered the charm of refined femininity, or even recognized woman's right to exist for her own sake, and not merely as man's domestic servant and the mother of his sons. "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee," Eve was told in Eden, and her male descendants administered that punishment zealously and persistently; whereas the same lack of gallantry which led Adam to put all the blame on Eve impelled his descendants to make the women share his part of the curse too—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread"; for they were obliged to do not only all the work in the house, but most of that in the fields, seething under a tropical sun. From this point of view the last chapter of the Proverbs (31:10-31) is instructive. It is often referred to as a portrait of a perfect woman, but in reality it is little more than a picture of Hebrew masculine selfishness. Of the forty-five lines making up this chapter, nine are devoted to praise of the feminine virtues of fidelity to a husband, kindness to the needy, strength, dignity, wisdom, and fear of the Lord; while the rest of the chapter goes to show that the Hebrew woman indeed "eateth not the bread of idleness," and that the husband "shall have no lack of gain"—or spoil, as the alternative reading is:

"She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchant ships: she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and their task to the maidens. She considereth a field and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.... She perceiveth that her merchandise is profitable. Her lamp goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the distaff, and her hands hold the spindle.... She maketh for herself carpets of tapestry.... She maketh linen garments and selleth them; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant."

As for the husband, he "is known in the gates, When he sitteth among the elders of the land," which is an easy and pleasant thing to do; hardly in accordance with the curse the Lord pronounced on Adam and his male descendants. The wife being thus the maid of all work, as among Indians and other primitive races, it is natural that the ancient Hebrew ideal of femininity should be masculine: "She girdeth her loins with strength, and maketh strong her arms;" while the feminine charms are sneered at: "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain."

NOT THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL OF LOVE

Not only feminine charms, but the highest feminine virtues are sometimes strangely, nay, shockingly disregarded, as in the story of Lot (Gen. 19:1-12), who, when besieged

by the mob clamoring for the two men who had taken refuge in his house, went out and said:

Page 514

"I pray you, my brethren, do not so wickedly. Behold now, I have two daughters which have not known man; let me, I pray you, bring them out unto you, and do ye to them as is good in your eyes; only unto these men do nothing, forasmuch as they are come under the shadow of my roof."

And this man was saved, though his action was surely more villainous than the wickedness of the Sodomites who were destroyed with brimstone and fire. In Judges (19: 22-30) we read of a man offering his maiden daughter and his concubine to a mob to prevent an unnatural crime being committed against his guest: "Seeing that this man is come into my house, do not this folly." This case is of extreme sociological importance as showing that notwithstanding the strict laws of Moses (Levit. 20: 10; Deut. 22: 13-30) on sexual crimes, the law of hospitality seems to have been held more sacred than a father's regard for his daughter's honor. The story of Abraham shows, too, that he did not hold his wife's honor in the same esteem as a modern Christian does:

"And it came to pass, when he was come near to enter into Egypt, that he said unto Sarai his wife, 'Behold now, I know that thou art a fair woman to look upon; and it shall come to pass, when the Egyptians shall see thee, that they shall say, This is his wife; and they will kill me, but they will save thee alive. Say, I pray thee, Thou art my sister; that it may be well with me for thy sake, and that my soul may live because of thee.'"

And it happened as he had arranged. She was taken into Pharaoh's house and he was treated well for her sake; and he had sheep, and oxen, and other presents. When he went to sojourn in Gerar (Gen. 20:1-15) Abraham tried to repeat the same stratagem, taking refuge, when found out, in the double excuse that he was afraid he would be slain for his wife's sake, and that she really was his sister, the daughter of his father, but not the daughter of his mother. Isaac followed his father's example in Gerar:

"The man of the place asked him of his wife; and he said, She is my sister: for he feared to say, My wife; lest (said he) the men of the place should kill me for Rebekah; because she was fair to look upon."

Yet we were told that Isaac loved Rebekah. Such is not Christian love. The actions of Abraham and Isaac remind one of the Blackfoot Indian tale told on page 631 of this volume. An American army officer would not only lay down his own life, but shoot his wife with his own pistol before he would allow her to fall into the enemy's hands, because to him her honor is, of all things human, the most sacred.

UNCHIVALROUS SLAUGHTER OF WOMEN

Page 515

Emotions are the product of actions or of ideas about actions. Inasmuch as Hebrew actions toward women and ideas about them were so radically different from ours it logically follows that they cannot have known the emotions of love as we know them. The only symptom of love referred to in the Hebrew Scriptures is Amnon's getting lean from day to day and feigning sickness (II. Sam. 13: 1-22); and the story shows what kind of love that was. It would be contrary to all reason and psychological consistency to suppose that modern tenderness of romantic feeling toward women could have existed among a people whose greatest and wisest man could, for any reason whatever, chide a returning victorious army, as Moses did (Numbers 31: 9-19), for saving all the women alive, and could issue this command:

"Now, therefore, kill every male among the living ones, and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him. But all the women children that have not known man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselves."

The Arabs were the first Asiatics who spared women in war; the Hebrews had not risen to that chivalrous stage of civilization. Joshua (8:26) destroyed Ai and slew 12,000, "both of men and women;" and in Judges (21:10-12) we read how the congregation sent an army of 12,000 men and commanded them, saying,

"Go and smite the inhabitants of Jabesh-gilead with the edge of the sword, with the women and the little ones. And this is the thing ye shall do; ye shall utterly destroy every male and every woman that hath lain by man."

And they did so, sparing only the four hundred virgins. These were given to the tribe of Benjamin, "that a tribe be not blotted out from Israel;" and when it was found that more were needed they lay in wait in the vineyards, and when the daughters of Shiloh came out to dance, they caught them and carried them off as their wives; whence we see that these Hebrews had not advanced beyond the low stage of evolution, when wives are secured by capture or killed after battle. Among such seek not for romantic love.

FOUR MORE BIBLE STORIES

Dr. Trumbull's opinion has already been cited that there are certainly "gleams of romantic love from out of the clouds of degraded human passions in the ancient East," in the stories of Shechem and Dinah, Samson and the damsel of Timnah, David and Abigail, Adonijah and Abishag. But I fail to find even "gleams" of romantic love in these stories. Shechem said he loved Dinah, the daughter of Jacob and Leah, but he humbled her and dealt with her "as with an harlot," as her brothers said after they had slain him for his conduct toward her. Concerning Samson and the Timnah girl we are simply told that he saw her and told his father, "Get her for me; for she pleaseth me well" (literally, "she is right in my eyes"). And this is evidence of romantic love! As for Abigail, after her husband has refused

Page 516

to feed David's shepherds, and David has made up his mind therefore to slay him and his offspring, she takes provisions and meets David and induces him not to commit that crime; she does this not from love for her husband, for when David has received her presents he says to her, "See, I have hearkened to thy voice, and have accepted thy person." Ten days later, Abigail's husband died, and when David heard of it he "sent and spake concerning Abigail, to take her to him to wife.... And she rose and bowed herself with her face to the earth, and said, Behold, thine handmaid is a servant to wash the feet of the servants of my lord. And Abigail, hasted, and arose, and rode upon an ass, with five damsels of hers that followed her; and she went after the messengers of David, and became his wife."

And as if to emphasize how utterly unsentimental and un-Christian a transaction this was, the next sentence tells us that "David also took Ahinoam of Jezreel; and they became both of them his wives."

ABISHAG THE SHUNAMMITE

The last of the stories referred to by Dr. Trumbull, though as far from proving his point as the others, is of peculiar interest because it introduces us to the maiden who is believed by some commentators to be the same as the Shulamite, the heroine of the *Song of Songs*. After Solomon had become king his elder brother, Adonijah, went to the mother of Solomon, Bath-sheba, and said:

"Thou knowest thy kingdom was mine, and that all Israel set their faces on me, that I should reign: howbeit the kingdom is turned about, and is become my brother's: for it was his from the Lord. And now I ask one petition of thee, deny me not.... Speak, I pray thee, unto Solomon the king (for he will not say thee nay) that he give me Abishag the Shunammite to wife."

But when Solomon heard this request he declared that Adonijah had spoken that word against his own life; and he sent a man who fell on him and killed him.

Who was this Abishag, the Shunammite? The opening lines of the First Book of Kings tell us how she came to the court:

"Now King David was old and stricken in years; and they covered him with clothes, but he gat no heat. Wherefore his servants said unto him, Let there be sought for my lord the king, a young virgin, and let her stand before the king and cherish him; and let her lie in thy bosom, that my lord the king may get heat. So they sought for a fair damsel throughout all the coasts of Israel, and found Abishag the Shunammite, and brought her to the king. And the damsel was very fair; and she cherished the king, and ministered to him; but the king knew her not."

THE SONG OF SONGS

Now it is plausibly conjectured that this Abishag of Shunam or Shulam (a town north of Jerusalem) was the same as the Shulamite of the *Song of Songs*, and that in the lines 6:11-12 she tells how she was kidnapped and brought to court.



Page 517

I went down into the garden of nuts,
To see the green plants of the valley,
To see whether the vine budded,
And the pomegranates were in flower,
Or ever I was aware, my soul [desire] set me
Among the chariots of my princely people.

She also explains why her face is tanned like the dark tents of Kedar: "My mother's sons were incensed against me, They made me keeper of the vineyards." The added words "mine own vineyard have I not kept" are interpreted by some as an apology for her neglected personal appearance, but Renan (10) more plausibly refers them to her consciousness of some indiscretion, which led to her capture. We may suppose that, attracted by the glitter and the splendor of the royal cavalcade, she for a moment longed to enjoy it, and her desire was gratified. Brought to court to comfort the old king, she remained after his death at the palace, and Solomon, who wished to add her to his harem, killed his own brother when he found him coveting her. The maiden soon regrets her indiscretion in having exposed herself to capture. She is "a rose of Sharon, a lily of the valley," and she feels like a wildflower transplanted to a palace hall. While Solomon in all his glory urges his suit, she, tormented by homesickness, thinks only of her vineyard, her orchards, and the young shepherd whose love she enjoyed in them. Absent-minded, as one in a reverie, or dreaming aloud, she answers the addresses of the king and his women in words that ever refer to her shepherd lover:[289]

"Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest thy flock." "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of henna flowers in the vineyards of En-gedi." "Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea pleasant: Also our couch is green." "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." "The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills." "My beloved is mine, and I am his: He feedeth his flock among the lilies," "Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field, let us lodge in the villages. Let us get up early to the vineyards.... There will I give thee my love."

The home-sick country girl, in a word, has found out that the splendors of the palace are not to her taste, and the thought of being a young shepherd's darling is pleasanter to her than that of being an old king's concubine. The polygamous rapture with which Solomon addresses her: "There are three-score queens and four-score concubines, and maidens without number," does not appeal to her rural taste. She has no desire to be the hundred and forty-first piece of mosaic inlaid in Solomon's palanquin (III., 9-10), and she stubbornly resists his advances until, impressed by her firmness, and unwilling to force her, the king allows her to return to her vineyard and her lover.

Page 518

The view that the gist of the *Song of Songs* is the Shulamite's love of a shepherd and her persistent resistance to the advances of Solomon, was first advanced in 1771 by J.F. Jacobi, and is now universally accepted by the commentators, the overwhelming majority of whom have also given up the artificial and really blasphemous allegorical interpretation of this poem once in vogue, but ignored in the Revised Version, as well as the notion that Solomon wrote the poem. Apart from all other arguments, which are abundant, it is absurd to suppose that Solomon would have written a drama to proclaim his own failure to win the love of a simple country girl. In truth, it is very probable that, as Renan has eloquently set forth (91-100), the *Song of Songs* was written practically for the purpose of holding up Solomon to ridicule. In the northern part of his kingdom there was a strong feeling against him on account of his wicked ways and vicious innovations, especially his harem, and other expensive habits that impoverished the country. "Taken all in all," says the Rev. W.E. Griffis, of Solomon (44),

"he was probably one of the worst sinners described in the Old Testament. With its usual truth and fearlessness, the Scriptures expose his real character, and by the later prophets and by Jesus he is ignored or referred to only in rebuke."

The contempt and hatred inspired by his actions were especially vivid shortly after his death, when the *Song of Songs* is believed to have been written (Renan, 97); and, as this author remarks (100),

"the poet seems to have been animated by a real spite against the king; the establishment of a harem, in particular, appears to incense him greatly, and he takes evident pleasure in showing us a simple shepherd girl triumphing over the presumptuous sultan who thinks he can buy love, like everything else, with his gold."

That this is intended to be the moral of this Biblical drama is further shown by the famous lines near the close:

"For love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave [literally: passion is as inexorable (or hard) as sheol]: The flashes thereof are flashes of fire, a very flame of the Lord. Many waters cannot quench it, nor can the floods drown it: If a man should give all the substance of his house for love, he [it] would utterly be contemned."

These lines constitute the last of the passages cited by my critics to prove that the ancient Hebrews knew romantic love and its power. They doubtless did know the power of love; all the ancient civilized nations knew it as a violent sensual impulse which blindly sacrifices life to attain its object. The ancient Hindoos embodied their idea of irresistible power in the force and fury of an amorous elephant. Among animals in general, love is even stronger than death. Male animals of most species engage in deadly combat for the females. "For most

Page 519

insects,” says Letourneau, “to love and to die are almost synonymous terms, and yet they do not even try to resist the amorous frenzy that urges them on.” Yet no one would dream of calling this romantic love; from that it differs as widely as the insect mind in general differs from the human mind. Waters cannot quench any kind of love or affection nor floods drown it. What we are seeking for are *actions or words describing the specific symptoms of sentimental love*, and these are not to be found in this passage any more than elsewhere in the Bible. An old man may buy a girl’s body, but he cannot, with all his wealth and splendor, awaken her love, either sentimental or sensual; love, whatever its nature, will always prefer the apple-tree and the shepherd lover to the vain desires and a thousand times divided attentions of a decrepit king, though he be a Solomon.

It would be strange if this purely profane poem, which was added to the Scriptural collection only by an unusual stretch of liberality,[290] and in which there is not one mention of God or of religion, should give a higher conception of sexual love than the books which are accepted as inspired, and which paint manners, emotions, and morals as the writers found them. As a matter of fact the *Song of Songs* was long held to be so objectionable that the Talmudists did not allow young people to read it before their thirtieth year. Whiston denounced it as foolish, lascivious, and idolatrous. “The excessively amative character of some passages is designated as almost blasphemous when supposed to be addressed by Christ to his Church,”[291] as it was by the allegorists. On the other hand there is a class of commentators to whom this poem is the ideal of all that is pure and lovely. Herder went into ecstasies over it. Israel Abrahams refers to it (163) as “the noblest of love-poems;” as “this idealization of love.” The Rev. W.E. Griffis declares rapturously (166, 63, 21, 16, 250) that “the purest-minded virgin may safely read the *Song of Songs*, in which is no trace of immoral thought.” In it “sensuality is scorned and pure love glorified;” it “sets forth the eternal romance of true love,” and is “chastely pure in word and delicate in idea throughout.” “The poet of the Canticle shows us how to love.” “An angel might envy such artless love dwelling in a human heart.”

The truth, as usual in such cases, lies about half-way between these extreme views. There is only one passage which is objectionably coarse in the English version and in the Hebrew original obscene;[292] yet, on the other hand, I maintain that the whole poem is purely Oriental in its exclusively sensuous and often sensual character, and that there is not a trace of romantic sentiment such as would color a similar love-story if told by a modern poet. The *Song of Songs* is so confused in its arrangement, its plan so obscure, its repetitions and repeated denouements so puzzling,[293]

Page 520

that commentators are not always agreed as to what character in the drama is to be held responsible for certain lines; but for our purpose this difficulty makes no difference. Taking the lines just as they stand, I find that the following:—1: 2-4, 13 (in one version), 17; 2: 6; 4: 16; 5: 1; 8: 2, 3—are indelicate in language or suggestion, as every student of Oriental amorous poetry knows, and no amount of specious argumentation can alter this. The descriptions of the beauty and charms of the beloved or the lover, are, moreover, invariably sensuous and often sensual. Again and again are their bodily charms dwelt on rapturously, as is customary in the poems of all Orientals with all sorts of quaint hyperbolic comparisons, some of which are poetic, others grotesque. No fewer than five times are the external charms thus enumerated, but not once in the whole poem is any allusion made to the spiritual attractions, the mental and moral charms of femininity which are the food of romantic love. Mr. Griffis, who cannot help commenting (223) on this frequent description of the human body, makes a desperate effort to come to the rescue. Referring to 4: 12-14, he says (212) that the lover now “adds a more delicate compliment to her modesty, her instinctive refinement, her chaste life, her purity amid court temptations. He praises her inward ornaments, her soul’s charms.” What are these ornaments? The possible reference to her chastity in the lines: “A garden shut up is my sister, my bride. A spring shut up, a fountain sealed”—a reference which, if so intended, would be regarded by a Christian maiden not as a compliment, but an insult; while every student of Eastern manners knows that an Oriental makes of his wife “a garden shut up,” and “a fountain sealed” not by way of complimenting her chastity, but because he has no faith in it whatever, knowing that so far as it exists it is founded on fear, not on affection. Mr. Griffis knows this himself when he does not happen to be idealizing an impossible shepherd girl, for he says (161): “To one familiar with the literature, customs, speech, and ideas of the women who live where idolatry prevails, and the rulers and chief men of the country keep harems, the amazing purity and modesty of maidens reared in Christian homes is like a revelation from heaven.”[294]

Supersensual charms are not alluded to in the *Song of Songs*, for the simple reason that Orientals never did, and do not now, care for such charms in women or cultivate them. They know love only as an appetite, and in accordance with Oriental taste and custom the *Song of Songs* compares it always to things that are good to eat or drink or smell. Hence such ecstatic expressions as “How much better is thy love than wine! And the smell of thine ointments than all manner of spices!” Hence her declaration that her beloved is

Page 521

“as the apple-tree among the trees of the wood.... I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.... Stay ye me with raisins, comfort me with apples: For I am sick of love. His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.”

Hence the shepherd's description of his love: “I am come into the garden, my sister, my bride: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice: I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk.”

Modern love does not express itself in such terms; it is more mental and sentimental, more esthetic and sympathetic, more decorous and delicate, more refined and supersensual. While it is possible that, as Renan suggests (143), the author of the Canticles conceived his heroine as a saint of her time, rising above sordid reality, it is clear from all we have said that the author himself was not able to rise above Orientalism. The manners of the East, both ancient and modern, are incompatible with romantic love, because they suppress the evolution of feminine refinement and sexual mentality. The documents of the Hebrews, like those of the Hindoos and Persians, Greeks, and Romans, prove that tender, refined, and unselfish affection between the sexes, far from being one of the first shoots of civilization, is its last and most beautiful flower.

GREEK LOVE-STORIES AND POEMS

The most obstinate disbeliever in the doctrine that romantic love, instead of being one of the earliest products of civilization, is one of the latest, will have to capitulate if it can be shown that even the Greeks, the most cultivated and refined nation of antiquity, knew it only in its sensual and selfish side, which is not true love, but self-love. In reality I have already shown this to be the case incidentally in the sections in which I have traced the evolution of the fourteen ingredients of love. In the present chapter, therefore, we may confine ourselves chiefly to a consideration of the stories and poems which have fostered the belief I am combating. But first we must hear what the champions of the Greeks have to say in their behalf.

CHAMPIONS OF GREEK LOVE

Professor Rohde declares emphatically (70) that “no one would be so foolish as to doubt the existence of pure and strong love” among the ancient Greeks. Another eminent German scholar, Professor Ebers, sneers at the idea that the Greeks were not familiar with the love we know and celebrate. Having been criticised for making the lovers in his ancient historic romances act and talk and express their feelings precisely as modern lovers in Berlin or Leipsic do, he wrote for the second edition of his *Egyptian*

Princess a preface in which he tries to defend his position. He admits that he did, perhaps, after all, put too warm colors on his canvas, and frankly confesses that

Page 522

when he examined in the sunshine what he had written by lamplight, he made up his mind to destroy his love-scenes, but was prevented by a friend. He admits, too, that Christianity refined the relations between the sexes; yet he thinks it “quite conceivable that a Greek heart should have felt as tenderly, as longingly as a Christian heart,” and he refers to a number of romantic stories invented by the Greeks as proof that they knew love in our sense of the word—such stories as Apuleius’s *Cupid and Psyche*, Homer’s portrait of Penelope, Xenophon’s tale of Panthea and Abradates.

“Can we assume even the gallantry of love to have been unknown in a country where the hair of a queen, Berenice, was transferred as a constellation to the skies; or can devotion to love be doubted in the case of peoples who, for the sake of a beautiful woman, wage terrible wars with bitter pertinacity?”

Hegel’s episodic suggestion referred to in our first chapter regarding the absence of romantic love in ancient Greek literature having thus failed to convince even his own countrymen, it was natural that my revival of that suggestion, as a detail of my general theory of the evolution of love, should have aroused a chorus of critical dissent. Commenting on my assertion that there are no stories of romantic love in Greek literature, an editorial writer in the London *Daily News* exclaimed: “Why, it would be less wild to remark that the Greeks had nothing but love-stories.” After referring to the stories of Orpheus and Eurydice, Meleager and Atalanta, Alcyone and Ceyx, Cephalus and Procris, the writer adds,

“It is no exaggeration to say that any school-girl could tell Mr. Finck a dozen others.”
“The Greeks were human beings, and had the sentiments of human beings, which really vary but little....”

The New York *Mail and Express* also devoted an editorial article to my book, in which it remarked that if romantic love is, as I claim, an exclusively modern sentiment,

“we must get rid of some old-fashioned fancies. How shall we hereafter classify our old friends Hero and Leander? Leander was a fine fellow, just like the handsomest boy you know. He fell in love with the lighthouse-keeper’s daughter[!] and used to swim over the river[!] every night and make love to her. It was all told by an old Greek named Musaeus. How did he get such modern notions into his noddle? How, moreover, shall we classify Daphnis and Chloe? This fine old romance of Longus is as sweet and beautiful a love-story as ever skipped in prose.”

“Daphnis and Chloe,” wrote a New Haven critic, “is one of the most idyllic love-stories ever written.” “The love story of Hero and Leander upsets this author’s theory completely,” said a Rochester reviewer, while a St. Louis critic declared boldly that “in the pages of Achilles Tatius and Theodorus, inventors of the modern novel, the young men and maidens loved as romantically as in Miss Evans’s latest.” A Boston censor pronounced my theory “simply absurd,” adding:

Page 523

“Mr. Finck’s reading, wide as it is, is not wide enough; for had he read the Alexandrian poets, Theophrastus especially, or Behr A’Adin among the Arabs, to speak of no others, he could not possibly have had courage left to maintain his theory; and with him, really, it seems more a matter of courage than of facts, notwithstanding his evident training in a scientific atmosphere.”

GLADSTONE ON THE WOMEN OF HOMER

The divers specifications of my ignorance and stupidity contained in the foregoing criticisms will be attended to in their proper place in the chronological order of the present chapter, which naturally begins with Homer’s epics, as nothing definite is known of Greek literature before them. Homer is now recognized as the first poet of antiquity, not only in the order of time; but it took Europe many centuries to discover that fact. During the Middle Ages the second-rate Virgil was held to be a much greater genius than Homer, and it was in England, as Professor Christ notes (69), that the truer estimate originated. Pope’s translation of the Homeric poems, with all its faults, helped to dispel the mists of ignorance, and in 1775 appeared Robert Wood’s book, *On the Original Genius and Writings of Homer*, which combated the foolish prejudice against the poet, due to the coarseness of the manners he depicts. Wood admits (161) that “most of Homer’s heroes would, in the present age, be capitally convicted, in any country in Europe, on the poet’s evidence;” but this, he explains, does not detract from the greatness of Homer, who, upon an impartial view, “will appear to excel his own state of society, in point of decency and delicacy, as much as he has surpassed more polished ages in point of genius.”

In this judicious discrimination between the genius of Homer and the realistic coarseness of his heroes, Wood forms an agreeable contrast to many modern Homeric scholars, notably the Rt. Hon. W.E. Gladstone, who, having made this poet his hobby, tried to persuade himself and his readers that nearly everything relating not only to Homer, but to the characters he depicts, was next door to perfection. Confining ourselves to the topic that concerns us here, we read, in his *Studies on Homer* (II., 502), that “we find throughout the poems those signs of the overpowering force of conjugal attachments which ... we might expect.” And in his shorter treatise on Homer he thus sums up his views as to the position and estimate of woman in the heroic age, as revealed in Homer’s female characters:

“The most notable of them compare advantageously with those commended to us in the Old Testament; while Achaian Jezebels are nowhere found. There is a certain authority of the man over the woman; but it does not destroy freedom, or imply the absence either of respect, or of a close mental and moral fellowship. Not only the relation of Odysseus to Penelope and

Page 524

of Hector to Andromache, but those of Achilles to Briseis, and of Menelaus to the returned Helen, are full of dignity and attachment. Briseis was but a captive, yet Achilles viewed her as in expectation a wife, called her so, avowed his love for her, and laid it down that not he only, but every man must love his wife if he had sense and virtue. Among the Achaian Greeks monogamy is invariable; divorce unknown; incest abhorred.... The sad institution which, in Saint Augustine's time, was viewed by him as saving the world from yet worse evil is unknown or unrecorded. Concubinage prevails in the camp before Troy, but only simple concubinage. Some of the women, attendants in the Ithacan palace, were corrupted by the evil-minded Suitors; but some were not. It should, perhaps, be noted as a token of the respect paid to the position of the woman, that these very bad men are not represented as ever having included in their plans the idea of offering violence to Penelope. The noblest note, however, of the Homeric woman remains this, that she shared the thought and heart of her husband: as in the fine utterance of Penelope she prays that rather she may be borne away by the Harpies than remain to 'glad the heart of a meaner man' (*Od.* XX., 82) than her husband, still away from her."

Only a careful student of Homer can quite realize the diplomatic astuteness which inspired this sketch of Homeric morals. Its amazing sophistry can, however, be made apparent even to one who has never read the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

ACHILLES AS A LOVER

The Trojan War lasted ten years. Its object was to punish Paris, son of the King of Troy, for eloping with Helen, the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, and taking away a shipload of treasures to boot. The subject of Homer's *Iliad* is popularly supposed to be this Trojan War; in reality, however, it covers less than two months (fifty-two days) of those ten years, and its theme, as the first lines indicate, is the wrath of Achilles—the ruinous wrath, which in the tenth year, brought on the other Greek warriors woes innumerable. Achilles had spent much of the intervening time in ravaging twelve cities of Asia Minor, carrying away treasures and captive women, after the piratical Greek custom. One of these captives was Briseis, a high priest's daughter, whose husband and three brothers he had slain with his own hand, and who became his favorite concubine. King Agamemnon, the chief commander of the Greek forces, also had for his favorite concubine a high priest's daughter, named Chryseis. Her father came to ransom the captive girl, but Agamemnon refused to give her up because, as he confessed with brutal frankness, he preferred her to his wife.[295] For this refusal Apollo brings a pestilence on the Greek army, which can be abated only by restoring Chryseis to her father. Agamemnon at last consents, on condition that some

Page 525

other prize of honor be given to him—though, as Thersites taunts him (II, 226-228), his tents are already full of captive women, among whom he always has had first choice. Achilles, too, informs him that he shall have all the women he wants when Troy is taken; but what really hurts Agamemnon's feelings is not so much the loss of his favorite as the thought that the hated Achilles should enjoy Briseis, while his prize, Chryseis, must be returned to her father. So he threatens to retaliate on Achilles by taking Briseis from his tent and keeping her for himself. "I would deserve the name of coward," retorts Achilles "were I to yield to you in everything.... But this let me say—Never shall I lift my arm to strive for the girl either with you or any other man; you gave her, you can take her. But of all else, by the dark ship, that belongs to me, thereof you shall not take anything against my will. Do that and all shall see your black blood trickle down my spear."

Having made this "uncowardly," chivalrous, and romantic distinction between his two kinds of property—yielding Briseis, but threatening murder if aught else belonging to him be touched—Achilles goes and orders his friend Patroclus to take the young woman from the tent and give her to the king. She leaves her paramour—her husband's and brothers' murderer—unwillingly, and he sits down and weeps—why? because, as he tells his mother, he has been insulted by Agamemnon, who has taken away his prize of honor. From that moment Achilles refuses to join the assemblies, or take a part in the battles, thus bringing "woes innumerable" on his countrymen. He refuses to yield even after Agamemnon, alarmed by his reverses, seeks to conciliate him by offering him gold and horses and women in abundance; telling him he shall have back his Briseis, whom the king swears he has never touched, and, besides her, seven Lesbian women of more than human beauty; also, the choice of twenty Trojan women as soon as the city capitulates; and, in addition to these, one of the three princesses, his own daughters—twenty-nine women in all!

Must not a hero who so stubbornly and wrathfully resented the seizure of his concubine have been deeply in love with her? He himself remarks to Odysseus, who comes to attempt a reconciliation (IX., 340-44):

"Do the sons of Atreus alone of mortal men love their bedfellows? Every man who is good and sensible loves his concubine and cares for her as I too love mine with all my heart, though but the captive of my spear."

Gladstone here translates the word [Greek: *alochos*] "wife," though, as far as Achilles is concerned, it means concubine. Of course it would have been awkward for England's Prime Minister to make Achilles say that "every man must love his concubine, if he has sense and virtue;" so he arbitrarily changes the meaning of the word and then begs us to notice the moral beauty of this sentiment and the "dignity" of the relation between Achilles and Briseis! Yet no one seems to have denounced him for this transgression against ethics, philology, and common sense. On the contrary, a host of translators and commentators have done the same thing, to the obscuration of the truth.

Page 526

Nor is this all. When we examine what the Achilles of Homer means by the fine phrase “every man loves his bedfellow as I love mine,” we come across a grotesque parody even of sensual infatuation, not to speak of romantic love. If Achilles had been animated by the strong individual preference which sometimes results even from animal passion, he would not have told Agamemnon, “take Briseis, but don’t you dare to touch any of my other property or I will smash your skull.” If he had been what we understand by a lover, he would not have been represented by the poet, after Briseis was taken away from him, as having “his heart consumed by grief” because “he yearned for *the battle*.” He would, instead, have yearned for the girl. And when Agamemnon offered to give her back untouched, Achilles, had he been a real lover, would have thrown pride and wrath to the winds and accepted the offer with eagerness and alacrity.

But the most amazing part of the story is reached when we ask what Achilles means when he says that every good and sensible man [Greek: *phileei kai kaedetai*—loves and cherishes—his concubine, as he professes to love his own. *How* does he love Briseis? Patroclus had promised her (XIX., 297-99), probably for reasons of his own (she is represented as being extremely fond of him), to see to it that Achilles would ultimately make her his legitimate wife, but Achilles himself never dreams of such a thing, as we see in lines 393-400, book IX. After refusing the offer of one of Agamemnon’s daughters, he goes on to remark:

“If the gods preserve me and I return to my home, Peleus himself will seek a wife for me. There are many Achaian maidens in Hellas and Phthia, daughters of city-protecting princes. Among these I shall select the one I desire to be my dear wife. Very often is my manly heart moved with longing to be there to take a wedded wife [Greek: *mnaestaen alochon*], and enjoy the possessions Peleus has gathered.”

And if any further detail were needed to prove how utterly shallow, selfish, and sensual was his “love” of Briseis, we should find it a few lines later (663) where the poet naively tells us, as a matter of course, that

“Achilles slept in the innermost part of the tent and by his side lay a beautiful-cheeked woman, whom he had brought from Lesbos. On the other side lay Patroclus with the fair Isis by his side, the gift of Achilles.”

Obviously even individual preference was not a strong ingredient in the “love” of these “heroes,” and we may well share the significant surprise of Ajax (638) that Achilles should persist in his wrath when seven girls were offered him for one. Evidently the tent of Achilles, like that of Agamemnon, was full of women (in line 366 he especially refers to his assortment of “fair-girdled women” whom he expects to take home when the war is over); yet Gladstone had the audacity to write that though

Page 527

concubinage prevailed in the camp before Troy, it was “only single concubinage.” In his larger treatise he goes so far as to apologize for these ruffians—who captured and traded off women as they would horses or cows—on the ground that they were away from their wives and were indulging in the “mildest and least licentious” of all forms of adultery! Yet Gladstone was personally one of the purest and noblest of men. Strange what somersaults a hobby ridden too hard may induce a man to make in his ethical attitude!

ODYSSEUS, LIBERTINE AND RUFFIAN

If we now turn from the hero of the *Iliad* to the hero of the *Odyssey*, we find the same Gladstone declaring (II., 502) that “while admitting the superior beauty of Calypso as an immortal, Ulysses frankly owns to her that his heart is pining every day for Penelope;” and in the shorter treatise he goes so far as to say (131), that

“the subject of the *Odyssey* gives Homer the opportunity of setting forth the domestic character of Odysseus, in his profound attachment to wife, child, and home, in such a way as to adorn not only the hero, but his age and race.”

The “profound attachment” of Odysseus to his wife may be gauged in the first place by the fact that he voluntarily remained away from her ten years, fighting to recover, for another king, a worthless, adulterous wench. Before leaving on this expedition, from which he feared he might never return, he spoke to his wife, as she herself relates (XVIII., 269), begging her to be mindful of his father and mother, “and when you see our son a bearded man, then marry whom you will, and leave the house now yours”—namely for the benefit of the son, for whose welfare he was thus more concerned than for a monopoly of his wife’s love.

After the Trojan war was ended he embarked for home, but suffered a series of shipwrecks and misfortunes. On the island of Aeaëa he spent a whole year sharing the hospitality and bed of the beautiful sorceress Circe, with no pangs of conscience for such conduct, nor thought of home, till his comrades, in spite of the “abundant meat and pleasant wine,” longed to depart and admonished him in these words: “Unhappy man, it is time to think of your native land, if you are destined ever to be saved and to reach your home in the land of your fathers.” Thus they spoke and “persuaded his manly heart.” In view of the ease with which he thus abandoned himself for a whole year to a life of indulgence, till his comrades prodded his conscience, we may infer that he was not so very unwilling a prisoner afterward, of the beautiful nymph Calypso, who held him eight years by force on her island. We read, indeed, that, at the expiration of these years, Odysseus was always weeping, and his sweet life ebbed away in longing for his home. But all the sentiment is taken out of this by the words which follow: [Greek: epei



ouketi aendane numphae] "*because the nymph pleased him no more!*" Even so Tannhaeuser tired of the pleasures in the grotto of Venus, and begged to be allowed to leave.

Page 528

While thus permitting himself the unrestrained indulgence of his passions, without a thought of his wife, Odysseus has the barbarian's stern notions regarding the duties of women who belong to him. There are fifty young women in his palace at home who ply their hard tasks and bear the servant's lot. Twelve of these, having no one to marry, yield to the temptations of the rich princes who sue for the hand of Penelope in the absence of her husband.

Ulysses, on his return, hears of this, and forthwith takes measures to ascertain who the guilty ones are. Then he tells his son Telemachus and the swineherd and neatherd to

"go and lead forth these serving-maids out of the stately hall to a spot between the roundhouse and the neat courtyard wall, and smite them with your long swords till you take life from all, so that they may forget their secret amours with the suitors."

The "discreet" Telemachus carried out these orders, leading the maids to a place whence there was no escape and exclaiming:

"By no honorable death would I take away the lives of those who poured reproaches on my head and on my mother, and lay beside the suitors."

"He spoke and tied the cable of a dark-bowed ship to a great pillar, then lashed it to the roundhouse, stretching it high across, too high for one to touch the feet upon the ground. And as the wide-winged thrushes or the doves strike on a net set in the bushes; and when they think to go to roost a cruel bed receives them; even so the women held their heads in line, and around every neck a noose was laid that they might die most vilely. They twitched their feet a little, but not long."

A more dastardly, cowardly, unmanly deed is not on record in all human literature, yet the instigator of it, Odysseus, is always the "wise," "royal," "princely," "good," and "godlike," and there is not the slightest hint that the great poet views his assassination of the poor maidens as the act of a ruffian, an act the more monstrous and unpardonable because Homer (XXII., 37) makes Odysseus himself say to the suitors that they outraged his maids by force ([Greek: biaios]). What world-wide difference in this respect between the greatest poet of antiquity and Jesus of Nazareth who, when the Scribes and Pharisees brought before him a woman who had erred like the maids of Odysseus, and asked if she should be stoned as the law of Moses commanded, said unto them, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her;" whereupon, being convicted by their own consciences, they went out one by one. And Jesus said, "Where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" She said, "No man, Lord." And Jesus said unto her, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." He is lenient to the sinner because of his sense of justice and mercy; yet at the same time his ethical ideal is infinitely higher than Homer's. He preaches that "whosoever

Page 529

looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart;" whereas Homer's ideas of sexual morality are, in the last analysis, hardly above those of a savage. The dalliance of Odysseus with the nymphs, and the licentious treatment of women captives by all the "heroes," do not, any more than the cowardly murder of the twelve maids, evoke a word of censure, disgust, or disapproval from his lips.

His gods are on the same low level as his heroes, if not lower. When the spouse of Zeus, king of the gods, wishes to beguile him, she knows no other way than borrowing the girdle of Aphrodite. But this scene (*Iliad*, XIV., 153 *seq.*) is innocuous compared with the shameless description of the adulterous amours of Ares and Aphrodite in the *Odyssey* (VIII., 266-365), in presence of the gods, who treat the matter as a great joke. For a parallel to this passage we would have to descend to the Botocudos or the most degraded Australians. All of which proves that the severity of the punishment inflicted on the twelve maids of Odysseus does not indicate a high regard for chastity, but is simply another illustration of typical barbarous fury against women for presuming to do anything without the consent of the man whose private property they are.

WAS PENELOPE A MODEL WIFE?

If the real Odysseus, unprincipled, unchivalrous, and cruel, is anything but a hero who "adorns his age and race," must it not be conceded, at any rate, that "the unwearied fidelity of Penelope, awaiting through the long revolving years the return of her storm-tossed husband," presents, as Lecky declares (II., 279), and as is commonly supposed, a picture of perennial beauty "which Rome and Christendom, chivalry and modern civilization, have neither eclipsed nor transcended?"

We have seen that the fine words of Achilles regarding his "love" of Briseis are, when confronted with his actions, reduced to empty verbiage. The same result is reached in the case of Penelope, if we subject her actions and motives to a searching critical analysis. Ostensibly, indeed, she is set up as a model of that feminine constancy which men at all times have insisted on while they themselves preferred to be models of inconstancy. As usual in such cases, the feminine model is painted with touches of almost grotesque exaggeration. After the return of Odysseus Penelope informed her nurse (XXIII., 18) that she has not slept soundly all this time—twenty years! Such phrases, too, are used as "longing for Odysseus, I waste my heart away," or "May I go to my dread grave seeing Odysseus still, and never gladden heart of meaner husband." But they are mere phrases. The truth about her attitude and her feelings is told frankly in several places by three different persons—the goddess of wisdom, Telemachus, and Penelope herself. Athene urges Telemachus to make haste that he may find his blameless mother still at home instead of the bride of one of the suitors.

Page 530

"But let her not against your will take treasure from your home. You know a woman's way; she strives to enrich his house who marries her, while of her former children and the husband of her youth, when he is dead she thinks not, and she talks of him no more" (XV., 15-23).

In the next book (73-77) Telemachus says to the swineherd:

"Moreover my mother's feeling wavers, whether to bide beside me here and keep the house, and thus revere her husband's bed and *heed the public voice*, or finally to follow some chief of the Achaians who woos her in the hall with largest gifts."

And a little later (126) he exclaims, "She neither declines the hated suit nor has she power to end it, while they with feasting impoverish my home."

These words of Telcinachus are endorsed in full by Penelope herself, whose remarks (XIX., 524-35) to the disguised Odysseus give us the key to the whole situation and explain why she lies abed so much weeping and not knowing what to do.

" ... so does my doubtful heart toss to and fro whether to bide beside my son and keep all here in safety—my goods, my maids, and my great high-roofed house—and thus revere my husband and *heed the public voice*, or finally to follow some chief of the Achaiians who woos me in my hall with countless gifts. My son, while but a child and slack of understanding, *did not permit my marrying* and departing from my husband's home; but now that he is grown and come to man's estate, he prays me to go home again and leave the hall, so troubled is he for that substance which the Achaiians waste."

If these words mean anything, they mean that what kept Penelope from marrying again was not affection for her husband but the desire to live up to the demands of "the public voice" and the fact that her son—who, according to Greek usage, was her master—would not permit her to do so. This, then, was the cause of that proverbial constancy! But a darker shadow still is cast on her much-vaunted affection by her cold and suspicious reception of her husband on his return. While the dog recognized him at once and the swineherd was overjoyed, she, the wife, held him aloof, fearing that he might be some man who had come to cheat her! At first Odysseus thought she scorned him because he "was foul and dressed in sorry clothes;" but even after he had bathed and put on his princely attire she refused to embrace him, because she wished to "prove her husband!" No wonder that her son declared that her "heart is always harder than a stone," and that Odysseus himself thus accosts her:

"Lady, a heart impenetrable beyond the sex of women the dwellers on Olympus gave you. There is no other woman of such stubborn spirit to stand off from the husband who, after many grievous toils, came in the twentieth year home to his native land.



Come then, good nurse, and make my bed, that I may lie alone. For certainly of iron is the heart within her breast."

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

Page 531

A much closer approximation to the modern ideal of conjugal love than the attachment between Odysseus and Penelope with the “heart of iron,” may be found in the scene describing Hector’s leave-taking of Andromache before he goes out to fight the Greeks, fearing he may never return. The serving-women inform him that his wife, hearing that the Trojans were hard pressed, had gone in haste to the wall, like unto one frenzied. He goes to find her and when he arrives at the Skaian gates, she comes running to meet him, together with the nurse, who holds his infant boy on her bosom. Andromache weeps, recalls to his mind that she had lost her father, mother, and seven brothers, wherefore he is to her a father, mother, brothers, as well as a husband. “Have pity and abide here upon the tower, lest thou make thy child an orphan and thy wife a widow.” Though Hector cannot think of shrinking from battle like a coward, he declared that her fate, should the city fall and he be slain, troubles him more than that of his father, mother, and brothers—the fate of being led into captivity and slavery by a Greek, doomed to carry water and to be pointed at as the former wife of the brave Hector. He expresses the wish that his boy—who at first is frightened by the horse-hair crest on his helmet—may become greater than his father, bringing with him blood-stained spoils from the enemy he has slain, and gladdening his mother’s heart; then caressing his wife with his hand, he begs her not to sorrow overmuch, but to go to her house and see to her own tasks, the loom and the distaff. Thus he spake, and she departed for her home, oft looking back and letting fall big tears.

This scene, which takes up four pages of the *Iliad* (VI., 370-502), is the most touching, the most inspired, the most sentimental and modern passage not only in the Homeric poems, but in all Greek literature. Benecke has aptly remarked (10) that the relation between Hector and Andromache is unparalleled in that literature; and he adds:

“At the same time, how little really sympathetic to the Greek of the period was this wonderful and unique passage is sufficiently shown by this very fact, that no attempt was ever made to imitate or develop it. It may sound strange to say so, but in all probability we to-day understand Andromache better than did the Greeks, for whom she was created; better, too, perhaps than did her creator himself.”

Benecke should have written Hector in place of Andromache. There was no difficulty, even for a Greek, in understanding Andromache. She had every reason, even from a purely selfish point of view, to dread Hector’s battling with the savage Greeks; for while he lived she was a princess, with all the comforts of life, whereas his fall and the fall of Troy meant her enslavement and a life of misery. What makes the scene in question so modern is the attitude of Hector—his dividing his caresses equally between his wife and

Page 532

his son, and assuring her that he is more troubled about her fate and anguish than about what may befall his father, mother, and brothers. That is an utterly un-Greek sentiment, and that is the reason why the passage was not imitated. It was not a realistic scene from life, but a mere product of Homer's imagination and glowing genius—like the pathetic scene in which Odysseus wipes away a tear on noting that his faithful dog Argos recognized him and wagged his tail. It is extremely improbable that a man who could behave so cruelly toward women as Odysseus did could have thus sympathized with a dog.

Certainly no one else did, not even his “faithful” Penelope. As long as Argos was useful in the chase, the poet tells us, he was well taken care of; but now that he was old, he “lay neglected upon a pile of dung,” doomed to starve, for he had not strength to move. Homer alone, with the prophetic insight of a genius, could have conceived such a touch of modern sentiment toward animals, so utterly foreign to ancient ideas; and he alone could have put such a sentiment of wife-love into the mouth of the Trojan Hector—a barbarian whose ideal of manliness and greatness consisted in “bringing home blood-stained spoils of the enemy.”

BARBAROUS TREATMENT OF GREEK WOMEN

It seems like a touch of sarcasm that Homer incarnates his isolated and un-Greek ideal of devotion to a wife in a *Trojan*, as if to indicate that it must not be accepted as a touch of *Greek* life. From our point of view it is a stroke of genius. On the other hand it is obvious that attributing such a sentiment to a Trojan likewise cannot be anything but a poetic license; for these Trojans were quite as piratical, coarse, licentious, and polygamous as the Greeks, Hector's own father having had fifty children, nineteen of whom were borne by his wife, thirty-one by various concubines. Many pages of the *Iliad* bear witness to the savage ferocity of Greeks and Trojans alike—a ferocity utterly incompatible with such tender emotions as Homer himself was able to conceive in his imagination. The ferocity of Achilles is typical of the feelings of these heroes. Not content with slaughtering an enemy who meets him in honorable battle, defending his wife and home, he thrust thongs of ox-hide through the prostrate Hector's feet, bound him to his chariot, lashed his horses to speed, and dragged him about in sight of the wailing wife and parents of his victim. This he repeated several times, aggravating the atrocity a hundredfold by his intention—in spite of the piteous entreaties of the dying Hector—to throw his corpse to be eaten by the dogs, thus depriving even his spirit of rest, and his family of religious consolation. Nay, Achilles expresses the savage wish that his rage might lead him so far as to carve and eat raw Hector's flesh. The Homeric “hero,” in short, is almost on a level in cruelty with the red Indian.

Page 533

But it is in their treatment of women—which Gladstone commends so highly—that the barbarous nature of the Greek “heroes” is revealed in all its hideous nakedness. The king of their gods set them the example when he punished his wife and queen by hanging her up amid the clouds with two anvils suspended from her feet; clutching and throwing to the earth any gods that came to her rescue. (*Iliad*, XV., 15-24.) Rank does not exempt the women of the heroic age from slavish toil. Nausicaea, though a princess, does the work of a washerwoman and drives her own chariot to the laundry on the banks of the river, her only advantage over her maids being that they have to walk. [296] Her mother, too, queen of the Phoeaceans, spends her time sitting among the waiting maids spinning yarn, while her husband sits idle and “sips his wine like an immortal.” The women have to do all the work to make the men comfortable, even washing their feet, giving them their bath, anointing them, and putting their clothes on them again (*Odyssey*, XIX., 317; VIII., 454; XVII., 88, *etc.*), [297] even a princess like Polycaste, daughter of the divine Nestor, being called upon to perform such menial service (III., 464-67). As for the serving-maids, they grind corn, fetch water, and do other work, just like red squaws; and in the house of Odysseus we read of a poor girl, who, while the others were sleeping, was still toiling at her corn because her weakness had prevented her from finishing her task (XX., 110).

Penelope was a queen, but was very far from being treated like one. Gladstone found “the strongest evidence of the respect in which women were held” in the fact that the suitors stopped short of violence to her person! They did everything but that, making themselves at home in her house, unbidden and hated guests, debauching her maidservants, and consuming her provisions by wholesale. But her own son’s attitude is hardly less disrespectful and insulting than that of the ungallant, impertinent suitors. He repeatedly tells his mother to mind her own business—the loom and the distaff—leaving words for men; and each time the poet recommends this rude, unfilial speech as a “wise saying” which the queen humbly “lays to heart.” His love of property far exceeds his love of his mother, for as soon as he is grown up he begs her to go home and get married again, “so troubled is he for the substance which the suitors waste.” He urges her at last to “marry whom she will,” offering as an extra inducement “countless gifts” if she will only go.

To us it seems topsy-turvy that a mother should have to ask her son’s consent to marry again, but to the Greeks that was a matter of course. There are many references to this custom in the Homeric poems. Girls, too, though they be princesses, are disposed of without the least regard to their wishes, as when Agamemnon offers Achilles the choice of one of his three daughters (IX., 145). Big sums are sometimes

Page 534

paid for a girl—by Iphidamas, for instance, who fell in battle, “far from his bride, of whom he had known no joy, and much had he given for her; first a hundred kine he gave, and thereafter promised a thousand, goats and sheep together.” The idea, too, occurs over and over again that among the suitors the one who has the richest gifts to offer should take the bride. How much this mercenary, unceremonious, and often cruel treatment of women was a matter of course among these Greeks is indicated by Homer’s naive epithet for brides, [Greek: *parthenoi alphasiboiai*], “virgins who bring in oxen.” And this is the state of affairs which Gladstone sums up by saying “there is a certain authority of the man over the woman; but it does not destroy freedom”!

The early Greeks were always fighting, and the object of their wars, as among the Australian savages, was usually woman, as Achilles frankly informs us when he speaks of having laid waste twelve cities and passed through many bloody days of battle, “*warring with folk for their women’s sake.*” (*Iliad*, IX., 327.) Nestor admonishes the Greeks to “let no man hasten to depart home till each have lain by some Trojan’s wife” (354-55). The leader of the Greek forces issues this command regarding the Trojans:

“Of them let not one escape sheer destruction at our hands, not even the man-child that the mother beareth in her womb; let not even him escape, but all perish together out of Ilios, uncared for and unknown” (VI., 57);

while Homer, with consummate art, paints for us the terrors of a captured city, showing how the women—of all classes—were maltreated:

“As a woman wails and clings to her dear husband, who falls for town and people, seeking to shield his home and children from the ruthless day; seeing him dying, gasping, she flings herself on him with a piercing cry; while men behind, smiting her with the spears on back and shoulder, force her along to bondage to suffer toil and trouble; with pain most pitiful her cheeks are thin....” (*Odyssey*, VIII., 523-30.)[298]

LOVE IN SAPPHO’S POEMS

Having failed to find any traces of romantic love, and only one of conjugal affection, in the greatest poet of the Greeks, let us now subject their greatest poetess to a critical examination.

Sappho undoubtedly had the divine spark. She may have possibly deserved the epithet of the “tenth Muse,” bestowed on her by ancient writers, or of “the Poetess,” as Homer was “the Poet.” Among the one hundred and seventy fragments preserved some are of great beauty—the following, for example, which is as delightful as a Japanese poem

and in much the same style—suggesting a picture in a few words, with the distinctness of a painting:

Page 535

"As the sweet apple blushes on the end of the bough, the very end of the bough, which the gatherers overlooked, nay overlooked not, but could not reach." [299] It is otherwise in her love-poems, or rather fragments of such, comprising the following:

"Now love masters my limbs, and shakes me, fatal creature, bitter-sweet."

"Now Eros shakes my soul, a wind on the mountain falling on the oaks."

"Sleep thou in the bosom of thy tender girl-friend."

"Sweet Mother, I cannot weave my web, broken as I am by longing for a maiden, at soft Aphrodite's will."

"For thee there was no other girl, bridegroom, like her."

"Bitter-sweet," "giver of pain," "the weaver of fictions," are some expressions of Sappho's preserved by Maximus Tyrius; and Libanius, the rhetorician, refers to Sappho, the Lesbian, as praying "that night might be doubled for her." But the most important of her love-poems, and the one on which her adulators chiefly base their praises, is the following fragment addressed [Greek: Pros Gunaika Eromenaen] ("to a beloved woman"):

"That man seems to me peer of gods, who sits in thy presence, and hears close to him thy sweet speech and lovely laughter; that indeed makes my heart flutter in my bosom. For when I see thee but a little I have no utterance left, my tongue is broken down, and straightway a subtle fire has run under my skin, with my eyes I have no sight, my ears ring, sweat bathes me, and a trembling seizes all my body; I am paler than grass, and seem in my madness little better than one dead. But I must dare all, since one so poor ..."

The Platonist Longinus (third century) said that this ode was "not one passion, but a congress of passions," and declared it the most perfect expression in all ancient literature of the effects of love. A Greek physician is said to have copied it into his book of diagnoses "as a compendium of all the symptoms of corroding emotion." F.B. Jevons, in his history of Greek literature (139), speaks of the "marvellous fidelity in her representation of the passion of love." Long before him Addison had written in the *Spectator* (No. 223) that Sappho "felt the passion in all its warmth, and described it in all its symptoms." Theodore Watts wrote: "Never before these songs were sung, and never since, did the human soul, in the grip of a fiery passion, utter a cry like hers." That amazing prodigal of superlatives, the poet Swinburne, speaks of the

"dignity of divinity, which informs the most passionate and piteous notes of the unapproachable poetess with such grandeur as would seem impossible to such passion."

And J.A. Symonds assures us that “Nowhere, except, perhaps, in some Persian or Provençal love-songs, can be found more ardent expressions of overmastering passion.”

Page 536

I have read this poem a score of times, in Greek, in the Latin version of Catullus, and in English, German, and French translations. The more I read it and compare with it the eulogies just quoted, the more I marvel at the power of cant and conventionality in criticism and opinion, and at the amazing current ignorance in regard to the psychology of love and of the emotions in general. I have made a long and minute study of the symptoms of love, in myself and in others; I have found that the torments of doubt and the loss of sleep may make a lover "paler than grass"; that his heart is apt to "flutter in his bosom," and his tongue to be embarrassed in presence of the beloved; but when Sappho speaks of a lover bathed in sweat, of becoming blind, deaf, and dumb, trembling all over, and little better than one dead, she indulges in exaggeration which is neither true to life nor poetic.

An amusing experiment may be made with reference to this famous poem. Suppose you say to a friend:

"A woman was walking in the woods when she saw something that made her turn pale as a sheet; her heart fluttered, her ears rang, her tongue was paralyzed, a cold sweat covered her, she trembled all over and looked as if she would faint and die: what did she see?"

The chances are ten to one that your friend will answer "a bear!" In truth, Sappho's famous "symptoms of love" are laughably like the symptoms of fear which we find described in the books of Bain, Darwin, Mosso, and others—"a cold sweat," "deadly pallor," "voice becoming husky or failing altogether," "heart beating violently," "dizziness which will blind him," "trembling of all the muscles of the body," "a fainting fit." Nor is fear the only emotion that can produce these symptoms. Almost any strong passion, anger, extreme agony or joy, may cause them; so that what Sappho described was not love in particular, but the physiologic effects of violent emotions in general. I am glad that the Greek physician who copied her poem into his book of diagnoses is not my family doctor.

Sappho's love-poems are not psychologic but purely physiologic. Of the imaginative, sentimental, esthetic, moral, altruistic, sympathetic, affectional symptoms of what we know as romantic love they do not give us the faintest hint. Hegel remarked truly that "in the odes of Sappho the language of love rises indeed to the point of lyrical inspiration, yet what she reveals is rather the slow consuming flame of the blood than the inwardness of the subjective heart and soul." Nor was Byron deceived: "I don't think Sappho's ode a good example." The historian Bender had an inkling of the truth when he wrote (183):

Page 537

"To us who are accustomed to spiritualized love-lyrics after the style of Geibel's this erotic song of Sappho may seem too glowing, too violent; but we must not forget that love was conceived by the Greeks altogether in a less spiritual manner than we demand that it should be."

That is it precisely. These Greek love-poems do not depict romantic love but sensual passion. Nor is this the worst of it. Sappho's absurdly overrated love-poems are not even good descriptions of normal sensual passion. I have just said that they are purely physiologic; but that is too much praise for them. The word physiologic implies something healthy and normal, but Sappho's poems are not healthy and normal; they are abnormal, they are pathologic. Had they been written by a man, this would not be the case; but Sappho was a woman, and her famous ode is addressed to a woman. A woman, too, is referred to in her famous hymn to Venus in these lines, as translated by Wharton:

"What beauty now wouldst thou draw to love thee? Who wrongs thee, Sappho? For even if she flies, she shall soon follow, and if she rejects gifts shall yet give, and if she loves not shall soon love, however loth."

In the five fragments above quoted there are also two at least which refer to girls. Now I have not the slightest desire to discuss the moral character of Sappho or the vices of her Lesbian countrywomen. She had a bad reputation among the Romans as well as the Greeks, and it is a fact that in the year 1073 her poems were burnt at Rome and Constantinople, "as being," in the words of Professor Gilbert Murray, "too much for the shaky morals of the time." Another recent writer, Professor Peck of Columbia University, says that

"it is difficult to read the fragments which remain of her verse without being forced to come to the conclusion that a woman who could write such poetry could not be the pure woman that her modern apologists would have her."

The following lament alone would prove this:

[Greek: Deduke men a Selana kai Plaeiades, mesai de nuktes, para d' erxet ora ego de mona katheudo.]

MASCULINE MINDS IN FEMALE BODIES

Several books and many articles have been written on this topic,[300] but the writers seem to have overlooked the fact that in the light of the researches of Krafft-Ebing and Moll it is possible to vindicate the character of Sappho without ignoring the fact that her passionate erotic poems are addressed to women. These alienists have shown that the abnormal state of a masculine mind inhabiting a female body, or *vice versa*, is



surprisingly common in all parts of the world. They look on it, with the best of reasons, as a diseased condition, which does not necessarily, in persons of high principles, lead to vicious and unnatural practices. In every country there are thousands

Page 538

of girls who, from childhood, would rather climb trees and fences and play soldiers with the boys than fondle dolls or play with the other girls. When they get older they prefer tobacco to candy; they love to masquerade in men's clothes, and when they hear of a girl's love-affair they cannot understand what pleasure there can be in dancing with a man or kissing him, while they themselves may long to kiss a girl, nay, in numerous cases, to marry her.[301] Many such marriages are made between women whose brains and bodies are of different sexes, and their love-affairs are often characterized by violent jealousy and other symptoms of intersexual passion. Not a few prominent persons have been innocent victims of this distressing disease; it is well-known what strange masculine proclivities several eminent female novelists and artists have shown; and whenever a woman shows great creative power or polemic aggressiveness the chances are that her brain is of the masculine type. It is therefore quite possible that Sappho may have been personally a pure woman, her mental masculinity ("mascula Sappho" Horace calls her) being her misfortune, not her fault. But even if we give her the benefit of the doubt and take for granted that she had enough character to resist the abnormal impulses and passions which she describes in her poems, and which the Greeks easily pardoned and even praised, we cannot and must not overlook the fact that these poems are the result of a diseased brain-centre, and that what they describe is not love, but a phase of erotic pathology. Normal sexual appetite is as natural a passion as the hunger for food; it is simply a hunger to perpetuate the species, and without it the world would soon come to an end; but Sapphic passion is a disease which luckily cannot become epidemic because it cannot perpetuate itself, but must always remain a freak.[302]

ANACREON AND OTHERS

There is considerable uncertainty regarding the dates of the earliest Greek poets. By dint of ingenious conjectures and combinations philologists have reached the conclusion that the Homeric poems, with their interpolations, originated between the dates 850 and 720 B.C.—say 2700 years ago. Hesiod probably flourished near the end of the seventh century, to which Archilochus and Alcman belong, while in the sixth and fifth centuries a number of names appear—little more than names, it is true, since of most of them fragments only have come down to us—Alcaeus, Mimnermus, Theognis, Sappho, Stesichorus, Anacreon, Ibycus, Bacchylides, Pindar, and others. Best known of all these, as a poet of love, is Anacreon, though in his case no one has been so foolish as to claim that the love described in his poems (or those of his imitators) is ever supersensual. Professor Anthon has aptly characterized him as "an amusing voluptuary and an elegant profligate," and Hegel pointed out the superficiality of Anacreontic love,

Page 539

in which there is no conception of the tremendous importance to a lover of having this or that particular girl and no other, or what I have called individual preference. Benecke puts this graphically when he remarks (25) regarding Mimnermus: “‘What is life without love?’ he says; he does not say, ‘What is life without your love?’” Even in Sappho, I may add here, in spite of the seeming violence of her passion, this quality of individual preference is really lacking or weak, for she is constantly transferring her attention from one girl to another. And as Sappho’s poems are addressed to girls, so are Anacreon’s and those of the other poets named, to boys, in most cases. The following, preserved by Athenaeus (XIII., 564D), is a good specimen:

[Greek: “O pai parthenion blepon, dixemai se, su d’ ou koeis, ouk eidos hoti taes emaes psuchaes haeniocheueis.”]

Such a poem, even if addressed properly, would indicate nothing more than simple admiration and a longing which is specified in the following:

[Greek:
Alla propine
radinous, o phile, maerous.]

It would hardly be worth while, even if the limitations of space permitted, to subject the fragments of the other poets of this period to analysis. The reader has the key in his hands now—the altruistic and supersensual ingredients of love pointed out in this volume; and if he can find those ingredients in any of these poems, he will be luckier than I have been. We may therefore pass on to the great tragic poets of the sixth and fifth centuries B.C.

WOMAN AND LOVE IN AESCHYLUS

In the *Frogs* of Aristophanes, Aeschylus is made to declare that he had never introduced a woman in love into any of his plays—[Greek: ouk oid’ oudeis haentin erosan popot’ epoiaesa gunaika]. He certainly has not done so in any one of the seven plays which have survived of the ninety that he wrote, according to Suidas; and Aristophanes would not have put that expression in his mouth had it not been true of the others, too. To us it seems extraordinary that an author should boast of having kept out of his writings the element which constitutes the greatest fascination of modern literature; but after reading his seven surviving tragedies we do not wonder that Aeschylus should not have introduced a woman in love, or a man either, in plays wherewith he competed for the state prize on the solemn occasions of the great festivals at Athens; for love of an exalted kind, worthy of such an occasion, could not have existed in a community where such ideas prevailed about women as Aeschylus unfolds in the few places where he condescends to notice such inferior beings. The

only kind of sexual love of which he shows any knowledge is that referred to in the remarks of Prometheus and Io regarding the designs of Zeus on the latter.



Page 540

An apparent exception seems at first sight to exist in the cordial reception Clytaemnestra accords to her husband, King Agamemnon, when he returns from the Trojan war. She calls the day of his return the most joyous of her life, asserts her complete fidelity to him during his long absence, declares she is not ashamed to tell her fond feelings for her spouse in public, and adds that she has wept for him till the gushing fountains of her eyes have been exhausted. Indeed, she goes so far in her homage that Agamemnon protests and exclaims, "Pamper me not after the fashion of women, nor as though I were a barbaric monarch.... I bid thee reverence me as a man, not a god." But ere long we discover (as in the case of Achilles), that all this fine talk of Clytaemnestra is mere verbiage, and worse—deadly hypocrisy. In reality she has been living with a paramour, and the genuineness and intensity of her "fond feelings" for her husband may be inferred from the fact that hardly has he returned when she makes a murderous assault on him by throwing an artfully woven circular garment over him, while he is taking a bath, and smiting him till he falls dead. "And I glory in the deed" she afterwards declares, adding that it "has long since been meditated."

Agamemnon, for his part, not only brought back with him from Troy a new concubine, Cassandra, and installed her in his home with the usual Greek indifference to the feelings of his legitimate wife, but he really was no better than his murderous wife, since he had been willing to kill her daughter and his own, Iphigenia, to please his brother, curb a storm, and expedite the Trojan war. In the words of the Chorus,

"Thus he dared to become the sacrificer of his daughter to promote a war undertaken for the avenging of a woman, and as a first offering for the fleet: and the chieftains, eager for the fight, set at naught her supplications and her cries to her father, and her maiden age. But after prayer her father bade the ministering priests with all zeal, to lift, like a kid, high above the altar, her who lay prostrate wrapped in her robes, and to put a check upon her beauteous mouth, a voice of curses upon the house, by force of muzzles and strength which allowed no vent to her cry."

The barbarous sacrifice of an innocent maiden is of course a myth, but it is a myth which doubtless had many counterparts in Greek life. Aeschylus did not live so very long after Homer, and in his age it was still a favorite pastime of the Greeks to ravage cities, a process of which Aeschylus gives us a vivid picture in a few lines, in his *Seven against Thebes*:

Page 541

“And for its women to be dragged away captives, alas! alas! both the young and the aged, like horses by their hair, while their vestments are rent about their persons. And the emptied city cries aloud, while its booty is wasted amid confused clamors.... And the cries of children at the breast all bloody resound, and there is rapine, sister of pell-mell confusion ... And young female slaves have new sorrows ... so that they hope for life’s gloomy close to come, a guardian against these all-mournful sorrows.”

For women of rank alone is there any consideration—so long as they are not among the captives; yet even queens are not honored as women, but only as queens, that is, as the mothers or wives of kings. In *The Persians* the Chorus salutes Atossa in terms every one of which emphasizes this point: “O queen, supreme of Persia’s deep-waisted matrons, aged mother of Xerxes, hail to thee! spouse to Darius, consort of the Persians, god and mother of a god thou art,” while Clytaemnestra is saluted by the chorus in *Agamemnon* in these words: “I have come revering thy majesty, Clytaemnestra; for it is right to honor the consort of a chieftain hero, when the monarch’s throne has been left empty.”

We read in these plays of such unsympathetic things as a “man-detesting host of Amazons;” of fifty virgins fleeing from incestuous wedlock and all but one of them cutting their husbands’ throats at night with a sword; of the folly of marrying out of one’s own rank. In all Aeschylus there is on the other hand only one noticeable reference to a genuine womanly quality—the injunction of Danaus to his daughters to honor modesty more than life while they are travelling among covetous men; an admonition much needed, since, as Danaus adds—characterizing the coarseness and lack of chivalry of the men—violence is sure to threaten them everywhere, “and on the fair-formed beauty of virgins everyone that passes by sends forth a melting dart from his eyes, overcome by desire.” Masculine coarseness and lack of chivalry are also revealed in such abuse of woman as Aeschylus—in the favorite Greek manner, puts in the mouth of Eteocles:

“O ye abominations of the wise. Neither in woes nor in welcome prosperity may I be associated with woman-kind; for when woman prevails, her audacity is more than one can live with; and when affrighted she is still a greater mischief to her home and city.”

WOMAN AND LOVE IN SOPHOCLES

Unlike his predecessor, Sophocles did not hesitate, it seems, to bring “a woman in love” on the stage. Not, it is true, in any one of the seven plays which alone remain of the one hundred and twenty-three he is said to have written. But there are in existence some fragments of his *Phaedra*, which Rohde (31) and others are inclined to look on as the “first tragedy of love.” It has, however, nothing to do with what we know as either

Page 542

romantic or conjugal love, but is simply the story of the adulterous and incestuous infatuation of Phaedra for her stepson Hippolytus. It is at the same time one of the many stories illustrating the whimsical, hypocritical, and unchivalrous attitude of the early Greeks of always making woman the sinful aggressor and representing man as being coyly reserved (see Rohde, 34-35). The infatuation of Phaedra is correctly described (*fr.*, 611, 607 Dind.) as a [Greek: Theaelatos nosos]—a maddening disease inflicted by an angry goddess.

Among the seven extant tragedies of Sophocles there are three which throw some light on the contemporary attitude toward women and the different kinds of domestic attachment—the *Ajax*, the *Trachiniae* and *Antigone*. When Ajax, having disgraced himself by slaughtering a flock of sheep and cattle in the mad delusion that they were his enemies, wishes he might die, Tecmessa, his concubine, declares, “Then pray for my death, too, for why should I live if you are dead?” She has, however, plenty of egotistic reasons for dreading his death, for she knows that her fate will be slavery. Moreover, instead of being edified by her expression of attachment, we are repelled when we bear in mind that Ajax slew her father when he made her his concubine. The Greeks were too indelicate in their ideas about concubines to be disturbed by such a reflection. Nor were they affected disagreeably by the utter indifference toward his concubine which Ajax displays. He tells her to attend to her own affairs and remember that silence is a woman’s greatest charm, and before committing suicide he utters a monologue in which he says farewell to his parents and to his country, but has no last message for Tecmessa. She was only a woman, forsooth.

Only a woman, too, was Deianira, the heroine of the *Trachiniae*, and though of exalted rank she fully realized this fact. When Hercules first took her to Tiryns, he was still sufficiently interested in her to shoot a hydra-poisoned arrow into the centaur Nessus, who attempted to assault her while carrying her across the river Evenus. But after she had borne him several children he neglected her, going off on adventures to capture other women. She weeps because of his absence, complaining that for fifteen months she has had no message from him. At last information is brought to her that Hercules, inflamed with violent love for the Princess Iole, had demanded her for a secret union, and when the king refused, had ravaged his city and carried off Iole, to be unto him more than a slave, as the messenger gives her to understand distinctly. On receiving this message; Deianira is at first greatly agitated, but soon remembers what the duty of a Greek wife is. “I am well aware,” she says in substance, “that we cannot expect a man to be always content with one woman. To antagonize the god of love, or to blame my husband for succumbing to him, would be foolish. After all, what does it amount to?

Page 543

Has not Hercules done this sort of thing many times before? Have I ever been angry with him for so often succumbing to this malady? His concubines, too, have never received an unkind word from me, nor shall I; for I freely confess, resentment does not become a woman. Yet I am distressed, for I am old and Iole is young, and she will hereafter be his actual wife in place of me." At this thought jealousy sharpens her wit and she remembers that the dying centaur had advised her to save some of his blood and, if ever occasion should come for her to wish to bring back her husband's love, to anoint his garment with it. She does so, and sends it to him, without knowing that its effect will be to slowly burn the flesh off his body. Hearing of the deadly effect of her gift, she commits suicide, while Hercules spends the few remaining hours of his life cursing her who murdered him, "the best of all men," and wishing she were suffering in his place or that he might mutilate her body. Nor was his latest and "violent love" for Iole more than a passing appetite quickly appeased; for at the end he asks his son to marry her!

This drama admirably illustrates the selfish view of the marital relation entertained by Greek men. Its moral may be summed up in this advice to a wife:

"If your husband falls in love with a younger woman and brings her home, let him, for he is a victim of Cupid and cannot help it. Display no jealousy, and do not even try to win back his love, for that might annoy him or cause mischief."

In other words, *The Trachiniae* is an object-lesson to Greek wives, telling us what the men thought they ought to be. Probably some of the wives tried to live up to that ideal; but that could hardly be accepted as genuine, spontaneous devotion deserving the name of affection. Most famous among all the tragedies of the Greeks, and deservedly so, is the *Antigone*. Its plot can be told in such a way as to make it seem a romantic love-story, if not a story of romantic love. Creon, King of Thebes, has ordered, under penalty of death, that no one shall bestow the rites of burial on Prince Polynices, who has fallen after bearing arms against his own country. Antigone, sister of Polynices, resolves to disobey this cruel order, and having failed to persuade her sister, Ismene, to aid her, carries out her plan alone. Boldly visiting the place where the body is exposed to the dogs and vultures, she sprinkles dust on it and pours out libations, repeating the process the next day on finding that the guards had meanwhile undone her work. This time she is apprehended in the act and brought before the king, who condemns her to be immured alive in a tomb, though she is betrothed to his son Haemon. "Would you murder the bride of your own son?" asks Ismene; but the king replies that there are many other women in the world. Haemon now appears and tries to move his father to mercy, but in vain, though he

Page 544

threatens to slay himself if his bride is killed. Antigone is immured, but at last, moved by the advice of the Chorus and the dire predictions of the seer Tiresias, Creon changes his mind and hastens with men and tools to liberate the virgin. When he arrives at the tomb he sees his son in it, clinging to the corpse of Antigone, who had hanged herself. Horrified, the king begs his son to come out of the tomb, but Haemon seizes his sword and rushes forward to slay his father. The king escapes the danger by flight, whereupon Haemon thrusts the sword into his own body, and expires, clasping the corpse of his bride.

If we thus make Haemon practically the central figure of the tragedy, it resembles a romantic love-story; but in reality Haemon is little more than an episode. He has a quarrel with his father (who goes so far as to threaten to kill his bride in his presence), rushes off in a rage, and the tomb scene is not enacted, but merely related by a messenger, in forty lines out of a total of thirteen hundred and fifty. Much less still have we here a story of romantic love. Not one of the fourteen ingredients of love can be found in it except self-sacrifice, and that not of the right kind. I need not explain once more that suicide from grief over a lost bride does not benefit that bride; that it is not altruistic, but selfish, unmanly, and cowardly, and is therefore no test whatever of love. Moreover, if we examine the dialogue in detail we see that the motive of Haemon's suicide is not even grief over his lost bride, but rage at his father. When on first confronting Creon, he is thus accosted: "Have you heard the sentence pronounced on your bride?" He answers meekly: "I have, my father, and I yield to your superior wisdom, which no marriage can equal in excellence;" and it is only gradually that his ire is aroused by his father's abusive attitude; while at the end his first intention was to slay his father, not himself. Had Sophocles understood love as we understand it, he would have represented Haemon as drawing his sword at once and moving heaven and earth to prevent his bride from being buried alive.

But it is in examining the attitude of Antigone that we realize most vividly how short this drama falls of being a love-story. She never even mentions Haemon, has no thought of him, but is entirely absorbed in the idea of benefiting the spirit of her dead brother by performing the forbidden funeral rites. As if to remove all doubt on that point, she furthermore tells us explicitly (lines 904-912) that she would have never done such a deed, in defiance of the law, to save a husband or a child, but only for a brother; and why? because she might easily find another husband, and have new children by him, but another brother she could never have, as her parents were dead.[303]

WOMAN AND LOVE IN EURIPIDES

Page 545

Of Euripides it cannot be said, as of his two great predecessors, that woman plays an insignificant role in his dramas. Most of the nineteen plays which have come down to us of the ninety-two he wrote are named after women; and Bulwer-Lytton was quite right when he declared that “he is the first of the Hellenic poets who interests us *intellectually* in the antagonism and affinity between the sexes.” But I cannot agree with him when he says that with Euripides commences “the distinction between love as a passion and love as a sentiment.” There is true sentiment in Euripides, as there is in Sophocles, in the relations between parents and children, friends, brothers and sisters; but in the attitude of lovers, or of husband and wife, there is only sensuality or at most sentimentality; and this sentimentality, or sham sentiment, does not begin with Euripides, for we have found instances of it in the fond words of Clytaemnestra regarding the husband she intended to murder, and did murder, and even in the Homeric Achilles, whose fine words regarding conjugal love contrast so ludicrously with his unloving actions. These, however, are mere episodes, while Euripides has written a whole play which from beginning to end is an exposition of sentimentality.

The Fates had granted that when the Thessalian King Admetus approached the ordained end of his life it should be prolonged if another person voluntarily consented to die in his place. His aged parents had no heart to “plunge into the darkness of the tomb” for his sake. “It is not the custom in Greece for fathers to die for children,” his father informs him; while Adinetus indulges in coarse abuse: “By heaven, thou art the very pattern of cowards, who at thy age, on the borderland of life, would'st not, nay, could'st not find the heart to die for thy own son; but ye, my parents, left to this stranger, whom henceforth I shall justly hold e'en as mother and as father too, and none but her.” This “stranger” is his wife Alcestis, who has volunteered to die for him, exclaiming:

“Thee I set before myself, and instead of living have ensured thy life, and so I die, though I need not have died for thee, but might have taken for my husband whom I would of the Thessalians, and have had a home blest with royal power; reft of thee, with my children orphans, I cared not to live.”

The world has naively accepted this speech and the sacrifice of Alcestis as belonging to the region of sentiment; but in reality it is nothing more than one of those stories shrewdly invented by selfish men to teach women that the object of their existence is to sacrifice themselves for their husbands. The king's father tells us this in so many words: “By the generous deed she dared, hath she made her life *a noble example for all her sex*,” adding that “such marriages I declare are gain to man, else to wed is not worth while.” If these stories, like those manufactured by the Hindoos, were an indication of existing conjugal sentiment, would it be possible that the self-sacrifice was invariably on the woman's side? Adinetus would have never dreamt of sacrificing *his* life for his wife. He is not even ashamed to have her die for him. It is true that he has one moment when he fancies his foe deriding him thus:

Page 546

“Behold him living in his shame, a wretch who quailed at death himself, but of his coward heart gave up his wedded wife instead, and escaped from Hades; doth he deem himself a man after that?”

It is true also that his father taunts him contemptuously,

“Dost thou then speak of cowardice in me, thou craven heart!... A clever scheme hast thou devised to stave off death forever, if thou canst persuade each new wife to die instead of thee.”

Yet Admetus is constantly assuring everyone of his undying attachment to his wife. He holds her in his arms, imploring her not to leave him. “If thou die,” he exclaims,

“I can no longer live; my life, my death, are in thy hands; thy love is what I worship.... Not a year only, but all my life will I mourn for thee.... In my bed thy figure shall be laid full length, by cunning artists fashioned; thereon will I throw myself and, folding my arms about thee, call upon thy name, and think I hold my dear wife in my embrace.... Take me, O take me, I beseech, with thee 'neath the earth;”

and so on, *ad nauseam*—a sickening display of sentimentality, *i.e.*, fond words belied by cowardly, selfish actions.

The father-in-law of Alcestis, in his indignation at his son's impertinence and lack of filial pity, exclaims that what made Alcestis sacrifice herself was “want of sense;” which is quite true. But in painting such a character, Euripides's chief motive appears to have been to please his audience by enforcing a maxim which the Greeks shared with the Hindoos and barbarians that “a woman, though bestowed upon a worthless husband, must be content with him.” These words are actually put by him into the mouth of Andromache in the play of that name. Andromache, once the wife of the Trojan Hector, now the concubine of Achilles's son, is made to declare to the Chorus that “it is not beauty but virtuous acts that win a husband's heart;” whereupon she proceeds to spoil this fine maxim by explaining what the Greeks understood by “virtuous acts” in a wife—namely, subordinating herself even to a “worthless husband.” “Suppose,” she continues, “thou hadst wedded a prince of Thrace... where one lord shares his affections with a host of wives, would'st thou have slain them? If so, thou would'st have set a stigma of insatiate lust on all our sex.” And she proceeds to relate how she herself paid no heed in Troy to Hector's amours with other women: “Oft in days gone by I held thy bastard babes to my own breast, to spare thee any cause for grief. By this course I bound my husband to me by virtue's chains.” To spare *him* annoyance, no matter how much his conduct might grieve *her*—that was the Greek idea of conjugal devotion—all on one side. And how like the Hindoos, and Orientals, and barbarians in general, is the Greek seen to be in the remarks made by Hermione, the legitimate wife, to Andromache, the concubine—accusing the latter of having by means of witchcraft made her barren and thus caused her husband to hate her.

Page 547

With the subtle ingenuity of masculine selfishness the Greek dramatist doubles the force of all his fine talk about the “virtuous acts” of wives by representing the women themselves as uttering these maxims and admitting that their function is self-denial—that woman is altogether an inferior and contemptible being. “How strange it is,” exclaims Andromache,

“that, though some god has devised cures for mortals against the venom of reptiles, no man ever yet hath discovered aught to cure a woman’s venom, which is far worse than viper’s sting or scorching flame; so terrible a curse are we to mankind.”

Hermione declares:

“Oh! never, never—this truth will I repeat—should men of sense, who have wives, allow women-folks to visit them in their homes, for they teach them mischief; one, to gain some private end, helps to corrupt their honor; another having made a slip herself, wants a companion in misfortune, while many are wantons; and hence it is men’s houses are tainted. Wherefore keep strict guard upon the portals of your houses with bolts and bars.”

Bolts and bars were what the gallant Greek men kept their wives under, hence this custom too is here slyly justified out of a woman’s mouth. And thus it goes on throughout the pages of Euripides. Iphigenia, in one of the two plays devoted to her, declares: “Not that I shrink from death, if die I must,—when I have saved thee; no, indeed! for a man’s loss from his family is felt, while a woman’s is of little moment.” In the other she declares that one man is worth a myriad of Women—[Greek: *heis g’ anaer kreisson gunaikon murion*]*—wherefore, as soon as she realizes the situation at Aulis, she expresses her willingness to be immolated on the altar in order that the war against Troy may no longer be delayed by adverse minds. She had, however, come for a very different purpose, having been, with her queen mother, inveigled from home under the pretext that Achilles was to make her his wife. Achilles, however, knew as little of the plot as she did, and he is much surprised when the queen refers to his impending marriage. A modern poet would have seen here a splendid, seemingly inevitable, opportunity for a story of romantic love. He would have made Achilles fall in love at sight of Iphigenia and resolve to save her life, if need be at the cost of his own. What use does Euripides make of this opportunity? In his play Achilles does not see the girl till toward the close of the tragedy. He promises her unhappy mother that “never shall thy daughter, after being once called my bride, die by her father’s hand;” But his reason for this is not love for a girl or a chivalrous attitude toward women in distress, but offended vanity. “It is not to secure a bride that I have spoken thus,” he exclaims; “there be maids unnumbered, eager to have my love—no! but King Agamemnon has put an insult on me; he should have asked my leave to use my name as a means to catch the child.” In that case he “would never have refused” to further his fellow-soldiers’ common interest by allowing the maiden to be sacrificed.*

Page 548

It is true that after Iphigenia has made her brave speech declaring that a woman's life was of no account anyway, and that she had resolved to die voluntarily for the army's sake, Achilles assumes a different attitude, declaring,

"Some god was bent on blessing me, could I but have won thee for my wife.... But now that I have looked into thy noble nature, I feel still more a fond desire to win thee for my bride,"

and promising to protect her against the whole army. But what was it in Iphigenia that thus aroused his admiration? A feminine trait, such as would impress a modern romantic lover? Not in the least. He admired her because, like a man, she offered to lay down her life in behalf of the manly virtue of patriotism. Greek men admired women only in so far as they resembled men; a truth to which I shall recur on another page.

It would be foolish to chide Euripides for not making of this tragedy a story of romantic love; he was a Greek and could not lift himself above his times by a miracle. To him, as to all his contemporaries, love was not a sentiment, "an illumination of the senses by the soul," an impulse to noble actions, but a common appetite, apt to become a species of madness, a disease. His *Hippolytus* is a study of this disease, unpleasant but striking; it has for its subject the lawless pathologic love of Phaedra for her step-son. She is "seized with wild desire;" she "pines away in silence, moaning beneath love's cruel scourge;" she "wastes away on a bed of sickness;" denies herself all food, eager to reach death's cheerless bourn; a canker wastes her fading charms; she is "stricken by some demon's curse;" from her eyes the tear-drops stream, and for very shame she turns them away; on her soul "there rests a stain;" she knows that to yield to her "sickly passion" would be "infamous;" yet she cannot suppress her wanton thoughts. Following the topsy-turvy, unchivalrous custom of the Greek poets, Euripides makes a woman—"a thing the world detests"—the victim of this mad passion, opposing to it the coy resistance of a man, a devotee of the chaste Diana. And at the end he makes Phaedra, before committing suicide, write an infamous letter which, to save her reputation, dooms to a cruel death the innocent victim of her infatuation.

To us, this last touch alone would demonstrate the worldwide difference between lust and love. But Euripides knows no such difference. To him there is only one kind of love, and it varies only in being moderate in some cases, excessive in others. Love is "at once the sweetest and the bitterest thing," according as it is one or the other of the two. Phaedra's nurse deplores her passion, chiefly because of its violence. The chorus in *Medea* (627 *seqq.*) sings:

"When in excess and past all limits Love doth come, he brings not glory or repute to man; but if the Cyprian queen in moderate might approach, no goddess is so full of charm as she."

And in *Iphigenia at Aulis* the chorus declares:

Page 549

"Happy they who find the goddess come in moderate might, sharing with self-restraint in Aphrodite's gift of marriage and enjoying calm and rest from frenzied passions.... Be mine delight in moderate and hallowed [Greek: *hosioi*] desires, and may I have a share in love, but shun excess therein."

To Euripides, as to all the Greeks, there is no difference in the loves of gods and goddesses or kings and queens on the one hand, and the lowest animals on the other. As the chorus sings in *Hippolytus*:

"O'er the land and booming deep, on golden pinion borne, flits the god of love, maddening the heart and beguiling the senses of all whom he attacks, savage whelps on mountains bred, ocean's monsters, creatures of this sun-warmed earth, and man; thine, O Cypris, thine alone, the sovereign power to rule them all."[304]

ROMANTIC LOVE, GREEK STYLE

The Greeks, instead of confuting my theory that romantic love is the last product of civilization, afford the most striking confirmation of it. While considering the love-affairs of Africans, Australians, and other uncivilized peoples, we were dealing with races whose lack of intelligence and delicacy in general made it natural to expect that their love, too, must be wanting in psychic qualities and refinement. But the Greeks were of a different calibre. Not only their men of affairs—generals and statesmen—but their men of thought and feeling—philosophers and poets—were among the greatest the world has ever seen; yet these philosophers and poets—who, as everywhere, *must have been far above the emotional level of their countrymen in general*—knew nothing of romantic love. What makes this the more remarkable is that, so far as their minds were concerned, they were quite capable of experiencing such a feeling. Indeed, they were actually familiar with the psychic and altruistic ingredients of love; sympathy, devotion, self-sacrifice, affection, are sometimes manifested in their dramas and stories when dealing with the love between parents and children, brothers and sisters, or pairs of friends like Orestes and Pylades. And strangest of all, they actually had a kind of romantic love, which, except for one circumstance, is much like modern romantic love.

Euripides knew this kind of romantic love. Among the fragments that remain to us of his lost tragedies is one from *Dictys*, in which occurs this sentiment:

"He was my friend, and never did love lead me to folly or to Cypris. Yes, there is another kind of love, love for the soul, honorable, continent, and good. Surely men should have passed a law that only the chaste and self-contained should love, and Cypris [Venus] should have been banished."

Now it is very interesting to note that Euripides was a friend of Socrates, who often declared that his philosophy was the science of love, and whose

Page 550

two pupils, Xenophon and Plato, elucidated this science in several of their works. In Xenophon's *Symposium* Critobulus declares that he would rather be blind to everything else in the world than not to see his beloved; that he would rather *give* all he had to the beloved than *receive* twice the amount from another; rather be the beloved's slave than free alone; rather work and dare for the beloved than live alone in ease and security. For, he continues, the enthusiasm which beauty inspires in lovers "makes them more generous, more eager to exert themselves, and more ambitious to overcome dangers, nay, it makes them purer and more continent, causing them to avoid even that to which the strongest appetite urges them."

Several of Plato's dialogues, especially the *Symposium* and *Phaedrus*, also bear witness to the fact that the Socratic conception of love resembled modern romantic love in its ideal of purity and its altruistic impulses. Especially notable in this respect are the speeches of Phaedrus and Pausanius in the *Symposium* (175-78), in which love is declared to be the source of the greatest benefits to us. There can be no greater blessing to a young person, we read, than a virtuous lover. Such a lover would rather die a thousand deaths than do a cowardly or dishonorable deed; and love would make an inspired hero out of the veriest coward. "Love will make men dare to die for the beloved—love alone." "The actions of a lover have a grace which ennobles them." "From this point of view a man fairly argues that in Athens to love and be loved is a very honorable thing." "There is a dishonor in being overcome by the love of money, or of wealth, or of political power." "For when the lover and beloved come together ... the lover thinks that he is right in doing any service which he can to his gracious loving one." And in the *Republic* (VI., 485): "He whose nature is amorous of anything cannot help loving all that belongs or is akin to the object of his affections." [305]

All this, as I have said, suggests romantic love, except for one circumstance—a fatal one, however. Modern romantic love is an ecstatic adoration of a woman by a man or of a man by a woman, whereas the romantic love described by Xenophon and Plato—so-called "Platonic love"—has nothing whatever to do with women. It is a passionate, romantic friendship between men and boys, which (whether it really existed or not) the pupils of Socrates dilate upon as the only noble, exalted form of the passion that is presided over by Eros. On this point they are absolutely explicit. Of course it would not do for a Greek philosopher to deny that a woman may perform the noble act of sacrificing her life for her husband—that is her ideal function, as we have seen—so Alcestis is praised and rewarded for giving up her life; yet Plato tells us distinctly (*Symp.*, 180) that this phase of feminine love is, after all, inferior to that which

Page 551

led Achilles to give his life for the purpose of avenging the death of his friend Patroclus. [306] What chiefly distinguishes the higher love from the lower is, in the opinion of the pupils of Socrates, purity; and this kind of love does not exist, in their opinion, between men and women. In discussing this higher kind of love both Plato and Xenophon consistently and persistently ignore women, and not only do they ignore them, but they deliberately distinguish between two goddesses of love, one of whom, the celestial, presides—not over refined love between men and women, as we would say—but over the friendships between men only, while the feelings toward women are always inspired by the common goddess of sensual love. In Plato's *Symposium* (181) this point is made clear by Pausanias:

“The Love who is the offspring of the common Aphrodite is essentially common, and has no discrimination, being such as the meaner sort of men feel, and is apt to be of women as well as of youths, and is of the body rather than of the soul.... But the offspring of the heavenly Aphrodite is derived from a mother in whose birth the female has no part,—she is from the male only; this is that love which is of youths, and the goddess being older, there is nothing of wantonness in her.”

PLATONIC LOVE OF WOMEN

In thus excluding women from the sphere of pure, super-sensual romantic love, Plato shows himself a Greek to the marrow. In the Greek view, to be a woman was to be inferior to man from every point of view—even personal beauty. Plato's writings abound in passages which reveal his lofty contempt for women. In the *Laws* (VI., 781) he declares that “women are accustomed to creep into dark places, and when dragged out into the light they will exert their utmost powers of resistance, and be far too much for the legislator.” While unfolding, in *Timaeus* (91), his theory of the creation of man, he says gallantly that “of the men who came into the world, those who were cowards or led unrighteous lives may with reason be supposed to have changed into the nature of women in the second generation;” and on another page (42) he puts the same idea even more insultingly by writing that the man

“who lived well during his appointed time was to return and dwell in his native star, and there he would have a blessed existence. But if he failed in attaining this, at the second birth he would pass into a woman, and if, when in that state of being, he did not desist from evil, he would continually be changed into some brute who resembled him in the evil nature which he had acquired.”

In other words, in Plato's mind a woman ranks half-way between a man and a brute. “Woman's nature,” he says, “is inferior to that of men in capacity for virtue” (*Laws*, VI., 781); and his idea of ennobling a woman consists in making her resemble a man, giving her the same education, the same training in athletics and warlike exercises, in wrestling naked with each other, even though the old and ugly would be laughed at

(*Republic*, Bk. V.). Fathers, sons, mothers, daughters, will, in his ideal republic, go to war together.

Page 552

“Let a man go out to war from twenty to sixty years, and for a woman if there appear any need of making use of her in military service, let the time of service be after she shall have brought forth children up to fifty years of age” (*Laws*, VI., 785).

Having thus abolished woman, except as a breeder of sons, Plato proceeds to eliminate marriage and morality. “The brave man is to have more wives than others, and he is to have first choice in such matters more than others” (*Republic*, V., 468). All wives, however, must be in common, no man having a monopoly of a woman. Nor must there be any choice or preference for individuals. The mothers are to be arranged by officials, who will see that the good pair with the good, the bad with the bad, the offspring of the latter being destroyed, just as is done in the breeding of animals. Maternal and filial love also must be abolished, infants being taken from their mothers and educated in common. Nor must husband and wife remain together longer than is necessary for the perpetuation of the species. This is the only object of marriage in Plato’s opinion; for he recommends (*Laws*, VI., 784) that if a couple have no children after being married ten years, they should be “divorced for their mutual benefit.”

In all history there is not a more extraordinary spectacle than that presented by the greatest philosopher of Greece, proposing in his ideal republic to eliminate every variety of family affection, thus degrading the relations of the sexes to a level inferior in some respects even to that of Australian savages, who at least allow mothers to rear their own children. And this philosopher, the most radical enemy love has ever known—practically a champion of promiscuity—has, by a strange irony of fate, lent his name to the purest and most exalted form of love![307]

SPARTAN OPPORTUNITIES FOR LOVE

Had Plato lived a few centuries earlier he might have visited at least one Greek state where his barbarous ideal of the sexual relations was to a considerable extent realized. The Spartan law-maker Lycurgus shared his views regarding marriage, and had the advantage of being able to enforce them. He, too, believed that human beings should be bred like cattle. He laughed, so Plutarch tells us in his biographic sketch, at those who, while exercising care in raising dogs and horses, allowed unworthy husbands to have offspring. This, in itself, was a praiseworthy thought; but the method adopted by Lycurgus to overcome that objection was subversive of all morality and affection. He considered it advisable that among worthy men there should be a community of wives and children, for which purpose he tried to suppress jealousy, ridiculing those who insisted on a conjugal monopoly and who even engaged in fights on account of it. Elderly men were urged to share their wives with younger men

Page 553

and adopt the children as their own; and if a man considered another's wife particularly prolific or virtuous he was not to hesitate to ask for her. Bridegrooms followed the custom of capturing their brides. An attendant, after cutting off the bride's hair and putting a man's garment on her, left her alone in the dark, whereupon her bridegroom visited her, returning soon, however, to his comrades. For months—sometimes until after children had been born—the husband would thus be unable to see his wife.

Reading Greek literature in the light of modern science, it is interesting to note that we have in the foregoing account unmistakable allusions to several primitive customs which have prevailed among savages and barbarians in all parts of the world.[308] The Greek writers, ignorant of the revelations of anthropology regarding the evolution of human habits, assumed such customs to have been originated by particular lawgivers. This was natural enough and pardonable under the circumstances; but how any modern writer can consider such customs (whether aboriginal or instituted by lawgivers) especially favorable to love, passes my comprehension. Yet one of the best informed of my critics assured me that "in Sparta love was made a part of state policy, and opportunities were contrived for the young men and women to see each other at public games and become enamored." As usual in such cases, the writer ignores the details regarding these Spartan opportunities for seeing one another and falling in love, which would have spoiled his argument by indicating what kind of "love" was in question here.

Plutarch relates that Lycurgus made the girls strip naked and attend certain festivals and dance in that state before the youths, who were also naked. Bachelors who refused to marry were not allowed to attend these dances, which, as Plutarch adds with characteristic Greek naivete, were "a strong incentive to marriage." The erudite C.O. Mueller, in his history of the Doric race (II., 298), while confessing that in all his reading of Greek books he had not come across a single instance of an Athenian in love with a free-born woman and marrying her because of a strong attachment, declares that Sparta was somewhat different, personal attachments having been possible there because the young men and women were brought together at festivals and dances; but he has the acumen to see that this love was "not of a romantic nature." [309]

AMAZONIAN IDEAL OF GREEK WOMANHOOD

Romantic love, as distinguished from friendship, is dependent on sexual differentiation, and the highest phases of romantic love are possible only, as we have seen, where the secondary and tertiary sexual qualities, physical and mental, are highly developed. Now the Spartans, besides maintaining all the love-suppressing customs just alluded to, made special and systematic efforts to convert their women into Amazons devoid

Page 554

of all feminine qualities except such as were absolutely necessary for the perpetuation of the species. One of the avowed objects of making girls dance naked in the presence of men was to destroy what they considered as effeminate modesty. The law which forbade husbands to associate with their wives in the daytime prevented the growth of any sentimental, sympathetic attachment between husband and wife. Even maternal feeling was suppressed, as far as possible, Spartan mothers being taught to feel proud and happy if their sons fell in battle, disgraced and unhappy if they survived in case of defeat. The sole object, in brief, of Spartan institutions relating to women was to rear a breed of healthy animals for the purpose of supplying the state with warriors. Not love, but patriotism, was the underlying motive of these institutions. To patriotism, the most masculine of all virtues, the lives of these women were immolated, and what made it worse was that, while they were reared as men, these women could not share the honors of men. Brought up as warriors, they were still despised by the warriors, who, when they wanted companionship, always sought it in association with comrades of their own sex. In a word, instead of honoring the female sex, the Spartans suppressed and dishonored it. But they brought on their own punishment; for the women, being left in charge of affairs at home during the frequent absence of their warlike husbands and sons, learned to command slaves, and, after the manner of the African Amazons we have read about, soon tried to lord it over their husbands too.

And this utter suppression of femininity, this glorification of the Amazon—a being as repulsive to every refined mind as an effeminate man—has been lauded by a host of writers as emancipation and progress!

“If your reputation for prowess and the battles you have fought were taken away from you Spartans, in all else, be very sure, you have not your inferiors,” exclaims Peleus in the *Andromache* of Euripides, thus summing up Athenian opinion on Sparta. There was, however, one other respect in which the enemies of Sparta admired her. C.O. Mueller alludes to it in the following (II., 304):

“Little as the Athenians esteemed their own women, they involuntarily revered the heroines of Sparta, such as Gorgo, the wife of Leonidas; Lampito, the daughter of Leotychidas, the wife of Archidamus and mother of Agis.”

This is not surprising, for in Athens, as among the Spartans and all other Greeks, patriotism was the supreme virtue, and women could be compared with men only in so far as they had the opportunity and courage to participate in this masculine virtue. Aristotle appears to have been the only Greek philosopher who recognized the fact that “each sex has its own peculiar virtues in which the other rejoices;” yet there is no indication that even he meant by this anything more than the qualities in a woman of being

Page 555

a good nurse and a chaste housemaid.[310] Plato, as we have seen, considered woman inferior to man because she lacked the masculine qualities which he would have liked to educate into her; and this remained the Greek attitude to the end, as we realize vividly on reading the special treatise of Plutarch—who flourished nearly half a thousand years after Plato—*On the Virtues of Women*, in which, by way of proving “that the virtues of a man and a woman do not differ,” a number of stories are told of heroic deeds, military, patriotic, and otherwise, performed by women.

Greek ideas on womanhood are admirably symbolized in their theology. Of their four principal goddesses—using the more familiar Latin names—Juno is a shrew, Venus a wanton, while Minerva and Diana are Amazons or hermaphrodites—masculine minds in female bodies. In Juno, as Gladstone has aptly said, the feminine character is strongly marked; but, as he himself is obliged to admit, “by no means on its higher side.” Regarding Minerva, he remarks with equal aptness that “she is a goddess, not a god; but she has nothing of sex except the gender, nothing of the woman except the form.” She is the goddess, among other things, of war. Diana spends all her time hunting and slaughtering animals, and she is not only a perpetual virgin but ascetically averse to love and feminine tenderness—as unsympathetic a being as was ever conceived by human imagination—as unnatural and ludicrous as her devotee, the Hippolytus of Euripides. She is the Amazon of Amazons, and was represented dressed as an Amazon. Of course she is pictured as the tallest of women, and it is in regard to the question of stature that the Greeks once more betray their ultra-masculine inability to appreciate true femininity; as, for example, in the stupid remark of Aristotle (*Eth. Nicom.*, IV., 7), [Greek: *to kallos en megalo somati, hoi mikroi d' asteioi kai summetroi, kaloi d' ou.*]—“beauty consists in a large body; the petite are pretty and symmetrical, but not beautiful.”[311]

ATHENIAN ORIENTALISM

Both Diana and Venus were brought to Greece from Asia. Indeed, when we examine Greek life in the light of comparative *Culturgeschichte*, we find a surprising prevalence of Oriental customs and ideas, especially in Athens, and particularly in the treatment of women. In this respect Athens is the antipode of Sparta. While at Sparta the women wrestled naked with the men, in Athens the women were not even permitted to witness their games. The Athenians moreover had very decided opinions about the effect of Spartan customs. The beautiful Helen who caused the Trojan war by her adulterous elopement was a Spartan, and the Athenian Euripides makes Peleus taunt her husband Menelaus in these words:

Page 556

“Thou who didst let a Phrygian rob thee of thy wife, leaving thy home without bolt or guard, as if forsooth the cursed woman thou hadst was a model of virtue. No! a Spartan maid could not be chaste, e’en if she would, who leaves her home and bares her limbs and lets her robe float free, to share with youth their races and their sports—customs I cannot away with. Is it any wonder that ye fail to educate your women in virtue?”

The Athenian, to be sure, did not any more than the Spartan educate his women in virtue. What he did was to compel them to be virtuous by locking them up in the Oriental style. Unlike the Spartan, the Athenian had a regard for paternity and genealogy, and the only way he knew to insure it was the Asiatic. He failed to make the discovery that the best safeguard of woman’s virtue is education—as witness America; and to this failure is due to a large extent the collapse of Greek civilization. Athenian women were more chaste than Spartans because they had to be, and they were superior also in being less masculine; but the topsy-turvy Athenian men looked down on them because they were *not* more masculine and because they lacked the education which they themselves perversely refused to give them! Few Athenian women could read or write, nor had they much use for such accomplishments, being practically condemned to life-long imprisonment. The men indorsed the Oriental idea that educating a woman is an unwise and reprehensible thing.[312]

Widely as the Athenian way of treating women differed from the Spartan, the result was the same—the frustration of pure love. The girls were married off in their early teens, before what little mind they had was developed, to men whom they had never seen before, and in the selection of whom they were not consulted; the result being, in the words of a famous orator, that the men married respectable women for the sake of rearing legitimate offspring, keeping concubines for the daily wants and care of the body, and associating with hetairai for pleasant companionship. Hence, as Becker justly remarks (III., 337), though we come across stories of passionate love in the pages of Terence (*i.e.* Menander) and other Greek writers, “sensuality was always the soil from which such passion sprang, and none other than a sensual love between a man and a woman was even acknowledged.”

LITERATURE AND LIFE

Although dogs are the most intelligent of all animals and at the same time proverbial for their faithful attachment to their masters, they are nevertheless, as I have before pointed out, in their sexual relations utterly incapable of that approximation to conjugal love which we find instinctive in some birds. Most readers of this book, too, are probably acquainted with men and women, who while highly educated and refined, as well as devoted to the members of their family, are strangers to romantic love; and I have

Page 557

pointed out (302) that men of genius may in this respect be in the same boat as ordinary mortals. In view of these considerations, and of the rarity of true love even in modern Europe and America, it surely is not unnatural or reckless to assume that there may have been whole nations in this predicament, though they were as advanced in many other respects as were the Greeks and as capable of other forms of domestic attachment. Yet, as I remarked on page 6, several writers, including so eminent a thinker as Professor William James, have held that the Greeks could have differed from us only in their *ideas* about love, and not in their feelings themselves. "It is incredible," he remarks in the review referred to, "that individual women should not at all times have had the power to fill individual manly breasts with enchanted respect.... So powerful and instinctive, an emotion can never have been recently evolved. But our *ideas about* our emotions, and the esteem in which we hold them, differ very much from one generation to another."

In the next paragraph he admits, however, that "no doubt the way in which we think about our emotions reacts on the emotions themselves, dampening or inflaming them, as the case may be;" and in this admission he really concedes the whole matter. The main object of my chapter "How Sentiments Change and Grow" is to show how men's *ideas* regarding nature, religion, murder, polygamy, modesty, chastity, incest, affect and modify their *feelings* in relation to them, thus furnishing indirectly a complete answer to the objection made to my theory.[313]

Now the ideas which the Greeks had about their women could not but dampen any elevated feelings of love that might otherwise have sprung up in them. Their literature attests that they considered love a degrading, sensual passion, not an ennobling, supersensual sentiment, as we do. With such an *idea* how could they have possibly *felt* toward women as we do? With the *idea* firmly implanted in their minds that women are in every respect the inferiors of men, how could they have experienced that *emotional* state of ecstatic adoration and worship of the beloved which is the very essence of romantic love? Of necessity, purity and adoration were thus entirely eliminated from such love as they were capable of feeling toward women. Nor can they, though noted for their enthusiasm for beautiful human forms, have risen above sensualism in the admiration of the personal beauty of women; for since their girls were left to grow up in utter ignorance, neither their faces nor their minds can have been of the kind which inspires supersensual love. With boys it was different. They were educated mentally as well as physically, and hence as Winckelmann—himself a Greek in this respect—has remarked, "the supreme beauty of Greek art is male rather than female." If the healthy Greek mind could be so utterly different from the healthy modern mind in regard to the love of boys, why not in regard to the love of women? The perverseness of the Greeks in this respect was so great that, as we have seen, they not only adored boys while despising women, but preferred masculine women to feminine women.

Page 558

But the most serious oversight of the champions of Greek love is that they regard love as merely an emotion, or group of emotions, whereas, as I have shown, its most essential ingredients and only safe criteria are the altruistic impulses of gallantry and self-sacrifice, allied with sympathy and affection. That there was no gallantry and self-sacrifice in Greek love of women I have already indicated (188, 197, 203, 163); and that there was no sympathy in it is obvious from the heartless way in which the men treated the women—in life I mean, not merely in literature—refusing to allow them the least liberty of movement, or choice in marriage, or to give them an education which would have enabled them to enjoy the higher pleasures of life on their own account. As for affection, it is needless to add that it cannot exist where there is no sympathy, no gallant kindness and courtesy, and no willingness to sacrifice one's selfish comfort or pleasures for another.

Of course we know all these things only on the testimony of Greek literature; but it would surely be the most extraordinary thing in the world if these altruistic impulses had existed in Greek life, and Greek literature had persistently and absolutely ignored them, while on the other hand it is constantly harping on the other ingredients of love which also accompany lust. If literature has any historic value at all, if we can ever regard it as a mirror of life, we are entitled to the inference that romantic love was unknown to the Greeks of Europe, whereas the caresses and refinements and ardent longings of sensual love—including hyperbole and the mixed moods of hope and despair—were familiar to them and are often expressed by them in poetic language (see 137, 140-44, 295, 299). I say the Greeks of Europe, to distinguish them from those of Greater Greece, whose capacities for love we still have to consider.

GREEK LOVE IN AFRICA

It is amusing to note the difference of opinion prevailing among the champions of Greek love as to the time when it began to be sentimental and “modern.” Some boldly go back to Homer, at the threshold of literature. Many begin with Sappho, some with Sophocles, and a host with Euripides. Menander is the starting-point to others, while Benecke has written a book to prove that the credit of inventing modern love belongs to Antimachus of Colophon. The majority hesitate to go back farther than the Alexandrian school of the fourth century before Christ, while some modestly content themselves with the romancers of the fourth or fifth centuries after Christ—thus allowing a latitude of twelve or thirteen hundred years to choose from.

We for our part, having applied our improved chemical test to such love as is recorded in the prose and verse of Classical Greece, and having found the elements of romantic sentiment missing, must now examine briefly what traces of it may occur in the much-vaunted erotic poems and stories of Greater Greece, notably the capital of Egypt in the third century before Christ.

Page 559

It is true that of the principal poets of the Alexandrian school—Theocritus, Callimachus, and Apollonius—only the last named was probably a native of Alexandria; but the others made it their home and sphere of influence, being attracted by the great library, which contained all the treasures of Greek literature, and other inducements which the Ptolemies held out to men of letters. Thus it is permissible to speak of an African or Alexandrian period of Greek literature, all the more as the cosmopolitan influences at work at Alexandria gave this literature a peculiar character of its own, erotically as well as otherwise, which tinged Greek writings from that time on.

In reading Homer we are struck by the utter absence not only of stories of romantic love but of romantic love-stories. Even the relations of Achilles and Briseis, which offered such fine romantic opportunities, are treated in an amazingly prosaic manner. An emphatic change in this respect is hardly to be noted till we come to Euripides, who, though ignorant of romantic love, gave women and their feelings more attention than they had previously received in literature. Aristophanes, in several of his plays, gave vent to his indignation at this new departure, but the tendency continued in the New Comedy (Menander and others), which gave up the everlasting Homeric heroes and introduced everyday contemporary scenes and people. Thus the soil was prepared for the Alexandrians, but it was with them that the new plant reached its full growth. Not content with following the example of the New Comedy, they took up the Homeric personages again, gods as well as heroes, but in a very different fashion from that of their predecessors, proceeding to sentimentalize them to their hearts' content, the gods being represented as sharing all the amorous weaknesses of mortals, differing from them only, as Rohde remarks (107), in being even more fickle than they, eternally changing their loves.

The infusion of this romantic spirit into the dry old myths undoubtedly brings the poems and stories of the Alexandrians and their imitators a step nearer to modern conditions. The poets of the Alexandrian period must also be credited with being the first who made love (sensual love, I mean)—which had played so subordinate a role in the old epics and tragedies—the central feature of interest, thus setting a fashion which has continued without interruption to the present day. As Couat puts it, with the pardonable exaggeration of a specialist (155): “Les Alexandrins n’ont pas inventé l’amour dans la littérature ... mais ils ont créé la littérature de l’amour.” Their way of treating love was followed in detail by the Roman poets, especially Ovid, Catullus, Propertius, and Tibullus, and by the Greek novelists, Xenophon Ephesius, Heliodorus, Achilles Tatius, Chariton, Longus, etc., up to the fourth or fifth centuries (dates are uncertain) of our era.

Page 560

There is a “surprising similarity” in the descriptions of love-affairs by all these writers, as is noted by Rohde, who devotes twenty pages (145-165, chiefly foot-notes, after the fashion of German professors) to detailed proof of his assertion. The substance of these pages, may, however be summed up very briefly, under seventeen heads. In all these writings, if the girl is represented as being respectable, (1) the lovers meet or see each other for the first time at religious festivals, as those were practically the only occasions where such women could appear in public. (2) The love is sudden, at first sight, no other being possible under circumstances that permit of no prolonged courtship. (3) The youth is represented as having previously felt a coy, proud aversion to the goddess of love, who now avenges herself by smiting him with a violent, maddening passion. (4) The love is mutual, and it finds its way to the heart through the eyes. (5) Cupid with his arrows, urged on by Venus, is gradually relegated to the background as a shadowy abstraction. (6) Both the youth and the maiden are extraordinarily beautiful. No attempt is made, however, to describe the points of beauty in detail, after the dry fashion of the Oriental and the later Byzantine authors. Hyperbole is used in comparing the complexion to snow, the cheeks to roses, etc; but the favorite way of picturing a youth or maiden is to compare the same to some one of the gods or goddesses who were types familiar to all through pictures and statues—a characteristically Greek device, going back as far as Hesiod and Homer. (7) The passion of the lovers is a genuine disease, which (8) monopolizes their souls, and (9) makes them neglect the care of the body, (10) makes pallor alternate with blushes, (11) deprives them of sleep, or fills their dreams with the beloved; (12) it urges them to seek solitude, and (13) to tell their woes to the trees and rocks, which (14) are supposed to sympathize with them. (15) The passion is incurable, even wine, the remedy for other cares, serving only to aggravate it. (16) Like Orientals, the lovers may swoon away or fall into dangerous illness. (17) The lover cuts the beloved’s name into trees, follows her footsteps, consults the flower oracle, wishes he were a bee so he could fly to her, and at the banquet puts his lips to the spot where she drank from the cup.

Having finished his list of erotic traits, Rohde confesses frankly that it “embraces, to be sure, only a limited number of the simplest symptoms of love.” But instead of drawing therefrom the obvious inference that love which has no other symptoms than those is very far from being like modern love, he adds perversely and illogically that “in its *essential* traits, this passion *is presumably* the same at all times and with all nations.”[314]

ALEXANDRIAN CHIVALRY.

Page 561

It is in the Alexandrian period of Greek literature and art that, according to Helbig (194), “we first meet traits that suggest the adoration of women (*Frauencultus*) and gallantry.” This opinion is widely prevalent, a special instance being that ecstatic exclamation of Professor Ebers: “Can we assume even the gallantry of love to have been unknown in a country where the hair of a queen, Berenice, was transferred as a constellation to the skies?” In reality this act was inspired by selfish adulation and had not the remotest connection with love.

The story in brief is as follows: Shortly after his marriage to Berenice, Ptolemy went on an expedition into Syria. To insure his safe return to Egypt Berenice vowed to consecrate her beautiful hair to Venus. On his return she fulfilled her vow in the temple; but on the following day her hair could not be found. To console the king and the queen, and to *conciliate the royal favor*, the astronomer Conon declared that the locks of Berenice had been removed by divine interposition and transferred to the skies in the form of a constellation.[315]

A still more amusing instance of Alexandrian “gallantry” is to be found in the case of the queen Stratonice, whose court-poets were called upon to compete with each other in singing of the beauty of her locks. The fact that she was bald, did not, as a matter of course, make the slightest difference in this kind of homage.

Unlike his colleagues, Rohde was not misled into accepting such *adulation of queens* as evidence of *adoration of women in general*. In several pages of admirable erudition (63-69), which I commend to all students of the subject, he exposes the hollowness and artificiality of this so-called Alexandrian chivalry. Fashion ordained that poems should be addressed to women of exalted rank:

“As the queens were, like the kings, enrolled among the gods, the court-poets, of course, were not allowed to neglect the praise of the queens, and they were called upon to celebrate the royal weddings;[316] nay, in the extravagance of their gallant homage they rose to a level of bad taste the pinnacle of which was reached by Callimachus in his elegy—so well-known through the imitation of Catullus—on the hair of queen Berenice placed among the constellations by the courtesy of the astronomer Conon.”

He then proceeds to explain that we must be careful not to infer from such a courtly custom that other women enjoyed the freedom and influence of the queen or shared their compliments.

“In actual life a certain chivalrous attitude toward women existed at most toward hetairai, in which case, as a matter of course, it was adulterated with a very unpleasant ingredient of frivolous sentimentality.... Of an essential change in the position of respectable girls and women there is no indication.”

Though there were a number of learned viragoes, there

Page 562

is “absolutely no evidence” that women in general received the compliment and benefit of an education. The poems of Philetas and Callimachus, like those of Propertius and Ovid, so far as they referred to women, appealed only to the wanton hetairai. As late as our first century Plutarch felt called upon to write a treatise, *oti kai gunaikas paideuteon* —“that women too should be educated.” Cornelius Nepos still speaks of the *gynaikonitis* as the place where women spend their time.

“In particular, the emancipation of virgins from the seclusion of their jealous confinement would have implied a revolution in all social arrangements of the Greeks of which we have no intimation anywhere,”

including Alexandria (69). In another chapter, Rohde comments (354-356) with documentary proof, on the “extraordinary tenacity,” with which the Greeks down to the latest periods of their literature, clung to their custom of regarding and treating women as inferiors and servants—a custom which precluded the possibility of true chivalry and adoration. That sympathy also—and consequently true, altruistic affection—continued to be wanting in their emotional life is indicated by the fact, also pointed out by Rohde, that “the most palpable mark of a higher respect,” an education, was withheld from the women to the end of the Hellenic period.[317]

THE NEW COMEDY

Another current error regarding the Alexandrian period both in Egypt and in Greece (Menander and the New Comedy) is that a regard for purity enters as a new element into its literature. It does, in some instances, less, however, as a virtue than as a *bonne bouche* for epicures,[318] as is made most patent in that offshoot of the Alexandrian manner, the abominably *raffine* story of Daphnis and Chloe. There may also be traces of that “longing for an ennobling of the passion of love” of which Rohde speaks (though I have not found any in my own reading, and the professor, contrary to his favorite usage, gives no references); but apart from that, the later Greek literature differs from the older not in being purer, but by its coarse and shameless eroticism, both unnatural and natural. The old epics and tragedies are models of purity in comparison, though Euripides set a bad example in his *Hippolytus*, and still more his *Aeolus*, the coarse incestuous passion of which was particularly admired and imitated by the later writers. [319] Aristophanes is proverbial for his unspeakable license and obscenity. Concerning the plays of Menander (more than a hundred, of which only fragments have come down to us and Latin versions of several by Terence and Plautus), Plutarch tells us, indeed, that they were all tied together by one bond—love; but it was love in the only sense known to the Greeks, and always involving a hetaira or at most a [Greek: *pseudokorae*] or *demie-vierge*, since respectable girls could not be involved in realistic Greek love-affairs.

Page 563

Professor Gercke has well remarked (141) that the charm of elegance with which Menander covers up his moral rottenness, and which made him the favorite of the *jeunesse doree* of his time, exerted a bad influence on the stage through many centuries. There are a few quasi-altruistic expressions in the plays of Terence and Plautus, but they are not supported by actions and do not reach beyond the sphere of sentimentality into that of sentiment. Here again I may adduce Rohde as an unbiassed witness. While declaring that there is "a longing for the ennobling of the passion in actual life" he admits that

"really *sentimental effusions* of love are strikingly rare in Plautus and Terence.[320] One might think the authors of the Latin versions had omitted the sentimental passages, were it not that in the remnants of the Newer Comedy of the Attic writers themselves there are, apart from general references to Eros, no traces whatever of sentimental allusions." [321]

THEOCRITUS AND CALLIMACHUS

Let us now return from Athens and Rome to Alexandria, to see whether we can find a purer and more genuinely romantic atmosphere in the works of her leading poets. Of these the first in time and fame is Theocritus. He, like Sappho, has been lauded as a poet of love; and he does resemble Sappho in two respects. Like her, he often glorifies unnatural passion in a way which, as in the twelfth and twenty-third Idyls, for example, tempts every normal person who can read the original to throw the whole book away in disgust. Like Sappho and the Hindoos (and some modern Critics) he also seems to imagine that the chief symptoms of love are emaciation, perspiration, and paralysis, as we see in the absurdly overrated second Idyl, of which I have already spoken (116). Lines 87-88 of Idyl I., lines 139-142 of Idyl II., and the whole of Idyl XXVII., practically sum up the conception of love prevailing in the bucolic school of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, except that Theocritus has an idea of the value of coyness and jealousy as stimulants of passion, as Idyl VI. shows. Crude coyness and rude jealousy no doubt were known also to the rustic folk he sings about; but when he makes that ugly, clumsy, one-eyed monster, the Cyclops Polyphemus, fall in love with the sea-nymph Galatea (Idyl XI.) and lament that he was not born with fins that he might dive and kiss her hand if his lips she refused, he applies Alexandrian pseudo-gallantry to pastoral conditions where they are ludicrously out of place. The kind of "gallantry" really to be expected under these conditions is realistically indicated in Idyl XIV., where Aeschines, after declaring that he shall go mad some day because the beautiful Cyniska flouted him, tells his friend how, in a fit of jealousy, he had struck the girl on the cheek twice with clenched fist, while she was sitting at his own table. Thereupon she left him, and now he laments: "If I could only find a cure for my love!"

Page 564

Another quaintly realistic touch occurs in the line (Idyl II.) in which Battis declares that Amaryllis, when she died, was as dear to him as his goats. In this line, no doubt, we have the supreme ideal of Sicilian pastoral love; nor is there a line which indicates that Theocritus himself knew any higher phases of love than those which he embodies in his shepherds. In a writer who has so many poetic charms[322] this may seem strange, but it simply bears out my theory that romantic love is one of the latest products of civilization—as late as the love of romantic scenery, which we do not find in Theocritus, though he writes charmingly of other kinds of scenery—of cool fountains, shady groves, pastures with cattle, apple trees, and other things that please the senses of man—as women do while they are young and pretty.

Callimachus, the younger contemporary of Theocritus, is another Alexandrian whose importance in the history of love has been exaggerated. His fame rests chiefly on the story of Acontius and Cydippe which occurred in the collection of legends and tales he had brought together in his [Greek: Aitia]. His own version is now lost, like most of his other works; and such fragments of the story as remain would not suffice for the purpose of reconstruction were we not aided by the two epistles which the lovers exchange with each other in the *Heroides* of Ovid, and more still by the prose version of Aristaenetus, which appears to be quite literal, judging by the correspondence of the text with some of the extant fragments of the original.[323] The story can be related in a few lines. Acontius and Cydippe are both very beautiful and have both been coy to others of the opposite sex. As a punishment they are made to fall in love with each other at first sight in the Temple of Diana. It is a law of this temple that any vow made in it must be kept. To secure the girl, Acontius therefore takes an apple, writes on it a vow that she will be his bride and throws it at her feet. She picks it up, reads the vow aloud and thus pledges herself. Her parents, some time after, want to marry her to another man; three times the wedding arrangements are made, but each time she falls ill. Finally the oracle at Delphi is consulted, which declares that the girl's illness is due to her not keeping her vow; whereupon explanations follow and the lovers are united.

In the literary history of love this story may be allowed a conspicuous place for the reason that, as Mahaffy remarks (*G.L. & T.*, 230), it is the first literary original of that sort of tale which makes falling in love and happy marriage the beginning and the end, while the obstacles to this union form the details of the plot. Moreover, as Couat points out (145), the later Greek romances are mere imitations of this Alexandrian elegy—Hero and Leander, Leucippe and Clitophon, and other stories all recall it. But from my point of view—the evolutionary and psychological—I cannot

Page 565

see that the story told by Callimachus marks any advance. The lovers see each other only a moment in the temple; they do not meet afterward, there is no real courtship, they have no chance to get acquainted with each other's mind and character, and there is no indication whatever of supersensual, altruistic affection. Nor was Callimachus the man from whom one would have expected a new gospel of love. He was a dry old librarian, without originality, a compiler of catalogues and legends, *etc.*—eight hundred works all told—in which even the stories were marred by details of pedantic erudition. Moreover, there is ample evidence in the extant epigrams that he did not differ from his contemporaries and predecessors in the theory and practice of love. Instead of having the modern feeling of abhorrence toward any suggestion of [Greek: paiderastia], he glorified it in the usual Greek style. The fame he enjoyed as an erotic poet among the coarse and unprincipled Roman bards does not redound to his credit, and he himself tells us unmistakably what he means by love when he calls it a [Greek: philopaidanoson] and declares that fasting is a sure remedy for it (*Epigr.*, 47).

MEDEA AND JASON

Another writer of this period who has been unduly extolled for his insight into the mysteries of love, is Apollonius Rhodius, concerning whom Professor Murray goes so far as to say (382), that “for romantic love on the higher side he is without a peer even in the age of Theocritus.”(!) He owes this fame to the story of Medea and Jason, introduced in the third book of his version of the Argonautic expedition (275 *seq.*). It begins in the old-fashioned way with Cupid shooting his arrow at Medea's heart, in which forthwith the destructive passion glows. Blushes and pallor alternate in her face, and her breast heaves fast and deep as she incessantly stares at Jason with flaming eyes. She remembers afterwards every detail about his looks and dress, and how he sat and walked. Unlike all other men he seemed to her. Tears run down her cheeks at the thought that he might succumb in his combat with the two terrible bulls he will have to tame before he can recover the Golden Fleece. Even in her dreams she suffers tortures, if she is able to sleep at all. She is distracted by conflicting desires. Should she give him the magic salve which would protect his body from harm, or let him die, and die with him? Should she give up her home, her family, her honor, for his sake and become the topic of scandalous gossip? or should she end it all by committing suicide? She is on the point of doing so when the thought of all the joys of life makes her hesitate and change her mind. She resolves to see Jason alone and give him the ointment. A secret meeting is arranged in the temple of Hecate. She gets there first, and while waiting every sound of footsteps makes her bosom heave. At last he comes and at sight of

Page 566

him her cheek flames red, her eyes grow dim, consciousness seems to leave her, and she is fixed to the ground unable to move forward or backward. After Jason has spoken to her, assuring her that the gods themselves would reward her for saving the lives of so many brave men, she takes the salve from her bosom, and she would have plucked her heart from it to give him had he asked for it. The eyes of both are modestly turned to the ground, but when they meet longing speaks from them. Then, after explaining to him the use of the salve, she seizes his hand and begs him after he shall have reached his home again, to remember her, as she will bear him in mind, even against her parents' wishes. Should he forget her, she hopes messengers will bring news of him, or that she herself may be able to cross the seas and appear an unexpected guest to remind him how she had saved him.

Such was the love of Medea, which historians have proclaimed such a new thing in literature—"romantic love on the higher side." For my part I cannot see in this description—in which no essential trait is omitted—anything different from what we have found in Homer, in Sappho, and in Euripides. The unwomanly lack of coyness which Medea displays when she practically proposes to Jason, expecting him to marry her out of gratitude, is copied after the Nausicaea of the *Odyssey*. The flaming cheeks, dim eyes, loss of consciousness, and paralysis are copied from Sappho; while the *Hippolytus* of Euripides furnished the model for the dwelling on the subjective symptoms of the "pernicious passion of love." The stale trick too, of making this love originate in a wound inflicted by Cupid's arrows is everlastingly Greek; and so is the device of representing the woman alone as being consumed by the flames of love. For Jason is about as unlike a modern lover as a caricaturist could make him. His one idea is to save his life and get the Fleece. "Necessity compels me to clasp your knees and ask your aid," he exclaims when he meets her; and when she gives him that broad hint "do not forget me; I shall never forget you," his reply is a long story about his home. Not till after she has threatened to visit him does he declare "But *should you* come to my home, you would be honored by all ... *in that case* I hope you may grace my bridal couch." And again in the fourth book he relates that he is taking Medea home to be his wife "in accordance with her wishes!" Without persiflage, his attitude may be summed up in these words: "I come to you because I am in danger of my precious life. Help me to get back the Golden Fleece and I promise you that, on condition that I get home safe and sound, I will condescend to marry you." Is this, perhaps, the "romantic love on the higher side" which Professor Murray found in this story? But there is more to come.

Page 567

Of the symptoms of love in Medea's heart described in the foregoing paragraph not one rises above that egotistic gloating over the pangs and joys of sensual infatuation which constitute one phase of sentimentality; while the further progress of the story shows that Medea had no idea whatever of sacrificing herself for Jason, but that the one motive of her actions was the eager desire to possess him. When the fugitives are being pursued closely, and the chivalrous Argonauts, afraid to battle with a superior number, propose to retain the Golden Fleece, but to give up Medea and let some other king decide whether she is to be returned to her parents, it never occurs to her that she might save her beloved by going back home. She wants to have him at any cost, or to perish with him; so she reproaches him bitterly for his ingratitude, and meditates the plan of setting fire to the ships and burning him up with all the crew, as well as herself. He tries to pacify her by protesting that he had not quite liked the plan proposed himself, but had indorsed it only to gain time; whereupon she suggests a way out of the dilemma pleasanter to herself, by advising the Argonauts to inveigle her brother, who leads the pursuers, into their power and assassinate him; which they promptly proceed to do, while she stands by with averted eyes. It is with unconscious sarcasm that Apollonius exclaims on the same page where all these details of "romantic love on the higher side" are being unfolded: "Accursed Eros, the world's most direful plague."

POETS AND HETAIRAI.

The one commendable feature which the stories of Acontius and Cydippe and of Medea and Jason have in common is that the heroine in each case is a respectable and pure maiden (see *Argon.*, IV., 1018-1025). But, although the later romance writers followed this example, it would be a great mistake to suppose, with Mahaffy (272), that this touch of virgin purity was felt by the Alexandrians to be "the necessary starting-point of the love-romance in a refined society." Alexandrian society was anything but refined in matters of love, and the trait referred to stands out by reason of its novelty and isolation in a literature devoted chiefly to the hetairai. We see this especially also in the epigrams of the period. It is astonishing, writes Couat (173), how many of these are erotic; and "almost all," he adds, "are addressed to courtesans or young boys." "Dans toutes l'auteur ne chante que la beaute plastique et les plaisirs faciles; leur Cypris est la Cypris [Greek: pandaemos], celle qui se vend a tout le monde." In these verses of Callimachus, Asclepiades, Poseidippus and others, he finds sentimentality but no sentiment; and on page 62 he sums up Alexandria with French patness as a place "ou l'on faisait assidument des vers sur l'amour sans etre amoureux"—"where they were ever writing love-poems without ever being in love." But what repels modern taste

Page 568

still more than this artificiality and lack of inspiration is the effeminate degradation of the masculine type most admired. Helbig, who, in his book on *Campanische Wandmalerei*, enforces the testimony of literature with the inferences that can be drawn from mural paintings and vases, remarks (258) that the favorite poetic ideals of the time are tender youths with milk-white complexion, rosy cheeks and long, soft tresses. Thus is Apollo represented by Callimachus, thus even Achilles by the bucolic poets. In later representations indicating Alexandrian influences we actually see Polyphemus no longer as a rude giant, but as a handsome man, or even as a beardless youth.[324]

That the Alexandrian period, far from marking the advent of purity and refinement in literature and life, really represents the climax of degradation, is made most obvious when we regard the role which the hetairai played in social life. In Alexandria and at Athens they were the centre of attraction at all the entertainments of the young men, and to some of them great honors were paid. In the time of Polybius the most beautiful houses in Alexandria were named after flute girls; portrait statues of such were placed in temples and other public places, by the side of those of generals and statesmen, and there were few prominent men whose names were not associated with these creatures.

The opinion has been promulgated countless times that these [Greek: hetairai] were a mentally superior class of women, and on the strength of this information I assumed, in *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty* (79), that, notwithstanding their frailty, they may have been able, in some cases, to inspire a more refined, spiritual sort of love than the uneducated domestic women. A study of the original sources has now convinced me that this was a mistake. Aspasia no doubt was a remarkable woman, but she stands entirely by herself, Theodota is visited once by Socrates, but he excuses himself from calling again, and as for Diotima, she is a seeress rather than a hetaira. Athenaeus informs us that some of these women

“had a great opinion of themselves, paying attention to education and spending a part of their time on literature; so that they were very ready with their rejoinders and replies;”

but the specimens he gives of these rejoinders and replies consist chiefly of obscene jokes, cheap puns on names or pointless witticisms. Here are two specimens of the better kind, relating to Gnathaena, who was famed for her repartee:

“Once, when a man came to see her and saw some eggs on a dish, and said, ‘Are these raw, Gnathaena, or boiled?’ she replied, ‘They are made of brass, my boy.’” “On one occasion, when some poor lovers of the daughter of Gnathaena came to feast at her house, and threatened to throw it down, saying that they had brought spades and mattocks on purpose; ‘But,’ said Gnathaena, ‘if you had these implements, you should have pawned

Page 569

them and brought some money with you.”

The pictures of the utter degradation of the most famous of the hetairai—Leontium, Lais, Phryne, and others, drawn by Athenaeus, need not be transferred to these pages. Combined with the revelations made in Lucian's [Greek: Etairikoi dialogoi], they demonstrate absolutely that these degraded, mercenary, mawkish creatures could not have inspired romantic sentiment in the hearts of the men, even if the latter had been capable of it.

It is to such vulgar persons that the poets of classical Greece and Alexandria addressed their verses. And herein they were followed by those of the Latins who may be regarded as imitators of the Alexandrians—Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius and Ovid, the principal erotic poets of Rome. They wrote all their love-poems to, for, or about, a class of women corresponding to the Greek hetairai. Of Ovid I have already spoken (189), and what I said of him practically applies to the others. Propertius not only writes with the hetairai in his mind, but, like his Alexandrian models, he appears as one who is forever writing love-poems without ever being really in love. With Catullus the sensual passion at least is sincere. Yet even Professor Sellar, who declares that he is, “with the exception perhaps of Sappho, the greatest and truest of all the ancient poets of love,” is obliged to admit that he “has not the romance and purity of modern sentiment” (349, 22). Like the Greeks, he had a vague idea that there is something higher than sensual passion, but, like a Greek, in expressing it, he ignores women as a matter of course. “There was a time,” he writes to his profligate Lesbia, “when I loved you not as a man loves his mistress, but as a *father loves his son or his son-in-law*”!

Dicebas quondam solum te nosse Catullum,
Lesbia, nee prae me velle tenere lovem.
Dilexi tum te non ut volgus amicam,
Sed pater ut gnatos diligit et generos.

In Tibullus there is a note of tenderness which, however, is a mark of effeminacy rather than of an improved manliness. His passion is fickle, his adoration little more than adulation, and the expressions of unselfish devotion here and there do not mean more than the altiloquent words of Achilles about Briseis or of Admetus about Alcestis, for they are not backed up by altruistic actions. In a word, his poems belong to the region of sentimentality, not sentiment. Morally he is as rotten as any of his colleagues. He began his poetic career with a glorification of [Greek: paiderastia], and continued it as an admirer of the most abandoned women. A French author who wrote a history of prostitution in three volumes quite properly devoted a chapter to Tibullus and his love-affairs.[325]

SHORT STORIES

Page 570

A big volume might be filled with the short love-stories in prose or verse scattered through a thousand years of Greek literature. But, although some of them are quite romantic, I must emphatically reiterate what I said in my first book (76)—that romantic love does not appear in the writings of any Greek author and that the passion of the desperately enamoured young people so often portrayed sprang entirely from sensuality. One of the critics referred to at the beginning of this chapter held me up to the ridicule of the British public because I ignored such romantic love-stories as Orpheus and Eurydice, Alcyone and Ceyx, Atalanta and Meleager, Cephalus and Procris, and “a dozen others” which “any school girl” could tell me. To begin with the one last named, the critic asks: “What can be said against Cephalus and Procris?” A great deal, I am afraid. As told by Antoninus Liberalis in No. 41 of his *Metamorphoses* ([Greek: metamorphoseon synagogae]) it is one of the most abominable and obscene stories ever penned even by a Greek. Some of the disgusting details are omitted in the versions of Ovid and Hyginus, but in the least offensive version that can be made the story runs thus:

Cephalus, having had experience of woman’s unbridled passion, doubts his wife’s fidelity and, to test her, disguises himself and offers her a bag of gold. At first she refuses, but when he doubles the sum, she submits, whereupon he throws away his disguise and confronts her with her guilt. Covered with shame, she flies. Afterward she cuts her hair like a man’s, changes her clothes so as to be unrecognizable, and joins him in the chase. Being more successful than he, she promises to teach him on a certain condition; and on his assenting, she reveals her identity and accuses him of being just as bad as she was. Another version reads that after their reconciliation she suspected his fidelity on hearing that he used to ascend a hill and cry out “Come, Nephela, come” ([Greek: Nephelae] means cloud). So she went and concealed herself on the hill in a thicket, where her husband accidentally killed her with his javelin.

Is this the kind of Greek “love-stories” that English school girls learn by the dozen? Coarse as it is, the majority of these stories are no better, being absolutely unfit for literal translation, which is doubtless the reason why no publisher has ever brought out a collection of Greek “love-stories.” Of those referred to above none is so objectionable as the tale of Cephalus and Procris, nor, on the other hand, is any one of them in any way related to what we call romantic love. Atalanta was a sweet masculine maiden who could run faster than any athlete. Her father was anxious to have her marry, and she finally agreed to wed any man who could reach a certain goal before her, the condition being, however, that she should be allowed to transfix with her spear every suitor who failed. She had already ornamented the place of contest with the heads of many courageous young men, this tender-hearted, romantic maiden had, when her fun was rudely spoiled by Meleager, who threw before her three golden apples which she stopped to pick up, thus losing the race to that hero, who, no doubt, was extremely happy with such a wife ever after. Even to this story an improper sequel was added.

Page 571

Alcyone and Ceyx is the story of a wife who committed suicide on discovering the body of her husband on the sea-beach; and the story of Orpheus, who grieved so over the death of his wife Eurydice that he went to the lower world to bring her up again, but lost her again because, contrary to his agreement with Pluto and Proserpina, he looked back to see if she was following, is known to everybody. The conjugal attachment and grief at the loss of a spouse which these two legends tell of, are things the existence of which in Greece no one has ever denied. They are simple phenomena quite apart from the complex state of mind we call romantic love, and are shared by man with many of the lower animals. In such attachment and grief there is no evidence of altruistic affection. Orpheus tried to bring back Eurydice to please himself, not her, and Alcyone's suicide was of no possible use to Ceyx.[326]

The story of Panthea and Abradates, to which Professor Ebers refers so triumphantly, is equally inconclusive as to the existence of altruistic affection. Abradates, having been urged by his wife Panthea to show himself worthy of the friendship of Cyrus by doing valorous deeds, falls in a battle, whereat Panthea is so grieved at the result of her advice that she commits suicide. From the modern Christian point of view this was not a rational proof of affection, but a foolish and criminal act. But it harmonized finely with the Greek ideal—the notion that patriotism is even a woman's first duty, and her life not worth living except in subservience to her husband. There is good reason to believe[327] that this story was a pure invention of Xenophon and deliberately intended to be an object lesson to women regarding the ideal they ought to live up to. The whole of the book in which it appears—[Greek: *Kyrou paideia*—is what the Germans call a *Tendenzroman*—a historic romance with a moral, illustrating the importance of a correct education and glorifying a certain form of government.

To a student of Greek love one of the most instructive documents is the [Greek: *erotika pathaemata*] of Parthenius, who was a contemporary of the most famous Roman poets (first century before Christ), and the teacher of Virgil. It is a collection of thirty-six short love-stories in prose, made for him by his friend Cornelius Gallus, who was in quest of subjects which he might turn into elegies. It has been remarked that these poems are peculiarly sad, but a better word for them is coarse. Unbridled lust, incest, [Greek: *paiderastia*], and adultery are the favorite motives in them, and few rise above the mephitic atmosphere which breathes from Cephalus and Procris or other stories of crime, like that of Philomela and Procne, which were so popular among Greek and Roman poets, and presumably suited their readers. With amusing naivete Eckstein pleads for these "specimens of antique romance" on the ground that there is more lubricity in *Bandello* and *Boccaccio*!—which is like declaring that a man who assassinates another by simply hitting him on the head is virtuous because there are others who make murder a fine art. I commend the stories of Parthenius to the special attention of any one who may have any lingering doubts as to the difference between Greek ideas of love and modern ideals.[328]

Page 572

GREEK ROMANCES

Parthenius is regarded as a connecting link of the Alexandrian school with the Roman poets on one side, and on the other with the romances which constitute the last phase of Greek erotic literature.[329] In these romances too, a number of my critics professed to discover romantic love. The reviewer of my book in *Nature* (London) asked me to see whether Heliodorus's account of the loves of Theagenes and Chariclea does not come up to my standard. I am sorry to say it does not. Jowett perhaps dismisses this story somewhat too curtly as "silly and obscene"; but it certainly is far from being a love-story in the modern sense of the word, though its moral tone is doubtless superior to that of the other Greek romances. The notion that it indicates an advance in erotic literature may no doubt be traced to the legend that Heliodorus was a bishop, and that he introduced Christian ideas into his romance—a theory which Professor Rohde has scuttled and sent to the bottom of the sea.[330] The preservation of the heroine's virginity amid incredible perils and temptations is one of the tricks of the Greek novelists, the real object of which is made most apparent in *Daphnis and Chloe*. The extraordinary emphasis placed on it on every possible occasion is not only very indelicate, but it shows how novel and remarkable such an idea was considered at the time. It was one of the tricks of the Sophists (with whom Heliodorus must be classed), who were in the habit of treating a moral question like a mathematical problem. "Given a maiden's innocence, how can it be preserved to the end of the story?" is the artificial, silly, and vulgar leading motive of this Greek romance, as of others. Huet, Villemain, and many other critics have been duped by this sophistico-mathematical aspect of the story into descanting on the peculiar purity and delicacy of its moral tone; but one need only read a few of the heroine's speeches to see how absurd this judgment is. When she says to her lover,

"I resigned myself to you, not as to a paramour, but as to a legitimate husband, and I have preserved my chastity with you, resisting your urgent solicitations because I always had in mind the lawful marriage to which we pledged ourselves,"

she uses the language of a shrewd hetaira, not of an innocent girl; nor could the author have made her say the following had his subject been romantic love: [Greek: *Hormaen gar, hos oistha, kratousaes epithumias machae men antitupos epipeinei, logos d' eikon kai pros to boulaema syntrechon taen protaen kai zeousan phoran esteile kai to katoxu taes orezeos to haedei taes epaggelias kateunase.*]

The story of Heliodorus is full of such coarse remarks, and his idea of love is plainly enough revealed when he moralizes that "a lover inclines to drink and one who is drunk is inclined to love."

Page 573

It is not only on account of this coarseness that the story of Theagenes and Chariclea fails to come up to the standard of romantic love. When Arsace (VIII., 9) imprisons the lovers together, with the idea that the sight of their chains will increase the sufferings of each, we have an intimation of crude sympathy; but apart from that the symptoms of love referred to in the course of the romance are the same that I have previously enumerated, as peculiar to Alexandrian literature. The maxims, "dread the revenge that follows neglected love;" "love soon finds its end in satiety;" and "the greatest happiness is to be free from love," take us back to the oldest Greek times. Peculiarly Greek, too, is the scene in which the women, unable to restrain their feelings, fling fruits and flowers at a young man because he is so beautiful; although on the same page we are surprised by the admission that woman's beauty is even more alluring than man's, which is not a Greek sentiment.

In this last respect, as in some others, the romance of Heliodorus differs favorably from that of Achilles Tatius, which relates the adventures of Leucippe and Clitophon; but I need not dwell on this amazingly obscene and licentious narrative, as its author's whole philosophy of love, like that of Heliodorus, is summed up in this passage:

"As the wine produced its effect I cast lawless glances at Leucippe: for Love and Bacchus are violent gods, they invade the soul and so inflame it that they forget modesty, and while one kindles the flame the other supplies the fuel; for wine is the food of love."

Nor need I dwell on the stories of Chariton, Xenophon of Ephesus, or the epic *Dionysiaca* of Nonnus, as they yield us no new points of view. The romance of Longus, however, calls for some remarks, as it is the best known of the Greek novels and has often been pronounced a story of refined love worthy of a modern writer.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

Goethe found in *Daphnis and Chloe* "a delicacy of feeling which cannot be excelled." Professor Murray backs up the morals of Longus: "It needs an unintelligent reader or a morbid translator," he writes (403), "to find harm in the *History of Daphnis and Chloe*;" and an editorial writer in the *New York Mail and Express* accused me, as before intimated, of unexampled ignorance for not knowing that *Daphnis and Chloe* is "as sweet and beautiful a love-story as ever skipped in prose." This, indeed, is the prevalent opinion. How it ever arose is a mystery to me. Fiction has always been the sphere of the most unrestrained license, yet Dunlop wrote in his *History of Fiction* that there are in this story "particular passages so extremely reprehensible that I know nothing like them in almost any work whatever." In collecting the material for the present volume I have been obliged to examine thousands of books referring

Page 574

to the relations of men and women, but I declare that of all the books I have seen only the Hindoo *K[=a]masutr[=a]m*, the literal version of the *Arabian Nights*, and the American Indian stories collected by Dr. Boas, can compare with this “sweet and beautiful” romance of Longus in downright obscenity or deliberate laciviousness. I have been able, without going beyond the latitude permissible to anthropologists, to give a fairly accurate idea of the love-affairs of savages and barbarians; but I find it impossible, after several trials, to sum up the story of Daphnis and Chloe without going beyond the limits of propriety. Among all the deliberate pictures of *moral depravity* painted by Greek and Roman authors not one is so objectionable as this “idyllic” picture of the *innocent* shepherd boy and girl. Pastoral love is coarse enough, in all truth: but this story is infinitely more immoral than, for instance, the frank and natural sensualism of the twenty-seventh Idyl of Theocritus. Professor Anthon (755) described the story of *Daphnis and Chloe* as

“the romance, *par excellence*, of physical love. It is a history of the senses rather than of the mind, a picture of the development of the instincts rather than of the sentiments.... *Paul and Virginia* is nothing more than *Daphnis and Chloe* delineated by a refined and cultivated mind, and spiritualized and purified by the influence of Christianity.”

This is true; but Anthon erred decidedly in saying that in the Greek story “vice is advocated by no sophistry.” On the contrary, what makes this romance so peculiarly objectionable is that it is a master work of that kind of fiction which makes vice alluring under the sophistical veil of innocence. Longus knew very well that nothing is so tempting to libertines as purity and ignorant innocence; hence he made purity and ignorant innocence the pivot of his prurient story. Professor Rohde (516) has rudely torn the veil from his sly sophistry:

“The way in which Longus excites the sensual desires of the lovers by means of licentious experiments going always only to the verge of gratification, betrays an abominably hypocritical *raffinement*[331] which reveals in the most disagreeable manner that the naivete of this idyllist is a premeditated artifice and he himself nothing but a sophist. It is difficult to understand how anyone could have ever been deceived so far as to overlook the sophistical character of this pastoral romance of Longus, or could have discovered genuine naivete in this most artificial of all rhetorical productions. No attentive reader who has some acquaintance with the ways of the Sophistic writers will have any difficulty in apprehending the true inwardness of the story... As this sophist, in those offensively licentious love-scenes, suddenly shows the cloven foot under the cloak of innocence, so, on the other hand, his eager desire to appear as simple and childlike as possible often enough makes him cold, finical, trifling, or utterly silly in his affectation.”[332]

HERO AND LEANDER

Page 575

Our survey of Greek erotic literature may be brought to a close with two famous stories which are closely allied to the Greek romances, although one of them—*Hero and Leander*—was written in verse, and the other—*Cupid and Psyche*—in Latin prose. While Apuleius was an African and wrote his story in Latin, he evidently derived it from a Greek source.[333] He lived in the second century of our era, and Musaeus, the author of *Hero and Leander*, in the fifth. It is more than probable that Musaeus did not invent the story, but found it as a local legend and simply adorned it with his pen.

On the shores of the Hellespont, near the narrowest part of the strait, lay the cities of Sestos and Abydos. It was at Sestos that Xerxes undertook to cross with his vast armies, while Abydos claimed to be the true burial place of Osiris; yet these circumstance were considered insignificant in comparison with the fact that it was from Abydos to Sestos and back that Leander was fabled to have swum on his nightly visits to his beloved Hero; for the coins of both the cities were adorned with the solitary tower in which Hero was supposed to live at the time. Why she lived there is not stated by any of the poets who elaborated the legend, but it may be surmised that she did so in order to give them a chance to invent a romantic story. To the present day the Turks point out what they claim to be her tower, and it is well-known that in 1810, Lord Byron and Lieutenant Ekenhead, in order to test the possibility of Leander's feat, swam from Europe to Asia at this place; it took them an hour and five and an hour and ten minutes respectively, and on account of the strong current the distance actually traversed was estimated at more than four miles, while in a straight line it was only a mile from shore to shore.

I have already pointed out (202, 204) that the action of Leander in swimming across this strait for the sake of enjoying the favor of Hero, and her suicide when she finds him dead on the rocks, have nothing so do with the altruistic self-sacrifice that indicates *soul-love*. Here I merely wish to remark that apart from that there is not a line or word in the whole poem to prove that this story "completely upsets" my theory, as one critic wrote. The story is not merely frivolous and cold, as W. von Humboldt called it; it is as unmitigatedly sensual as *Daphnis and Chloe*, though less offensively so because it does not add the vice of hypocrisy to its immodesty. From beginning to end there is but one thought in Leander's mind, as there is in Hero's, whose words and actions are even more indelicate than those of Leander; they are the words and actions of a priestess of Venus true to her function—a girl to whom the higher feminine virtues, which alone can inspire romantic love, are unknown. On the impulse of the moment, in response to coarse flattery, she makes an assignation in a lonely tower with a perfect stranger, regardless of her parents, her honor, her future. Details need not be cited, as the poem is accessible to everybody. It is a romantic story, in Ovid's version even more so than in that of Musaeus; but of romantic love—*soul-love*—there is no trace in either version. There are touches of sentimentality in Ovid, but not of sentiment; a distinction on which I should have dwelt in my first book (91).



Page 576

CUPID AND PSYCHE

To a student of comparative literature the story of Cupid and Psyche[334] is one of those tales which are current in many countries (and of which *Lohengrin* is a familiar instance), that were originally intended as object lessons to enforce the moral that women must not be too inquisitive regarding their lovers or husbands, who may seem monsters, but in reality are gods and should be accepted as such. If most persons, nevertheless, fancy that *Cupid and Psyche* is a story of “modern” romantic love, that is presumably due to the fact that most persons have never read it. It is not too much to say that had Apuleius really known such a thing as modern romantic love—or conjugal affection either—it would have required great ingenuity on his part to invent a plot from which those qualities are so rigorously excluded. Romantic love means pre-matrimonial infatuation, based not only on physical charms but on soul-beauty. The time when alone it flourishes with its mental purity, its minute sympathies, its gallant attentions and sacrifices, its hyperbolic adorations, and mixed moods of agonies and ecstasies, is during the period of courtship. Now from the story of Cupid and Psyche this period is absolutely eliminated. Venus is jealous because divine honors are paid to the Princess Psyche on account of her beauty; so she sends her son Cupid to punish Psyche by making her fall in love violently (*amore flagrantissimo*) with the lowest, poorest, and most abject man on earth. Just at that time Psyche has been exposed by the king on a mountain top in obedience to an obscure oracle. Cupid sees her there, and, disobeying his mother’s orders, has her brought while asleep, by his servant Zephir, to a beautiful palace, where all the luxuries of life are provided for her by unseen hands; and at night, after she has retired, an unknown lover visits her, disappearing again before dawn (*jamque aderat ignobilis maritus et torem inscenderat et uxorem sibi Psychen fecerat et ante lucis exortum propere discesserat*).

Now follow some months in which Psyche is neither maiden nor wife. Even if they had been properly married there would have been no opportunity for the development or manifestation of supersensual conjugal attachment, for all this time Psyche is never allowed even to see her lover; and when an opportunity arises for her to show her devotion to him she fails utterly to rise to the occasion. One night he informs her that her two sisters, who are unhappily married, are trying to find her, and he warns her seriously not to heed them in any way, should they succeed in their efforts. She promises, but spends the whole of the next day weeping and wailing because she is locked up in a beautiful prison, unable to see her sisters—very unlike a loving modern girl on her honeymoon, whose one desire is to be alone with her beloved, giving him a monopoly of her affection

Page 577

and enjoying a monopoly of his, with no distractions or jealousies to mar their happiness. Cupid chides her for being sad and dissatisfied even amid his caresses and he again warns her against her scheming sisters; whereat she goes so far as to threaten to kill herself unless he allows her to receive her sisters. He consents at last, after making her promise not to let them persuade her to try to find out anything about his personal appearance, lest such forbidden curiosity make her lose him forever. Nevertheless, when, on their second visit, the sisters, filled with envy, try to persuade her that her unseen lover is a monster who intends to eat her after she has grown fat, and that to save herself she must cut off his head while he is asleep, she resolves to follow their advice. But when she enters the room at night, with a knife in one hand and a lamp in the other, and sees the beautiful god Cupid in her bed, she is so agitated that a drop of hot oil falls from her lamp on his face and wakes him; whereupon, after reproaching her, he rises on his wings and forsakes her.

Overcome with grief, Psyche tries to end her life by jumping into a river, but Zephir saves her. Then she takes revenge on her sisters by calling on them separately and telling each one that Cupid had deserted her because he had seen her with lamp and knife, and that he was now going to marry one of them. The sisters hasten one after the other to the rock, but Zephir fails to catch them, and they are dashed to pieces. Venus meanwhile had discovered the escapade of her boy and locked him up till his wound from the hot oil was healed. Her anger now vents itself on Psyche. She sets her several impossible tasks, but Psyche, with supernatural aid, accomplishes all of them safely. At last Cupid manages to escape through a window. He finds Psyche lying on the road like a corpse, wakes her and Mercury brings her to heaven, where at last she is properly married to Cupid—*sic rite Psyche convenit in manum Cupidinis et nascitur illis maturo partu filia, quam Voluptatem nominamus.*

Such is the much-vaunted “love-story” of Cupid and Psyche! Commentators have found all sorts of fanciful and absurd allegories in this legend. Its real significance I have already pointed out. But it may be looked at from still another point of view. Psyche means soul, and in the story of Apuleius Cupid does not fall in love with a soul, but with a beautiful body. This sums up Hellenic love in general. *The Greek Cupid NEVER fell in love with a Psyche.*

UTILITY AND FUTURE OF LOVE

The Greek view that love is a disease and a calamity still prevails extensively among persons who, like the Greeks, have never experienced real love and do not know what it is. In a book dated 1868 and entitled *Modern Women* I find the following passage (325):

Page 578

“Already the great philosopher of the age has pronounced that the passion of love plays far too important a part in human existence, and that it is a terrible obstacle to human progress. The general temper of the times echoes the sentence of Mill.”

It is significant that this opinion should have emanated from a man whose idea of femininity was as masculine as that of the Greeks—an ideal which, by eliminating or suppressing the secondary and tertiary (mental) sexual qualities, necessarily makes love synonymous with lust.

There is another large class of persons who likewise consider love a disease, but a harmless one, like the measles, or mumps, which it is well to have as early as possible, so as to be done with it, and which seldom does any harm. Others, still, regard it as a sort of juvenile holiday, like a trip to Italy or California, which is delightful while it lasts and leaves pleasant memories throughout life, but is otherwise of no particular use.

It shows a most extraordinary ignorance of the ways of nature to suppose that it should have developed so powerful an instinct and sentiment for no useful purpose, or even as a detriment to the race. That is not the way nature operates. In reality love is the most useful thing in the world. The two most important objects of the human race are its own preservation and improvement, and in both of these directions love is the mightiest of all agencies. It makes the world go round. Take it away, and in a few years animal life will be as extinct on this planet as it is on the moon. And by preferring youth to age, health to disease, beauty to deformity, it improves the human type, slowly but steadily.

The first thinker who clearly recognized and emphatically asserted the superlative importance of love was Schopenhauer. Whereas Hegel (II., 184) parroted the popular opinion that love is peculiarly and exclusively the affair of the two individuals whom it directly involves, having no concern with the eternal interests of family and race, no universality (*Allgemeinheit*). Schopenhauer's keen mind on the contrary saw that love, though the most individualized of all passions, concerns the race even more than the individual. “*Die Zusammensetzung der naechsten Generation, e qua iterum pendent innumerae generationes*”—the very composition and essence of the next generation and of countless generations following it, depends, as he says, on the particular choice of a mate. If an ugly, vicious, diseased mate be chosen, his or her bad qualities are transmitted to the following generations, for “the gods visit the sins of the fathers upon the children,” as even the old sages knew, long before science had revealed the laws of heredity. Not only the husband's and the wife's personal qualities are thus transmitted to the children and children's children, but those also of four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on; and when we bear in mind the tremendous differences in the inheritable ancestral traits of families—virtues or infirmities—we see of what incalculable importance to the future of families is that individual preference which is so vital an ingredient of romantic love.

Page 579

It is true that love is not infallible. It is still, as Browning puts it, “blind, oft-failing, half-enlightened.” It may be said that marriage itself is not necessary for the maintenance of the species; but it is useful both for its maintenance and its improvement; hence natural selection has favored it—especially the monogamous form—in *the interest of coming generations*. Love is simply an extension of this process—making it efficacious before marriage and thus quintupling its importance. It makes many mistakes, for it is a young instinct, and it has to do with a very complex problem, so that its development is slow; but it has a great future, especially now that intelligence is beginning to encourage and help it. But while admitting that love is fallible we must be careful not to decry it for mistakes with which it has no concern. It is absurd to suppose that every self-made match is a love-match: yet, whenever such a marriage is a failure, love is held responsible. We must remember, too, that there are two kinds of love and that the lower kind does not choose as wisely as the higher. Where animal passion alone is involved, parents cannot be blamed for trying to curb it. As a rule, love of all kinds can be checked or even cured, and an effort to do this should be made in all cases where it is found to be bestowed on a person likely to taint the offspring with vicious propensities or serious disease. But, with all its liability to error, romantic love is usually the safest guide to marriage, and even sensual love of the more refined, esthetic type is ordinarily preferable to what are called marriages of reason, because love (as distinguished from abnormal, unbridled lust) always is guided by youth and health, thus insuring a healthy, vigorous offspring.

If it be asked, “Are not the parents who arrange the marriages of reason also guided as a rule by considerations of health, moral and physical?” the answer is a most emphatic “No.” Parental fondness, sufficing for the preservation and rearing of children, is a very old thing, but parental affection, which is altruistically concerned for the weal of children in after-life, is a comparatively modern invention. The foregoing chapters have taught us that an Australian father’s object in giving his daughter in marriage was to get in exchange a new girl-wife for himself; what became of the daughter, or what sort of a man got her, did not concern him in the least. Among Africans and American Indians the object of bringing up daughters and giving them in marriage was to secure cows or ponies in return for them. In India the object of marriage was the rearing of sons or daughters’ sons for the purpose of saving the souls of their parents from perdition; so they flung them into the arms of anyone who would take them. The Greeks and the Hebrews married to perpetuate their family name or to supply the state with soldiers. In Japan and China ancestral and family considerations have always been of infinitely more importance than the individual inclinations or happiness of the bridal couple. Wherever we look we find this topsy-turvy state of affairs—marriages made to suit the parents instead of the bride and groom; while the welfare of the grandchildren is of course never dreamt of.

Page 580

This outrageous parental selfishness and tyranny, so detrimental to the interests of the human race, was gradually mitigated as civilization progressed in Europe. Marriages were no longer made for the benefit of the parents alone, but with a view to the comfort and worldly advantages of the couple to be wedded. But rank, money, dowry, continued—and continue in Europe to this day—to be the chief matchmakers, few parents rising to the consideration of the welfare of the grandchildren. The grandest task of the morality of the future will be to *make parental altruism extend to these grandchildren*; that is, to make parents and everyone else abhor and discountenance all marriages that do not insure the health and happiness of future generations. Love will show the way. Far from being useless or detrimental to the human race, it is an instinct evolved by nature as a defence of the race against parental selfishness and criminal myopia regarding future generations.

Plato observed in his *Statesman* (310) that

“most persons form marriage connections without due regard to what is best for procreation of children.” “They seek after wealth and power, which in matrimony are objects not worthy even of serious censure.”

But his remedy for this evil was, as we have seen (775), quite as bad as the evil itself, since it involved promiscuity and the elimination of chastity and family life. Love accomplishes the results that Plato and Lycurgus aimed at, so far as healthy offspring is concerned, without making the same sacrifices and reducing human marriage to the level of the cattle-breeder. It accomplishes, moreover, the same result that natural selection secures, and without its cruelty, by simply excluding from marriage the criminal, vicious, crippled, imbecile, incurably diseased and all who do not come up to its standard of health, vigor, and beauty.

While claiming that love is an instinct developed by nature as a defence against the short-sighted selfishness of parents who would sacrifice the future of the race to their own advantage or that of their children, I do not forget that in the past it has often secured its results in an illegitimate way. That, however, was no fault of its own, being due to the artificial and foolish obstacles placed in its way. Laws of nature cannot be altered by man, and if the safety valve is tied down the boiler is bound to explode. In countries where marriages are habitually arranged by the parents with reference to rank or money alone, in defiance of love, the only “love-children” are necessarily illegitimate. This has given rise to the notion that illegitimate children are apt to be more beautiful, healthy, and vigorous than the issue of regular marriages: and, under the circumstances, it was true. But for this topsy-turvyness, this folly, this immorality, we must not blame love, but those who persistently thwarted love—or tried to thwart it. As soon as love was allowed a voice in the arrangement of marriages illegitimacy decreased rapidly. Had the rights of love been recognized sooner, it would have proved a useful ally of morality instead its craftiest enemy.[335]

Page 581

The utility of love from a moral point of view can be shown in other ways. Many tendencies—such as club life, the greater ease of securing divorces, the growing independence of women and their disinclination to domesticity—are undermining that family life which civilization has so slowly and laboriously built up, and fostering celibacy. Now celibacy is not only unnatural and detrimental to health and longevity, but it is the main root of immorality. Its antidote is love, the most persuasive champion and promoter of marriage. No reader of the present volume can fail to see that man has generally managed to have a good time at the expense of woman and it is she who benefits particularly by the modern phases of love and marriage. Yet in recent years the notion that family life is not good enough for women, and that they should be brought up in a spirit of manly independence, has come over society like a noxious epidemic. It is quite proper that there should be avenues of employment for women who have no one to support them; but it is a grievous error to extend this to women in general, to give them the education, tastes, habits, sports, and politics of the men. It antagonizes that sexual differentiation of the more refined sort on which romantic love depends and tempts men to seek amusement in ephemeral, shallow amours. In plain English, while there are many charming exceptions, the growing masculinity of girls is the main reason why so many of them remain unmarried; thus fulfilling the prediction: “Could we make her as the man, sweet love were slain.” Let girls return to their domestic sphere, make themselves as delightfully feminine as possible, not trying to be gnarled oaks but lovely vines clinging around them, and the sturdy oaks will joyously extend their love and protection to them amid all the storms of life. In love lies the remedy for many of the economic problems of the day.

There is not one of the fourteen ingredients of romantic love which cannot be shown to be useful in some way. Of individual preference and its importance in securing a happy blend of qualities for the next generation I have just spoken, and I have devoted nearly a page (131) to the utility of coyness. Jealousy has helped to develop chastity, woman’s cardinal virtue and the condition of all refinement in love and society. Monopolism has been the most powerful enemy of those two colossal evils of savagery and barbarism—promiscuity and polygamy; and it will in future prove as fatal an enemy to all attempts to bring back promiscuity under the absurd name of “free love,” which would reduce all women to the level of prostitutes and make men desert them after their charms have faded. Two other ingredients of love—purity and the admiration of personal beauty—are of great value to the cause of morality as conquerors of lust, which they antagonize and suppress by favoring the higher (mental) sexual qualities; while the sense of beauty also co-operates with the instinct which makes for the health of future generations; beauty being simply the flower of health, and inheritable.

Page 582

At first sight it may seem difficult to assign any use to the pride, the hyperbole, and the mixed moods which are component elements of love; but they are of value inasmuch as they exalt the mind, and give to the beloved such prominence and importance that the way is paved for the altruistic ingredients of romantic love, the utility of which is so obvious that it hardly needs to be hinted at. If love were nothing more than a lesson in altruism—with many the first and only lesson in their lives—it would be second in importance to no other factor of civilization. Sympathy lifts the lover out of the deep groove of selfishness, teaching him the miracle of feeling another's pains and pleasures more keenly than his own. Man's adoration of woman as a superior being—which she really is, as the distinctively feminine virtues are more truly Christian and have a higher ethical value than the masculine virtues—creates an ideal which has improved women by making them ambitious to live up to it. No one, again, who has read the preceding pages relating to the treatment of women before romantic love existed, and compares it with their treatment at present, can fail to recognize the wonderful transformation brought about by gallantry and self-sacrifice—altruistic habits which have changed men from ruffians to gentlemen. I do not say that love alone is responsible for this improvement, but it has been one of the most potent factors. Finally, there is affection, which, in conjunction with the other altruistic ingredients of love, has changed it from an appetite like that of a fly for sugar to a self-oblivious devotion like a mother's for her child, thus raising it to the highest ethical rank as an agency of culture.

We are still very far from the final stage in the evolution of love. There is no reason to doubt that it will continue to develop, as in the past, in the direction of the esthetic, supersensual, and altruistic. As a physician's eye becomes trained for the subtle diagnosis of disease, a clergyman's for the diagnosis of moral evil, so will the love-instinct become more and more expert, critical, and refined, rejecting those who are vicious or diseased. Compare the lustrous eyes of a consumptive girl with the sparkling eyes of a healthy maiden in buoyant spirits. Both are beautiful, but to a doctor, or to anyone else who knows the deadliness and horrors of tuberculosis, the beauty of the consumptive girl's eyes will seem uncanny, like the charm of a snake, and it will inspire pity, which in this case is not akin to love, but fatal to it. Thus may superior knowledge influence our sense of beauty and liability to fall in love. I know a man who was in love with a girl and had made up his mind to propose. He went to call on her, and as he approached the door he heard her abusing her mother in the most heartless manner. He did not ring the bell, and never called again. His love was of the highest type, but he suppressed his feelings.

Page 583

More important than the further improvement of romantic love is the task of increasing the proportion of men and women who will be capable of experiencing it as now known to us. The vast majority are still strangers to anything beyond primitive love. The analysis made in the present volume will enable all persons who fancy themselves in love to see whether their passion is merely self-love in a roundabout way or true romantic affection for another. They can see whether it is mere selfish liking, attachment, or fondness, or else unselfish affection. If adoration, purity, sympathy, and the altruistic impulses of gallantry and self-sacrifice are lacking, they can be cultivated by deliberate exercise:

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this.

The affections can be trained as well as the muscles; and thus the lesson taught in this book may help to bring about a new era of unselfish devotion and true love. No man, surely, can read the foregoing disclosures regarding man's primitive coarseness and heartlessness without feeling ashamed for his sex and resolving to be an unselfish lover and husband to the end of his life.

A great mistake was made by the Greeks when they distinguished celestial from earthly love. The distinction itself was all right, but their application of it was all wrong. Had they known romantic love as we know it, they could not have made the grievous blunder of calling the love between men and women worldly, reserving the word celestial for the friendship between men. Equally mistaken were those mediaeval sages who taught that the celestial sexual virtues are celibacy and virginity—a doctrine which, if adopted, would involve the suicide of the human race, and thus stands self-condemned. No, *celestial love is not asceticism; it is altruism*. Romantic love is celestial, for it is altruistic, yet it does not preach contempt of the body, and its goal is marriage, the chief pillar of civilization. The admiration of a beautiful, well-rounded, healthy body is as legitimate and laudable an ingredient of romantic love as the admiration of that mental beauty which distinguishes it from sensual love. It is not only that the lovers themselves are entitled to partners with healthy, attractive bodies; it is a duty they owe to the next generation not to marry anyone who is likely to transmit bodily or mental infirmities to the next generation. It is quite as reprehensible to marry for spiritual reasons alone as to be guided only by physical charms.

Love is nature's radical remedy for disease, whereas marriage, as practised in the past, and too often in the present, is little more than a legalized crime. "One of the last things that occur to a marrying couple is whether they are fit to be represented in posterity," writes Dr. Harry Campbell (*Lancet*, 1898).

Page 584

"Theft and murder are considered the blackest of crimes, but neither the law nor the church has raised its voice against the marriage of the unfit, for neither has realized that worse than theft and well-nigh as bad as murder is the bringing into the world, through disregard of parental fitness, of individuals full of disease-tendencies."

On this point the public conscience needs a thorough rousing. If a mother deliberately gave her daughter a draught which made her a cripple, or an invalid, or an imbecile, or tuberculous, everybody would cry out with horror, and she would become a social outcast. But if she inflicts these injuries on her granddaughter, by marrying her daughter to a drunkard, in the hope of reforming him, or to a wealthy degenerate, or an imbecile baron, no one says a word, provided the marriage law has been complied with.

It is owing to these persistent crimes against grandchildren that the human race as a whole is still such a miserable rabble, and that recruiting offices and insurances companies tell such startling tales of degeneracy. Love would cure this, if there were more of the right kind. Until there is, much good may be done by accepting it as a guide, and building up a sentiment in favor of its instinctive object and ideal. I have described in one chapter the obstacles which retarded the growth of love, and in another I have shown how sentiments change and grow. Most of those obstacles are being gradually removed, and public opinion is slowly but surely changing in favor of love. Building up a new sentiment is a slow process. At first it may be a mere hut for a hermit thinker, but gradually it becomes larger and larger as thousands add their mite to the building fund, until at last it stands as a sublime cathedral admonishing all to do their duty. When the Cathedral of Love is finished the horror of disease and vice will have become as absolute a bar to marriage as the horror of incest is now; and it will be acknowledged that the only true marriage of reason is a marriage of love.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Albrecht Weber and other German scholars, while practically agreeing with Hegel regarding the Greeks and Romans, claim, that the amorous poetry of the ancient Hindoo has the sentimental qualities of modern European verse.

[2] In the New York *Nation* of September 22, and the *Evening Post* of September 24, 1887. My reasons for not agreeing with these two distinguished professors will be dwelt on repeatedly in the following pages. If they are right, then literature is not, as it is universally held to be, a mirror of life.

[3] No important truth is ever born full fledged. The Darwinian theory was conceived simultaneously by Wallace and Darwin, and both were anticipated by other writers. Nay, a German professor has written a treatise on the "Greek Predecessors of Darwin."

Page 585

[4] *Studien ueber die Libido Sexualis*, I., Pt. I., 28.

[5] In the last chapter of *Lotos-Time in Japan*.

[6] An amusing instance of this trait may be found in Johnston's account of his ascent of the Kilima-Njaro (271-276).

[7] Roth's sumptuous volume, *British North Borneo*, gives a life-like picture of the Dyaks from every point of view, with numerous illustrations.

[8] See the chapter on Nudity and Bathing in my *Lotos-Time in Japan*.

[9] Bancroft, II., 75; Wallace, 357; Westermarck, 195; Humboldt, III., 230.

[10] See especially the ninth chapter of Westermarck's *History of Human Marriage*, 186-201.

[11] Westermarck (74) devotes half a page in fine type to an enumeration of the peoples among whom many such customs prevailed, and his list is far from being complete.

[12] See Westermarck, Chap. XX., for a list of monogamous peoples.

[13] The vexed question of promiscuity hinges on this distinction. As a matter of *form* promiscuity may not have been the earliest phase of human marriage, but as a matter of *fact* it was. Westermarck's ingeniously and elaborately built up argument against the theory of promiscuity is a leaning tower which crashes to the ground when weighted by this one consideration. See the chapter on Australia.

[14] For a partial list of peoples who practised trial marriage and frequent divorce see Westermarck, 518-521, and C. Fischer, *Ueber die Probennaechte der deutschen Bauernmaedchen*. Leipzig, 1780.

[15] For the distinction between sentiment and sentimentality see the chapter on Sensuality, Sentimentality, and Sentiment.

[16] Johnston states (in Schoolcraft, IV., 224) that the wild Indians of California had their rutting season as regularly as have the deer and other animals. See also Powers (206) and Westermarck (28). In the Andaman Islands a man and woman remained together only till their child was weaned, when they separated to seek new mates (*Trans. Ethnol. Soc.*, V., 45).

[17] The other cases of "jealousy" cited by Westermarck (117-122) are all negated by the same property argument; to which he indeed alludes, but the full significance of which he failed to grasp. It is a pity that language should be so crude as to use the same word jealousy to denote three such entirely different things as rage at a rival,

revenge for stolen property, and anguish at the knowledge or suspicion of violated chastity and outraged conjugal affection. Anthropologists have studied only the lower phases of jealousy, just as they have failed to distinguish clearly between lust and love.

[18] All these facts, it is hardly necessary to add, serve as further illustrations to the chapter How Sentiments Change and Grow.

[19] For “love” read covet. We shall see in the chapter on Australia that love is a feeling altogether beyond the mental horizon of the natives.

Page 586

[20] Rohde, 35, 28, 147. See his list of corroborative cases in the long footnote, pp. 147-148.

[21] Compare this with what Rohde says (42) about the Homeric heroes and their complete absorption in warlike doings.

[22] *Grundlage der Moral*, Sec. 14.

[23] *Wagner and his Works*, II., 163.

[24] In Burton the translator has changed the sex of the beloved. This proceeding, a very common one, has done much to confuse the public regarding the modernity of Greek love. It is not Greek love of women, but romantic friendship for boys, that resembles modern love for women.

[25] A multitude of others may be found in an interesting article on "Sexual Taboo" by Crawley in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, xxvi.

[26] *New York Evening Post*, January 21, 1899.

[27] Fitzroy, II., 183; *Trans. Ethn. Soc.*, New Series, III., 248-88.

[28] That moral infirmities, too, were capable of winning the respect of savages, may be seen in Carver's *Travels in North America* (245).

[29] Garcia *Origin de los Indios de el Nuevo Mondo*; McLennan; Ingham (Westermarck, 113) concerning the Bakongo; Giraud-Teulon, 208, 209, concerning Nubians and other Ethiopians.

[30] See Letourneau, 332-400; Westermarck, 39-41, 96-113; Grosse, 11-12, 50-63, 75-78, 101-163, 107, 180.

[31] Charlevoix, V. 397-424; Letourneau, 351. See also Mackenzie, V. *fr. M.*, 84, 87; Smith, *Arauc.*, 238; *Bur. Ethnol.*, 1887, 468-70.

[32] How capable of honoring women the Babylonians were may be inferred from the testimony of Herodotus (I., ch. 199) that every woman had to sacrifice her chastity to strangers in the temple of Mylitta.

[33] It gives me great pleasure to correct my error in this place. Not a few critics of my first book censured me for underrating Roman advances in the refinements of love. As a matter of fact I overrated them.

[34] *Life Among the Modocs* (228). It must be borne in mind that Joaquin Miller here describes his own ideas of chivalry. He did not, as a matter of course, find anything

resembling them among the Modocs. If he had, he would have said so, for he was their friend, and married the girl referred to. But while the Indians themselves never entertain any chivalrous regard for women, they are acute enough to see that the whites do, and to profit thereby. One morning when I was writing some pages of this book under a tree at Lake Tahoe, California, an Indian came to me and told me a pitiful tale about his “sick squaw” in one of the neighboring camps. I gave him fifty cents “for the squaw,” but ascertained later that after leaving me he had gone straight to the bar-room at the end of the pier and filled himself up with whiskey, though he had specially and repeatedly assured me he was “damned good Indian,” and never drank.

[35] *Magazin von Reisebeschreibungen*, I., 283.

Page 587

[36] The Rev. Isaac Malek Yonan tells us, in his book on *Persian Women* (138), that most Armenian women “are very low in the moral scale.” It is obvious that only one of the wanton class could be in question in Trumbull’s story, for the respectable women are, as Yonan says, not even permitted to talk loudly or freely in the presence of men. This clergyman is a native Persian, and the account he gives of his countrywomen, unbiassed and sorrowful, shows that the chances for romantic love are no better in modern Persia than they were in the olden times. The women get no education, hence they grow up “really stupid and childlike.” He refers to “the low estimation in which women are held,” and says that the likes and dislikes of girls about to be married are not consulted. Girls are seldom betrothed later than the seventh to the tenth year, often, indeed, immediately after birth or even before. The wife cannot sit at the same table with her husband, but must wait on him “like an accomplished slave.” After he has eaten she washes his hands, lights his pipe, then retires to a respectful distance, her face turned toward the mud wall, and finishes what is left. If she is ill or in trouble, she does not mention it to him, “for she could only be sure of harsh, rough words instead of loving sympathy.” Their degraded Oriental customs have led the Persians to the conclusion that “love has nothing to do with the matrimonial connection,” the main purpose of marriage being “the convenience and pleasure of a degenerate people” (34-114). So far this Persian clergyman. His conclusions are borne out by the observations of the keen-eyed Isabella Bird Bishop, who relates in her book on Persia how she was constantly besieged by the women for potions to bring back the “love” of their husbands, or to “make the favorite hateful to him.” She was asked if European husbands “divorce their wives when they are forty?” A Persian who spoke French assured her that marriage in his country was like buying “a pig in a poke,” and that “a woman’s life in Persia is a very sad thing.”

[37] *Magazin fuer d. Lit. des In-und Auslandes*, June 30, 1888.

[38] The philosophy of widow-burning will be explained under the head of Conjugal Love.

[39] Willoughby, in his article on Washington Indians, recognizes the predominance of the “animal instinct” in the parental fondness of savages, and so does Hutchinson (l., 119); but both erroneously use the word “affection,” though Hutchinson reveals his own misuse of it when he writes that “the savage knows little of the higher affection subsequently developed, which has a worthier purpose than merely to disport itself in the mirth of childhood and at all hazards to avoid the annoyance of seeing its tears.” He comprehends that the savage “gratifies *himself*” by humoring the whims “of his children.” Dr. Abel, on the other hand, who has written an interesting pamphlet on the words used in Latin, Hebrew, English, and Russian to designate the different kinds and degrees of what is vaguely called love, while otherwise making clear the differences between liking, attachment, fondness, and affection, does not sufficiently emphasize the most important distinction between them—the selfishness of the first three and the unselfish nature of affection.

Page 588

[40] Stanford-Wallace, *Australasia*, 89.

[41] See also the reference to the “peculiar delicacy” of his relations to Lili, in Eckermann, III., March 5, 1830.

[42] Renan, in one of his short stories, describes a girl, Emma Kosilis, whose love, at sixteen, is as innocent as it is unconscious, and who is unable to distinguish it from piety. Regarding the unconscious purity of woman’s love see Moll, 3, and Paget, *Clinical Lectures*, which discuss the loss in women of instinctive sexual knowledge. Cf. Ribot, 251, and Moreau, *Psychologie Morbide*, 264-278. Ribot is sceptical, because the ultimate goal is the possession of the beloved. But that has nothing to do with the question, for what he refers to is unconscious and instinctive. Here we are considering love as a conscious feeling and ideal, and as such it is as spotless and sinless as the most confirmed ascetic could wish it.

[43] The case is described in the *Medical Times*, April 18, 1885.

[44] *Trans. Asiatic Soc. of Japan*, 1885, p. 181.

[45] In the *Journal des Goncourts* (V., 214-215) a young Japanese, with characteristic topsy-turviness, comments on the “coarseness” of European ideas of love, which he could understand only in his own coarse way. “Vous dites a une femme, je vous aime! Eh bien! Chez nous, c’est comme si on disait Madame, je vais coucher avec vous. Tont ce que nous osons dire a la dame que nous aimons, c’est que nous envions pres d’elle la place des canards mandarins. C’est messieurs, notre oiseau d’amour.”

[46] In his *Tropical Nature, Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection*, and *Darwinism*. In *R.L.P.B.*, 42-50, where I gave a summary of this question, I suggested that the “typical colors” (the numerous cases where both sexes are brilliantly colored) for which Wallace could “assign no function or use,” owe their existence to the need of a means of recognition by the sexes; thus indicating how the love-affairs of animals may modify their appearance in a way quite different from that suggested by Darwin, and dispensing with his postulates of unproved female choice and problematic variations in esthetic taste.

[47] Angas, II., 65.

[48] Tylor, *Anthr.*, 237.

[49] Musters, 171; cf. Thomson, *Through Masai Land*, 89, where we read that woman’s coating of lampblack and castor-oil—her only dress—serves to prevent excessive perspiration in the day-time and ward off chills at night.

[50] C. Bock, 273.

[51] O. Baumann, *Mitth. Anthr. Ges.*, Wien, 1887, 161.

[52] Nicaragua, II., 345.

[53] Sturt, II., 103.

[54] Tylor, 237.

[55] *Jesuit Relations*, I., 279.

[56] Prince Wied, 149.

[57] Belden, 145.

[58] Mallery, 1888-89, 631-33.

[59] Mallery, 1882-83, 183.



Page 589

[60] Bourke, 497.

[61] Dobrizhoffer, II., 390.

[62] Mariner, Chapter X.

[63] Ellis, P.R., I., 243.

[64] J. Campbell, *Wild Tribes of Khondistan*.

[65] Mackenzie, *Day Dawn*, 67.

[66] Bastian, *Af.R.*, 76.

[67] Burton, *Abcok*. I., 106.

[68] Spencer, *D. Soc.*, 27.

[69] J. Franklin, *P.S.*, 132.

[70] Dobrizhoffer, II., 17.

[71] Murdoch, 140.

[72] Crantz, I., 216.

[73] Mallery, 1888-89, 621.

[74] Lynd, II., 68.

[75] Bonwick, 27.

[76] Wilkes, III., 355.

[77] Westermarck opines (170) that "such tales are not of much importance, as any usage practised from time immemorial may easily be ascribed to the command of a god." On the contrary, such legends are of very great importance, since they show how utterly foreign to the thought of these races was the purpose of "decorating" themselves in these various ways "in order to make themselves attractive to the opposite sex."

[78] Dorsey, 486.

[79] Fison and Howitt, 253; Frazer, 28.

[80] Mallery, 1888-89, 395, 412, 417.



- [81] Wilhelmi, in Woods.
- [82] Angas, I., 86.
- [83] Mitchell, I., 171.
- [84] Spencer, *D.S.*, 21, 22; 18, 19.
- [85] Schweinfurth, *H.A.*, I., 154.
- [86] Ellis, *Haw.*, 146.
- [87] Man, in *Jour. Anthr. Inst.*, XII.
- [88] Powers, 166.
- [89] Dall, 95.
- [90] Boas, cited by Mallery, 534.
- [91] Mallery, 1888-89, 197, 623-629.
- [92] See also the remarks in Prazer's *Totemism*, 26.
- [93] *Explor. and Surv. Mississippi River to Pacific Ocean*. Senate Reports, Washington, 1856, III., 33.
- [94] See the pages (386-91) on the "Fashion Fetish" in my *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty*.
- [95] *Jour. Roy. As. Soc.*, 1860, 13.
- [96] Feathers also serve various other useful purposes to Australians. An apron of emu feathers distinguishes females who are not yet matrons. (Smyth, I., xl.) Howitt says that in Central Australia messengers sent to avenge a death are painted yellow and wear feathers on their head and in the girdle at the spine. (Mallery, 1888-89, 483.)
- [97] Related by Dieffenbach. Heriot even declares of the northern Indians (352) that "they assert that they find no odor agreeable but that of food."
- [98] For other references to ancient nations, see Joest in *Zeitschr. fuer Ethnologie*. 1888, 415.
- [99] See, for instance, Spix and Martius, 384.
- [100] See e.g. Eyre, II. 333-335; Brough Smith, L, XLI, 68, 295, II., 313; Ridley, *Kamilaroi*, 140; *Journ. Roy. Soc. N.S.W.*, 1882, 201; and the old authorities cited by Waitz-Gerland, VI., 740; cf Frazer, 29. If Westermarck had been more anxious to

ascertain the truth than to prove a theory, would he have found it necessary to ignore all this evidence, neglecting to refer even to Chatfield in speaking of Curr?

Page 590

[101] H. Ward, 136.

[102] Roth, II, 83.

[103] Martius, I., 321.

[104] Boas, *Bur. Ethnol.*, 1884-88, 561.

[105] Mann, *Journ. Anthr. Soc.*, XII, 333.

[106] Galton, 148.

[107] Dalton, 251.

[108] Waitz-Gerland, VI., 30.

[109] Mallery, 1888-89, 414.

[110] To take three cases in place of many Carl Bock relates (67) that among some Borneans tattooing is one of the privileges of matrimony and is *not allowed to unmarried girls*. D'Urville describes the tattooing of the wife of chief Tuao, who seemed to glory in the "*new honor* his wife was securing by these decorations." (Robley, 41.) Among the Papuans of New Guinea tattooing the chest of females denotes that they *are married*. (Mallery, 411.)

[111] It is significant that Westermarck (179) though he refers to page 90 of Turner, ignores the passage I have just cited, though it occurs on the same page.

[112] Australia is by no means the only country where the women are less decorated than the men. Various explanations have been offered, but none of them covers all the facts. The real reason becomes obvious if my view is accepted that the alleged ornaments of savages are not esthetic, but practical or utilitarian. The women are usually allowed to share such things as badges of mourning, amulets, and various devices that attract attention to wealth or rank; but the religious rites, and the manifold decorations associated with military life—the chief occupation of these peoples—they are not allowed to share, and these, with the tribal marks, furnish, as we have seen, the occasion for the most diverse and persistent "decorative" practices.

[113] The advocates of the sexual selection theory might have avoided many grotesque blunders had they possessed a sense of humor to counterbalance and control their erudition. The violent opposition of Madagascar women to King Radama's order that the men should have their hair cut, to which Westermarck refers (174-75), surely finds in the proverbial stupid conservatism of barbarous customs a simpler and more rational explanation than in his assumption that this riot illustrated "the important part played by the hair of the head as a stimulant of sexual passion" (to these coarse, masculine

women, who had to be speared before they could be quieted). An argument which attributes to unwashed, vermin-covered savages a fanatic zeal for what they consider as beautiful, such as no civilized devotee of beauty would ever dream of, involves its own *reductio ad absurdum* by proving too much. Westermarck also cites (177) from a book on Brazil the story that if a young maiden of the Tapoyers “be marriageable, and yet not courted by any, the mother paints her with some red color about the eyes,” and in accordance with his theory we are soberly expected to accept this red paint about the eyes as an effective

Page 591

“stimulant of sexual passion,” in case of a girl whose appearance otherwise did not tempt men to court her! The obvious object of the paint was to indicate that the girl was in the market. In other words, it was part of that language of signs which had such a remarkable development among some of the uncivilized races (see Mallery’s admirable treatises on Indian Pictographs, taking up hundreds of pages in two volumes of the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington). Belden relates (145) of the Plains Indians that a warrior who is courting a squaw usually paints his eyes yellow or blue, and the squaw paints hers red. He even knew squaws, go through the painful operation of reddening the eyeballs, which he interprets as resulting from a desire to fascinate the men; but it is much more likely that it had some special significance in the language of courtship, probably as a mark of courage in enduring pain, than that the inflamed eye itself was considered beautiful. Belden himself further points out that “a red stripe drawn horizontally from one eye to the other, means that the young warrior has seen a squaw he could love if she would reciprocate his attachment,” and on p. 144 he explains that “when a warrior smears his face with lampblack and then draws zigzags with his nails, it is a sign that he desires to be left alone, or is trapping, or melancholy, or in love.” I had intended to give a special paragraph to Decorations as Parts of the Language of Signs, but desisted on reflecting that most of the foregoing facts relating to war, mourning, tribal, *etc.*, decorations, really came under that head.

[114] *Trans. Eth. Soc.*, London, N.S., VII., 238; *Journ. Asiatic Soc. Bengal*, XXXV., Pt. II., 25. Spencer, D.S.

[115] In Fiji fatness is also “a mark of high rank, for these people can only imagine one reason for any person being thin and spare, namely, not having enough to eat.” (W.J. Smythe, 166.)

[116] Yet Westermarck has the audacity to remark (259), that natural deformity and the unsymmetrical shape of the body are “regarded by every race as unfavorable to personal appearance”!

[117] It is not strange that the human race should have had to wait so long for a complete analysis of love. It is not so very long ago since Newton showed that what was supposed to be a simple white light was really compounded of all the colors of the rainbow; or that Helmholtz analyzed sounds into their partial tones of different pitch, which are combined in what seems to be a simple tone of this or that pitch. Similarly, I have shown that the pleasures of the table, which everybody supposes to be simple, gustatory sensations (matters of taste), are in reality compound odors. See my article on “The Gastronomic Value of Odors,” in the *Contemporary Review*, 1881.

[118] II., 271-74. See also *Zeitschrift fuer Ethnologie*, 1887, 31; Hellwald, 144.

[119] Which even in tropical countries seldom comes before the eleventh or twelfth year. See the statistics in Ploss-Bartels, I., 269-70.

Page 592

[120] *Alone among the Hairy Ainu*, 140-41.

[121] *Culturgeschichte des Orients*, II, 109.

[122] *Journal des Goncourt*, Tome V. 328-29.

[123] *Trans. Ethn. Soc. N.S.*, II, 292.

[124] Ross Cox, cited by Yarrow in his valuable article on Mortuary Customs of North American Indians, I, *Report Bur. Ethnol.*, 1879-80. See also Ploss-Bartels, II., 507-13; Westermarck, 126-28; Letourneau, Chap. XV., where many other cases are cited.

[125] *Trans. Ninth Internal. Congr. of Orientalists*, London, 1893, p. 781.

[126] Details and authorities in Ploss-Bartels, II., 514-17; Westermarck, 125-26; Letourneau, Chap. XV.

[127] For many other cases see references in footnotes 3 and 4, Westermarck, 378.

[128] The poets and a certain class of novelists also like to dwell on the love-matches among peasants as compared with commercial city marriages. As a matter of fact, in no class do sordid pecuniary matters play so great a role as among peasants. (*Cf. Grosse. F.d.F.*, 16.)

[129] *Princ. of Soc.*, American Edition, pp. 756, 772, 784, 787.

[130] The proofs of man's universal contempt for woman are to be found in the chapter on "Adoration," and everywhere in this book. Many additional illustrations are contained in several articles by Crawley in the *Jour. Anthropol. Inst.*, Vol. XXIV.

[131] *Cf. Ploss-Bartels*, I., 471-87, where this topic of infant marriage is treated with truly German thoroughness and erudition.

[132] To demonstrate the recklessness (to use a mild word) of Darwin and Westermarck in this matter I will quote the exact words of Burchell in the passage referred to (II., 58-59): "These men generally take a second wife as soon as the first becomes somewhat advanced in years." "Most commonly" the girls are betrothed when about seven years old, and in two or three years the girl is given to the man. "These bargains are made with her parents only, and *without ever consulting the wishes (even if she had any) of the daughter*. When it happens, which is not often the case, that a girl has grown up to womanhood without having been betrothed, her lover must gain her approbation as *well as that of her parents*."

[133] Darwin was evidently puzzled by the queer nature of Reade's evidence in other matters (*D.M.*, Chap. XIX.); yet he naively relies on him as an authority. Reade told

him that the ideas of negroes on beauty are “on the whole, the same as ours.” Yet in several other pages of Darwin we see it noted that according to Reade, the negroes have a horror of a white skin and admire a skin in proportion to its blackness; that “they look on blue eyes with aversion, and they think our noses too long and our lips too thin.” “He does not think it probable,” Darwin adds, “that negroes would ever prefer the most beautiful European woman, on the mere ground of physical admiration, to a good-looking negress.” How extraordinarily like our taste! If a man had talked to Darwin about corals or angleworms as foolishly and inconsistently as Reade did about negroes, he would have ignored him. But in matters relating to beauty or love all rubbish is accepted, and every globe-trotter and amateur explorer who wields a pen is treated as an authority.

Page 593

[134] See McLennan's *Studies in Ancient History*, first and second series; Spencer's *Principles of Sociology*, I., Part 3, Chap. 4; Westermarck, Chap. XIV., etc.

[135] Westermarck, 364-66, where many other striking cases of racial prejudice are given.

[136] For instance omal-win-yuk-un-der, illpoogee, loityo, kernoo, ipamoo, badjeerie, mungaroo, yowerda, yowada, yoorda, yooada, yongar, yunkera, wore, yowardoo, marloo, yowdar, koolbirra, madooroo, oggra, arinva, oogara, augara, uggerra, bulka, yshuckuru, koongaroo, chookeroo, thaldara, kulla, etc.

[137] See also Merensky's *Sued Afrika*, 68.

[138] As Fritsch says (306) "Kolben found them most excellent specimens of mankind and invested them with the most manifold virtues" (see also 312 and 328). A person thus biased is under suspicion when he praises, but not when he exposes shady sides. My page references are to the French edition of Kolben. The italics are mine.

[139] Gathered from Hahn's *Tsuni* and Kroenlein's *Wortschatz der Namaqua Hottentotten*.

[140] The details given by the Rev. J. MacDonald (*Journal Anthropol. Soc.*, XX., 1890, 116-18) cannot possibly be cited here. Our argument is quite strong enough without them. Westermarck devotes ten pages to an attempt to prove that immorality is not characteristic of uncivilized races in general. He leads off with that preposterous statement of Barrow that "a Kaffir woman is chaste and extremely modest;" and most of his other instances are based on equally flimsy evidence. I shall recur to the subject repeatedly. It is hardly necessary to call the reader's attention to the unconscious humor of the assertion of Westermarck's friend Cousins that "between their various feasts the Kaffirs have to live in strict continence"—which is a good deal like saying of a toper that "between drinks he is strictly sober."

[141] It may seem inconsistent to condemn Barrow on one page as unreliable and then quote him approvingly on another. But in the first case his assertion was utterly opposed to the unanimous testimony of those who knew the Kaffirs best, while in this instance his remarks are in perfect accordance with what we would expect under the circumstances and with the testimony of the standard authorities.

[142] Vid. Mantegazza, *Geschlechtsverhaeltnisse des Menschen*, 213.

[143] From an article in the *Humanitarian*, March, 1897, it appears that this "leap-year" custom still prevails among Zulus; but the dawn of civilization has introduced a modification to the effect that when the girl is refused, a present is usually given her "to ease her feelings." At least that is the way Miss Colenso puts it. Wood (80) relates a

story of a Kaffir girl who persistently wooed a young chief who did not want her; she had to be removed by force and even beaten, but kept returning until, to save further bother, the chief bought her.

Page 594

[144] Ignorant sentimentalists who have often argued that the absence of illegitimate offspring argues moral purity will do well to ponder what Thomson says on page 580, and compare with it the remarks of the Rev. J. Macdonald, who lived twelve years among the tribes between Cape Colony and Natal, regarding their use of herbs. (*Journal Anthropol. Soc.*, XIX., 264.) See also Johnston (413).

[145] To what almost incredible lengths sentimental defenders of savages will go, may be seen in an editorial article with which the London *Daily News* of August 4, 1887, honored my first book. I was informed therein that "savages are not strangers to love in the most delicate and noble form of the passion.... The wrong conclusion must not be drawn from Monteiro's remark, 'I have never seen a negro put his arm around a negro's waist.' It is the uneducated classes who may be seen to exhibit in the parks those harmless endearments which negroes have too much good taste to practise before the public." To one who knows the African savage as he is, such an assertion is worth a whole volume of *Punch*.

[146] Westermarck (358), as usual, accepts Johnston's statement about poetic love on the Congo as gospel truth, without examining it critically.

[147] Bleek credits these tales to Schoen's *Grammar of the Hausa Language*, Schlenker's *Collection of Temne Traditions*, and Koelle's *African Native Literature*, where the original Bornu text may be found.

[148] *Folk Lore Journal*, London, 1888, 119-22.

[149] Compare this with what I said on page 340 about the behavior of girls in the New Britain Group.

[150] *Revue d'Anthropologie*, 1883.

[151] See an elaborate discussion of this question by the Rev. John Mathew in the *Journal of the Royal Society of N.S. Wales*, Vol. XXIII., 335-449.

[152] See, e.g., the hideous pictures of Australian women enclosed in G.W. Earl's *The Papuans*. Spencer and Gillen's admirable volume also contains pictures of "young women" who look twice their age. After the age of twenty, the authors write, the face becomes wrinkled, the breasts pendulous, the whole body shrivelled. At fifty they reach "a stage of ugliness which baffled description" (40,40).

[153] *Royal Geogr. Soc of Australasia*, 1887, Vol. V., 29.

[154] *Trans. Ethn. Soc., New Ser.*, III., 248, 288; cited by Spencer, *D.S.*, 26.

[155] He adds in a foot-note (320) "Foeminae sese per totam paene vitam prostituunt. Apud plurimas tribus juventutem utriusque sexus sine discrimine concumbere in usu



est. Si juvenis forte indigenorum coetum quendam in castris manentem adveniat ubi quaevis sit puella innupta, mos est nocte veniente et cubantibus omnibus, illam ex loco exsurgere et juvenem accedentem cum illo per noctem manere unde in sedem propriam ante diem redit. Cui femina est, eam amicis libenter praebet.”

Page 595

[156] F. Mueller (212-13) gives the details of West Australian corroborees which are too obscene to be cited here. See also the testimony in Hellwald (134-35) based on the observations of Oldfield, Koler, M'Combie, *etc.*, and a number of other authorities cited by Waitz-Gerland, VI., 754-55. Curr says (I., 128) that at the corroborees men of different tribes lend their wives to each other.

[157] *Journal Anthropol. Inst.*, XXIV., 169. See also Waitz, VI., 774; Macgillivray, II., 8; Hasskarl, 82. They have a peculiar rattle with mystic sculpturing, and Eyre says that its sound *libertatem coeundi juventuti esse tum concessam omnibus indicat*. MacLennan (287) cites G.S. Lang, who cites the fact that the old men get most of the young women. *Connubium profecto valde est liberum*. *Conjuges, puellae, puellulae cum adolescentibus venantur*. *Pretium corporis poene nullius est*. *Vendunt se vel columbae vel canis vel piscis pretio*. *Inter Anglos et aborigines nihil distat*.

[158] *Journal Anthropol. Inst.*, XX., 53.

[159] *Revue d'Anthropologie*. 1882, p. 376.

[160] A.W. Howitt, *Jour. Anthr. Hist.* XX., 60-61. Fison and Howitt, 289; *Smithsonian Reports*, 1883, p. 67. Details are given which cannot be reproduced here. Boys participate in these orgies.

[161] The details given by Roth are too disgusting for reproduction here. They vie with the loathsome practices of the Kaffirs and the most debauched Roman emperors, while some of them are so vile that it seems as if they could have been suggested only by the diseased brain of an erotomaniac. The most degraded white criminal that ever took up his abode among savages would turn away from them with horror and nausea, yet we are asked to believe that the savages learned all their vices from the whites!

[162] *Mittheil des Ver. fuer Erdkunde zu Halle*, 1883, 54.

[163] Westermarck overlooks these vital facts when he calmly assumes (64, 65) that the guarding of girls, or punishment of intruders, argues a regard for chastity. His entire ignoring of the superabundant and unimpeachable testimony proving the contrary is extraordinary, to put it mildly. Dawson's assertion (33) that "illegitimacy is rare" and the mother severely punished, which Westermarck cites (65), is as foolish as most of the gossip printed by that utterly untrustworthy writer. As the details given in these pages regarding licentiousness before marriage and wife-lending after it show, there is no possible way of proving illegitimacy unless the child has a white father. In that case it is killed; but that is nothing remarkable, as the Australians kill most of their children anyway. That a regard for chastity or fidelity has nothing to do with these actions is proved by the fact cited from Curr (I., 110) by Westermarck himself (on another page—131—of course!) that "husbands display much less jealousy of white men than of those of their own color," and that they will more commonly prostitute their wives to strangers

visiting the tribe than to their own people. I have no doubt that the simple reason of this is that the whites are better able to pay, in rum and trinkets.

Page 596

[164] *South Australia*, Adelaide, 1804, p. 403. The part author, part editor of this valuable book is not to be confounded with J.S. Wood, the compiler of the *Natural History of Man*.

[165] See also the account he gives (I., 180) of the report as to aboriginal morals made in the early days of Victoria by a commission of fourteen settlers, missionaries, and protectors of the aborigines. The explorer Sturt (I., 316) even found that the natives became indignant if the whites rejected their addresses.

[166] See also a very important paper on this subject by Howitt in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, Vol. XX., 1890, demonstrating that "in Australia at the present day group marriage does exist in a well-marked form, which is evidently only the modified survival of a still more complete social communism" (104). Regarding the manner in which group marriage gradually passed into individual proprietorship, a suggestive hint may be found in this sentence from Brough Smyth (II., 316): When women are carried off from another tribe, "they are common property till they are gradually annexed by the best warriors of the tribe."

[167] In my mind the strongest argument against Westermarck's views as regards promiscuity is that all his tributary theories, so to speak, which I have had occasion to examine in this volume have proved so utterly inconsistent with facts. The question of promiscuity itself I cannot examine in detail here, as it hardly comes within the scope of this book. In view of the confusion Westermarck has already created in recent scientific literature by his specious pleading, I need not apologize for the frequency of my polemics against him. His imposing erudition and his cleverness in juggling with facts by ignoring those that do not please him (as e.g., in case of the morality of the Kaffirs and Australians, and the "liberty of choice" of their women) make him a serious obstacle to the investigation of the truth regarding man's sexual history, wherefore it is necessary to expose his errors promptly and thoroughly.

[168] *Journ. Anthropol. Inst.*, 1890, 53.

[169] Would our friend Stephens be fearless enough to claim that this custom also was taught the natives by the degraded whites? Apart from the diabolical cruelty to a woman of which no white man except a maniac would ever be individually guilty—whereas this is a tribal custom—note the unutterable masculine selfishness of this "jealousy," which, while indifferent to chastity and fidelity, *per se*, punishes by proxy, leaving the real culprit untouched and happy at having not only had his intrigue but a chance to get rid of an undesired wife!

[170] *Jour. Anthropol. Inst.*, XII., 282.

Page 597

[171] Grey might have made a valuable contribution to the comparative psychology of passion by noting down the chant of the rivals in their own words. Instead of that, for literary effect, he cast them into European metre and rhyme, with various expressions, like “bless” and “caress,” which of course are utterly beyond an Australian’s mental horizon. This absurd procedure, which has made so many documents of travellers valueless for scientific purposes, is like filling an ethnological museum with pictures of Australians, Africans, etc., all clothed in swallow-tail coats and silk hats. Cf. Grosse (*B.A.*, 236), and Semon (224). Real Australian “poems” are like the following:

“The peas the white man eats—
I wish I had some,
I wish I had some.”

Or this:

“The kangaroo ran very fast
But I ran faster;
The kangaroo was fat;
I ate him.”

[172] *Roy. Geogr. Soc. of Australasia*, Vol. V., 29.

[173] The reason why Westermarck is so eager to prove liberty of choice on the part of Australian women is because he has set himself the hopeless task of proving that the lower we go the more liberty woman has, and that “under more primitive conditions she was even more free in that respect than she is now amongst most of the lower races.” “As man in the earliest times,” he asserts (222), “had no reason ... to retain his full-grown daughter, she might go away and marry at her pleasure.” Quite the contrary; an Australian, than whom we know no more “primitive” man, had every reason for not allowing her to go away and marry whom she pleased. He looked on his daughter, as we have seen, chiefly as a desirable piece of property to exchange for some other man’s daughter or sister.

[174] As distinguished from the more common sham elopement, at which the parents are consulted as usual. In the Kunandaburi tribe, for instance, as Howitt himself tells us (*Jour. Anthr. Inst.*, XX., 60-61) the suitor asks permission of the girl’s parents to take her away. “She resists all she can, biting and screaming, while the other women look on laughing.” The whole thing is obviously a custom ordered by the parents, and tells us nothing regarding the presence or absence of choice. See the remarks on sham capture in my chapter on Coyness (125).

[175] The reader will note that here are some additional objects usually supposed to be “ornamental,” but which, as in all the cases examined in the chapter on Personal Beauty, are seen on close examination to serve other than esthetic purposes. These

are intended to *charm* the women, not, however, as things of beauty, but by their magic qualities and by attracting their attention.

[176] With his usual conscientious regard for facts Westermarck declares (70) that in a savage condition of life “every full-grown man marries as soon as possible.”

Page 598

[177] We are occasionally warned not to underrate the intelligence of the aboriginal Australian. As a matter of fact, there is more danger of its being overrated. Thus it was long believed that what was known as the “terrible rite” (*finditur usque ad urethram membrum virile*)—see Curr I., 52, 72—was practised as a check to population; but surgeon-general Roth (179) has exploded this idea, and made it seem probable that this rite is merely a senseless counterpart of certain useless mutilations inflicted on females.

[178] *Trans. Eth. Soc.*, New Ser., III, 248.

[179] Gerland (VI., 756) makes the same mistake here as Westermarck. He also refers to Petermann’s *Mittheilungen* for another case of “romantic love.” On consulting that periodical (1856, 451) I find that the proof of such love lay in the circumstance that in the quarrels so common in Australian camps, wives would not hesitate to join in and help their husbands!

[180] Surgeon-General Roth of Queensland does not indulge in any illusions regarding love in Australia. He uses quotation marks when he speaks of a man being in “love” (180), and in another place he speaks of the native woman “whose love, such as it is.” *etc.* He evidently realizes that Australian lovers are only “lewd fellows of the baser sort.”

[181] *Journal of the Anthropol. Inst.*, 1889.

[182] Macgillivray says (II., 8) that the females of the Torres Islands are in most cases betrothed in infancy. “When the man thinks proper he takes his wife to live with him without any further ceremony, but before this she has probably had promiscuous intercourse with the young men, such, if conducted with a moderate degree of secrecy, not being considered as an offence.... Occasionally there are instances of strong mutual attachment and courtship, when, if the damsel is not betrothed, a small present made to the father is sufficient to procure his consent; at the Prince of Wales Islands a knife or a glass is considered as a sufficient price for the hand of a ‘fair lady,’ and are the articles mostly used for that purpose.” I cite this passage chiefly because it is another one of those to which Gerland refers as evidence of genuine romantic love!

[183] I am indebted for many of the following facts to H. Ling Roth’s splendid compilation and monograph entitled *The Natives of Sarawak and British North Borneo*. London, 1896.

[184] The Ida’an are the aboriginal population; in dress, habitations, manners, and customs they are essentially the same as the Dyaks in general.

[185] The above details are culled from Williams, pp. 145, 144, 38, 345, 148, 152, 43, 114, 179, 180, 344. The editor declares, in a foot-note (182), that he has repressed or softened some of the more horrible details in Williams’s account.

[186] See Westermarck, 67, and footnotes on that page.

[187] If sentimentalists were gifted with a sense of humor it would have occurred to them how ludicrous and illogical it is to suppose that savages and barbarians, the world over, should in each instance have been converted by a few whites from angels to monsters of depravity with such amazing suddenness. We know, on the contrary, that in no respect are these races so stubbornly tenacious of old customs as in their sexual relations.

Page 599

[188] See Mariner (Martin) Introduction and Chap. XVI.

[189] *Jour. Anthr. Inst.*, 1889, p. 104.

[190] Supposed to mean a beautiful flower that grows on the tops of the mountains, where sea and land breezes meet.

[191] According to Erskine (50) when a Samoan felt a violent passion for another he would brand his arm, to symbolize his ardor. (Waitz-Gerland, VI., 125.)

[192] See *Schopenhauer's Gespraechen* (Grisebach), 1898, p. 40, and the essay on love, in Lichtenberg's *Ausgewaehlte Schriften* (Reclam). Lichtenberg seems, indeed, to have doubted whether anything else than sensual love actually exists.

[193] It is said that, under favorable circumstances, a distance of 3,000 miles might thus be covered in a month.

[194] There is much reason to suspect, too, that Grey expurgated and whitewashed these tales. See, on this subject, the remarks to be made in the next chapter regarding the Indian love-stories of Schoolcraft, bearing in mind that Polynesians are, if possible, even more licentious and foul-mouthed than Indians.

[195] Considerations of space compel me here, as in other cases, to condense the stories; but I conscientiously and purposely retain all the sentimental passages and expressions.

[196] *Algic Researches*, 1839, I., 43. From this work the first five of the above stories are taken, the others being from the same author's *Oneota* (54-57; 15-16). The stories in *Algic Researches* were reprinted in 1856 under the title *The Myth of Hiawatha and Other Oral Legends*.

[197] I have taken the liberty of giving to most of the stories cited more attractive titles than Schoolcraft gave them. He himself changed some of the titles in his later edition.

[198] In another of these tales (*A.R.*, II., 165-80) Schoolcraft refers to a girl who went astray in the woods "while admiring the scenery."

[199] Schoolcraft's volumes include, however, a number of reliable and valuable articles on various Indian tribes by other writers. These are often referred to in anthropological treatises, including the present volume.

[200] In the *Zeitschrift fuer Ethnologie*, 1891, especially pages 546, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 567-69, 640, 643; in the vol. for 1892, pages 36, 42, 44, 324, 330, 340, 386, 392, 434, 447; and in the vol. for 1894, 283, 303, 304. It is impossible even to hint here at the details of these stories. Some are licentious, others merely filthy. Powers, in his

great work on the California Indians (348), refers to “the unspeakable obscenity of their legends.”

[201] Ehrenreich says (*Zeitschr. fuer Ethnol.*, 1887, 31) that among the Botocudos cohabitatio coram familia et vicinibus exagitur; and of the Machacares Indians Feldner tells us (II., 143, 148) that even the children behave lewdly in presence of everybody. Parentes rident, appellunt eos canes, et usque ad silvam agunt. Some extremely important and instructive revelations are made in von den Steinen’s classic work on Brazil (195-99), but they cannot be cited here. The author concludes that “a feeling of modesty is decidedly absent among the unclothed Indians.”

Page 600

[202] Published in the *Papers of the American Archaeological Institute*, III.

[203] *Works*, in Hakluyt Soc. Publ., London, 1847, II., 192.

[204] What Parkman says regarding the cruelty of the Indians perhaps applies also to their sexual morality, though to a less extent. In speaking of the early missionary intercourse with the Indians he remarks (*Jes in Can.*, 319):

“In the wars of the next century we do not often find these examples of diabolic atrocity with which the earlier annals were crowded. The savage burned his enemies alive still, it is true, but he rarely ate them; neither did he torment them with the same deliberation and persistency. He was a savage still, but not so often a devil. The improvement was not great, but it was distinct; and it seems to have taken place wherever Indian tribes were in close relations with any respectable community of white men.”

[205] Herrera relates (III., 340) that Nicaraguan fathers used to send out their daughters to roam the country and earn a marriage portion in a shameful way.

[206] See also the remarks of Dr. W.J. Hoffmann regarding the dances of the Coyotero Apaches. *U.S. Geol. and Geogr. Survey*, Colorado, 1876, 464.

[207] Pizarro says (*Relacion*, 266) that “the virgins of the sun feigned to preserve virginity and to be chaste. In this they lied, as they cohabited with the servants and guards of the Sun, who were numerous.” Regarding Peruvians in general Pizarro (1570) and Cieza (*Travels*, 1532-40) agree that parents did not care about the conduct of their daughters, and Cieza speaks of the promiscuity at festivals. Brinton (*M.N.W.*, 149) is obliged to admit that “there is a decided indecency in the remains of ancient American art, especially in Peru, and great lubricity in many ceremonies.”

[208] *Indian Rights Assoc.*, Philadelphia, 1885.

[209] *Journ. Anthropol. Inst.*, 1892, 427.

[210] *Indian Com. Rep.*, 1854, p. 179.

[211] Bristol in *Ind. Aff. Rep. Spec. Com.*, 1867, p. 357.

[212] *Rep. Com. Ind. Aff.*, 1892, p. 607.

[213] Even the wives of chiefs were treated no better than slaves. Catlin himself tells us of the six wives of a Mandan chief who were “not allowed to speak, though they were in readiness to obey his orders.” (*Smithson. Rep.*, 1885, Pt. II., 458.)

[214] Such cruel treatment of women argues a total lack of sympathy in Indians, and without sympathy there can be no love. The systematic manner in which sympathy is

crushed among Indians I have described in a previous chapter. Here let me add a few remarks by Theodore Roosevelt (l., 86) which coincide with what John Hance, the famous Arizona guide, told me:

Page 601

"Anyone who has ever been in an encampment of wild Indians and has had the misfortune to witness the delight the children take in torturing little animals will admit that the Indian's love of cruelty for cruelty's sake cannot possibly be exaggerated. The young are so trained that when old they shall find their keenest pleasure in inflicting pain in its most appalling form. Among the most brutal white borderers a man would be instantly lynched if he practiced on any creature the fiendish torture which in the Indian camp either attracts no notice at all, or else excites merely laughter."

(See also Roosevelt's remarks—87, 831, 335 on Helen Hunt Jackson's *Century of Dishonor*.) The Indian was much wronged by unprincipled agents and others, but the border ruffians served him only as he served others of his race, the weaker being always driven out. Nor was there any real sympathy within the tribes themselves. "These people," wrote the old Jesuit missionary Le Jeune (VI., 245), "are very little moved by compassion. They give a sick person food and drink, but show otherwise no concern for him; to coax him with love and tenderness is a language which they do not understand. When he refuses food they kill him, partly to relieve him from suffering, partly to relieve themselves of the trouble of taking him with them when they go to some other place."

[215] *Smithsonian Rep.*, 1885, Pt. II., 108.

[216] The humor of Catlin's assertions becomes more obvious still when we read how readily Indians dissolve their marriages, through love of change, caprice, *etc.* See cases in Westermarck, 518.

[217] Cited by Schoolcraft, *Oneota*, 57.

[218] *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*. Philadelphia, 1819.

[219] *Journ. Anthropol. Inst.*, 1884, p. 251.

[220] Brinton's *Library of Aborig. Amer. Lit.*, II, 65.

[221] The only way the women could secure any consideration was by overawing the men. Thus Southey says (III., 411) regarding the Abipones that the old women "were obdurate in retaining superstitions that rendered them objects of fear, and therefore of respect." Smith in his book on the Araucanians of Chili, notes (238), that besides the usual medicine men there was an occasional woman "who had acquired the most unbounded influence by shrewdness, joined to a hideous personal appearance and a certain mystery with which she was invested."

[222] As when he says, "The Atkha Aleuts occasionally betrothed their children to each other, but the marriage was held to be binding only after the birth of a child." What evidence of choice is there here?

[223] *U.S. Geogr. and Geol. Survey of Colorado, etc.*, 1876, p. 465.

Page 602

[224] Miss Alice Fletcher gives in the *Journal of the American Folk Lore Society* (1889, 219-26) an amusing instance of how far a present-day Omaha girl may go in resenting a man's unwelcome advances. A faint-hearted lover had sent a friend as go-between to ask for the girl's favor. As he finished his speech the girl looked at him with flashing eyes and said: "I'll have nothing to do with your friend or you either." The young man hesitated a moment, as if about to repeat his request, when a dangerous wave of her water-bucket made him leap to one side to escape a deluge.

[225] *Zeitschrift fuer Ethnologie*, 1891, p. 545.

[226] How California marriages were made in the good old times we may see from the account in Hakluyt's *Collection of Early Voyages*, 1810, III., 513:

"If any man had a daughter to marry he went where the people kept, and said, I have a daughter to marry, is there any man here that would have her? And if there were any that would have her, he answered that he would have her, and so the marriage was made."

[227] *Smithsonian Rep.*, 1885, Pt. II., p. 71.

[228] Schoolcraft, IV., 224; Powers, 221; Waitz, IV., 132; Azara (*Voyages*), II., 94; von Martius, I., 412, 509.

[229] A table relating to sixty-five North American Indian girls given in Ploss, I., 476, shows that all but eight of them had their first child before the end of the fifteenth year; the largest number (eighteen), having it in the fourteenth.

[230] See John Fiske's *Discovery of America*, I., 21, and E.J. Payne's *History of the New World*.

[231] Giacomo Bove, *Patagonia*. Cf. Ploss, I., 476; *Globus*, 1883, 158. Hyades's *Mission Scientifique du Cap Horn*, VII., 377.

[232] Equally inconclusive is Westermarck's reference (216) to what Azara says regarding the Guanas. Azara expressly informs us that, as summed up by Darwin (*D.M.*, Chap. XIX.) among the Guanas "the men rarely marry till twenty years old or more, as before that age they cannot conquer their rivals." Where girls are literally wrestled for, they have, of course, no choice.

[233] Keating says (II., 153) that among the Chippewas "where the antipathy is great, one or the other elopes from the lodge."

[234] *Memoirs of the International Congress of Anthropologists*, 1894, 153-57.

[235] Laurence Oliphant realized the absurdity of attributing such tales to Indians, assigning to them feelings and motives like our own. He kindly supplies some further details, insisting that the girl was told to “return and all would be forgiven;” that the “fast young Sioux hunter” whom Winona wanted to marry (“her heart could never be another’s”), had “no means of his own.” He is believed to have been “utterly disconsolate at the time,” and “subsequently to have married an heiress.” See the amusing satire in his *Minnesota*, 287-89.

Page 603

[236] S.R. Riggs in *U.S. Geogr. and Geol. Soc.*, IX., 206.

[237] *Trans. Amer. Ethnol. Soc.*, Vol. III, Pt. I.

[238] *Denkschriften der Kaiserl. Akad. d. Wissensch. in Wien*, Bd. XXXIX., S. 214.

[239] *Report of Bureau of Ethnol.*, Wash., 1892.

[240] *Ibid.*, 1896, Pt. 1, p. 154.

[241] *American Anthropologist*, IV., 276.

[242] The Chippewas have bridal canoes which they fill with stores to last a betrothed pair for a month's excursion, this being the only marriage ceremony. (Kane, 20.)

[243] Army bugle calls, telling the soldiers what to do, are "leading motives." See my article on "The Utility of Music," *Forum*, May, 1898; or Wallaschek's *Primitive Music*.

[244] *A Study of Omaha Indian Music* (14, 15, 44, 52). Cambridge, 1893; *Journal Amer. Folklore*, 1889 (219-26); *Memoirs Intern. Congr. Anthropol.*, 1894 (153-57).

[245] Dr. Brinton published in 1886 an interesting pamphlet entitled *The Conception of Love in Some American Languages*, which was afterward reprinted in his *Essays of an Americanist*. It forms the philological basis for his assertion, already quoted, that the languages of the Algonquins of North America, the Nahuas of Mexico, the Mayas of Yucatan, the Quichas of Peru, and the Tupis and Guaranis of Brazil "supply us with evidence that the sentiment of love was awake among them." I have read this learned paper half a dozen times, and have come to the conclusion that it proves exactly the contrary.

I. In the Algonkin, as I gather from the professor's explanations, there is one form of the word "love" from which are derived the expressions "to tie," "to fasten," "and also some of the coarsest words to express the sexual relation." For the feebleness "sentiment" of merely liking a person there is a word meaning "he or it *seems good to me*." Expressions relating to the highest form of love, "that which embraces all men and all beings" are derived from a root indicative of "*what gives joy*." The italics are mine. I can find here no indication of altruistic sentiment, but quite the reverse.

II. It was among the Mexicans that Dr. Brinton found the "delicate" poems. Yet he informs us that they had "only one word...to express every variety of love, human and divine, carnal and chaste, between men and between the sexes." This being the case, how are we ever to know which kind of love a Mexican poem refers to? Dr. Brinton himself feels that one must not credit the Aztecs "with finer feelings than they deserve;" and with reference to a certain mythic conception he adds, "I gravely doubt that they felt the shafts of the tender passion, with any such susceptibility as to employ this

metaphor.” Moreover, as he informs us, the Mexican root of the word is not derived from the primary meaning of the root, but from a secondary and later signification. “This hints ominously,” he says,

Page 604

“at the probability that the ancient tongue had for a long time no word at all to express this, the highest and noblest emotion of the human heart, and that consequently this emotion itself had not risen to consciousness in the national mind.”

In its later development the capacity of the language for emotional expression was greatly enlarged. Was this before the European missionaries appeared on the scene? Missionaries, it is important to remember, had a good deal to do with the development of the language, as well as the birth of the nobler conceptions and emotions among the lower races. Many fatal blunders in comparative psychology and sociology can be traced to the ignoring of this fact.

III. Dr. Otto Stoll, in his work *Zur Ethnographie der Rep. Guatemala*, declares that the Cakchiquel Indians of that country “are strangers to the mere conception of that kind of love which is expressed by the Latin verb *amare*.” *Logoh*, the Guatemalan word for love, also means “to buy,” and according to Stoll the only other word in the pure original tongue for the passion of love is *ah*, to want, to desire. Dr. Brinton finds it used also in the sense of “to like,” “to love” [in what way?]. But the best he can do is to “think that ‘to buy’ and ‘to love’ may be construed as developments of the same idea of *prizing highly*” which tells us nothing regarding altruism. All that we know about the customs of Guatemalans points to the conclusion that Dr. Stoll was right in declaring that they had no notion of true love.

IV. Of the Peruvian expressions relating to love in the comprehensive sense of the word, Dr. Brinton specifies five. Of one of them, *munay*, there were, according to Dr. Anchorena, nearly six hundred combinations. It meant originally “merely a sense of want, an appetite, and the accompanying desire to satisfy it.” In songs composed in the nineteenth century *cenayay*, which originally meant pity, is preferred to *munay* as the most appropriate term for the love between the sexes. The blind, unreasoning, absorbing passion is expressed by *huaylluni*, which is nearly always confined to sexual love, and “conveys the idea of the sentiment showing itself in action by those sweet signs and marks of devotion which are so highly prized by the loving heart.” The verb *lluyllny* (literally to be soft or tender, as fruit) means to

“love with tenderness, to have as a darling, to caress lovingly. It has less of sexuality in it than the word last mentioned, and is applied by girls to each other and as a term of family fondness.”

There was also a term, *mayhuay*, referring to words of tenderness or acts of endearment which may be merely simulated signs of emotion. I cannot find in any of these definitions evidence of altruistic affection, unless it be in the “marks of devotion,” which expression, however, I suspect, is Philadelphian rather than Peruvian.

Page 605

V. The Tupi-Guarani have one word only to express all the varieties of love known to them—*aihu*. Dr. Brinton thinks he “cannot be far wrong” in deriving this from *ai*, self, or the same, and *hu* to find or be present; and from this he infers that “to love,” in Guarani, means “to find oneself in another,” or “to discover in another a likeness to oneself.” I submit that this is altogether too airy a fabric of fanciful conjecture to allow the inference that the sentiment of love was known to these Brazilian Indians, whose morals and customs were, moreover, as we have seen, fatal obstacles to the growth of refined sexual feeling. Both the Tupis and Guaranis were cannibals, and they had no regard for chastity. One of their “sentimental” customs was for a captor to make his prisoner, before he was eaten, cohabit with his (the captor’s) sister or daughter, the offspring of this union being allowed to grow up and then was devoured too, the first mouthful being given to the mother. (Southey, I., 218.) I mention this because Dr. Brinton says that the evidence that the sentiment of love was awake among these tribes “is corroborated by the incidents we learn of their domestic life.”

[246] *U.S. Geogr. and Geol Survey Rocky Mt. Region*, Pt. I., 181-89.

[247] It is of the Modocs of this region that Joaquin Miller wrote that “Indians have their loves, and as they have but little else, these fill up most of their lives.” The above poems indicate the quality of this Indian love. In Joaquin Miller’s narrative of his experience with the Modocs, the account of his own marriage is of special interest. At a Modoc marriage a feast is given by the girl’s father, “to which all are invited, but the bride and bridegroom do not partake of food. ... Late in the fall, the old chief made the marriage feast, and at that feast neither I nor his daughter took meat, or any part.” It is a pity that the rest of this writer’s story is, by his own confession, part romance, part reality. A lifelike description of his Modoc experience would have done more to ensure immortality for his book than any amount of romancing.

[248] *Journal of Amer. Folklore*, 1888, 220-26.

[249] *Internat. Archiv. fur Ethnogr., Supplement zu Bd. IX*. 1896, pp. 1-6.

[250] These lines by their fervid eroticism quite suggest the existence of a masculine Indian Sappho. See the comments on Sappho in the chapter on Greek love.

[251] Such a procedure does well enough if the object is to amuse idle readers; and when a writer confesses, as Cornelius Mathews did in the *Indian Fairy Book*, that he bestowed on the stories “such changes as similar legends most in vogue in other countries have received to adapt them to the comprehension and sympathy of general readers,” no harm is done. But for scientific purposes it is necessary to sift down all alleged Indian stories and poems to the solid bed-rock of facts. It is significant that in

Page 606

the stories collected by men of science and recorded literally in anthropological journals all romantic and sentimental features are conspicuously absent, being often replaced by the Indian's abounding obscenity. Rand's *Legends of the Micmacs* and Grinnell's *Blackfoot Lodge Tales* are on the whole free from the errors of Schoolcraft and his followers. It ought to be obvious to every collector of aboriginal folk-lore that Indian tales, like the Indians themselves, are infinitely more interesting in war paint and buffalo robes than in "boiled shirts" and "store-clothes."

[252] *U.S. Geogr. and Geol. Survey of Rocky Mt. Region*, IX., 90.

[253] Related in G. White's *Historical Collection of Georgia*, 571.

[254] See Brinton's *The American Race*, 59-67, for an excellent summary of our present knowledge of the Eskimos (on the favorable side).

[255] *Journal Ethnol. Soc.*, I., 299.

[256] Cranz, I., 155, 134; Hall, II., 87, I., 187; Hearne, 161.

[257] Hall, *Narrat. of Second Arctic Exp.*, 102; Cranz, I, 207-12 (German ed.); Letourneau, *E.d.M.*, 72.

[258] Among the Nagas, we read in Dalton (43), "maidens are prized for their physical strength more than for their beauty and family;" and the reason is not far to seek. "The women have to work incessantly, while the men bask in the sun."

[259] Shortt in *Trans. Ethnol. Soc.*, N.S., VII., 464.

[260] For our purposes it is needless to continue this list; but I may add that of the very few tribes Westermarck ventured to claim specifically for his side, three at any rate—the Miris, Todas, and Kols (Mundas) do not belong there. The state of mind prevalent among the Miris is indicated by Dalton's observation (33) that "two brothers will unite and from the proceeds of their joint labor buy a wife between them." In regard to the Todas, Westermarck apparently forgot what he himself had written about them on a previous page (53), after Shortt:

"When a man marries a girl, she becomes the wife of his brothers as they successively reach manhood, and they become the husbands of all her sisters, when they are old enough to marry."

To speak of "liberty of choice" in such cases, or of the marriage being only "ostensibly" arranged by the parents, is nonsense. As for the Kols, what Dalton says about the Mundas (194) not only indicates that parental interference is more than "ostensible," but

makes clear that what these girls enjoy is not free choice but what is euphemistically called “free love,” before marriage:

Page 607

“Among Mundas having any pretensions to respectability the young people are not allowed to arrange these affairs [matrimonial] for themselves. Their parents settle it all for them, French fashion, and after the liberty they have enjoyed, and the liaisons they are sure to have made, this interference on the part of the old folk must be very aggravating to the young ones.”

If the dissolute or imbecile advocates of “free love” had their way, we should sink to the level of these wild tribes of India; but there is no danger of our losing again the large “tracts of mind, and thought, and feeling” we have acquired since our ancestors, who came from India, were in such a degraded state as these neighbors of theirs.

[261] Statistics have shown that twenty-eight per cent of the females were married before their fourth year. The ancient *Sutras* ordained the age of six to seven the best for girls to marry, and declared that a father who waits till his daughter is twelve years old must go to hell. The evils are aggravated by the fact noted by Dr. Ryder (who gives many pathetic details) that a Hindoo girl of ten often appears like an European child of six, owing to the weak physique inherited from these girl mothers. Yet Mrs. Mansell relates:

“Many pitiable child-wives have said to me, ‘Oh, Doctor mem Sahib, I implore you, do give me medicine that I may become a mother.’ I have looked at their innocent faces and tender bodies, and asked, ‘Why?’ The reply has invariably been, ‘My husband will discard me if I do not bear a child.’”

[262] *Journal of Nat. Indian Assoc.*, 1881, 543-49.

[263] The roots of this superstition, which has created such unspeakable misery in India, go back to the oldest times of which there are records. The Vedas say, “Endless are the worlds for those men who have sons; but there is no place for those who have no male offspring.”

[264] Dr. S. Armstrong-Hopkins writes in her recent volume *Within the Purdah* (51-52): “A few years ago the English Government passed a law to the effect that no bride should go to the house of her mother-in-law before she arrived at the age of twelve years. I am witness, however, as is every practising physician in India, that this law is utterly ignored.... Often and often have I treated little women patients of five, six, seven, eight, nine years, who were at that time living with their husbands.”

[265] If Darwin had dwelt on such facts in his *Descent of Man*, and contrasted man’s vileness with the devotion, sympathy, and self-sacrifice shown by birds and other animals, he would have aroused less indignation among his ignorant contemporaries. In these respects it was the animals who had cause to resent his theory.

[266] Dr. Ryder says in her pathetic book, *Little Wives of India*: “A man may be a vile and loathsome creature; he may be blind, a lunatic, an idiot, a leper, or diseased in any form; he may be fifty, sixty, or seventy years old, and may be married to a child of five or ten, who positively loathes his presence; but if he claims her she must go. There is no other form of slavery equal to it on the face of the earth.”

Page 608

[267] The London *Times* of November 11, 1889, had the following in its column about India:

“Two shocking cases of wife killing lately came before the courts, in both cases the result of child marriage. In one a child aged ten was strangled by her husband. In the second case a child of tender years was ripped open with a wooden peg. Brutal sexual exasperation was the sole apparent reason in both instances. Compared with the terrible evils of child marriage, widow cremation is of infinitely inferior magnitude.”

[268] Manu’s remark that “where women are honored there the gods are pleased” is one of those expressions of unconscious humor which naturally escaped him, but should not have escaped European sociologists. What he understands by “honoring women” may be gathered from many maxims in his volume like the following (the references being to the pages of Burnell and Hopkins’s version):

“This is the nature of women, to seduce men here” (40);

“One should not be seated in a secluded place with a mother, sister, or daughter; the powerful host of the senses compels even a wise man” (41).

“No act is to be done according to (her) own will by a young girl, a young woman, or even by an old woman, though in (their own) houses.”

“In her childhood (a girl) should be under the will of her father; in (her) youth, of (her) husband; her husband being dead, of her sons; a woman should never enjoy her own will” (130).

“Though of bad conduct or debauched, or even devoid of good qualities, a husband must always be worshipped like a god by a good wife.”

“For women there is no separate sacrifice, nor vow, nor even fast; if a woman obeys her husband, by that she is exalted in heaven” (131).

“Day and night should women be kept by the male members of the family in a state of dependence” (245)....

“Women being weak creatures, and having no share in the *mantras*, are falsehood itself” (247).

Quite in the spirit of these ordinances of the great Manu are the directions for wives given in the *Padma Purana*, one of the books of highest authority, whose rules are, as



Dubois informs us (316), kept up in full vigor to this day. A wife, we read therein, must regard her husband as a god, though he be a very devil. She must laugh if he laughs, eat after him, abstain from food which *he* dislikes, burn herself after his death. If he has another wife she must not interfere, must always keep her eyes on her master, ready to receive his commands; she must never be gloomy or discontented in his presence; and though he abuse or even beat her she must return only meek and soothing words.

[269] In Calcutta nearly one-half the females—42,824 out of 98,627—were widows. In India in general one-fifth of the women (or, excluding the Mohammedans, one-third) are widows.

Page 609

[270] *Journal of the National Indian Assoc.*, 1881, 624-30.

[271] Ploss-Bartels, I., 385-87; Lamairesse, 18, 95, XX., etc.

[272] Here again we must guard against the naive error of benevolent observers of confounding chastity with an assumption of modest behavior. In describing the streets of Delhi Ida Pfeiffer says (*L.V.R.W.*, 148):

“The prettiest girlish faces peep modestly out of these curtained bailis, and did one not know that in India an unveiled face is never an innocent one, the fact certainly could not be divined from their looks or behavior.” It happens to be the fashion even for bayaderes to preserve an appearance of great propriety in public.

[273] Pp. 143 and 160 of Kellner’s edition of this drama (Reclam). The extent to which indifference to chastity is sometimes carried in India may be inferred from the facts that in the famous city of Vasali “marriage was forbidden, and high rank attached to the lady who held office as the chief of courtesans;” and that the same condition prevails in British India to this day in a town in North Canara (Balfour, *Cyclop. of India*, II., 873).

[274] Hala’s date is somewhat uncertain, but he flourished between the third and fourth centuries A.D. Professor Weber’s translation of his seven hundred poems, with the professor’s comments, takes up no fewer than 1,023 pages of the *Abhandlungen fuer die Kunde des Morgenlandes*, Vols. V. and VII. I have selected all those which throw light on the Hindoo conception of love, and translated them carefully from Weber’s version. Hala’s anthology served as prototype, about the twelfth century, to a similar collection of arya verses, the erotic Saptacati of Govardhana, also seven hundred in number, but written in Sanskrit. Of these I have not been able to find a version in a language that I can read, but the other collection is copious and varied enough to cover all the phases of Hindoo love. The verses were intended, as already indicated, to be sung, for the Hindoos, too, knew the power of music as a pastime and a feeder of the emotions. “If music be the food of love, play on,” says the English Shakespere, and the “Hindoo Shakespere” wrote more than a thousand years before him:

“Oh, how beautifully our master Rebhila has sung! Yes, indeed, the zither is a pearl, only it does not come from the depths of the sea. How its tones accord with the heart that longs for love, how it helps to while away time at a rendezvous, how it assuages the grief of separation, and augments the delights of the lovers!” (*Vasantasena*, Act III., 2.)

[275] The disadvantage of arguing against the believers in primitive, Oriental, and ancient amorous sentiment is that some of the strongest evidence against them cannot be cited in a book intended for general reading. Professor Weber declares in his introduction to Hala’s anthology that these poems take us through all phases

Page 610

of sentimental love (*innigen Liebeslebens*) to the most licentious situations. He is mistaken, as I have shown, in regard to the sentiment, but there can be no doubt about the licentiousness. Numbers 5, 23, 62, 63, 65, 71, 72, 107, 115, 139, 161, 200, 223, 237, 241, 242, 300, 305, 336, 338, 356, 364, 369, 455, 483, 491, 628, 637, depict or suggest improper scenes, while 61, 213, 215, 242, 278, 327, 476, 690 are frankly obscene. Lower and higher things are mixed in these poems with a naivete that shows the absence of any idea of refinement.

[276] I have here followed Kellner, though Boehtlingk's version is more literal and Oriental: "Mir aber brennt Liebe, O Grausamer, Tag und Nacht gewaltig die Glieder, deren Wuensche auf dich gerichtet sind."

[277] *Anas Casarea*, a species of duck which, in Hindoo poetry, is allowed to be with his mate only in the daytime and must leave her at night, in consequence of a curse; thereupon begin mutual lamentations.

[278] For a Hindoo, unless he has a son to make offerings after his death, is doomed to live over again his earthly life with all its sorrows. A daughter will do, provided she has a son to attend to the rites.

[279] The sequel of the story, relating to the misfortunes of Nala and Damayanti after marriage, will be referred to presently. The famous tale herewith briefly summarized occurs in the *Mahabharata*, the great epic or mythological cyclopaedia of India, which embraces 220,000 metric lines, and antedates in the main the Christian era. The story of Savitri also occurs in the *Mahabharata*; and these two episodes have been pronounced by specialists the gems not only of that great epic, but of all Hindoo literature. I have translated from the edition of H.C. Kellner, which is based on the latest and most careful revisions of the Sanscrit text. I have also followed Kellner's edition of Kalidasa's *Sakuntala* and Otto Fritze's equally critical versions of the same poet's *Urvashi* and *Malavika and Agnimitra*. Some of the earlier translators, notably Rueckert, permitted themselves unwarranted poetic licenses, modernizing and sentimentalizing the text, somewhat as Professor Ebers did the thoughts and feelings of the ancient Egyptians. I will add that while I have been obliged to greatly condense the stories of the above dramas, I have taken great care to retain all the speeches and details that throw light on the Hindoo conception of love, reserving a few, however, for comment in the following paragraphs.

[280] Our poets speak of fright making the hair stand on end—but only on the head. Can the alleged Hindoo phenomenon be identical with what we call goose flesh—French frisson? That would make it none the less artificial as a symptom of love. Hertel says, in his edition of the *Hitopadesa* (26):



“With the Hindoos it is a consequence of great excitement, joy as well as fear, that the little hairs on the body stand erect. The expression has become conventional.”

[281] *Hitopadesa* (25). This gratification the Hindoos regard as one of the four great objects of life, the other three being liberty (emancipation of the soul), wealth, and the performance of religious duties.

Page 611

[282] Robert Brown has remarked that “moral and intellectual qualities seem to be entirely omitted from the seven points which, according to Manu, make a good wife.” And Ward says (10) that no attention is paid to a bride’s mind or temper, the only points being the bride’s person, her family, and the prospect of male offspring.

[283] This is the list, as given by the eminent Sanscrit scholar, Professor Albrecht Weber in the *Abhandlungen fuer die Kunde des Abendlandes*, Vol. V., 135. Burton, in his original edition of the *Arabian Nights* (III., 36), gives the stages thus: love of the eyes; attraction of the manos or mind; birth of desire; loss of sleep; loss of flesh; indifference to objects of sense; loss of shame; distraction of thought; loss of consciousness; death. Cf. Lamiaresse, p. 179.

[284] Preferably in Boethlingk’s literal version, which I have followed whenever Kellner idealizes. In this case Kellner speaks of covering “den Umfang des Bruestepaars,” while Boethlingk has “das starke Bruestepaar,” which especially arouse the king’s “love.”

[285] It would hardly be surprising if Kalidasa had had some conception of true love sentiment, for not only did he possess a delicate poetic fancy, but he lived at a time when tidings of the chivalrous treatment and adoration of women might have come to him from Arabia or from Europe. The tradition that he flourished as early as the first century of our era was demolished by Professor Weber (*Ind. Lit. Ges.*, 217). Professor Max Mueller (91) found no reason to place him earlier than our sixth century; and more recent evidence indicates that he lived as late as the eleventh. Yet he had no conception of supersensual love; marriage was to him, as to all Hindoos, a union of bodies, not of souls. He had not learned from the Arabs (like the Persian poet Saadi, of the thirteenth century, whom I referred to on p. 199) that the only test of true love is self-sacrifice. It is true that Bhavabhuti, the Hindoo poet, who is believed to have lived at the end of our seventh century, makes one of the lovers in *Malati and Madhava* slay a tiger and save his beloved’s life; but that is also a case of self-defence. The other lover—the “hero” of the drama—faints when he sees his friend in danger! Generally speaking, there is a peculiar effeminacy, a lack of true manliness, about Hindoo lovers. They are always moping, whining, fainting; the kings—the typical lovers—habitually neglect the affairs of state to lead a life of voluptuous indulgence. Hindoo sculpture emphasizes the same trait: “Even in the conception of male figures,” says Luebke (109), “there is a touch of this womanly softness;” there is “a lack of an energetic life, of a firm contexture of bone and muscle.” It is not of such enervated stuff that true lovers are made.

[286] An explanation of this discrepancy may be found in A.K. Fiske’s suggestion (191) that there is a double source for this story. The reader will please bear in mind that all my quotations are from the revised version of the Bible. I do not believe in retaining inaccurate translations simply because they were made long ago.

Page 612

[287] McClintock and Strong's *Encyclop. of Biblical Literature* says: "It must be borne in mind that Jacob himself had now reached the mature age of seventy-seven years, as appears from a comparison of Joseph's age... with Jacob's." That Rachel was not much over fifteen may be assumed because among Oriental nomadic races shepherd girls are very seldom unmarried after that age, or even an earlier age, for obvious reasons.

[288] Gen. 19: 1-9; 19: 30-38; 34: 1-31; 38: 8-25; 39: 6-20; Judges 19: 22-30; II. Sam. 3: 6-9; 11: 2-27; 13: 1-22; 16: 22; *etc.*

[289] For whom the Hebrew poet has a special word (*dodi*) different from that used when Solomon is referred to.

[290] See Renan, Preface, p. iv. It is of all Biblical books, the one "pour lequel les scribes qui ont decide du sort des ecrits hebreux ont le plus elargi leurs regles d'admission."

[291] McClintock and Strong.

[292] In the seventh chapter there are lines where, as Renan points out (50), the speaker, in describing the girl, "vante ses charmes les plus intimes," and where the translator was "obligé a des attenuations."

[293] Renan says justly that it is the most obscure of all Hebrew poems. According to the old Hebrew exegesis, every passage in the Bible has seventy different meanings, all of them equally true; but of this Song a great many more than seventy interpretations have been given: the titles of treatises on the Canticles fill four columns of fine print in McClintock and Strong's Cyclopaedia. Griffis declares that it is, "probably, the most perfect poem in any language," but in my opinion it is far inferior to other books in the Bible. The adjective perfect is not applicable to a poem so obscure that more than half its meaning has to be read between the lines, while its plan, if plan it has, is so mixed up and hindmost foremost that I sometimes feel tempted to accept the view of Herder and others that the *Song of Songs* is not one drama, but a collection of unconnected poems.

[294] Mr. Griffis' lucid, ingenious, and admirably written monograph entitled, *The Lily among Thorns*, is unfortunately marred in many parts by the author's attitude, which is not that of a critic or a judge, but of a lawyer who has a case to prove, that black and gray are really snow white. His sense of humor ought to have prevented him from picturing an Eastern shepherd complimenting a girl of his class on her "instinctive refinement". He carries this idealizing process so far that he arbitrarily divides the line "I am black but comely," attributing the first three words to the Shulamite, the other two to a chorus of her rivals in Solomon's harem! The latter supposition is inconceivable; and why should not the Shulamite call herself comely? I once looked admiringly at a Gypsy girl in Spain, who promptly opened her lips, and said, with an arch smile, "soy muy bonita"—"I am very pretty!"—which seemed the natural, naive attitude of an Oriental



girl. To argue away such a trifling spot on maiden modesty as the Shulamite's calling herself comely, while seeing no breach of delicacy in her inviting her lover to come into the garden and eat his precious fruits, though admitting (214) that "the maiden yields thus her heart and her all to her lover," is surely straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

Page 613

[295] Which, however, evidently was not saying much, as he immediately added that he was ready to give her up provided they gave him another girl, lest he be the only one of the Greeks without a “prize of honor.” Strong individual preference, as we shall see also in the case of Achilles, was not a trait of “heroic” Greek love.

[296] I have already commented (115) on Nausicaea’s lack of feminine delicacy and coyness; yet Gladstone says (132) “it may almost be questioned whether anywhere in literature there is to be found a conception of the maiden so perfect as Nausicaea in grace, tenderness, and delicacy”!

[297] How Gladstone reconciled his conscience with these lines when he wrote (112) that “on one important and characteristic subject, the exposure of the person to view, the men of that time had a peculiar and fastidious delicacy,” I cannot conceive.

[298] It will always remain one of the strangest riddles of the nineteenth century why the statesman who so often expressed his righteous indignation over the “Bulgarian atrocities” of his time should not only have pardoned, but with insidious and glaring sophistry apologized for the similar atrocities of the heroes whom Homer fancies he is complimenting when he calls them professional “spoilers of towns.” I wish every reader of this volume who has any doubts regarding the correctness of my views would first read Gladstone’s shorter work on Homer (a charmingly written book, with all its faults), and then the epics themselves, which are now accessible to all in the admirable prose versions of the *Iliad* by Andrew Lang, Walter Leaf and Ernest Myers, and of the *Odyssey* by Professor George H. Palmer of Harvard—versions which are far more poetic than any translations in verse ever made and which make of these epics two of the most entertaining novels ever written. It is from these versions that I have cited, except in a few cases where I preferred a more literal rendering of certain words.

[299] In all the extracts here made I follow the close literal prose version made by H.T. Wharton, in his admirable book on Sappho, by far the best in the English language.

[300] P.B. Jevons refers to some of these as “mephitic exhalations from the bogs of perverted imaginings!” Welcker’s defence of Sappho is a masterpiece of naivete written in ignorance of mental pathology.

[301] The most elaborate discussion of this subject is to be found in Moll’s *Untersuchungen*, 314-440, where also copious bibliographic references are given. The most striking impression left by the reading of this book is that the differentiation of the sexes is by no means as complete yet as it ought to be. All the more need is there of romantic love, whose function it is to assist and accelerate this differentiation.

Page 614

[302] As long ago as 1836-38 a Swiss author, Heinrich Hoessli, wrote a remarkable book with the title *The Unreliability of External Signs as Indications of Sex in Body and Mind*. I may add here that if it were known how many of the “shrieking sisterhood” who are clamoring for masculine “rights” for women, are among the unfortunates who were born with male brains in female bodies, the movement would collapse as if struck by a ton of dynamite. These amazons often wonder why the great mass of women are so hard to stir up in this matter. The reason is that the great mass of women—heaven be thanked!—have feminine minds as well as feminine bodies.

[303] Probably no passage in any drama has ever been more widely discussed than the nine lines I have just summarized. As long ago as the sixteenth century the astronomer Petrus Codicillus pronounced them spurious. Goethe once remarked to Eckermann; (III., March 28, 1827) that he considered them a blemish in the tragedy and would give a good deal if some philologist would prove that Sophocles had not written them. A number of eminent philologists—Jacob, Lehrs, Hauck, Dindorf, Wecklein, Jebb, Christ, and others—have actually bracketed them as not genuine; but if they are interpolations, they must have been added within a century after the play was written, for Aristotle refers to them (*Rhet. III.*, 16,9) in these words: “And should any circumstance be incredible, you must subjoin the reason; as Sophocles does. He furnishes an example in the *Antigone*, that she mourned more for her brother than for a husband and children; for these, if lost, might again be hers.

“But father now and mother both being lost,
A brother’s name can ne’er be hailed again.”

It is noticeable that Aristotle should pronounce Antigone’s preference strange or incredible from a Greek point of view; that point of view being, as we have seen, that a woman’s first duties are toward her husband, for whom she should ever sacrifice herself. It has been plausibly suggested that Sophocles borrowed the idea of those nine lines from his friend Herodotus, who (III., 118) relates the story of Darius permitting the wife of Intophernes to save one of her relatives from death and who chooses her brother, for reasons like those advanced by Antigone. It has been shown (*Zeitschrift f. d. Oesterreich Gymn.*, 1898; see also *Frankfurter Zeitung*, July 22, 24, 27, 1899; *Hermes*, XXVIII.) that this idea occurs in old tales and poems of India, Persia, China, as well as among the Slavs, Scandinavians, etc. If Sophocles did introduce this notion into his tragedy (and there is no reason for doubting it except the unwarranted assumption that he was too great a genius to make such a blunder), he did it in a bungling way, for inasmuch as Antigone’s brother is dead she cannot benefit her family by favoring him at the expense of her betrothed; and moreover, her act of sacrificing

Page 615

herself in order to secure the rest of a dear one's soul—which alone might have partly excused her heartless and unromantic ignoring and desertion of her lover—is bereft of all its nobility by her equally heartless declaration that she would not have thus given her life for a husband or a child. These Greek poets knew so little of true femininity that they could not draw a female character without spoiling it.

[304] The unduly extolled [Greek: Epos] chorus in the *Antigone* expresses nothing more than the universal power of love in the Greek conception of the term.

[305] In Mueller's book on the Doric race we read (310) that the love of the Corinthian Philolaus and Diocles "lasted until death," and even their graves were turned toward one another, in token of their affection. Lovers in Athens carved the beloved's names on walls, and innumerable poems were addressed by the leading bards to their favorites.

[306] Compare Ramdohr, III., 191 and 124.

[307] I have before me a dictionary which defines Platonic love as it is now universally, and incorrectly, understood, as "a pure spiritual affection subsisting between the sexes, unmixed with carnal desires, a species of love for which Plato was a warm advocate." In reality Platonic (i.e. Socratic) love has nothing whatever to do with women, but is a fantastic and probably hypocritical idealization of a species of infatuation which in our day is treated neither in poems nor in dialogues, nor discussed in text-books of psychology or physiology, but relegated to treatises on mental diseases and abnormalities. In fact, the whole philosophy of Greek love may be summed up in the assertion that "Platonic love," as understood by us, was by Plato and the Greeks in general considered an impossibility.

[308] In the *Deipnosophists* of Athenaeus (III., Bk. XII.) we find some other information of anthropological significance: "Hermippus stated in his book about lawgivers that at Lacedaemon all the damsels used to be shut up in a dark room, while a number of unmarried young men were shut up with them; and whichever girl each of the young men caught hold of he led away as his wife, without a dowry." "But Clearches the Solensian, in his treatise on Proverbs, says: 'In Lacedaemon the women, on a certain festival, drag the unmarried men to an altar and then buffet them; in order that, for the purpose of avoiding the insults of such treatment, they may become more affectionate and in due season may turn their thoughts to marriage. But at Athens Cecrops was the first person who married a man to one woman only, when before his time connections had taken place at random and men had their wives in common.'"

Page 616

[309] My critics might have convicted me of a genuine blunder inasmuch as in my first book (78) I assumed that Plato “foresaw the importance of pre-matrimonial acquaintance as the basis of a rational and happy marriage choice.” This was an unwarranted concession, because all that Plato recommended was that “the youths and maidens shall dance together, seeing and being seen naked,” after the Spartan manner. This might lead to a rational choice of sound bodies, but romantic love implies an acquaintance of minds, and is altogether a more complicated process than the dog and cattle breeder’s procedure commended by Plato and Lycurgus. I may add that in view of Lycurgus’s systematic encouragement of promiscuity, the boast of the Spartan Geradas (recorded by Plutarch) that there were no cases of adultery in Sparta, must be accepted either as broad sarcasm, or in the manner of Limburg-Brouwer, who declares (IV., 165) that the boast is “like saying that in a band of brigands there is not a single thief.” Even from the cattle-breeding point of view Lycurgus proved a failure, for according to Aristotle (*Pol.* II., 9) the Spartans grew too lazy to bring up children, and rewards had to be offered for large families.

[310] See the evidence cited in Becker (III., 315) regarding Aristotle’s views as to the inferiority of women. After comparing it with the remarks of other writers Becker sums up the matter by saying that “the virtue of which a woman was in those days considered capable did not differ very much from that of a faithful slave.”

[311] In the *Odyssey* (XV., 418) Homer speaks of “a Phoenician woman, handsome and tall.” He makes Odysseus compare Nausicaea to Diana “in beauty, height, and bearing,” and in another place he declares that, like Diana among her nymphs, she o’ertops her companions by head and brow (VI., 152, 102). However, this manner of measuring beauty with a yard-stick; indicates *some* progress over the savage and Oriental custom of making rotundity the criterion of beauty.

[312] Compare Menander, *Frag. Incert.*, 154: [Greek: gunaich ho didaskon gpmmat ou kalos poiei].

[313] A homely but striking illustration may here be added. In Africa the negroes are proud of their complexion and look with aversion on a white skin. In the United States, knowing that a black skin is looked down on as a symbol of slavery or inferiority, they are ashamed of it. The wife of an eminent Southern judge informed me that Georgia negroes believe that in heaven they will be white; and I have heard of one negro woman who declared that if she could become white by being flayed she would gladly submit to the torture. Thus have *ideas* regarding the complexion changed the *emotion* of pride to the emotion of shame.

Page 617

[314] Professor Rohde appears to follow the old metaphysical maxim “If facts do not agree with my theory, so much the worse for the facts.” He piles up pages of evidence which show conclusively that these Greeks knew nothing of the higher traits and symptoms of love, and then he adds: “but they *must* have known them all the same.” To give one instance of his contradictory procedure. On page 70 he admits that, as women were situated, the tender and passionate courtship of the youths as described in poems and romances of the period “could hardly have been copied from life,” because the Greek custom of allowing the fathers to dispose of their daughters without consulting their wishes was incompatible with the poetry of such courting. “It is very significant,” he adds, “that among the numerous references to the ways of obtaining brides made by poets and moral philosophers, including those of the Hellenistic [Alexandrian] period, and collected by Stobaeus in chapters 70, 71, and 72 of his *Florilegium*, love is never mentioned among the motives of marriage choice.” In the next sentence he declares nevertheless that “no one would be so foolish as to deny the existence of pure, strong love in the Greek life of this period;” and ten lines farther on he backs down again, admitting that though there may be indications of supersensual, sentimental love in the literature of this period these traits *had not yet taken hold of the life of these men*, though there were *longings* for them. And at the end of the paragraph he emphasizes his back-down by declaring that “the very essence of sentimental poetry is the *longing for what does not exist*.” (*Ist doch das rechte Element gerade der sentimentalischen Poesie die Sehnsucht nach dem nicht Vorhandenen*.) What makes this admission the more significant is that Professor Rohde, in speaking of “sentimental” elements, does not even use that word as the adjective of sentiment but of sentimentality. He defines this *Sentimentalitaet* to which he refers as a “_ Sehnen, Sinnen und Hoffen_,” a “*Selbstgenuss der Leidenschaft*”—a “longing, dreaming, and hoping,” a “revelling in (literally, self-enjoying of) passion.” In other words, an enjoyment of emotion for emotion's sake, a gloating over one's selfish joys and sorrows. Now in this respect I actually go beyond Rohde as a champion of Greek love! Such *Sentimentalitaet* existed, I am convinced, in Alexandrian life as well as in Alexandrian literature; but of the existence of true supersensual altruistic *sentiment* I can find no evidence. The trouble with Rohde, as with so many who have written on this subject, is that he has no clear idea of the distinction between sensual love, which is selfish (*Selbstgenuss*) and romantic love, which is altruistic; hence he flounders in hopeless contradictions.

[315] See Anthon, 258, and the authors there referred to.

[316] See Theocritus, Idyll XVII. Regarding the silly and degrading adulation which the Alexandrian court-poets were called upon to bestow on the kings and queens, and its demoralizing effect on literature, see also Christ's *Griechische Litteraturgeschichte*, 493-494 and 507.

Page 618

[317] I have given Professor Rohde's testimony on this point not only because he is a famous specialist in the literature of this period, but because his peculiar bias makes his negative attitude in regard to the question of Alexandrian gallantry the more convincing. A reader of his book would naturally expect him to take the opposite view, since he himself fancied he had discovered traces of gallantry in an author who preceded the Alexandrians. The *Andromeda* of Euripides, he declares (23), "became in his hands one of the most brilliant examples of chivalrous love." This, however, is a pure assumption on his part, not warranted by the few fragments of this play that have been preserved. Benecke has devoted a special "Excursus" to this play (203-205), in which he justly remarks that readers of Greek literature "need hardly be reminded of how utterly foreign to the Greek of Euripides's day is the conception of the '*galante Ritter*' setting out in search of ladies that want rescuing." He might have brought out the humor of the matter by quoting the characteristically Greek version of the Perseus story given by Apollodorus, who relates dryly (II., chap. 4) that Cepheus, in obedience to an oracle, bound his daughter to a rock to be devoured by a sea monster. "Perseus saw her, fell in love with her, and promised Cepheus to slaughter the monster *if he would promise to give him the rescued daughter to marry*. The contract was made and Perseus undertook the adventure, killed the monster and rescued Andromeda." Nothing could more strikingly reveal the difference between Hellenic and modern ideas regarding lovers than the fact that to the Greek mind there was nothing disgraceful in this selfish, ungallant bargain made by Perseus as a condition of his rescuing the poor girl from a horrible death. A mediaeval knight, or a modern gentleman, not to speak of a modern lover, would have saved her at the risk of his own life, reward or no reward. The difference is further emphasized by the attitude of the girl, who exclaims to her deliverer, "Take me, O stranger, for thine handmaiden, or wife, or slave." Professor Murray, who cites this line in his *History of Greek Literature*, remarks with comic naivete: "The love-note in this pure and happy sense Euripides had never struck before." But what is there so remarkably "pure and happy" in a girl's offering herself as a slave to a man who has saved her life? Were not Greek women always expected to assume that attitude of inferiority, submission, and self-sacrifice? Was not *Alcestis* written to enforce that principle of conduct? And does not that very exclamation of Andromeda show how utterly antipodal the situation and the whole drama of Euripides were to modern ideas of chivalrous love?

Page 619

Having just mentioned Benecke, I may as well add here that his own theory regarding the first appearance of the romantic elements in Greek love-poetry rests on an equally flimsy basis. He held that Antimachus, who flourished before Euripides and Plato had passed away, was the first poet who applied to women the idea of a pure, chivalrous love, which up to his time had been attributed only to the romantic friendships with boys. The “romantic idea,” according to Benecke, is “the idea that a woman is a worthy object for a man’s love and that such love may well be the chief, if not the only, aim of a man’s life.” But that Antimachus knew anything of such love is a pure figment of Benecke’s imagination. The works of Antimachus are lost, and all that we know about them or him is that he lamented the loss of his wife—a feeling very much older than the poet of Colophon—and consoled himself by writing an elegy named [Greek: *Ludae*], in which he brought together from mythical and traditional sources a number of sad tales. Conjugal grief does not take us very far toward so complicated an altruistic state of mind as I have shown romantic love to be.

[318] Theocritus makes this point clear in line 5 of Idyl 12:

[Greek: *hosson parthenikae propherei trigamoio gunaikos*].

[319] See Helbig, 246, and Rohde, 36, for details. Helbig remarks that the Alexandrians, following the procedure of Euripides, chose by preference incestuous passions, “and it appears that such passions were not rare in actual life too in those times.”

[320] He refers as instances to Plaut., *Asin.*, III., 3, particularly v. 608 ff. and 615; adding that “a very sentimental character is Charinus in the *Mercator*,” and he also points to Ter., *Eun.*, 193 ff.

[321] What makes this evidence the more conclusive is that Rohde’s use of the word “sentimental” refers, according to his own definition, to egoistic sentimentality, not to altruistic sentiment. Of sentimentality—altiloquent, fabricated feeling and cajolery—there is enough in Greek and Latin literature, doubtless as a reflection of life. But when, in the third act of the *Asinaria*, the lover says to his girl, “If I were to hear that you were in want of life, at once would I present you my own life and from my own would add to yours,” we promptly ask, “*Would he have done it?*” And the answer, from all we know of these men and their attitude toward women, would have been the same as that of the maiden to the enamoured Daphnis, in the twenty-seventh Idyl of Theocritus: “Now you promise me everything, but afterward you will not give me a pinch of salt.” As for the purity of the characters in the play, its quality may be inferred from the fact that the girl is not only a hetaira, but the daughter of a procuress. From the point of view of purity the *Captivi* is particularly instructive. Riley calls it “the most pure and innocent of all the plays of Plautus;”

Page 620

and when we examine why this is so we find that it is because there is no woman in it! In the epilogue Plautus himself—who made his living by translating Athenian comedies into Latin—makes the significant confession that there were but few Greek plays from which he might have copied so chaste a plot, in which “there is no wenching, no intriguing, no exposure of a child” to be found by a procuress and brought up as a hetaira—which are the staple features of these later Greek plays.

[322] Those who cannot read Greek will derive much pleasure from the admirable prose version of Andrew Lang, which in charm of style sometimes excels the original, while it veils those features that too much offend modern taste.

[323] Couat, 142. There are reasons to believe that the epistles referred to are not by Ovid. Aristaenetus lived about the fifth century. It is odd that the poem of Callimachus should have been lost after surviving eight centuries.

[324] See also Helbig's Chap. XXII. on the increasing lubricity of Greek art.

[325] Space permitting, it would be interesting to examine these poets in detail, as well as the other Romans—Virgil, Horace, Lucretius, *etc.*, who came less under Greek influence. But in truth such examination would be superfluous. Any one may pursue the investigation by himself, and if he will bear in mind and apply as tests, the last seven of my ingredients of love—the altruistic-supersensual group—he cannot fail to become convinced that there are no instances of what I have described as romantic love in Latin literature any more than in Greek. And since it is the province of poets to idealize, we may feel doubly sure that the emotions which they did not even imagine cannot have existed in the actual life of their more prosaic contemporaries. It would, indeed, be strange if a people so much more coarse-fibred and practical, and so much less emotional and esthetic, than the Greeks, should have excelled them in the capacity for what is one of the most esthetic and the most imaginative of all sentiments.

Before leaving the poets, I may add that the Greek *Anthology*, the basis of which was laid by Meleager, a contemporary of the Roman poets just referred to, contains a collection of short poems by many Greek writers, in which, of course, some of my critics have discovered romantic love. One of them wrote that “the poems of Meleager alone in the Greek *Anthology* would suffice to refute the notion that Greece ignored romantic passion.” If this critic will take the trouble to read these poems of Meleager in the original he will find that a disgustingly large number relate to [Greek: *paiderastia*], which in No. III. is expressly declared to be superior to the love for women; that most of the others relate to hetairai; and that not one of them—or one in the whole *Anthology*—comes up to my standard of romantic love.

Page 621

[326] The best-known ancient story of “love-suicide” is that of Pyramus and Thisbe. Pyramus, having reason to think that Thisbe, with whom he had arranged a secret interview at the tomb of Ninus, has been devoured by a lion, stabs himself in despair, and Thisbe, on finding his body, plunges on to the same sword, still warm with his blood. This tale, which is probably of Babylonian origin, is related by Ovid (*Metamorph.*, IV., 55-166), and was much admired and imitated in the Middle Ages. Comment on it would be superfluous after what I have written on pages 605-610.

[327] See Rohde, 130; Christ, 349.

[328] No more like stories of romantic love than these are the five “love-stories” written in the second century after Christ by Plutarch. This is the more remarkable as Plutarch was one of the few ancient writers to whom at any rate the *idea* occurred that women *might be* able to feel and inspire a love rising above the senses. This suggestion is what distinguishes his *Dialogue on Love* most favorably from Plato’s *Symposium*, which it otherwise, however, resembles strikingly in the peculiar notions regarding the relation of the sexes; showing how tenacious the unnatural Greek ideas were in Greek life. Plutarch’s various writings show that though he had advanced notions compared with other Greeks, he was nearly as far from appreciating true femininity, chivalry, and romantic love as Lucian, who also wrote a dialogue on love in the old-fashioned manner.

[329] Hirschig’s *Scriptores Erotici* begins with Parthenius and includes Achilles Tatius, Longus, Xenophon, Heliodorus, Chariton, *etc.* The right-hand column gives a literal translation into Latin.

[330] *Der Griechische Roman*, 432-67. An excrescence of this theory is the foolish story that “Bishop” Heliodorus, being called upon by a provincial synod either to destroy his erotic books or to abdicate his position, preferred the latter alternative. The date of the real Heliodorus is perhaps the end of the third or the first half of the fourth century after Christ.

[331] He refers in a footnote to such scenes as are painted in I., 32, 4; II., 9, 11; III., 14, 24, 3; IV., 6, 3—scenes and hypocritically naive experiments which he justly considers much more offensive than the notorious scene between Daphnis and Lykainion (III., 18).

[332] Rohde (516) tries to excuse Goethe for his ridiculous praise of this romance (Eckermann, II., 305, 318-321, 322) because he knew the story only in the French version of Amyot-Courier. But I find that this version retains most of the coarseness of the original, and I see no reason for seeking any other explanation of Goethe’s attitude than his own indelicacy and obtuseness which, as I noted on page 208, made him go into ecstasies of admiration over a servant whom lust prompted to attempt rape and commit murder. As for Professor Murray, his remarks are explicable

Page 622

only on the assumption that he has never read this story in the original. This is not a violent assumption. Some years ago a prominent professor of literature, ancient and modern, in a leading American university, hearing me say one day that *Daphnis and Chloe* was one of the most immoral stories ever written, asked in a tone of surprise: "Have you read it in the original?" Evidently *he* never had! It is needless to add that translations never exceed the originals in impropriety and usually improve on them. The Rev. Rowland Smith, who prepared the English version for Bohn's Library, found himself obliged repeatedly to resort to Latin.

Apart from his coarseness, there is nothing in Longus's conception of love that goes beyond the ideas of the Alexandrians. Of the symptoms of true love—mental or sentimental, esthetic and sympathetic, altruistic and supersensual, he knows no more than Sappho did a thousand years before him. Indeed, in making lovers become indolent, cry out as if they had been beaten, and jump into rivers as if they were afire, he is even cruder and more absurd than Sappho was in her painting of sensual passion. His whole idea of love is summed up in what the old shepherd Philetas says to Daphnis and Chloe (II., 7): [Greek: *Egvov d' ego kai tauron erasthenta kai hos oistro plaegeis emukato, kai tragon philaesanta aiga kai aekolouthei pantachou. Autos men gar aemaen neos kai aerasthen Amarullidos*].

[333] See Rehde, 345; on Musaeus, 472, 133.

[334] Lucii Apulei *Metamorphoseon*, Libri XI., Ed. van der Vliet (*Teubner*), IV., 89-135.

[335] See the remarks on *Tristan and Isolde* in my *Wagner and his Works*, II., 138.

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Page 623

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Page 624

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Page 625

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Page 626

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Page 627

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Page 628

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Page 629

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Page 630

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Page 631

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Page 632

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See also Rivero.

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Page 633

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Rund um die Erde.
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INDEX OF SUBJECTS

Abipones:
Baldness;



Tattooing courage;
Cruel to women;
Parental tyranny.

Abyssinians:

Concubinage;
Women not coy;
Amulets;
Choice;
Where woman rules;
No chance for love;
Pastoral love;
A flirtation.

Achilles and Briseis.

Acontius and Cydippe.

Adoration, contempt, and adulation:

(See also Women: maltreatment of, and contempt for).

Affection.

Africans:

Mutilations;
Vanity and emulation;
Scarification;
Beauty not appreciated;
Corpulence versus beauty;
Concupiscence versus beauty;
Kissing;
Why wives are valued;
Desertion of the aged;
"Liberty of choice,";
Chapter on (See Table of Contents and names of peoples: Bushmen,
Hottentots, Kaffirs, etc.).

Ainos:

A flirtation.

Algerians:

Kabyles.

Algonkins:

Tattooing;
Words for love.



Altruism:

(See Selfishness).

Amazons:

(See Women, masculine).

American Indians:

Fear of nature;

Honorable polygamy;

Ashamed to wear clothes;

Indifference to chastity;

Incest;

Advertising for a wife;

Repression of preference;

Utility versus beauty;

Masculine women;

A girl's ideal;

Polygamous sentiment;

"Jealousy,";

Absence of real jealousy;

Unjealous Californians and Patagonians;

Feminine jealousy;

Absence of;

Easily overcome;

Causes of;

Proposals by girls;

Page 634

Capture of women;
Pride;
Cruelty;
Contempt for women;
Kinship through females;
Woman's domestic and political rule;
Ungallant;
Caressing no evidence of affection;
War decorations;
Tattooing;
Hair dresses;
Valor versus beauty;
Tattooing as a mark of courage;
Language of signs;
Utility versus beauty;
Uncleanly;
Child-wives;
Conjugal "tenderness,";
Mourning to order;
Conjugal grief;
Lack of brains;
"Liberty of choice,";
Sexual taboos;
Tribal hatred;
Chapter on (See Table of Contents);
Defenders;
Stories;
Not true to life;
Morals;
Not gallant;
Lower than brutes;
Enforced chastity, but no purity;
Why some female captives were spared;
Squaws intimidated;
Beauty not valued;
Lack of sympathy;
Contempt for squaws;
Girl market;
Marriage arrangements;
Elopements;



Suicide;
Love-dreams;
Curiosities of courtship;
Silent proposals;
Music in courtship;
Honeymoon;
Love-poems;
Philology and love;
More stories.

Animals:

Superior to savages;
Gallant roosters;
A noble officer;
Maternal instinct;
Sexual selection;
Superior to Hindoos.

Annamanese:

Incest.

Antigone and Haemon.

Apaches:

Hair;
Filthy;
"Purity" and cruelty;
Cruelty to mothers;
Enslave women;
Courtship.

Appetite and longing.

Arabs:

Nudity;
Unjealous;
Unjealous women;
Bedouin women not coy;
Resistance of brides;
Love among;
Shaping skulls;
Corpulence versus beauty;
Love and lust;
One wife not enough;
Desertion of parents;
Influence on others.



Arapahoes:

Protection against men;
Girls as merchandise.

Araucanians:

Brides sold;
Bride-capture;
Musical lovers.

Ashangos:

Amazons.

Ashantees:

No free choice.

Attachment.

Australians:

Inclined to murder;
Infanticide;
Indifference to chastity;
Jealous women;
Female opposition to marriage;
Capture not encouraged;
Protection not gallantry;
Risking life for a woman;
War-paint;
Mutilations;
Signs of mourning;
Colors to attract attention;
Feathers to look savage;
Scarification;
Women and ornaments;
Taking notice of a man's face;
Must submit to mutilations;
Women indifferent to



Page 635

decorations;

Filthy;

“Appreciation of beauty”;

Child-wives;

Mourning to order;

“Love”;

Lewd dances;

Price of a wife;

Chapter on (See Table of Contents).

Azteks:

(See Mexicans).

Babylonian women.

Bakongo:

Headdresses.

Bathing:

Reasons for.

Bayaderes.

Beauty:

Personal;

Hottentot ideal;

Australian;

South Sea Islanders;

Not valued in squaws;

Hindoo ideal;

Greek masculine ideal.

Bechuanas:

Polygamy.

Bhuiyas:

Romantic courtship.

Bible:

(See Hebrews).

Blackfeet:

Punishing infidelity;



Maltreatment of squaws;
"Only a woman";
Disposal of girls;
Marrying sisters;
Elopements;
Courtship.

Borneans:

Marriage by stratagem;
Tattooing;
Suicidal grief;
Caged girls (See also Dyaks).

Brazilians:

Tribal marks;
Tattooing;
Lack of brains;
Multiplicity of languages;
Licentiousness;
Jus primae noctis;
Women as slaves;
Words to express love.

Brides:

Capture or purchase of (See Marriage).

Bushmen:

Imperfect sexual differentiation;
Charms;
Child-wives;
Various details;
No liberty of choice.

Butias:

Promiscuity.

California Indians:

Adultery;
Tattooing;
Uncleanly;
Voluptuous beauties;
Deceptive modesty;
Intimidating the squaws;
Treatment of squaws;
Marriage;
Courtship;



Puberty songs;
Stories.

Cannibalism:
Australian.

Capture of brides:
(See Marriage).

Caribs:
Columbus on;
Jus primae noctis;
Women as drudges.

Caroline Islanders:
Tattooing.

Chansons de Geste:
Courting by women.

Charms.

Chastity and unchastity.

Cherokees:
Immoral.

Cheyennes:
Protection against men;
Girls as merchandise.

Chinese:
Hiding women's feet;
Feminine coercion to marriage;
Pitiable condition of women;
Love considered immoral;
Why deform women's feet;
Marriage restrictions.

Chinooks:
Painting;
Unchaste;
Position of women;
Love-songs.

Chippewas:
Husband and wife;
Lending wives;



Cruelty to women;
"Choice";
Love-powders;
No love.

Chippewyans:
Unchaste;
Love and drums.



Page 636

Chittagong Hill Tribes:
Capacity for love.

Choice:
Prevention of;
New Zealand;
Indians;
Wild tribes of India;
Hindoos.

Christianity:
Vs. natural selection;
Prayer;
Encourages feminine virtues;
Ideal of love.

Cleanliness:
Indifference to.

Coarseness:
An obstacle to love.

Comanches:
Utilitarian marriages;
Cruel jealousy;
Filthy;
Lower than brutes;
Enforce chastity on wives.

Congo:
Ornaments as fetiches;
Mourning;
Wives esteemed as mothers only;
"Poetic love" on.

Coreans:
Contempt for women.

Corpulence versus beauty.

Corrobborees.

Courage:
Mutilation a test of.



Courtship:

Greenland;
Creeks;
Zulu;
Australian;
Torres Islands;
Dyaks;
New Zealand;
Apaches;
Omahas;
Curiosities of Indian;
Bhuiyas;
Hindoo;
Greek.

Coyness:

(See Table of Contents).

Creeks:

Masculine women;
Deceptive modesty;
Immoral;
Women as slaves;
Contempt for women;
Choice and marriage;
Suicides.

Crees:

Unchastity.

Cruelty:

In women;
An obstacle to love;
Of Indians;
Of Hindoos;
Of Greeks;
(See Women, maltreatment of).

Dahomans:

Signs of grief;
Compulsory mourning;
Amazons.

Dakotas:

Honorable polygamy;
Similarity of sexes;
Gallantry;



War-decorations;
Paint;
Uncleanly;
Lower than brutes;
Market value of chastity;
Maltreatment of squaws;
Sorrows of women;
Disposal of girls;
Honeymoon;
Suicide;
Love-charms;
Courtship;
Love-poems;
A love-story.

Damaras:
Lack of sympathy;
Uncleanly;
Temporary marriages.

Decorations, personal.

Delawares:
Treatment of squaws;
Suicide.

Dyaks:
Head-hunters;
Gallantry;
Scars and courage;
Charms of women;
Morals;
Courtship;
Fickle and shallow passion;
Love-songs.

Dying for love.

Egyptians:
Obscenity in tombs;
Love;
Child-wives.

Elopements:
Philosophy of Australian;
Why Indians elope.



Eskimos:

No morality or chastity;
Not modest or coy;
Ungallant;
Risking life for a woman;
Assaults;
Mutilations;
Tattooing;
Tattoo marks and husbands;
Filthy;
“Love-unions;”
Capacity for love.



Page 637

Esthetic sense:
(See Beauty).

Esthonians:
Mock coyness.

Fashion and mutilation.

Females:
Kinship thorough.

Feminine ideals:
Superior to masculine;
Encouraged by Christianity;
Greek ignorance of.

Fetiches.

Fijians:
Murder a virtue;
Infanticide;
Preference;
Similarity of sexes;
Jealousy;
Proposal by a girl;
Feathers to attract attention;
Eat useless wives;
Choice;
Cleanliness;
Treatment of women;
Modesty and chastity;
Sentimentality;
Love-poems;
Serenades and proposals;
Suicides and bachelors.

Fondness.

Fuegians:
Marriage.

Gallantry:
A lesson in;
American Indians;



Wild tribes of India;
Greeks;
Hebrews.

Gallas:
Coarseness of.

Garos:
Proposing by girls.

Gipsies:
Incest.

Greeks:
Hegel on love;
Love in Homer;
Wood, Shelley;
Macaulay, Bulwer, Gautier;
Sentimentality;
No love of romantic scenery;
Incest;
Jealousy;
Homeric women not coy;
Women the embodiment of lust;
Masculine coyness;
Shy women;
War and love;
Mercenary coyness;
Mixed moods in love;
Amorous hyperbole;
Artificial symptoms;
Sympathy denounced by Plato;
Estimate of women;
Unchivalrous;
Risking life for a woman;
Suicide and love;
Love turns to hate;
Woman-love considered sensual;
Attitude toward female beauty;
Sensual love;
Barrenness a cause of divorce;
Chapter on Greek love;
Champions of;
Gladstone on the women of Homer;
Achilles as a lover;
Words versus actions;
Odysseus, libertine and ruffian;



Penelope as a model wife;
Conjugal tenderness of Hector;
Barbarous treatment of women;
Love in Sappho's poems;
Anacreon and others;
Woman and love in AEschylus;
In Sophocles;
In Euripides;
Romantic love for boys;
Platonic love excludes women;
Made impossible in Sparta;
Preference for masculine women and beauty;
Oriental costumes;
Love in life and in literature;
In Greater Greece;
Seventeen symptoms;
Alexandrian chivalry;
The New Comedy;
Theocritus and Callimachus;
Medea and Jason;
Poets and hetairai;
No stories of romantic love;
Romances;
Marriage among.

Greenlanders:

Indifferent to chastity;
Courtship.

Guatemalans:

Brides selected for men;
Erotic philology.



Page 638

Guiana:

War-paint;
Tattooing;
Women as drudges;
Marriage arrangements.

Harari:

Amorous hyperbole;
Love-poems.

Hawaiians:

Infanticide;
Nudity;
Indifference to chastity;
Incest;
Similarity of sexes;
Ungallant;
Mutilations;
Mourning;
Personal appearance;
Love-stories;
Quality of love;
Morals.

Head-hunters.

Heads:

Moulded.

Hebrews:

Women not coy;
Champions for;
Stories;
No sympathy or sentiment;
A masculine ideal of womanhood;
Not the Christian ideal of love;
Unchivalrous slaughter of women;
Song of Songs.

Hector and Andromache.

Hero and Leander.

Hetairai.



Hindoos:
(See India).

Honeymoon:
Among Indians.

Hope and Despair.

Hottentots:
Courtship;
Uncleanly;
Ugliness;
Child-wives;
Various details.

Hurons:
Preference and aversion;
Immorality;
Woman man's mule;
Old wives for young men.

Hyperbole.

Importance of Love:
(See Utility).

Incest:
(See Licentious Festivals);
Horror of.

India: Hindoos:
Immorality in religion;
Idea of politeness;
Of modesty;
Incest;
Mixed moods in love;
Arousing pride;
Sham altruism;
Contempt for women;
Ungallant;
Impurity;
Idea of beauty;
Widow-burning;
Conjugal "devotion,";
Barren wives discarded;
Cruelty to infant wives;
"Maiden's choice,";
Chapter on;



Child murder and marriage;
Parental selfishness;
Below brutes;
Contempt for women;
Widows and their tormentors;
Depravity;
Symptoms of love: feminine;
Masculine;
Artificial symptoms;
God of love;
Dying for love;
What Hindoo poets admire in women;
Shrewd selfishness;
Bayaderes and princesses as heroines;
Marriages of choice not respectable.

India: Wild Tribes:

Religious sacrifices;
Filthy;
Practical promiscuity;
Romantic customs;
Choice;
Courtship;
Proposing by girls;
Attachments.

Indians:

(See American Indians).

Individual preference.

Infanticide.

Intelligence:

Importance of, to beauty.

Iroquois:

Feathers and rank;
No love;
Licentious festivals;
Cruelty to mothers;
Woman man's servant;
Love the last product of civilization.



Page 639

Jacob and Rachel.

Japanese:

- Concubines;
- Lover's pride;
- Contempt for women;
- No love-marriages;
- Tattooing.

Javanese:

- Marriage before puberty;
- No liberty of choice.

Jealousy:

- Rousseau on;
- Chapter on (See Table of Contents).

Jus primae noctis.

Kaffirs:

- Cattle versus women;
- Pride vs. love;
- Pride to aid love;
- Uncleanly;
- Child-wives;
- No free choice;
- Various details.

Kaffirs of Hindu-Kush:

- Unjealous.

Kamerun:

- Nudity;
- No individual preference;
- No love in.

Kandhs:

- Licentious festivals.

Klamath Indians:

- Erotic songs.

Korumbas, promiscuity.



Kukis:

Unchastity.

Kwakiutl Indians:

Love-songs.

Languages:

Multiplicity of.

Latuka:

Polygamy.

Lepchas:

Promiscuity.

Levirate.

Licentious festivals;

Kaffir;

Australian (See Corrobborees);

Hawaiians;

American Indians;

India.

Liking.

Longing.

Love, conjugal:

Nature of;

Mistakes regarding;

African;

Australian;

Dyak;

Fijian;

Hawaiian;

New Zealand;

Indian;

Hindoo;

Greek.

Love-letters:

African;

Australian;

Hawaiian.

Love: pathologic.



Love-poems:

Turkish;
Fijian;
Somali;
Esthonian;
Hottentot;
Harari;
New Zealand;
Indian;
Hindoo;
Song of Songs;
Greek.

Love:

Primitive.

Love:

Romantic;
A compound;
The word;
Last product of civilization;
Importance of;
What it is;
Ingredients;
Jealousy in;
Power of;
Hyperbole;
Comic side of;
Symptoms;
Sympathy;
Adoration;
Actions versus words;
Affection;
Mental purity;
Definition of;
Why called romantic;
Sentiment;
Vanity of;
Changed to conjugal love;
Obstacles to;
Baker on African;
Zoeller on African;
Absent in Abyssinia;
Among Bushmen;
Hottentots;
Kaffirs;
Negroes;



Gallas;
Somals;
Kabyles;
Touaregs;
Germs;
Australian "affection,";
Sentimental touches;
Dyak love;
Fijian love;
Tahitian love;
Polynesian stories;
Hawaiian love;
Its violence compared with sensual passion;
To be found in New Zealand?;



Page 640

Unchastity incompatible with;
Indian "refined love,";
Does suicide prove love?;
Philologic evidence;
Indian specimens;
Whole tracts of feeling unknown to savages;
Unknown to Hindoos;
To Hebrews;
To Greeks;
Utility of.

Madagascar:
Unchastity.

Mahabharata.

Makololo:
Mutilations.

Malavika and Agnimitra.

Mandans:
Women not jealous;
Not coy;
Obliged to mourn;
Apparent modesty;
Lower than brutes;
"Conjugal love,";
Brides sold.

Maoris (See New Zealanders).

Marriage:
Polygamy more honorable than monogamy;
Monopolism and monogamy;
Chastity not valued in;
Utilitarian;
Wives as property;
On trial;
A farce;



And corpulence;
Why savages value wives;
Of women, without choice (See Choice);
In China;
Love in Bushman;
Why Australians marry;
By exchange of girls;
By elopement (See Elopements);
Taboos;
Of souls;
By stratagem;
Christian ideal vs. ancient Hebrew;
In Greece;
Plato's ideal;
In Tonga;
In Hawaii;
Indians;
In India;
By capture and mock capture;
By purchase;
Before puberty;
(See also Promiscuity).

Masculine selfishness:
(See Selfishness).

Medea and Jason.

Mediaeval gallantry.

Melanesians:
Morals.

Mexicans:
Barrenness a cause of divorce;
Practical promiscuity;
Woman's inferior position;
Marriage conditions;
Aztek love-poems;
Erotic philology.

Micronesians:
Tattooing.

Militarism and feminine lack of coyness.

Mishmees:
Unchastity.



Mixed Moods:

(See Hope and Despair).

Modesty:

Curiosities of;

Deception;

Absence of, *etc.* (See Chastity).

Modocs:

Dangers of adultery;

Why they marry;

Marriage ceremony.

Mohammedans:

Polygamy;

Contempt for women.

Mojaves:

Jewels and rank;

Morals.

Monopolism.

Moors:

Ideas of beauty;

Ugly features.

Mordvins:

Mock coyness.

Mosquitos:

Lower than animals.

Mourning:

Decorations;

To order;

For entertainment.

Murder:

As a virtue.

Mutilations.

Nagas:

Ungallant.

Nala and Damayanti.

Natchez:

Lending wives;

Unchaste;

Treatment of squaws.

Natural selection:

Replaced by love.



Page 641

Navajos:

- Unchastity;
- Treatment of women;
- Courtship.

Negroes, African:

- Feminine aspect of men;
- Delight in torture;
- Scarification;
- Idea of beauty;
- No love among.

New Britain Group:

- Paying for a wife.

New Hebrides:

- Infanticide.

New Zealanders:

- Masculine women;
- Wooing-house;
- Decorations;
- Anesthetic;
- Object of tattooing;
- Filthy;
- Origin of the Maoris;
- Love-poems;
- Courtship;
- Morals.

Niam-Niam:

- Conjugal love.

Nicaraguans:

- Tattooing;
- Licentious festivals;
- Eating a rival.

Nudity:

- (See Modesty).

Obscenity:

- An obstacle to love.



Odysseus as a husband.

Old maids.

Omahas:

- Tribal marks;
- Tattooing;
- Courtship;
- Buying wives;
- And elopements;
- An idyl;
- Love-poems.

Oraons:

- Promiscuity;
- Courtship.

Oriental ideal of beauty;
Sentimentality.

Osages:

- Tattooing;
- Unchaste.

Pacific Islands:

- Love on.

Paharias:

- Attachment.

Paiderastia [Greek].

Papuans:

- Nudity.

Pastoral love.

Patagonians:

- Adultery;
- Decorations;
- No esthetic sense;
- Licentiousness;
- Women as drudges;
- Marriages;
- A courtship.

Paul and Virginia.



Pawnees:

- Apathy of brides;
- Daughters as merchandise;
- Courtship.

Penelope as a model wife.

Perseus and Andromeda.

Persians:

- Cruel jealousy;
- Unjealous women;
- Amorous hyperbole;
- Love among;
- Impurity.

Peruvians:

- Mutilations;
- Sun virgins;
- Cruel to women;
- Marriage;
- Love-charms;
- Words to express love.

Philippine Islanders:

- Bisayos;
- Indifferent to chastity;
- Women not jealous.

Piutes:

- Nocturnal courtship.

Pocahontas, story of.

Polynesians:

- Gods;
- Infanticide;
- Proposals by women;
- Tattooing;
- Reasons for bathing;
- Beauty means fat.

Pride, amorous.

Priestesses.

Promiscuity, practical.



Proposing:

By women;
In Fiji;
Silent;
By Indians.

Puberty:

Decorations and mutilations at;
Marriage before (See Marriage).

Pueblos:

Girls propose;
Unchastity.

Purchase of brides:

(See Marriage).

Purity, mental.

Race aversion.



Page 642

Rebekah, the courting of.

Religion:

- No love in early;
- Fear;
- Blasphemy;
- Sacrifices;
- Immorality;
- Associated with.

Religious prejudices.

Romans:

- Refined sensual love;
- Mercenary coyness;
- Amorous hyperbole;
- Sham gallantry;
- Suicide and love;
- Terence and Plautus;
- Catullus;
- Tibullus;
- Propertius and Ovid.

Romantic, meaning of.

Ruth and Boaz.

Sakuntala.

Samoans:

- Idea of modesty;
- Obscene conversation;
- Various traits;
- Chastity;
- Courtship pantomime;
- Love-stories;
- Personal appearance.

Samoyedes: selfish men.

Savitri.

Scarification.

Scenery, romantic.



Selfishness:

(See Women, maltreatment of);
Adoration;
Sympathy;
Gallantry;
Affection.

Self-sacrifice.

Sensuality:

Antipode of love;
Fastidious;
Is not love;
Goethe's error;
Appetite and longing;
And sentimentality (See Chastity).

Sentiment, versus sentimentality.

Sentimentality.

Sentiments:

How they change and grow.

Separation of the sexes.

Sexual characters, primary and secondary.

Sexual selection.

Sexuality, mental.

Singhalese: utilitarian marriage.

Sioux:

(See Dakotas).

Social barriers to love.

Somali:

Unjealous wives;
Feathers;
Fat versus beauty;
A love-song;
Child-wives;
Barren women chased away;
Absence of gallantry;
Love-affairs.



Song of Songs.

Sorceresses.

Stories, incidents, and dramas:

- African;
- American Indian;
- Australian;
- Eskimo;
- Greek;
- Hawaiian;
- Hebrew;
- Indian (Hindoo and wild tribes);
- New Zealand;
- Oriental;
- Polynesian;
- Samoan;
- Tahitian;
- Tongan.

Suicide and love.

Sumatrans:

- Marriages;
- Selfish men;
- No choice.

Swedes: mock-capture.

Sympathy.

Syria: idea of modesty.

Taboos, sexual.

Tahitians:

- Tattooing;
- Indifference to chastity;
- Contempt for women;
- Compressed heads;
- Flowers and licentiousness;
- Mourning;
- Personal appearance;
- Depraved by white visitors?

Tasmanians:

- Charms;
- Mourning.



Taste, disputing about.

Tattooing.

Temple girls, Hindoo.

Thibet:

Unchastity;

Woman's wretched lot.



Page 643

Thlinkeets:

- Exchanging wives;
- War-paint;
- Mutilations;
- Suicide.

Todas:

- Unjealous.

Tongans:

- Tattooing;
- Beads and vanity;
- Personal appearance;
- Were they civilized?
- Love of scenery.

Torres Strait Islanders.

Tribal marks.

Tupis: no jealousy.

Turks:

- Modesty;
- Love-song;
- Amorous hyperbole;
- Arousing pride;
- Coarseness;
- Lust versus love;
- Mourning to order.

Uganda:

- Nudity;
- Disposal of women.

Unchastity:

- (See Chastity).

Urvasi.

Utility of love.

Vasantasena.



Veddahs:
Incest.

Virginity:
Penetrative;
Indifference to;
(See Chastity).

Votyaks:
Indifference to chastity;
Mock capture;

War:
An obstacle to love.

Whites:
Did they corrupt savages?

Widows:
Tormented in India;
Burning of.

Winona's leap.

Wives:
(See Marriage).

Women:
Homage to priestesses;
Domestic rule;
Political rule;
Is gallantry an "insult?"
Pugnacious;
Crueler than men;
Woman's sphere;
Maltreatment of and contempt for;
Masculine women;
No liberty of choice (See Choice).

Wooing:
By women;
(see Proposing).

Yucatan:
War decorations;
Tattooing.

Yumas:
Immorality.