



The  
**Eagle**      AND THE      **Serpent**

A Journal of Egoistic Philosophy and Sociology.

The proudest animal under the sun and the wisest animal under the sun have set out to reconnoitre."—*Nietzsche*

Edited by **ERWIN McCALL.**

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**A NIETZSCHE NUMBER.**

THE  
PREFATORY DISCOURSE  
OF  
"THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA"

BY  
FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

TRANSLATED BY  
THOMAS COMMON.

With Critical and Bibliographical Notices.

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## PREFACE.

THIS prefatory discourse, which stands at the commencement of *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, was translated (perhaps somewhat roughly) more than four years ago, when some preliminary arrangements were made with the publisher of the German edition for a translation of Nietzsche's works. Those arrangements were afterwards somewhat modified when the rights of the English version of Nietzsche were acquired by a firm of publishers in London. Unfortunately, after the publication of two or three expensive volumes, there has been a prolonged interruption in the issue of the other works, and the public interest in the most important philosophical writer of the century is thereby diminished. Having carefully revised my translation of the prefatory discourse some time ago, it has seemed to me a pity that it should not make its appearance, for the purpose of reviving the interest in Nietzsche's most admirable philosophy. The editor of *The Eagle and the Serpent* has happily prepared the way for it: I therefore allow it to go forth on its mission, accompanied with some critical and bibliographical notices.

Nietzsche's works do not require an introduction—free spirits can dip into them anywhere, and are sure to find refreshment; to those, however, whose minds are in fetters, and even to "freethinkers," Nietzsche's works may be poison. While its form is that of an ancient sacred book, it seems to me that in its sentiments and style the grand prose poem, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, has a closer affinity to Fitzgerald's version of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám than to any other English work, only the newer poem is the work of a more enlightened free spirit than the old. Nietzsche's poetical work has likewise a close affinity to Goethe's *Faust* and the splendid poem of Lucretius. He deals with the same important subjects of philosophy, æsthetics, ethics and politics in his other works, which are likewise distinguished by the beauty of their style. As regards the origin of civilisation, and especially of religion and morals; Nietzsche's views are perhaps nearest to those of Walter Bagehot, Stuart-Glennie and Sir Alfred Lyall, only he is considerably in advance of them. As regards ethics and politics, he perhaps stands nearest to the late Prof. Kingdon Clifford and Prof. Karl Pearson; but here also he is far ahead. It was, however, from Thucydides, Machiavelli, the earlier French moralists—Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Fontenelle, Vauvenargues,—and more especially Chamfort, Stendhal, and Schopenhauer, that he drew the germs of truth which he wrought up into a harmonious and luminous system, which casts a flood of light on all the obscure aspects of human nature.

The hatred of Nietzsche by obscurantists and those whose interest it is to maintain a false system of society can readily be understood; and it is obvious that this hatred must be especially virulent in the professional dog-in-the-manger philosophers, who, ignoring true philosophy, have undertaken to fortify the present system of society by a pseudo-philosophical bulwark. Nietzsche, however, more skilfully than anyone else, has thoroughly undermined and demolished the pseudo-philosophical fortifications of moral and religious superstition. It is therefore the most virulent of all hatreds, the hatred of impotency, which finds expression in violent attacks on Nietzsche, like that of Prof. Seth. The fact is that almost any page of Nietzsche's writings is worth more than dozens of volumes of the ethical trash, such as Muirhead's *Elements of Ethics* and Seth's *Study of Ethical Principles*, which are thrust into the hands of unfortunate students at the universities. The former writer has studied the half-crazy Berkeley and his stupid followers so long that he thinks the world is a dream and not a reality, except when his self-interest is concerned; and as for the latter work, the first page of it is suggestive of its author as a big, goody-good boy, tied to his mother's apron-strings; while his ignorance of what goes on outside his own clique, corroborates the truth of the impression. Nietzsche's ethics, however, are not the ethics for boys, nor for old women, nor for dreamers either; they are the ethics for full-grown men, for noble, strong, wide-awake men, who shape the world's destiny. Too many of the professional philosophers now-a-days are cowardly, cringing sneaks, mere hucksters, who retail pseudo-philosophy to suit the demands of the ignorant and vulgar parvenus, like the Hooleys, Barnatos, Liptons, Rockafellers, etc., who endow colleges that they may have their degraded prejudices flattered, and thus have an easy conscience. Professional philosophy is at present quite out of touch with the best thought of the age. It will not be always so, however. A true system of philosophy will triumph ere long.

T. C.

## ZARATHUSTRA'S PREFATORY DISCOURSE.

## I.

WHEN he was thirty years old, Zarathustra left his home and the lake by his home, and went unto the mountains. There he enjoyed his spirit and the solitude, and for ten years did not weary of it. But at last his inclination changed,—and rising one morning with the dawn, he went in view of the sun, and spake thus to it:

“Thou great star! Where would be thy happiness, were it not for those whom thou illuminest?”

“For ten years thou has come up here to my cave; thou wouldst have turned sick of thy light and this route, were it not for me, my eagle, and my serpent.

“But we awaited thee every morning, relieved thee of thy superfluity, and blessed thee for it.

“Lo! I am satiated with my wisdom, like the bee that has gathered too much honey; I need hands held out.

“I would fain bestow and distribute, until the wise once more enjoy their folly, and the poor once more their riches.

“For that purpose I must descend into the deep as thou doest in the evening, when thou goest behind the sea and givest light even to the nether world, thou exuberant star!

“Like thee, I must *go down*, as men call it, to whom I am about to descend.

“Bless me, then, thou tranquil eye, which canst behold without envy even an all-too-great happiness!

“Bless the cup that is about to overflow, that the water may flow from it in a golden stream, and carry everywhere the reflection of thy bliss!

“Lo! This cup is again going to empty, and Zarathustra is again going to be man.”

Thus began Zarathustra's exit.

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## II.

Zarathustra went down the mountain alone, meeting no one. But when he entered the forests, there suddenly stood before him an old man who had left his holy cot to seek roots. And the old man spake thus to Zarathustra:

“This wanderer is not a stranger to me; many years ago he passed this spot. He was called Zarathustra; but he has become changed.

“Then thou carriedst thy ashes to the mountain; wilt thou now carry thy fire into the valleys? Art thou not afraid of the incendiary's punishment?”

“Yea, I recognise Zarathustra. Pure is his eye, and in his mouth there lurks no loathing. Does he not go along like a dancer?”

“Zarathustra has changed, Zarathustra became a child, Zarathustra is an awakened one; what art thou going to do among the sleeping ones.

“Thou has lived in solitude as in the sea, and it has sustained thee. Alas, thou wilt go on the land? Alas, thou art again going to drag thy body thither?”

Zarathustra answered: “I love human beings.”

“Why,” said the saint, “did I ever go into the forest and desert? Was it not because I loved human beings far too well?”

“Now I love God; I do not love human beings. Man is a thing too imperfect for me; love to man would kill me.”

Zarathustra answered: “What did I say about love! I bring gifts to men.

“Give them nothing,” said the saint. “Relieve them rather of something, and carry it with them—that will be most agreeable to them, if it is only agreeable to thyself!

“But if thou wouldst give them aught, give them merely an alms, and let them first beg for it!”

“No,” answered Zarathustra, “I do not give alms, I am not poor enough for that.”

The saint laughed at Zarathustra and spake thus: “Then see to it that they

accept thy treasures! They are suspicious of solitary-dwellers, and do not believe that we come with gifts.

"Our footsteps in the streets sound too lonesomely for them.—As when in bed at night they hear a man walking long before sunrise, they perhaps ask themselves. 'Where is the thief going?'"

"Go not to human beings, but tarry in the forest! Rather, go to the animals! Why shouldst thou not be like me—a bear among bears, a bird among birds?"

"And what does the saint do in the forest?" asked Zarathustra.

The saint answered: "I make hymns and sing them; and in making hymns I laugh and weep and hum: thus I praise God.

"With singing, weeping, laughing and humming, I praise God, who is my God. But what dost thou bring me as a gift?"

When Zarathustra had heard these words he bowed to the saint, and said: "What would I have to give thee! But let me begone quickly, lest I take aught from thee!" And thus they parted from each other, the old man and Zarathustra, laughing as if they were two boys.

When, however, Zarathustra was alone, he spake thus in his heart: "Could it be possible that this old saint in the forest has not as yet heard that *God is dead!*"

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### III.

When Zarathustra arrived at the nearest city adjoining the forests, he found many people assembled in the market-place; for it had been announced that a rope-dancer was to give a performance. And Zarathustra spake thus to the people:

"I teach you the overman. Man is something that is to be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass man?"

"All creatures hitherto have created something superior to themselves: and ye are going to be the ebb of that great tide, and would rather revert again to the beast than surpass man?"

"What is the ape to man? A ridicule, or a grievous shame. And that is just what man is to be to overman—a ridicule or a grievous shame.

"Ye have made your way from the worm to man, and there is still much of the worm in you. Ye were once apes, and even yet man is more of an ape than any of the apes.

"Even the wisest of you is merely a discord and hybrid of plant and spectre. But do I bid you become spectres or plants?"

"Lo, I teach you the overman!"

"The overman is the meaning of the earth. May your will say: the overman *shall be* the meaning of the earth.

"I conjure you my brethren, *remain true to the earth*, and do not believe those who speak to you of supernatural hopes! They are poisoners, whether they know it or not.

"They are despisers of life, decaying ones and poisoned ones themselves, of whom the earth is weary; let them begone!"

"Impiety against God was once the greatest impiety; but God died, and therewith those impious ones also. To commit impiety against the earth is now the most dreadful thing, and to prize the contents of the inscrutable higher than the meaning of the earth!"

"The soul once looked contemptuously on the body; and then that contempt was the supreme thing:—the soul wanted the body to be meagre, ghastly and famished. It thought it could thus escape from the body and the earth.

"Oh, that very soul itself was meagre, ghastly and famished; cruelty was the bliss of that soul!"

"But even ye, my brethren, tell me: what does your body reveal concerning your soul? Is your soul not poverty and pollution and a pitiable pleasure?"

"Verily man is a polluted stream. One must be a sea to receive a polluted stream without becoming impure.

“Lo, I teach you the overman; he is that sea; in him your great contempt can be swallowed up.

“What is the greatest thing ye can experience. It is the hour of great contempt. The hour when even your happiness becomes disgust to you, and your reason and virtue as well.

“The hour in which ye say: ‘Of what account is my happiness! It is poverty and pollution and a pitiable pleasure. My very happiness should justify existence!’

“The hour in which ye say: ‘Of what account is my reason! Does it long for knowledge as the lion longs for its food? It is poverty, and pollution and a pitiable pleasure!’

“The hour in which ye say: ‘Of what account is my virtue! It has not yet made me passionate. How weary I am of my good and my bad! It is all poverty and pollution and a pitiable pleasure!’

“The hour in which ye say: ‘Of what account is my justice! I fail to see that I have been fervour and live coal. The just one, however, is fervour and live coal!’

“The hour in which ye say: ‘Of what account is my sympathy! Is not sympathy the cross on which he who loves man is nailed? My sympathy, however, is not crucifixion!’

“Did ye ever speak thus? Did ye ever cry thus? Oh, that I had heard you crying thus!

“It is not your sin that cries to heaven—it is your moderation; your sparingness even in sin cries to heaven!

“Where is the lightning to lick you with its tongue? Where is the madness to inoculate you with?

“Lo, I teach you the overman; he is that lightning, he is that madness!”—

When Zarathustra had thus spoken, one of the people called out: “We have heard enough of the rope-dancer; it is now time to see him.” And all the people laughed at Zarathustra. The rope-dancer, however, who thought the words applied to him, commenced his performance.

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#### IV.

Zarathustra, however, looked at the people and was amazed. Then he spake thus:

“Man is a connecting-rope between the animal and the overman—a rope over an abyss.

“A dangerous crossing, a dangerous wayfaring, a dangerous retrospecting, a dangerous trembling and halting.

“What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal; what can be loved in man is that he is a *transit* and an *exit*.

“I love such as know not how to live, except as those making their exit, for they are those making their transit.

“I love the great despisers, because they are the great venerators, and arrows of aspirations for the other shore.

“I love those who do not first seek a reason beyond the stars for making their exit and being sacrificed, but sacrifice themselves to the earth, that the earth of the overman may arrive some day.

“I love him who lives in order to know, and seeks to know in order that the overman may hereafter live. He thus seeks his own exit.

“I love him who labours and invents, that he may build the house for the overman, and prepare for him earth, animal, and plant; for he thus seeks his own exit.

“I love him who loves his virtue; for virtue is the will to one's exit, and an arrow of aspiration.

“I love him who does not keep apart any of his spirit, but wants to be wholly the spirit of his virtue; he thus walks in spirit over the bridge.

“I love him who makes his inclination and his fate out of his virtue; for the sake of his virtue he is willing to live on, or cease living.

"I love him who does not want too many virtues. One virtue is more of a virtue than two, because it is more of a knob for fate to attach to.

"I love him whose soul is lavish—who does not want thanks and neglects to give back; for he always bestows, and is unwilling to retain for himself.

"I love him who is ashamed when the dice falls to his advantage, and then asks: 'Am I really a dishonest player?'—for he is willing to be ruined.

"I love him who scatters golden words in advance of his deeds, and always performs more than he promises; for he seeks his own exit.

"I love him who justifies the future ones and rehabilitates the past ones; for he is willing to be ruined by those of the present.

"I love him who chasteneth his God, because he loveth his God; for he has to be ruined by the wrath of his God.

"I love him whose soul is deep in susceptibility to wounding, who can be ruined by a small matter; he thus goes readily over the bridge.

"I love him whose soul is too full, so that he forgets himself, and has everything within him. Everything thus becomes his exit.

"I love him who is of a free mind and a free heart; his head is thus merely the viscera of his heart; his heart, however, impels him to make his exit.

"I love all who are like heavy drops falling one by one out of the dark cloud that lowers over man; they herald the coming of the lightning, and perish heralds.

"Lo, I am a herald of the lightning, and a heavy drop out of the cloud; the lightning, however, is the overman."

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## V.

When he had spoken these words, Zarathustra again looked at the people, and was silent. "There they stand," he said in his heart, "there they laugh; they do not understand me; I am not the mouth for those ears.

"Is it necessary in the first place to rend their ears, that they may learn to hear with their eyes? Is it necessary to clatter like kettle-drums and penitential preachers? Or do they only believe stammerers?"

"They have something of which they are proud. What do they call it, that makes them proud? They call it culture; it distinguishes them from the goat-herds.

"They consequently dislike to hear the word 'contempt' used with reference to them. I will therefore flatter their pride.

"I will therefore speak to them of the most contemptible of things: *the ultimate man!*"

And Zarathustra spake thus to the people:

"It is time for man to fix his goal. It is time for man to plant the germ of his highest hope.

"His soil is as yet rich enough for the purpose. But that soil will one day be poor and exhausted, no lofty tree being any longer able to grow from it.

"Alas! The time comes when man will no longer shoot the arrow of his aspiration beyond man,—the string of his bow will have unlearned to whizz!

"I tell you: one must still have chaos in oneself, to give birth to a dancing star. I tell you: ye have still chaos in you.

"Alas! The time comes when man will no longer give birth to any star. Alas! The time comes of the most despicable man, who can no longer despise himself.

"Lo! I show you *the ultimate man*.

"'What is love? What is creation? What is aspiration? What is a star?'—So asks the ultimate man, and winks knowingly.

"The earth will then have become unimportant, and the ultimate man, who makes everything unimportant, will hop about on it. His species is ineradicable, like that of the flea; the ultimate man lives longest.

"'We have devised happiness'—say the ultimate men, and wink knowingly.

"They have left the regions where it was hard to live; for warmth

required. They still love their neighbour, and rub against him; for warmth is required.

"It is regarded by them as sinful to turn sick or be mistrustful; they walk warily. It is only the fool who still stumbles over stones and men!

"A little poison now and then;—that makes pleasant dreams. And much poison at last, for a pleasant death.

"They still labour, for labour is an entertainment. But they take care that the entertainment does not hurt them.

"They no longer become poor or rich; both are too troublesome. Who of them still wants to rule? Who of them still wants to obey? Both are too troublesome.

"No herdsman, but one herd! All want the same. All are equal. He who thinks otherwise goes voluntarily into the madhouse.

"Formerly all the world was insane,"—say the most subtle of them and wink knowingly.

"They are wise and know all that has happened; so there is no end of their derision. They still fall out, but are soon reconciled—otherwise it would spoil their stomachs.

"They have their little pleasures for the day and their little pleasures for the night; but they have a regard for health.

"We have devised happiness"—say the ultimate men, and wink knowingly.—"

And here ended the first discourse of Zarathustra, which is also called "The Prefatory Discourse"; for at this point the cries and eagerness of the multitude interrupted him. "Give us the ultimate man, O Zarathustra,"—they called out,—"change us into those ultimate men! We will then let thee have the overman!" And all the people exulted and smacked their lips. Zarathustra, however, became sorrowful, and said in his heart:

"They do not understand me; I am not the mouth for those ears.

"I have probably lived too long in the mountains, and hearkened too much to the brooks and trees: I now speak to them like the goat-herds.

"My soul is tranquil and bright like the mountains in the forenoon. But they think me cold, and a mocker with terrible jests.

"And now they look at me and laugh: and in doing so, they also hate me. There is ice in their laughter."

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## VI.

Then, however, an event occurred which made every mouth mute and every eye fixed. The rope-dancer had in the meantime commenced his performance; he had come out of a little door, and was going along the rope, which was stretched between two towers, in such a way that it hung over the market-place and the people there assembled. When he was just midway across, the little door opened once more, and a gaudily-dressed fellow, like a buffoon, sprang out, and went at a quick pace after the first one. "Go on lame-leg," roared his frightful voice, "go on, lazy-bones, interloper, sallow-face! Take care lest I tickle thee with my heel! What art thou doing here between the towers? The tower is the place for thee, thou shouldst be locked up; thou blockest the course of one better than thyself!"—And with every word he approached nearer and nearer the first one. When, however, he was but a step behind, the frightful thing happened which made every mouth mute and every eye fixed: he uttered a yell like a devil, and jumped over the first one who was in his way. The latter, however, when he thus saw his rival triumph, lost both his head and the rope on which he walked; he threw away his pole, and shot down, faster than it, into the depth, like an eddy of arms and legs. The market place and the people were like the sea when the storm rushes upon it; they all flew apart and tumbled confusedly over one another, more especially where the body was about to fall.

Zarathustra, however, remained standing, and the body fell just beside him, sadly injured and shattered, but not dead. After a while consciousness returned

to the bruised man, and he saw Zarathustra kneeling beside him. "What art thou doing there?" he said at last, "I knew long ago the devil would trip me up. He now drags me to hell; wilt thou prevent him?"

"By my honour, my friend," answered Zarathustra, "there is nothing whatever of that whereof thou speakest; there is no devil and no hell. Thy soul will be dead sooner than thy body; so fear nothing any more!"

The man looked up distrustfully. "If thou speakest the truth," he said, "I shall lose nothing by losing my life. I am not much more than an animal that has been taught to dance by blows and scanty fare."

"Not at all" said Zarathustra; "thou hast made dangerous risk thy calling; there is nothing to despise therein. And now thou perishest by thy calling; I will therefore bury thee with my own hands."

When Zarathustra had said this, the dying one made no further answer; but he moved his hand, as if in gratitude he sought the hand of Zarathustra.

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### VII.

Meanwhile the evening came on, and the market-place hid itself in the darkness. The people then dispersed, for even curiosity and terror become fatigued. Zarathustra, however, sat on the ground beside the dead man, and became absorbed in thought; so he forgot the time. But at last it became night, and a cold wind blew upon the lonesome one. Thereupon Zarathustra arose and said in his heart:

"Verily, Zarathustra has had a fine take of fish to-day! It is not a man he has caught, but a corpse!

"Human existence is sombre, and has as yet been without meaning; a buffoon may become a fate to it.

"I want to teach men the meaning of their being: that is the overman, the lightning out of the dark cloud—man.

"But I am still far from them, and my sense does not appeal to their sense. To men, I am still only an intermediary between a fool and a corpse.

"Dark is the night, dark are the ways of Zarathustra. Come, thou cold and stiff companion! I will carry thee to the place where I shall bury thee with my own hands."

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### VIII.

When Zarathustra had said this in his heart, he put the corpse on his back, and set out on his way. But he had not gone a hundred steps, when a man stole up to him and whispered in his ear—and lo! it was the buffoon from the tower that spake to him. "Depart from the city, O Zarathustra," he said; "there are too many who hate thee here. The good and just hate thee, and call thee their enemy and despiser; the believers in the orthodox belief hate thee, and call thee a danger to the multitude. It was thy good fortune to be laughed at; and verily thou spakest like a buffoon. It was thy good fortune to associate with the dead dog; by so humiliating thyself thou hast saved thy life to-day. Depart, however, from the city—or tomorrow I will jump over thee, a living man over a dead one." When he had said this, the man vanished; Zarathustra, however, went on through the dark streets.

At the gate of the city he met with the grave-diggers; they cast the light of their torch on his face, and recognising Zarathustra, they sorely derided him. "Zarathustra is carrying off the dead dog; fine, indeed, that Zarathustra has become a grave-digger! For our hands are too cleanly for the meat he has got. Does Zarathustra mean to steal his morsel from the devil? Very well, then! And good luck to the repast! If only the devil is not a better thief than Zarathustra!—if he does not steal both of them, and devour both of them!" And they laughed among themselves, putting their heads together.

Zarathustra, however, made no reply thereto, but went his way. Having gone on for two hours among forests and swamps, and having heard too much of the hungry howling of the wolves, he himself became hungry. So he stopped at a lonesome house in which a light burned.



"Hunger attacks me like a robber," said Zarathustra. "Among the forests and swamps, and late in the night, my hunger attacks me."

"My hunger has strange caprices. It often comes to me only after a repast, and this whole day it did not come at all. Where did it tarry?"

And thereupon Zarathustra knocked at the door of the house. An old man appeared; he carried the light and asked: "Who comes to me in my troubled slumbers?"

"A living man and a dead one," said Zarathustra. "Give me something to eat and drink, I forgot it during the day. Wisdom says that he who feeds the hungry refreshes his own soul."

The old man withdrew; he came back immediately, however, and offered Zarathustra bread and wine. "A bad country for the hungry," he said. "That is why I live here. Animal and man come to me, the lonesome dweller. But bid thy companion eat and drink also, he is more tired than thou."

Zarathustra answered: "My companion is dead; I shall hardly be able to persuade him to eat and drink." "That is nothing to me," said the old man peevishly, "he who knocks at my door must just take what I offer him. Eat and farewell!"

Thereupon Zarathustra again went on for two hours, trusting to the path and the light of the stars; for he was accustomed to walking by night, and liked always to look at the face of sleeping things. When the morning dawned, however, Zarathustra found himself in a thick forest, and there was no longer any path visible. He then laid the dead man in a hollow tree at his head—for he wanted to protect him from the wolves,—and he himself lay down on the ground and moss. And immediately he fell asleep, tired in body, but with an undisturbed soul.

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## IX.

Zarathustra slept long; not only did the dawn of the day pass over his head, but the forenoon as well. At last, however, his eyes opened. Zarathustra looked amazed into the forest and the stillness, he looked amazed into himself. Then he arose quickly, like a mariner discerning land all at once, and shouted for joy; for he saw a new truth. And he spake thus in his heart:—

"A light has dawned upon me: I require companions—living ones; not dead companions and corpses, which I carry with me whither I will.

"But I require living companions who will follow me, because they want to follow themselves—to the place whither I will.

"A light has dawned upon me: Zarathustra is not to discourse to the people, but to companions! Zarathustra is not to be the herdsman and the dog of the herd!

"To allure many persons from the herd—that is the purpose for which I have come. The people and the herd are destined to be angry with me; Zarathustra will be called a robber by the herdsmen.

"I say herdsmen, but they call themselves the good and just. I say herdsmen, but they call themselves the believers of the orthodox belief.

"Behold the good and just! Whom do they hate most? Him who breaks up their tables of standard values, the breaker, the law-breaker,—it is he, however, who is the creator.

"Behold, the believers of all beliefs! Whom do they hate most? Him who breaks up their tables of standard values, the breaker, the law-breaker; it is he, however, who is the creator.

"The creator seeks companions and not corpses—not herds nor believers either. The creator seeks fellow-creators—those who write new standard values on new tables.

"The creator seeks companions and fellow-reapers; for everything is ripe for the harvest with him. But he lacks the hundred sickles; so he plucks the ears of corn and is vexed.

"The creator seeks companions and such as know how to whet their sickles. They will be called destroyers and despisers of good and evil. But it is they who are the reapers and rejoicers.

"Zarathustra seeks fellow-creators, Zarathustra seeks fellow-reapers and fellow-rejoicers; what has he to do with herds and herdsmen and corpses!

"And thou, my first companion, Adieu! I have buried thee well in thy hollow tree, I have hid thee well from the wolves.

"But I part from thee, the time has arrived. Betwixt the two dawns a new truth has come to me.

"I am not to be a herdsman, I am not to be a grave-digger. I will not even discourse any more to the people; I have spoken for the last time to a dead man.

"I will associate with the creators, with the reapers, with the rejoicers; I will show them the rainbow, and all the ascents to the overman.

"I will sing my song to the lonesome-dwellers and to the twain-dwellers; and I will make heavy with my happiness the heart of him who has still ears for things unheard.

"I aim at my goal, I take my own course; I will leap over the loiterers and the tardy. May my course thus be their exit!"

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### X.

Zarathustra spake thus in his heart when the sun was at noon. He then looked enquiringly aloft—for he heard above him the sharp call of a bird. And behold! an eagle swept through the air in wide circles, and a serpent hung on it, not like a prey, but like a friend; for it kept itself coiled round the eagle's neck.

"They are my animals," said Zarathustra, and was glad at heart.

"The proudest animal under the sun, and the wisest animal under the sun—they have come out reconnoitring.

"They want to ascertain if Zarathustra still lives. Verily, do I still live?"

"I have found it more dangerous among men than among animals. Zarathustra walks in dangerous paths. Let my animals guide me!"

When Zarathustra had said this, he remembered the words of the saint in the forest, and sighing, he spake thus in his heart:

"Would that I were wiser! Would that I were thoroughly wise like my serpent!

"But I am asking for the impossible. I therefore ask my pride always to accompany my wisdom!

"And if my wisdom should some day forsake me—ah, it loves to fly away!—may my pride then fly with my folly!"

—Thus began Zarathustra's exit.

[Note to the readers of **THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT**.—By the courtesy of Mr. Common we are enabled to issue the Prefatory Discourse as No. 5 of **E. & S.** This number constitutes a Literary Extra. No. 6 of **E. & S.** (ready Dec. 1st) will contain our advertisements and other usual features. We reserve the right of expressing disagreement with certain of the opinions in this issue for the Contents of which Mr. Common alone is responsible. The German edition of Nietzsche should be ordered of C. G. Naumann, Publisher, Leipzig, Germany. We can procure the three volumes of Nietzsche which have been done into English at the following prices (a month is required to fill these orders as the books must be got from New York): "Thus Spake Zarathustra" (10 shillings); "A Genealogy of Morals" and the Poems (8 shillings); "Nietzsche Contra Wagner, The Twilight of the Idols and the Antichrist" (8 shillings). EDITOR **E. & S.**]

## LEADING OPINIONS CONCERNING NIETZSCHE.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE, Ph.D., Emeritus Professor of the University of Bâle, is one of the most prominent representatives of that movement of contemporary opinion to which Huxley gave the name of the New Reformation. Within the last ten years he has acquired an influence over modern Continental culture equalled by no philosopher since Hegel. His works have created an independent school of thought; and in Germany, Austria, Holland, France and Scandinavia a whole literature has sprung into existence bearing directly upon his work. Although his adversaries are as many in number as his followers, his significance has been recognised by the institution of courses of lectures on his philosophy at various German universities. Though treating the same problems of modern civilisation as Spencer, Stephen, Huxley, Wallace, Williams, Morison and Balfour in Great Britain, he starts from a different point of view, and arrives at very different conclusions, which, should they prove final, will overthrow many pillars of modern thought, more especially of modern ethics. His endeavours to bring about a perfect concord between our moral convictions and feelings and our knowledge of the world lead him to a severe criticism of the former. In the course of this criticism he re-discovers a morality the cultivation of which has been neglected by the Germanic nations for about twelve hundred years; he calls it *master-morality*, and shows it to be synonymous with that taught by the modern doctrine of evolution.

An aristocratic philosopher in the midst of our democratic age; a master of aphorism such as Europe has not known since La Rochefoucauld, and yet a systematic philosopher and popular writer of the first rank; a literary warrior and artist; a dreamer absorbed in thought, and yet the herald of the gospel of health and the joy of life; mortally hostile to the Neo-christianity of Tolstoi, socialism and endæmonistic utilitarianism, and yet pointing to a higher stage of humanity—he expresses his thoughts in manifold forms, from the epic prose poem, after the fashion of the Tripitaka, to lyrical song, learned treatise, and the collection of aphorisms and apophthegms. Running directly counter to most of the ideas and feelings which pervade British philosophy, fiction and periodical literature, and yet closely akin to the British national character in its moral conception of superiority; an ethical genius of immense vigour, and a strong personality on whose generous character full light is thrown by his struggles with rationalism, pessimism in philosophy and music, clericalism and moralism, and yet one who penetrates with rare sagacity into the most intimate affairs of the time, exposing its *pudeurs* with pungent wit; a philosopher of profound learning, and a poet of ravishing lyrical power; he stands a unique figure in the arena of modern thought.—DR. ALEXANDER TILLE in *Prospectus of the Works of Friedrich Nietzsche*.

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From 1889 the German journals are full of Nietzsche, and more especially the literary monthlies like Conrad's *Gesellschaft*, Kafka's *Moderne Dichtung*, Brahms and Bölsche's *Freie Bühne* commented largely on his life and works. Hermann Conradi's *Lieder eines Sündners*, is the first collection of songs to show Nietzsche's influence on German Lyrics.

Nietzsche replaces under Jordan's influence the exaltation of happiness as the higher good, the ideal of endæmonistic utilitarianism, by the ideal of a higher development of the human race, which is directly derived from the theory of evolution. Such a development is possible only by a preservation of the stronger and a weeding out of the weaker, or by the keeping alive of the social selection. The stronger have by their strength the right of preservation, the weaker by their feebleness the duty of dying out. The first live thus under a master-morality; the latter under a slave-morality, which, from the instinct of self-preservation, preaches protection of the weak. In the present time the latter have, to a certain extent, succeeded in making the strong live under the slave-morality also. The weak call evil whatever is hurtful to them, the strong call mean whatever they deem to low for them to do. Both call good the contrast to their "bad." But it is evident that the good of master-morality means something very different from the good of slave-morality. The master-morality is the genuine morality of all powerful and warlike tribes, the genuine morality of the Germanic nations, which once called him who stood first *fruma* or *frum*, and for which the ideal of moral goodness was identical with strength and efficiency. It is closely akin to the English conception of gentlemanlike and ladylike, which is an important relic of pre-Christian moral valuation. Master-morality is self-asserting, slave-morality self-denying; master-morality conquers and keeps, slave-morality renounces and loses.

Nietzsche's influence on German literature is manifold. The charm and artistic perfection of his style are such that since about 1888 they have fascinated the German literary youth. The admiration of his works found the most varied expression. Whether a young poet devotes sonnets to the philosopher:

Ich les' es jauchzend, les' es tief bewegt,  
Was mit demantnem Griffel du geschrieben,

whether another in a novelette thus describes a room of an old-fashioned inn: "It was something special, this old common room. It possessed its hidden depths and dangerous secrets like a book by Frederick Nietzsche," or whether Hermann Conradi's novel *Adam Mensch* and his pamphlet *Wilhelm II. und die junge Generation*, or a pamphlet of Leo Berg's betray only too distinctly the influence of Nietzsche's aphoristical style;—all these features show the same thing.

Nietzsche's superior personality, by which similar individuals are irresistibly attracted, and the charm of a great artist which places his works almost on a level of attractiveness with works of fiction, and the power of that thought which springs from the very life-blood of the time, all tend to produce open followers, and at the same time that unconscious bias of opinion which is strongest where it is disowned. It is not difficult to see that influence; for, in a democratic age like ours, anti-democratic tendencies will at once be denounced, and the gospel of physiological superiority will meet with that immortal Chandala-hatred, which is so powerful because it is disguised under the mask of humility and renunciation.—DR. ALEXANDER TILLE in *Introduction to German Songs of To-day and To-morrow*.

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For some years the name of Friedrich Nietzsche has been the war-cry of opposing factions in Germany. It is not easy to take up a German periodical without finding some trace of the passionate admiration or denunciation which this man has called forth. If we turn to Scandinavia, or to France, whither his fame and his work are now also penetrating, we find that the same results have followed. And we may expect a similar outburst in England, now that a complete translation of his works has begun to appear.

Nietzsche is, without doubt, an extraordinarily interesting figure. He is the modern incarnation of that image of intellectual pride which Marlowe created in Faustus. A man who has certainly stood at the finest summit of modern culture, who has thence made the most determined effort ever made to destroy modern morals, and who now leads a life as near to death as any life outside the grave can be, must needs be a tragic figure. It is a figure full of significance, for it represents, perhaps, the greatest spiritual force which has appeared since Goethe, full of interest also to the psychologist, and surely not without its pathos, perhaps its horror, for the man in the street.

Like Emerson (to whose writings he was strongly attracted throughout life) and many another strenuous philosophic revolutionary, Nietzsche came of a long line of Christian ministers. . . . It is evident that he is no frail hectic flame of a degenerating race. There seems to be no trace of insanity or nervous disorder at any point in the family history as far back as it is possible to go. On the contrary, he belonged to an extremely vigorous stock, possessing unusual moral and physical force, people of "character." A similar condition of things is not seldom found in the history of genius. In such a case the machine is as it were too highly charged with inherited energy and works at a pressure which ultimately brings it to perdition.

We are told that he was a man of great personal charm in social intercourse. But his associates at Basel never suspected that in this courteous and amiable professor was stored up an explosive energy which would one day be felt in every civilised land. With pen in hand his criticism of life was unflinching, his sincerity arrogant; when the pen was dropped he became modest, reserved, almost timorous. . . . From first to last, wherever you open his books, you light on sayings that cut to the core of the questions that every modern thinking man must face.

The work he produced between 1877 and 1882 seems to me to represent the maturity of his genius. . . . In form, all these volumes belong to *pensée* literature. They deal with art, with religion, with morals and philosophy, with the relation of all these to life. Nietzsche shows himself in these *pensées* above all a free thinker, emancipated from every law save that of sincerity, wide-ranging, serious, penetrative, often impassioned, as yet always able to follow his own ideal of self-restraint. . . .

Nietzsche strove for nothing less than to re-model the moral world after his own heart's desire, and his own brain was perishing of exhaustion in the immense effort. In 1889—at the moment when his work at last began to attract attention—he became hopelessly insane. . . . Nietzsche has met in its most relentless form, the fate of Pascal and Swift and Rousseau. That fact may carry what weight it will in any final estimate of his place as a moral teacher: it cannot touch his position as an immensely significant personality. It must still be affirmed that the nineteenth century has produced no more revolutionary and aboriginal force.—HAVELOCK ELLIS in *The Savoy* and in *Affirmations*.

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You must transact business, wire-pull politics, discuss religion, give and receive hate, love and friendship with all sorts of people, before you can acquire the sense of humanity. If you are to acquire the sense sufficiently to be a philosopher, you must do all those things unconditionally. You must not say you will be a gentleman and limit your intercourse to this class or that class; or that you will be a virtuous person and generalise

about the affections from a single instance. . . . You must have no convictions, because as Nietzsche says, "convictions are prisons." Thus, I blush to add, you cannot be a philosopher and a good man, though you may be a philosopher and a great one. . . . After all, you may very well tolerate the philosopher, even if philosophy involves philandering, or, . . . . to put it another way, it may be necessary to tolerate comparatively venial irregularities within the sphere of philosophy. It is the price of progress; and after all, it is the philosopher and not you who will burn for it.—These are shocking sentiments, I know; but I assure you, you will think them mere Sunday School common-places when you have read a little of Nietzsche. . . .

In fact Nietzsche's criticism of morality and idealism is essentially that demonstrated in my book as at the bottom of Ibsen's plays. His pugnacity, his power of putting the merest platitudes of his position in rousing, startling paradoxes; his way of getting underneath moral precepts which are so unquestionable to us that common decency seems to compel unhesitating assent to them, and upsetting them with a scornful laugh; all this is easy to a witty man who has once well learnt Schopenhauer's lesson that the intellect by itself is a mere dead piece of brain machinery, and our ethical and moral systems merely the pierced cards you stick into it when you want it to play a certain tune. So far I am on common ground with Nietzsche.—BERNARD SHAW in *The Saturday Review*.

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The Fabian Society was formed by the division of a pre-existing group into two sections; one, the Fabian Society, taking up the political and economic side of the social question; and the other, then called the Fellowship of the New Life, and still in existence as the New Fellowship, taking up the ethical and philosophical side. The result is noteworthy. The Fabian Society has exercised a great influence, and has attained, perhaps, the maximum of success possible to such organisations. The New Fellowship, though composed largely of the same men, has exercised practically no influence at all, because it had no really new ideas. There was nothing to be learned from it that had not already been learned from the best of the Unitarians. Like them, it sought to free social and personal ideals and duties from superstition; but it laid even greater stress on the sacredness of the ideals and duties than the comparatively easy-going superstitious people did. It was not until after 1889, when Ibsen and Nietzsche began to make themselves felt, that the really new idea of challenging the validity of idealism and duty, and bringing Individualism round again on a higher plane, shewed signs of being able to rally to it men beneath the rank of the geniuses who had been feeling their way towards it for centuries. Had the New Fellowship started with any glimmering of this conception, their history might have been different. As it is, it seems to me quite possible that a Nietzsche Society might hit the target that the Fellows of the New Life missed, and might repeat on the ethical plane the success of the Fabian Society on the political one.—BERNARD SHAW in *The Eagle and the Serpent*.

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The reputation of Nietzsche is certainly a European reality. He does not, of course, touch the masses as directly as does a great dramatist or novelist. . . . But he touches those who are, or who ere long will be in touch with the multitude. He has struck notes and awakened ideas which the purveyors of the literary market find it for their interest to transmit in various forms to the masses. . . .

His is a mind brimming with antitheses, and one can only describe him by paradoxes. If you call him, as we have done, an idealist, it must be added that he proves it best by his realistic, or even materialistic unveiling of the *pura naturalia* of life. He is proud to proclaim himself an atheist for whom God is dead, and yet his very central purpose is to manifest Godhead in increasing amplitude. "Morality and religion belong entirely to the psychology of error" is the cry; but it means, apparently, that religion and morality must get rid of certain misconceptions, if they are to perform their highest work and realise their true function.

He believed himself confronted by what he called an age of *décadence*, of descending life, in which the primeval instincts had lost their innocence and sureness, and were sicklied over by excess of consciousness. A series of disasters, of which the victories of Christianity and democracy were not the least, had, he thought, given the reins of the world into the hands of the weakly and the sickly. He dreamed of a golden age of primeval heroes when instinct was one confident life; and that dream grew out of a poetised reminiscence of the medieval conflict between the ideals of Argard and the newer visions of the white Christ. He dreamed again of a golden future where a dominant Will would triumph over the discord of impulses.—The late PROFESSOR WALLACE of Oxford in *The Academy*.

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As a boy he read Sallust, and felt the epigram rising to his lips; later on, with ardour and delight, he threw himself into the arms of Montaigne, the incomparable

Frenchman in whom life overflows and genius rules like a spirit;—then he knocked eagerly at every door behind which sat the Pascals, the La Bruyères, the La Rochefoucaulds, elaborating their golden tapestries; and with a judgment that commends his own work, he preferred the weight of Thucydides even to the grace of Plato; while in Horace, the high relief of single expressions, the cameo-like perfection and delicacy of certain "Odes" seemed to him the finest achievement to which language had ever attained.

We are not aware that Nietzsche had done a single unkind deed in his life; what we know of him indicates a rare sensibility to suffering; and the sermons against sympathy in which he is so exuberant, betray rather the too easily moved heart, than a Roman tyrant's lack of feeling.

It was fully time that the question should be asked of evolution, whither, according to the men of science, it is moving, and what is the law of its ascent? Is the Christian creed essential to it, or can we so read the writing in man's flesh and spirit, as to conclude that seeming is the only world and adaptation to it the supreme wisdom? Nietzsche, resolute enough to deal with his life as an experiment, lonely enough to have cut through the bonds of social convention, and—it must be said—large-souled enough to despise the neutral tints and compromises of a world bent on enjoying its music-hall pleasures, has found the rhetoric, which, with heat and insistence, demands a reply to these questions. Therefore an answer cannot be refused to that searching interrogation: "Is evolution merely the working out of a physiological problem, or is it something in the end quite different?" . . . Friedrich Nietzsche has stated the question of science.—*Quarterly Review*.

The so-called Wagner-literature is well known to be enormous. Its value, however, is not at all in proportion to its bulk, and unfortunately corresponds still less to the dignity of the subject. From amidst the sea of mediocrity one small work stands forth conspicuously, and certainly possesses undying classical worth. This is Nietzsche's *Richard Wagner in Bayreuth*. The pregnant thoughts, the unerring certainty with which everywhere the essential point is brought forward, the epigrammatic conciseness of this little master-work, the noble enthusiasm with which it is pervaded, and the finished beauty of the style, stamp it indisputably as the best that ever came from this remarkable man.—HOUSTON S. CHAMBERLAIN in *Richard Wagner*.

Comparatively little is yet known out of Germany about this extraordinary thinker, whose theories and philosophies offer to the intellectual of the present day, something altogether new and unexpected.

He appeared like a flashing meteor, full of splendid and dazzling light, moving lonely in solitary unknown paths, to vanish suddenly and irrecoverably into dark and dreary realms—into the abyss of hopeless madness.

But he has left behind him an inexhaustible flood of fiery sparks that are falling down upon men—down into their hearts and brains, working good or evil there—leading to ripeness or independence, or into inextricable swamps—according to personal characteristics and the individual phase of mental and emotional evolution.

Every thoughtful and intellectual reader of Nietzsche's works will many a time feel personally touched; . . . he feels himself suddenly understood and anticipated by this modern philosopher, who boldly enters into the deepest and most dangerous psychological and other problems of human life, and is gifted with a magical power of utterance.

Herein lies the power, and perhaps the danger of the author. Nietzsche ought not to be attempted but by those who have acquired a certain degree of mental maturity, ripeness of judgment and independence of mind; who have suffered and meditated themselves; who have observed with interest and understanding their own individual development, and are not easily led astray. Such men and women will revel in the seductive beauty and grandeur of his style and language, without being dazzled thereby, and will know how to choose with discretion from this rich meal.—GERTRUDE BURDETT in *The New Century Review*.

"In the literature of modern Germany Friedrich Nietzsche seems to me the most interesting writer." These are the opening words of an essay written by Dr. Georg Brandes in 1888. . . . Now, after the lapse of a decade, the genial significance of Nietzsche's work is recognised everywhere.

Kierkegaard, no less than Nietzsche, fought against the weakness, the want of stamina in the moral life of his time; both insisted on the rights of the individual as opposed to those of the majority. But while the Danish thinker fell back on a kind of primitive Christianity as the key to the riddle of existence, Nietzsche, with a more penetrating radicalism, sought his ideals of heroic individualism in the earlier stages of a nation's life.

The eternal value of men like Nietzsche is that they go through their age like ploughshares; they tear up the weeds of conventionality and expose fresh soil to the air. They force men to think the vital thoughts of life all over again.—*John G. Robertson*, in *Cosmopolis*, Oct. 1898.

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## II.—Works on Nietzsche.

We could easily make out a list of 100 volumes, mostly German, dealing wholly or partially with Nietzsche's philosophy—and the list would still be far from complete; we can therefore include only a very few of the most important foreign works in this short bibliography.

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