



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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Dedicated to the Philosophy of Life Enunciated by Nietzsche, Emerson, Stirner, Thoreau and Ibsen, THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT Labours for the Recognition of New Ideals in Politics and Sociology, in Ethics and Philosophy, in Literature and Art.

A RACE OF ALTRUISTS IS NECESSARILY A RACE OF SLAVES.
 A RACE OF FREEMEN IS NECESSARILY A RACE OF EGOISTS.

"THE GREAT ARE GREAT ONLY BECAUSE WE ARE ON OUR KNEES. LET US RISE!"

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CALENDAR OF OUR SAINTS AND THEIR SAYINGS.

FAITHFUL are the wounds of a friend.—*Solomon.*

The world is saved by its shockers.—*Lord McCall.*

The British Empire rests on force.—*Bishop Welldon.*

The natural instinct of self-preservation, Egoism.—*Hæckel.*

Even with the most honest intention, no man can tell the truth about himself.—*Heine.*

Everything should be taken in moderation; virtue presents no exception to this rule.—*Lord McCall.*

The heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.—*Solomon.*

A resolution never to deceive others exposes a man to be deceived himself.—*Rochevoucauld.*

Self-interest speaks all languages and acts all parts, even that of disinterestedness itself.—*Ib.*

Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members.—*Emerson.*

The doctrine of hate must be preached as the counteraction of the doctrine of love when that pules and whines.—*Ib.*

Yes, I will forgive all my enemies when I see them hanging from the tree in my back-yard.—*Heine.*

It is a pity that we seem to require a war from time to time, to assure us that there is any manhood still left in men.—*Thoreau.*

God does not protect those that love him from outward danger nor does he reward them with outward prosperity.—*Philip H. Wicksteed.*

That humanitarian sympathy wars against nature, by securing the survival of the failures, may make the man of science loathe its facile virtues.—*Oscar Wilde.*

There is only one thing worse than Injustice, and that is Justice without her sword in her hand. When Right is not Might it is Evil.—*Ib.*

Great hearts are like great suns. They contain their own light and warmth. You have no need, therefore, of praise; you do not even need thanks.—*Hugo writing to Dumas.*

It is always a pleasure to me when two of my friends like one another, just as I am always glad when two of my enemies take to fighting one another.—*Heine.*

What we call union seems to me only a name for a phase of individual action. I live only for myself; and in proportion to my growth I benefit others.—*George W. Curtis.*

The future smells strongly of Russia leather and of blood, of godlessness, and of a vast deal of flogging. I recommend our descendants to come into the world with very thick-skins upon their backs.—*Heine.*

The greatest criminal against mankind was he who had pretended to love it most. His creed of self-sacrifice—it had produced those who renounce; the misery that was now clamouring for deliverance.—*John Henry Mackay.*

In the domain of finance, which, whether local or cosmopolitan, is fast becoming the world's tyrant—the primeval "forest-born rapacity" of the human species may be seen in full and almost unfettered operation.—*H. E. M. Stutfield* in "National Review."

Self-love is a necessary, indestructible, universal law and principle, inseparable from every kind of love. Religion must and does confirm this on every page of her history. Wherever man tries to resist that human egoism, whether in religion, philosophy, or politics, he sinks into pure nonsense and insanity; for the sense which forms the foundation of all human instincts, desires and actions is the satisfaction of the human being, the satisfaction of human egoism.—*Feuerbach.*

May my communistic friends forgive me! I should be less severe upon their ideas if I were not irreversibly convinced, in my reason and in my heart, that Communism, Republicanism, and all the social, political, and religious Utopias which disdain facts and criticism, are the greatest obstacle which progress has now to conquer. Why will they never understand that fraternity can be established only by justice; that justice alone, the condition, means, and law of liberty and fraternity, must be the object of our study; and that its determination and formula must be pursued without relaxation, even to the minutest details. . . . Turn which way you will, you must always come back to the cash-book, to the account of receipts and expenditures, the sole guarantee against large consumers as well as against small producers. . . . To suppose that the labourer of great capacity will content himself, in favour of the weak, with half his wages, furnish his services gratuitously, and produce, as the people say, for the King of Prussia—that is, for that abstraction called society, the Sovereign, or my brothers—is to base society on a sentiment, I do not say beyond the reach of man, but one which, erected systematically into a principle, is only a false virtue, a dangerous hypocrisy.—*Proudhon.*

A WAR AGAINST WAR AGAINST WAR.

The Tsar's Congress of Fools and Cowards.

THE Serpent smiled for the first time. It was the Tsar's doing. In the Court of the Serpent royal clowns only can serve as jester. "Imperial Reptile, Symbol of Eternity, whence this joy?" And then the Serpent said—ah, it would be sacrilegious to quote his very words. But His Royal Wisdom graciously permits us to reproduce the substance of a sublime parable of profound meaning which illuminated his sacred speech. Once a man was killed far away from home. When relatives asked for the remains to be forwarded, the sad reply was "There haint no remains: a mule kicked him." When the ambassadorial mules have caressed the Rescript, the Serpent fears there won't be "no remains."

But the Serpent has a practical proposal for assuring universal and everlasting peace. Let England surrender all she owns in Africa and Asia, let Russia give up all she owns in Asia, and white-robed Peace will hover. Hang Rhodes, Rosebery and about nine-tenths of the two nations and the thing is done.

BUT as long as England is determined, by the Eternal, to have the whole of Africa, and Russia is determined, by the Infernal, to have the whole of Asia, then, says the Serpent, all this flirting with peace is but an awkward attempt to hide the native and cowardly hue of irresolution with the cloak of hypocrisy. Benevolent assimilation, which McKinley describes to be his object in the Philippines, is not likely to cease while it pays so well and there remain nice tender lambs to be assimilated.

The character of the harmony which is being prepared in advance for the congress seems slightly forced. Poor France, overawed by the Christian statesmanship of Maxim, Rosebery & Co., no longer calls England an "unscrupulous thief and hog," but with true politeness says "England's colonial policy is utilitarian." Thus do politicians in U.S.A., say, at election times, "Our coloured brother": at all other times, "The d—d nigger."

Wanted a Hundred Million Corpses. Apply to the Editor.

WE may be opposed to war, but we are more opposed to the fools who enlist and carry on our wars—to the believers in God, Country and Patriotism. These are the devoted people of whom the Prophet spake saying:—"Good luck to them, for they pass over the bridge quickly. Here's to the health of the next one hundred million of them that dies." It may be necessary to put a motion to the meeting that "The war do proceed till the unteachable fools who wish to die for God and Fatherland have tasted that unspeakable joy (in short are dead and done for) that thus the Day of Free Spirits may appear."

A Common Denominator for Nietzsche and Stirner.

Down with the Fool—the Battle Cry of all Free Spirits.

I am the first-born of fabulously poor and idiotically honest parents. My mother, in the fatuous hope of producing another prodigy as great as myself did not cease multiplying the race till the magic number seventeen was reached. Brought up in a family of so many of the unfit, I have been driven in a special degree to contemplate the problem of their rapid multiplication. The principal obstacle to progress is not the exploiter but the mass of ignorance and superstition upon which the exploiter relies to fight his battles. In their attitude towards the masses NIETZSCHE and STIRNER stand in inevitable alliance. Both of these over-men fight the battle of the Free Spirits and if, ultimately, they must fight each other, they will get to that combat the sooner if they close up their ranks and present a solid front to the unemancipated.

What shall we do with the fools? That is the most important question to-day both for Stirnerites and Nietzscheites. Grant that we admit our duty is to educate these fools. But on that *dies ira*—on that great day of vengeance, when there is no time for further education; when in spite of all that education could do, the fools stand like La Vendee, before every entrenchment of error, driven by their infernal infatuation to the last ditch of death and devotion in defence of hoary wrongs—will we not on that day have to sacrifice these infatuated fools as ruthlessly as we will their lords and masters? On that day

Stirner must declare war on all slaves and fools. Nietzsche declares the war to-day. And really, to a mind equally devoid of love and hate—Proudhon's pure intellect—it must be evident that to have any pity towards this God-soaked, Christ-soaked, servile rabble, would be the greatest of crimes against progress. Such an attitude were prudery. Their birth was an error, let us pray it may be rectified. I heard a voice from heaven saying, "Better still, go thou and rectify it." *Perhaps a few preliminary wars would make our task easier.*

RECONNOITRING THE ENEMY.

"WHEN the sun was at noon Zarathustra suddenly looked upwards wondering—for above himself he heard the sharp cry of a bird. And lo! an eagle swept through the air in wide circles, a serpent hanging from it not like a prey, but like a friend.

"'They are mine animals,' said Zarathustra, and rejoiced heartily. 'The proudest animal under the sun, and the wisest animal under the sun have set out to reconnoitre.'"

The Mother-Eagle is fiercest when gathering food for her little one.

Altruism in Exchange.

OF all the altruistic acts—all the martyrs' crowns of thorns which the people have, like fanatics, pressed firmly on their ever bleeding brows—that of abdicating the right of freedom in exchange has been the most fatal to their mental and material development. That people who are winning daily victories in the eternal contest for the subjugation of nature should still slavishly submit to the thieving tax levied upon every exchange in the commercial circle by the money monopolists, is saddening and maddening. Mathematicians have shown the fell and furious fangs of Compound Interest, that deadly demon which, with the aid of one penny loaned in the year 1, A.D. at five per cent. per annum, would have accumulated, at the expense of the workers of the world, a mass of gold twenty-five thousand million times the size of the earth! . . . To base money upon any marketable products, expressed in terms of some recognized standard—gold or silver would do for standard, but not for basis (exclusively)—would at once create a channel for the exchange of the whole volume of values now awaiting purchasers in the stores of the country. Then would that incessant and increasing demand for labour arise that would stir every muscle and every mind into remunerative activity. For when currency can expand equally with commodities who shall say that "money is tight?" This then is the form of altruism that must be attacked: the sacrifice of the popular right of exchanging commodities by any method conducive to general convenience without governmental control.—WILLIAM J. ROBINS.

Prosecuted for Altruism.

JUDGE.—You are charged with non-support of your wife. Are you guilty?

PRISONER.—My lord, I am guilty of altruism.

JUDGE.—Guilty of what? (He'd never heard of it before).

PRISONER.—Of altruism: I might have married a rich girl but altruism bade me marry a poor girl. By misfortune I have become one of the unemployed. Your Honour, an egoist, married the rich girl. Please make my sentence a heavy one—I deserve all you can give me.

JUDGE.—But you also stand charged with bigamy.

PRISONER.—That was my second altruistic offence: Do you think my first wife was the only woman deserving of my philanthropic devotion?

JUDGE.—I sentence you to live with two mothers-in-law all your life. (Prisoner stabs himself to what is called the heart).

The Egoist's Temptation.

Then was the Egoist led up into the wilderness to be tempted of the Devil of Altruism. And after drinking forty days and forty nights he was surprised to find himself in the morning quite thirsty. And the Devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain and showeth him all the Kingdoms of the next world and offered them to him if he would fall down and worship him. But the Egoist replied, "I am not taking any." "But I will give you these and anything else you ask if you will only allow us to label you Altruist. Because as you are a good man and always help where you can, and indeed do far more than any of the rest of us, you will get Altruism in bad repute if you do not come into the organisation and consent to be called an Altruist. Besides, it's the only respectable ism now-a-days." But the Egoist replied, "Get thee behind me, thou Devil of Altruism! Thou never wilt know the motive of joy in doing helpful things. It is always drudgery with thee and self-sacrifice; something to be entered in the profit and loss column. Let me never hear thy base solicitation again—Scat!

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ON April 1, W. Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, will publish the first No. of a penny health journal entitled "Life and Beauty."

Our next issue will appear June 25th, 1899. The editor's address now is E. McCall, 23, Linden Mansions, Highgate Hill, London, N. All subscriptions and editorial matter should be sent to the above address. Trade orders should be sent to Reeves, Fleet Street.

The Editor offers the following prizes for essays on the subject, "Can the Poor be saved by the City of the Rich?" For the best essay, 5s, and a copy of Dr. Redbeard's book, "Might Is Right"; for the next best essay, a copy of "Might Is Right."

Nos. 4 and 5 of "I" are exceptionally bright. In No. 4 William Gilmour and the editor discuss in an interesting manner the proper attitude of the weak and the "slaves" towards Nietzsche. By the way, friend Gilmour (73, Cedar Street, Glasgow) contemplates an early visit to U.S.A. He would be glad to arrange dates for lectures during his visit. Address as above.

We have to note several changes and transformations in radical journals of late. Henry Seymour has purchased the "Adult" and is conducting it with characteristic ability. Every radical must take the "Adult" if he would keep abreast of the times. Benjamin R. Tucker's paper "Liberty" begins a new series with the splendid endowment of nearly 600 dollars a year. An endowment of Anarchism—the world do move! See advt. elsewhere.

The fact that no one of our readers has renewed his subscription to E. AND S. has convinced us that we are giving the world more wisdom than it can assimilate. As this issue is especially full of meat we have decided to give the world till June 25 to digest it. No. 8 will appear on that day, the deathday of STIRNER. We hope to make it a STIRNER number, if this idea meets the approval of those at present preparing an English edition of Stirner. The editor can keep E. AND S. afloat as a quarterly with his present support. Our friends can make it a monthly if they wish. Money talks. Pledges of aid may be sent to E. McCall, 23, Linden Mansions, Highgate Hill, London, N.

FINDING OURSELVES OUT.

The longer I live, the more I find myself out.—HENRY REFLOGLE.

Finding the Public Out.

The public is a great ass.—*Carlyle.*

That prodigious ass—the British public.—*Huxley.*

The public—how many fools does it take to make a public?—*Chamfort.*

The people is a beast of muddy brain.—*Campanella.*

I can hire one-half of the labouring people to kill the other half.—*Jay Gould.*

Finding the Journalists Out.

There is no slavery comparable to the chains of hired journalism.—*Geo. Meredith.*

The object of journalism is to buy paper at 3 cents a pound and sell it at 10 cents a pound.—*N. Y. Journalist.*

An ambassador is a man who goes abroad to lie for the good of his country. A journalist is a man who stays at home to pursue the same vocation.—*Dr. S. Johnson.*

There is no such thing as an independent daily press. We are all slaves! You know it, and I know it. There is not one of you that dares express an honest opinion. I am paid \$150 per week for keeping honest opinions out of the paper I am connected with. The man who would be so foolish as to write honest opinions would soon be out on the street hunting for another job. The business of a journalist is to distort the truth; to lie outright; to pervert; to vilify; to fawn at the feet of Mammon, and to sell his country and his race for his daily bread. We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are intellectual prostitutes, and our time, our talents, and our possibilities are all the property of other men.—*Confessions of a New York Journalist.*

There are certain questions on which I am, like most Socialists, an extreme Individualist. I believe that any society which desires to found itself on a high standard of integrity of character in its units should organize itself in such a fashion as to make it possible for all men and all women to maintain themselves in reasonable comfort by their industry without selling their affections and their convictions. At present we not only condemn women as a sex to attach themselves to "breadwinners," licitly or illicitly, on pain of heavy privation and disadvantage; but we have great prostitute classes of men: for instance, the dramatists and journalists, to whom I myself belong, not to mention the legions of lawyers, doctors, clergymen, and platform politicians who are daily using their highest faculties to belie their real sentiments: a sin compared to which that of a woman who sells the use of her person for a few hours is too venial to be worth mentioning; for rich men without conviction are more dangerous in modern society than poor women without chastity.—*G. B. Shaw's Preface to "Unpleasant Plays."*

Finding the Politicians Out.

An honest politician is one who will stay bought.—*American Congressman.*

The difference between me and my constituents is that I am in a position to sell out and they are not.—*Ib.*

I am really glad I am no longer a Presidential candidate for I can now utter my real sentiments.—*The Honourable John Sherman.*

What quantities of invalids, politicians, thieves, might be advantageously spared ; . . . quantities of poor lives, of distressing invalids, of cases for a gun.—*Emerson.*

Politicians are a set of men who have interests aside from the interests of the people, and who, to say the most of them, are, taken as a mass, at least one long step removed from honest men. I say this with the greater freedom because, being a politician myself, none can regard it as personal.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Thirty years after the Second Continental Congress of the United States, Gouverneur Morris and John Jay were talking over old times, when Morris said, "Jay, what a set of damned scoundrels we had in that Second Congress." "Yes," replied Jay, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, "that we had."

As for the fine saying with which ambition and avarice palliate their vices, that we are not born for ourselves but for the public, let us boldly appeal to those who are in public affairs ; let them lay their hands upon their hearts and then say whether, on the contrary, they do not rather aspire to titles and offices and that tumult of the world to make their private advantage at the public expense.—*Montaigne.*

Finding Myself Out.

THE proper treatment of this subject would require me to "find out" each of my several ancestors as far back certainly as my earliest arboreal progenitor. I regret the necessity of a hiatus in a scientific treatise. The important preliminary chapters on "Finding my Father and Mother Out" must also be omitted.

By a strange altruistic freak, I found out several others before I found myself out. Zarathustra truly says "Of all treasure pits, one's own is digged out last." First I found Shelley out when I read in a letter of his, "After all, one must have bread," which seems rank treason in an idealist. It may seem a waste of space to say that I found out an Archbishop, one Whately, who said "I am too poor to keep a conscience." I pause to wonder how long it will take the exploited to learn this supreme ethical teaching—that it is a crime for a poor man to keep a conscience. I found out the journalists, the politicians, the hired comedians of the clergy, "all in a row." I found out Emerson when he taught, "The hero is his own law-giver." I found out Danton, Emerson's hero in the concrete, Danton, noble when he could be and bad when he had to be, Danton, who, when charged with peculation said "Yes, I sold myself and saved France!" I found many others out—in due time they shall have their reward in these pages.

The psychologist within me would fain speak a word of warning to myself. Love of truth is at once the thinker's salvation and his greatest danger. There is a terrible fascination in this perpetual questioning, this perpetual condemnation of old values—a dangerous fascination in the experience of disillusionment. Knowing, as I well do, that all my progress has been simply a series of disillusionments, perhaps I too eagerly seek to experience new disillusionments, perhaps I too amorously woo this seductive nymph of disenchantment. Am I too willing to suspect and cast out all beloved idols, too eager to say everything is illusion and no longer stand with firm legs on a firm earth? Let us pray then, Be suspicious, be suspicious, but be not too suspicious.

To begin then, I have (partially at least) found out my pity—I no longer spell it with a capital "P"—even the smallest letter seems too large for it.

Ten years ago a scerner and an angel of pity (the editor) stood without a humble cot and were moved, the one to laughter and the other to tears, by the sad discords evolved from a miserable harmonium by a poor factory girl. No one would believe what tears I shed (nor how much I enjoyed the *shedding* of them) inspired by the "love of love, the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn." My pity pictured the poor factory girl, transformed into a cultured maiden seated at one of Steinway's latest pianos. The recollection of that scene of poverty (I regret to say that the girl was not a bad-looking one) was able at any time to plunge me into a perfect frenzy of fury, succeeded by sympathy and ecstatic tears—a real orgie of spiritual emotions. But one day when I was again taking a tear bath in the misfortunes of this poor family, some one, I fear it was the Devil, whispered in my ear "They have not got the piano yet," and laughed coarsely. Forsooth I am ashamed that I so long exploited this destitute girl's poverty to intoxicate myself with altruistic and useless sympathy. Scorn might have saved this unfortunate girl (by inspiring her to save herself) but assuredly my pity had not saved her. You do not buy pianos with pity. "Alas! where in the world have greater follies happened than with the pitiful? And what in the world hath done more harm than the follies of the pitiful?"

[To be continued.]

THE EGOISTIC INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY.—(Continued from No. 1.)

LET our friends thoroughly master the revelations in "Finding the Politicians Out" and they will be able to supply their own interpretations. If history is a fable agreed upon, biography is still more unreliable. What fool now believes the infernal lies which constitute the average biography? The public simply will not have the truth—(Froude's "Carlyle" is a case in point)—it is determined to be humbugged, as Barnum said. It will stand anything but the truth. Rousseau's boasted true history of himself only supports Heine's point that no man can tell the truth about himself. No liar can dissect himself—and every man is a liar, consciously or unconsciously, when he speaks of himself. And Nietzsche points out in the "Genealogy of Morals" that the facts which might have gone towards giving us partially true lives of Byron, of Beethoven, of Schopenhauer, had to be read by the aid of a burnt rag, and the affrighted biographers lighted, not the world, but their grates, with the MSS.

Therefore there are difficulties—the Christian eunuchs have destroyed well-nigh all the evidence. Still our Serpent by the power of the Holy Ghost can tell us all we need to know. Take, for instance, the story of Lincoln's nomination for President. This sublime event was bought by Lincoln's agents who simply said to all the opponents of Seward "Nominate Lincoln and we'll divide the spoils of victory." This contract was carried out—the rival candidates were all in Lincoln's Cabinet. (Lincoln's nomination was celebrated by all his friends at the convention getting *dead drunk*.) Still it was all right. Did not the vision of an emancipated black, darkening the background, lend a jesuitical sanctification to the bargain? Yes, there was a "nigger in the woodpile." As for the offices, oh, in that pious time there was no Texan delegate to interrupt the harsh refrain of the chaplain with the sweet objugation "What in hell are we here for anyhow if it aint for the offices?" It is really better not to utter such thoughts. Still they arranged for the distribution of offices and John Sherman, J. G. Blaine and others of that *genus* saw that it was carried out.

But he who reads the memoirs of Bismarck and Parnell, and *Truth's* Christmas Annual will be well provided with egoistic interpretations. Parnell succeeded because of his brutal egoism. Here is a gem from Parnell: "The English murder and plunder all over the world and then they howl when somebody is killed in Ireland, because the killing is of no use to them." An English statesman was to Parnell an individual who would risk his soul to sit on the Treasury Bench, etc. And Bismarck was not dreaming when he said: "The policy of England has constantly been to sow dissensions between the Continental Powers and to use the one against the other, so that they should be weakened and damaged for the benefit of England. . . . Humanity, peace and liberty—those are always her pretexts when she cannot, by way of change, invoke Christianity and the extension of the blessings of civilization to savage and semi-barbarous peoples." And England might retort, "The same as you, Herr."—[*To be cont.*]

SAVING THE WORLD.—HINTS TO YOUNG REFORMERS.

MALTHUSIAN.—Condeceptives cannot be sent by post in U.S.A.

O.—Aristotle, one of our bright young sub-editors, defines courage as "being afraid of the right person."

SAD.—Great Scott, man, rise to some noble purpose, for once; say, for instance, the beatific dream of paying your rent regularly.

L.—Yes, it is a beautiful hymn. The correct version reads:

"The Power that made me is divine,

"I wish he had been doing something else at the time."

R.—The saying "I have been young and I am old and I have never seen the righteous do anything but beg bread" was one of Solomon's prettiest curses.

C.—It was Christ who said "Neither do I condemn thee, go and do it once more." This is not a liberal attitude but is better than nothing.

W. PLATT.—You prate of fidelity, devotion. My dear sir, have you not heard our Serpent say that it is by his fidelity that the slave perpetuates his slavery?

G.—It is very kind of you to offer to assassinate me; but this is a particular job which I do not wish to subtlet. Assassination, the truest form of charity, should begin at home.

R.—It was very rude of you to save that would-be suicide. For, if insane, he were better dead, and if sane, what right had you to interere with his personal liberty?

T.—Yes, Abdul the d—d is the decentest man of all the princes of Europe. They all have harems but he's the only one that has the manhood not to lie about it. All murder their subjects—he is the only one who does it with neatness and despatch and admits the fact.

THOS. COMMON ON "MIGHT IS RIGHT."

DR. REDBEARD in his work "The Philosophy of Power" traces the false moral ideals to their source in Christianity, which is, of course, vigorously attacked, and denounced as one of the greatest evils that have afflicted humanity. He then goes on to expose the absurdity and mischievous influence of the various forms in which the false moral ideals manifest themselves; for example, in the doctrines of liberty, equality and fraternity, in the humanitarian movements, in Tolstoism, in socialism, democracy, anarchism, the land nationalization movement, the United States Declaration of Independence, the efforts to adjust the Darwinian theory to democracy, etc. In the chapter "Man the Carnivore," the author shows in strong language that the exercise of strife and even of cruelty is everywhere necessary to maintain the species in a state of efficiency: this law of nature applies to man as well as to the lower animals. A dreadful catalogue of human cruelties is given in the chapter. "The Chief End of Manhood" is next treated of: it is said to be "material success." Here there is some attempt made to grapple with the problem of right and wrong, and the conclusion is arrived at that, in so far as right exists at all, "might is right"; individual might being especially taken account of; the power of well-organized communities, however, does not seem to be sufficiently appreciated. The sixth chapter deals with "Love and Women and War" from the Darwinian point of view. The author would re-introduce into human society something like the custom that obtains among savages and most of the mammals, of the males fighting for the females:—it is only thus he thinks that the excellency of the human species can be maintained. The book closes with a poem entitled "The Logic of To-day," of which the following lines are a specimen:—

Might was Right when Cæsar bled upon the stones of Rome,
 Might was Right when Joshua led his hordes o'er Jordan's foam,
 And Might was Right when German troops poured down through Paris gay;
 It's the Gospel of the Ancient World and the Logic of To-Day.
 Behind all Kings and Presidents—all Government and Law,
 Are army-corps and cannoners—to hold the world in awe.
 And sword-strong races own the earth and ride the Conqueror's Car—
 And LIBERTY has ne'er been won, except by deeds of war.

[We quote the above from an exhaustive review by Mr. Thos. Common, of Dr. Redbeard's work "Might Is Right." The review will appear in the Feb. *Reformer*.]

WHY WOMEN NEED EGOISM.

WOMEN have become more degenerated through altruism than men on account of their different conception of the meaning of altruism. Although the creed of the male altruist professedly is "to make others happy first," he insists upon it that his food is always properly cooked, his house and children must be clean, his wife is expected to submit to his marital rights, etc., etc. A male altruist has drawn up a set of laws, called by him marital duties, legalized by himself, which secure his comfort and ease. These duties must be fulfilled by the wife at all cost, no matter whether she is made unhappy or loses her health by them. The wife through her lack of time to think for herself believes this set of household laws or duties must be strictly obeyed in order to be a true woman. The consequence is the noticeable ugliness and bad health of female married altruists. Their habit of ceaseless giving or slaving makes them a disgrace to altruism. If it were a virtue to give profusely like the sun, as the Bible teaches, to give would make the giver more and more beautiful. If a "virtue" degenerates physically and mentally, it is a vice which should be shunned.

Where is salvation found for woman or is she destined to remain a contemptible slave? Disappointed altruists who desire to be healthy, beautiful, happy and wise will find in egoism their only salvation, because it teaches self-knowledge. Woman will learn to get hold of herself, to be her own guide. When she becomes clear-sighted through a rational way of living, she will herself discern where her duties lie. The duties of an egoistic woman lie in the same direction as those of an egoistic man, namely, first to make herself happy and secondly to make others happy. No egoistic woman will give a gift unless she has received one of equal value. She will make no one happy unless she is made happy likewise. This just and wise doctrine will act as a beautifier on women of all ages. The young will be made more beautiful and attractive and those advanced in years will be rejuvenated by it.

To an ambitious woman egoism offers a special inducement, because the knowledge how best to supply the needs of her body will rapidly develop her already great intuitive powers, in consequence of which she will be able to outwit any intellectual giant of a blunted psychic nature.—FRAULEIN LEPPER.

PETER GAST ON RÉE AND NIETZSCHE.

From the Preface to Gast's edition of *Human, All-too-Human*. Translated
by F. Eccles and Thomas Common.

[DR. PAUL RÉE, a well-known German moralist, was intimate with Nietzsche for a considerable time. Their writings are here contrasted by Peter Gast, bringing out Nietzsche's ideas very clearly.]

Like the English, Rée thinks that in treating of *Utility* he is dealing fully with *Morality*. But *Utility* is merely the point of view of a primitive herd, and only partly coincides with the broad conception "moral." The emotions—the really moral!—are lacking in Utilitarianism. In order to obviate the formality and coldness of his equation ("good" equals "useful to others") Rée introduces the "unegoistic impulse"; so that good, besides being equivalent to "useful," now means "neighbour-loving, sympathetic in sorrow or joy," etc.

Nietzsche is also an opponent of Rée in that he discards the notion of the "unegoistic" (altruistic) impulse; for if it is not used merely for convenience of diction, it arises from faulty observation. In reality it is the preservative instinct of the *Community* that finds its expression in Utilitarianism. Its assumption, its fundamental error, is that all are equal, or that what is useful to the lower classes is useful also to the higher. The *useful* is equally *good* for all—alike for the genius and for the idiot! The notion of good varies, however, according to the purpose. And people all have different purposes, different outlooks, different aims; for aims and outlooks are entirely dependent on the biological *worth* of individuals (on their rank), on the amount of culture and power which they personify, as the final result of a long succession of generations. It is only with regard to the most gross things, therefore, that there can be Utilitarianism binding on all. *Instead of* regarding State Ethics, community-preservative, altruistic Ethics (in short *Ethics in respect to others*) as the essence of all morality, Nietzsche regarded such Ethics as only the half of it, and calls on all free spirits not to forget the other half—individualistic Ethics. The nation, the community, the fellowmen, all exercise a modifying influence on the individual's point of view, but do not solely determine it; and the higher a person is developed, the less does his moral taste accord with that of the average man, the less has he "in common" with him, the further are his thoughts and actions removed from his (the average man's) understanding. Man himself is internally a State, a domain of impulses and emotions; within him orders are issued and obeyed, battles are fought, victories are won or weapons surrendered; there are revolutions and subjugations within him, *precisely* as in the State outside. But it is very doubtful if, in this micro-cosmos (as in the great community), orders are always issued and obeyed from the standpoint of *Utility* Our Ethics, our inherited *estimates of worth*, are completely saturated with priestly-religious elements, with madness and error; they rest partly on estimates with a view to other ends, as, for example, the strengthening and raising of average individual life; our finer morality, in fact, is essentially Christian, and desires the absorption and dissolution of individuality. The antithetical morality, the aristocratic morality, which the self-ruling individual desires, is now regarded by the most *moral* men as a survival; and he who champions it, like Nietzsche, will *not*, of course, be fêted as a benefactor of humanity. The more independent modern man almost always understands by the term "moral" the system of preferences and appreciating feelings (affections, impulses, instincts), which he *himself* embodies;—he assigns to everyone his own personal morality, his own *taste* in conduct.

* * * * *

In this book Nietzsche suggests that Utilitarianism is a kind of conspiracy of the *majority* against the exceptions among human beings, and consequently against those who should be the end and aim of the life of nations. That is to say: morality and the progress of culture are not in accord. In Aphorism 224, he shows that the progress of higher culture depends on the morally weaker and less scrupulous natures, on those who have "free spirits" with regard to anything, on those who deviate from the customary. And in Aphorism 96, he says: "It is not 'egoistic' and 'unegoistic' that is the fundamental antithesis which mankind has used for distinguishing the moral and the immoral, the good and the bad, but *being bound by a custom or law and freedom therefrom*."

In primitive communities, to be "good," to be "moral" is to do what is customary for all to do. Many of the commands enforced by custom and usage have no direct utility as their end; they are often of a foolish kind, invented merely for the purpose of teaching obedience, to prevent the individual doing what seems best for him. In those generally warlike communities surrounded by enemies, where the action beneficial to the community is obviously and almost directly beneficial to the individual, "unegoistic" conduct is *not* looked upon as "good," but is despised, or feared as malicious. . . .

When communities are peaceful, these rigorous estimates are retained only in the ranks of the ruling and military classes, while the workers and the priests adopt more feminine sentiments. The latter fear the military and ruling classes, and fancy themselves endangered by their bodily vigour and the resulting expansive emotions and virtues (bravery and reprisals through their own unaided strength); they consequently desire every one to be like themselves: more passive, timid, obedient, and self-effacing. Both types of men (the strong and the weak), each regarding themselves, estimate biological worth from their own nature outward—each type calls and feels *itself* "good." The lower classes of men say: "It is only we, the subjected and suffering ones, who are the really good people, while those who rule are wicked and hateful despots, who are only there to impose on us and exploit us. All who suffer oppression, as we do, are good; they alone deserve our sympathy. Those in power, however—woe to them!—for there is an 'eternal justice'; they will be tortured for their wrong-doing through all eternity! We, on the other hand, who are needy and feeble, shall one day enjoy eternal bliss, and feast our eyes on the sight of the endless torment of our oppressors!" The other type of men (the prominent, strong, ruling classes and individuals) say: "'The good'—that is *ourselves*, the well-constituted ones! . . . Without us, those unfit individuals would become a loathsome mass, without aim, without progressive tendency. *We* are the meaning, the purpose, the perfection of the social structure. *We* determine in what direction it is to move; the great plans and expectations originate in *our* heads and hearts; *we* are the ideals; *we* lead the way! Those below us, who cannot do this, are poor imperfect creatures, a lower order of beings; they lack the best: our strength and sublimity of soul, and our sovereignty of will. Even their mode of recognising us is a sign of their feebleness: they look on us with hatred and envy. But they thereby betray themselves as weak and 'bad.'"

This highly important distinction between "good-evil" and "good-bad," which is the basis of the whole of the later Nietzsche morality, stands simply and unostentatiously in the celebrated Aphorism 45 of the book before us. Observe, that here the one "good" is a value and envisagement which differs *toto celo* from the other "good." When the *overlords* esteem themselves good, and measure all other men, actions, and things according to their own standard, the word good implies—"might-wielding, fear-inspiring, distinguished, superior, dispassionate, confident of victory." The slaves, however, the *unenfranchised*, dependent men, who call themselves and their like "good," mean by the term—"harmless, kind, not hard, not stern, easily duped, readily inclined to sympathise with sorrow and joy (selfless, altruistic)." The ancient world judged by the former standard of "good"; their manner of estimating (their Ethics) was aristocratic, the expression of the will to power, of overflowing life. Christianity and modern Democracy measure worth by the latter standard of "good"; their mode of estimating is the expression of ebbing life, of diseased will, of psychophysical decadence. Our modern Ethics is, according to Nietzsche, a mixture of both antithetical moralities. Modern man represents biologically a contradiction of moral values. He sits down between two stools; he says in one breath *Yea* and *Nay*. Unconsciously and involuntarily we embody in ourselves standards, maxims, formulæ and moralities of *antithetical* origin; regarded physiologically, we are *spurious*. PETER GAST.

(To be continued).

BENEDICTIONS AND MALEDICTIONS.

Extracts from Letters to the Editor.

ED.—The Eagle in your design is not fierce and proud looking enough—is too benign looking, and the Serpent ought to be at least twenty feet long.—A. MUELLER.

ED.—E. & S. is sharp enough to make the bright sit up, the dull collapse; it is vulgar enough to dismay the scholarly, scholarly enough to disgust the vulgar. In London it ought to be a roaring success.—A PARIS BOHEMIAN.

ED.—In reference to Dr. Wallace's critique of *Might Is Right* the following paragraph from the London *Spectator*, Oct. 15, 1898, may interest your readers:—

"Mr. Wallace is very severe on 'the vampire of War': and here our peace-loving philosopher fails to see, that the conflict of races and *The Survival of the Fittest* have been (as Darwin and Dr. Wallace himself have told us) 'the great law of human development; and that War is, after all, the *competitive examination of nations*.'"—DOUGLAS K. HANDYSIDE, M.D., Ph. D., Chicago.

ED.—If you do me the honour to look at page 16, you will see that I was summarising my impressions of the conclusions of the School of Theologians, from whom I entirely dissent, in the words which you seem to attribute to me as to finding my own conception.

of the Deity. [E. & S. No. 4.] I attach very little importance to erroneous representations of anyone's views, and still less importance to rectifications of them. But your courteous note seemed to make it incumbent on me to direct your attention to the matter.—PHILIP H. WICKSTEED.

[We do not remember that Mr. Wicksteed expressed dissent; the context certainly implies extraordinary sympathy with the views expressed (on p. 16 of "The Place of Sociology, etc."). Mr. Wicksteed will admit his authorship of the quotation from him on p. 98; if that be his God, wherein does it differ from an Indian's wooden idol?—ED.]

ED.—I read E & S. with interest. I like your humour and am glad that your columns are inhospitable to the spirit of gravity. Only, why don't you preach what's in you on your own account instead of putting forward so prominently Goethe, Emerson, Nietzsche, Stirner, and others? You are surely a good enough egoist yourself and presumably have brains enough for the task, too. By such a course you would also avoid the risk of having your efforts repudiated and resented by the Masters. You know Nietzsche says, "To hell with all imitators and disciples and eulogists and admirers and devotees!"—GEORGE SCHUMM.

[This is rather rough on the editor. He has tried hard to be a very meek disciple of himself and here comes Comrade Schumm and rudely shouts, in another's language, "To hell with all disciples." It is true that we allow other Egoists a turn on our stage, but this is part of a deep scheme, namely, this: the public, under the illusion that we have a selfish interest in the success of E. & S., turns a deaf ear to our demonstration of the truth of Egoism—hence we find it necessary to call in men who appear to be honest and disinterested, men "who live above the the fogs" and venalities of London town.—ED.]

ED.—It has been said that the works of Friedrich Nietzsche are antagonistic to the principle of Social Democracy, and that he himself was mortally hostile to Socialism. Even suppose it were so, surely it is well to read both sides of the question and not narrow one's views down to one ism only. And I am sure that Social-Democrats will find food for reflection within the pages of his works, and the pages of E. & S. No one could say after reading "Thus Spake Zarathustra," "A Genealogy of Morals," or "Beyond Good and Evil," that they had wasted time in doing so. Friedrich Nietzsche is the philosopher of the age, he is the herald of a new gospel, and whether his theory is true or not, remains to be seen. The questions he has put forth will have to be answered by every true reformer and lover of justice.—C. W. ELLIS,

ED.—I think that as an exponent of individualism E. & S. fills a useful place in opposition to the slave spirit, which expresses itself in governmentalism. Further than this I differ from almost all of the opinions expressed in the number which I have seen, I believe that altruism is in the end the means of gaining the most happiness, although if that is the reason of it, it will fail of its design. As has been said, "Honesty is the best policy," but he who is honest for that reason is dishonest; so of happiness and self-sacrifice. For happiness is that, which he who seeks shall not find; the door which to them who knock shall not be opened. However much I disagree with your main opinions, I am perfectly willing to aid you in any way that I can, unless it be at the expense of my attention to the land question, which I regard as fundamental, because any attempt to find the true theory of life must be in its degree successful.—BOLTON HALL.

ED.—I certainly think an organ of rational egoism is much wanted in England. I have for many years been of the opinion that social progress will be best served by individuals working for their own true interests regardless of those of other people, the fact however being that the interests of the vast majority are so largely identical that if each one were to do the best he could for himself their united force would be greater than any that could be attained by arbitrary organization. I have never had much faith in reformers attempting to force their views upon the rest of the nation, and such a policy is especially inconsistent in anarchists, who are not content with demanding freedom for themselves but also desire to compel others to be free who would rather be governed. I have always maintained that those who believe in any particular social system should carry it out among themselves and then if it turns out successful there will be no lack of converts and adherents.

The greatest and first lesson mankind has to learn is "Mind your own business"; and it is through violation of this homely maxim that nine-tenths of the evil in the world is caused. At present every little boy is by custom and law protected in his interference with and brutality to other children and even adults, and consequently when grown up he can not be happy unless he is injuring or domineering over somebody else. Instead of such boorish meddlesomeness as this we need instruction in *rational selfishness* which will show us that we serve our own interests best by respecting the rights and opinions of others.—EVACUSTES A. PHIPSON.

Ed.—As an antidote to Christian cant and the dryrot of sloppy sentimentality, the E. & S. is worth a guinea a box. After imbibing, for a number of years, the windy platitudes and frothy aberrations of Egoist Altruists to the point of mental suffocation, I have been revived by the health-giving breeze of Eagle and Serpentism, and a dose of the pagan "Redbeard." I live and breathe more freely and give thanks.

But your "reformed Quaker" friend and the "enthronement of the proletariat"! I look round at the "proletariat" and scoff at their suggested "enthronement."

Big, blundering, priest-fed, politician-ridden, plundered, altruistic proletariat, who rise at 4.30 at the bidding of the "knocker up" to catch the "early worm" for those who are too lazy and too cunning to hunt a worm for themselves, who look upon early rising as a "virtue," and who never think of seeking to obtain "compensation for disturbance," for being roused in the wee sma' hours, in response to the demands of "England's commercial greatness." You cannot enthrone a race of mental dwindlings and physical cowards,—cowards by virtue of their submission to a network of "creeds" and "laws," which they have allowed to be woven around them, and which they stupidly support and defend.

I know that the "Clarion," most self-sacrificing of prints, recently alluded to the "heroism" of the Welsh miners and their "determination to die." Die like what? Rats or men? Is the man a "hero" who seeing his wife and children starving expresses his readiness to die out of respect for the decrees of musty old parchments? The "Clarion" would better have fulfilled its mission by pointing out to the miners the need of their *determination to live*.

Of such is the cult of emasculated, religionized "socialism." To quote "Redbeard" the miners

"Hunger with fatness around them,
They thirst while the waters flow near,
For the Gods and the Gospels hath damned them,
And dulled all their senses with fear."

And erstwhile "law-breaker" Fred Brocklehurst recently complimented the miners upon being "law-abiding."

Alas! for *Councillor* Brocklehurst's consistency; the "Boggart Hole" episode is damaging. But there is hope for the miners. They are being inundated with Christian Socialism, and the Penrhyns and the Lewises will as a consequence, get off their backs sometime in the Greek Kalends.

No! in any congregation of animals, I never knew the ass to be enthroned king, the length of his ears and thickness of his skull render it inadvisable to crown him, because after all, he is—an ass. Never were slaves "enthroned" nor ever will be.—T. HUNT.

LITERARY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Journals received:—*Personal Rights, Labour Prophet, Brotherhood, Conservator, Justice, Les Temps Nouveaux, Adult, Truthseeker, Bradford Echo, Coming Nation, Land and Labour, Altruist, Solidarity, N.Y. Commonwealth, Teddy Ashton's Journal, Coming Day, Malthusian, New York Liberty, Discontent, Modern Philosopher, Free Commune, Freedom, Labour Exchange, Free Society, Armstrong's Autonomist, Journal of Hygiene, Lucifer, Progressive Thought and Dawn of Equity, L'Enclos, I., Coming Era, Reformer, Vaccination.*

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Suggested quotation from Job for an inscription on a Union (poor-house):

I had my money and my friends;
I loaned my money to my friends;
I lost my money and my friends;
I have no money and no friends.—Selah!

MEMORABILIA.

LOAN LIBRARY is open night and day at a farthing a day. The "Labour Annual" for 1899 is now out and the man who has not got a copy of it and its predecessors ought to be embalmed as a mummy. J. W. Gott's "Truth Seeker," is issuing some notable numbers: "Christ Unmasked" in Jan. No. was very interesting. T. S. for March will contain a criticism by Tolstol on Dr. Redbeard's book, "Might is Right." W. J. Robins launches an interesting MS. magazine, the "Criterion." It is very artistic and interesting. No. 1 contains a serious assault on Nietzsche from the egoist's standpoint. We presume a stamp to W. J. Robins, 19B, Polygon, St. Pancras, London, would secure a glimpse of it. Will readers note our offer to send our radical exchanges on loan? Henry Replogle is the greatest wit of this day and we offer the cream of his writings in the journal "Egoism" in the Loan Library. The editor will pay a good price for Nos. 1, 5 and 7 of vol. one of the California journal "Egoism," and No. 1. of E. & S. We date this issue Feb. 12, in commemoration of Darwin's and Lincoln's birth. It is not our fault that an all-wise Providence permits these anniversaries to come on a Sunday. A catalogue of the Loan Library of The People's University may be had on application.

* * *

Freedom has no firmer friend than J. W. Gott, of 36, Villiers St., Bradford. Surely it needs no words to show reformers that it is to their interest to stand by their friends. Every reformer who basely (or otherwise) complies with the law which requires us to wear something more than a smile and a strawberry mark should at once secure a list of Mr. Gott's bargains in his clothing department.

* * *

We fear that few of our American cousins are aware of that incomparable treasury of social information, Joseph Edward's "Labour Annual." The issue for 1899 is in our hands and we sincerely hope that all who have not yet made the acquaintance of the "Annual" will at once order what is nothing less than a triumph of ingenuity and industry, considering the difficulties under which Mr. Edwards produces it. Price 31 cts., better edition 56 cts. of Commonwealth Co., 28, La Fayette Place, New York.

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