



THE NEW ECCE HOMO!

Take the cross, destroy it—it is the priest!

Take the sceptre, destroy it—it is the King!

THE
NEW ECCE HOMO,

AT ISSUE WITH KING AND PRIEST;

OR,

THE SELF-REDEMPTION OF MAN;

A

GOSPEL OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

BY J. C. BLUMENFELD.

[ENGLISH EDITION.]

"It was this Book."

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THE NEW ECCE HOMO,

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

" It was this Book."

When men come to inhabit a house, they first view it twice or thrice; when they take a garment to wear, handle it twice or thrice; when they take up a glass to drink of, look at it twice or thrice; and no one wonders that they do so. But when one shows a wish to take but a single glance at the hands of his executioner, which he is required to kiss with closed eyes, then, forsooth, the astonishment of men is raised, and one hears exclaim, "Dog of a man, it is the kingly hand of thy master! thou must not look at it; thou must only kiss it! kiss it! kiss it!"

When a child, my mother taught me to read: such were the words of the first lesson she gave me. I understood not these words, and I asked of my mother their meaning. "It is a fearful riddle," said my mother, and wept. I knew not then that the tears of my mother were

the sad interpretation of the fearful riddle; I knew it not until I, no longer a child, felt a heavy hand upon my life, which heavy hand I wished to look at. "Dog!" a hundred teachers then called out to me—"dog! it is the kingly hand of thy master; look not at it! kiss it! kiss it! kiss it!" I was early taught to obey; and I did obey my teachers, and I kissed with closed eyes the heavy hand that pressed on my life.

But I said to my teachers, "There is a poor man who kissed the hand that gave him bread; there is again a poor man who kissed the hand that took away his bread and the flesh from his body. Tell me, teachers, which of the poor men did well, and which did not well?" "Young man!" exclaimed the teachers, "ask not! and kiss the kingly hand of thy master! when it takes away thy bread, kiss it! when it takes away thy raiment, kiss it! when it breaks thy bones and rends thy muscles, kiss it! Thy belief requires it! Jesus Christ requires it! God requires it!" "But," said I, reverently, to my teachers, "you once said to me, belief is sweet, Jesus Christ is gentle, and God is just!" Then my teachers again exclaimed, "Ask not! ask not!" And they began to speak of an hereditary sin, of a sheep, of a redeemer, of a Belzebub, of a spirit-shadow, of a body of a maiden, of a virgin-mother, of a son of God, of a spirit which is not the son, of a son which is not the father, of a father which is not the spirit, of a spirit which is the father, of a father which is the son, of a son which is the spirit, of one which is not one but three, and of three which are not three but one. And I began to lose my reason; and I forgot what I had asked my teachers; but I was not happier. Then came

a spirit to me and said, "Why castest thou not stones at these discourses? Behold these discourses are mad dogs; they bark all the day long at the reason of mankind, and when the night comes, they rend it! Cast stones at them! cast stones at them! long enough have they howled in the world, long enough have they died their black teeth in the blood of reason! Man, hast thou no hard, heavy curse to hurl at them? Curse them! curse them!" But I held my peace in trembling; my soul was weary, and a slumber fell on mine eyes. Then I heard voices exclaim, "Hear the Evangelist! Five and thirty thousand years after the creation, when it was frightfully good in the world, came Satan, our gracious lord and master, and brake man in twain; to us, priests, he threw his soul, and to kings he threw his body, and it was excellently evil in the world! Hosannah! Hosannah!—Hear the epistle! Hundred millions of souls are hung on the book-letters of the Bible! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!—Let us pray. Worms that devoured Jesus Christ, creep forth out of the earth, and drive the hundred millions of empty bodies into the church that they may there pray that the kings may bury them in their kingly earth! Amen, amen." I heard these words, and awoke trembling; and it was dark and fearful in the world. And heavier was the hand that pressed on my life; and yet more commandingly was it said, "Kiss the kingly hand that presses on thy life! when it takes away thy bread, kiss it! when it takes away thy raiment, kiss it! when it breaks thy bones and rends thy muscles, kiss it! Thy belief requires it! Jesus Christ requires it! God requires it!" And I heard a second time the voice of a spirit, which said unto

me, "Understandest thou that which thy teachers say unto thee?" And I answered, "They say fearful things, but I understand them not!" "Then, listen, poor man," said the spirit—"between the church and kingly palace lies the history of mankind, which the priest and the king, two watchful hounds, guard day and night, that men may not read it. Go now, while the king is playing a game of honour with a thief, and while the priest is kissing a devout maiden penitent, go and there read by the many lamps of human fat, there burning, the history of mankind; and it will come to pass that a light from God will surround thee; and when thy heart is pure, thou shalt consume the kingly law-books and the holy scriptures with fire; and shalt make pure the air of mankind from the poison-breath of the king and of the priest; and war, and hatred, and murder, and oppression, and hunger, and envy, and unchastity, and thief-thoughts,—all these hateful children of the king and of the priest shalt thou hang up next their fathers. And this shall be called, in heaven and on earth, "The redemption of mankind."

Thus spake the spirit unto me. And I went between the church and the kingly palace, and there read, in the history of man, wonderful things. Who would not know what I there read?

IT WAS THIS BOOK!

ECCE HOMO.

The man at issue with the king and the priest is called Ecce Homo. So at least the priest-scholars call him who set dogs and throw mud and stones at him. The base priest-scholars! They see upon his front the bleeding wounds made by the stones they have thrown at him; they see upon his face the foul mud they have cast, mixed with his tears; and again they throw mud and stones, and call out, "Ecce Homo! Ecce Homo!" And no reasonable father comes fatherly to punish them, and no teacher comes to teach them mildness.

But although these priest-scholars are illustrious bastards; although they have been right well baptized; although they are such extraordinary animals, of whom writers of natural history have not yet spoken—animals, whose tails, separated from them, drag themselves after in the shape of men—we shall, notwithstanding, leave them for the present to speak of Ecce Homo.

Ecce Homo, so is called the man at issue with the king and the priest. If he is asked, "Ecce Homo, which is thy country?" he answers, "There where man rejoices." "Ecce Homo, who is thy people?" "Mankind is my people; man, long cured of the tiger-bites of the king and of the priest, but not yet sound." "Ecce Homo, what is thy religion?" "My religion is not that which is dearly bought of a gypsy-priest at the

church-market, as the best horse to ride to heaven upon. My heart is God's church-bell ; God alone strikes it, and then I hear only the music of the Queen of the world—the music of love !” “ Ecce Homo, who art thou thyself ?” “ I am a man.”

Ecce Homo seldom looks upon the human face, unless it is that of the female sex. He says, “ In the faces of men there reigns a Babylonish confusion, for I very often take dog, cat, and swines-faces for the most noble aspect of man.”

Like as the God of Israel in Egypt looked on the door posts of the houses to see if they were sprinkled with lamb's blood or not, to distinguish the Israelites from the Egyptians, so Ecce Homo looks only upon the hands of men to see if they are clean or soiled. When he sees a soiled hard hand he exclaims, “ A proletaire !* a proletaire ! a republican ! a brother !” And saying these words, he takes the soiled hard hand in his own, and presses it to his heart. And he says to him, “ Come, proletaire, come to thy workshop, where thou filterest thy sweat all the day long, and where, in the filter, but a little bread remains behind ; or come to a little cabin where an old wife turns her unceasing spinning-wheel, and pausing, says to herself, “ Three and twenty years ago his teacher said to me, ‘ You have a good son ; he learns his lessons easily, and he has an excellent heart.’ Nine children have I had ; I have loved them all ; but him alone has God preserved to me. Where is he now ? Is he already dead ? Ah no ! he is in prison, in the hideous ante-chamber of death, because his cap was red.” Come, proletaire, into this cabin ; or come to the burial-ground,

* *Proletaire* : A man without property—a workman.

where death has not long healed the wounds of evil and oppression in the hearts of our brethren. Come, brother, there will we speak of our family concerns."

At another time men appeared to Ecce Homo as rocks. He wandered among them like the melancholy shade of Ossian, and sung his unhappy hero.

On a fair summer eve, when golden clouds rested on the mountain-tops, and when maidens in the shrubberies covered their sweet secrets and their dreams from one another with light and transparent railleries, and when the birds flew to their little ones in their nests, Ecce Homo sat down by a water-brook and sung his song:—

"I will sing the despised hand of the working man. O hand of the working man, I am not afraid of thee—I press thee to my heart! I see that thou art foul; but thou art not foul from evil deeds; thou art from them as clean as the hand of a child. Thou art black, and therefore thou pleasest me. The beautiful earth is also black. Thou black hand, thou art the second beneficent earth of mankind! Who is the ingrate that can speak against thy blackness? O hand that I love, become not white; for in white hands I see throbbing torn human hearts. White was the hand of Eve, who, according to a saying, brought death into the world. White are the cruel hands of the rich and of princes. White are the hands of the thief and of the priest. But why art thou so cold and so rigid? Alas! the aged sisters of Death—men call them chains—have stroked thee cold and rigid. Tell me, rigid hand of the working man, tell me, dost thou know the hells from which these cold hard sisters

of the grave came? Dost thou know whence they came? They came from the palace and the church. And thou, unhappy hand of the working man, thou hast carried their bricks, thou hast built the palace and the church. Oh, ignorant hand, thou hast built up thine own curses! If palaces and churches were not curses, then would not their chiefs proudly raise their heads over the habitations of men. Accursed! accursed! A day will come when men shall manure in their fields certain places twice and thrice, and not even a grass-blade shall grow thereon; beasts shall pass by these places, and shall be afraid: and it will stand in the chronicles that in these places palaces and churches once stood. A day will come—hear it, kings and priests—hear it, and tremble—a day will come, when the cold rigid hand of the working man shall press out of you again the blood of the people, and every one of them shall come to reclaim his blood from your mummies. Then shall the hand of the working man be again warm and kindly—the black hand that I love!”

After Ecce Homo had thus sung, he asked of the stars when he should knock at the door of the palace, and call forth the king to the last judgment—when he should knock at the door of the church, and call forth the priest to the last judgment? And the stars replied, “When the night is past!”

THE KING.

“ There was a time,” said Ecce Homo, “ when men went barefoot ; that was the golden age. If a thorn or stone hurt the foot, men knew healing herbs with which to cure the slight injury. But since then, a devil, who calls himself a shoemaker, has invented boots to protect the feet from thorns and stones ; my forefathers and my brothers, who wore the tight boots, have been killed by the wounds of the feet produced by them.”

Then a disturbance arose, accompanied with whistling and shouting ; after which reasonable shoemakers addressed Ecce Homo with these solemn words :—“ Mr. Ecce Homo, thou must prove to us that the devil was ever called a shoemaker ; thou must prove that. If thy forefathers and thy brothers wore tight boots, and were killed by the wounds of their feet, we hereby solemnly protest that that was their own fault. They were fools. Why did they not free themselves of their tight boots ?” “ Master shoemakers,” said Ecce Homo, “ they were fools ; but they are dead. The boots have killed them. Accursed be the shoemakers who gave boots to man ! For the destroying boots which my dead fathers and brothers wore were kings ! Kings are the tight boots of nations ! Kings—they should protect the feet of the people from thorns and stones—and they kill the people ! Oh, how long will men be fools, and wear the destroying boots ? True, there are

people who put their tight boots upon a last—" "Last!" interrupted the shoemakers. "Let me speak," said Ecce Homo, "remember, the tight boot is the *King*, and the last by which it should be stretched is the *Constitution*. Let me speak. True, there are nations who put their tight boots on a last, but that helps them nothing. The kingly dog-skin is hard, and yields not. Hobbling people! may you learn by sorrowful experience. Cast off betimes your vile boots, and go barefoot." "We will grant now," said the shoemakers, again interrupting Ecce Homo, "we will grant now that when you call kings pinching and destroying boots, the shoemaker was indeed a devil of hell; but we entreat thee, in the name of every shoemaker in the world, not to call kings 'boots,' for then it might be thought that the world had received kings from our innocent hands, and that would be the greatest injury to our praiseworthy and honourable craft. Give, we beseech thee, any other name thou wilt to hated kings, but do not call them 'boots.'" "Men," replied Ecce Homo, "how then shall I call them, that I may be understood? Tailor, shall I call kings black garments, which unlucky men put on before their execution?"—"No."—"Smith, shall I call them deadly steel?"—"No."—"Joiner, shall I call them coffins?"—"No."—"Gravedigger, shall I call them graves?"—"No."—"Poor workmen, perhaps you will understand me if I speak in another metaphor?"—"Yes, yes."—"Listen, then, to a story I will tell you:—

I sat by a water-brook, my forehead was bedewed with sweat, my eyes were obscured with the mournful evening twilight of my heart, and I was sick. And a woman, a kind woman, came

and wiped the sweat from my forehead, and diffused in my heart a soft mild light, and made me sound. "What is thy name, woman?" I asked; and the woman told it to me; but her name was a song, by which I sat and sweetly slumbered. Ah! wherefore did I slumber? As I awoke from my slumber I distinguished no longer my well-known water-brook, I perceived not the kind woman, I heard no more the beautiful song of her name. "Where am I?" asked I of one passing by; but the man understood me not, and I felt that I was no longer in my fatherland! As a bird who has lost her nest I looked about me, and I saw men, urged by seeming curiosity, streaming on in a certain direction; and I followed them. And behold I soon perceived a machine which made a horrid noise. "For what purpose is this machine?" asked I of the people in their own tongue. One replied, "With this machine Roman Catholic amulets are manufactured for the possessed." Another said, "With this machine new republican caps are fabricated out of old cholera clothes." A third said, "No, the lost innocence of man." I believed none of them; but I know not what feeling urged me to approach nearer to the extraordinary machine, and I then read the following inscription upon its outside:—
"A machine of thousands of years, patented by all the people of the earth——"

More I could not read, for the characters were confused one with another; and it filled me with fear. The people saw this, and laughed at me. I then ventured still nearer, and looked into the inside of the machine. And I saw three huge wheels; one of these wheels was moved by a dense vapour, the second by a clear water-stream,

and the third by something which I could not well distinguish. These three matters, setting the wheels in motion, made together a dinning noise, like the rushing of a sea upon which terrible storms and tempests have fallen. Alas ! what does all this mean ? I knew not, yet I trembled. A hideous spirit approached, and said to me :—

“ Man, the machine wants yet three drops of sweat !” He said it, and took them from my forehead, and threw them into the vapour which moved the first wheel.

“ Man,” exclaimed again the loathsome spirit, “ the machine wants yet two tears !” He said it, and took two tears from my eyes, and threw them into the clear stream which moved the second wheel.

“ Man,” whispered finally the frightful spirit in my ear, “ the machine wants yet one drop of blood !” He said it, and took a drop of blood from my heart, and threw it to the matter which turned the third wheel.

And I knew what turned the three wheels of the machine. It was the sweat, the tears, and the blood of nations.

“ Frightful machine !” I stammered, “ art thou an understanding being ?” And I heard one horrible word—“ Yes !” “ Who art thou ?” And I heard two horrible words—“ A king !” “ Monster, what makest thou ?” And I heard three horrible words—“ Gold ! gold ! gold !”

THE PRIEST.

"I live now," said Ecce Homo, "the I know not how many thousandth time in the world. Man, wherefore smilest thou? Rememberest thou nothing? Tell me:—when thine eyes have been closed, or, when open and following the movements of a fly on thy table, tell me, have not thine eyes at such a time beheld a happy little village, or a beautiful swallow-day, or a fair maiden of thy wishes clothed in moonlight? Tell me:—hast thou never perceived sweet music, while close by a hoarse dog has barked? Tell me:—did there never hang upon thine eyes a sad and melting writing of which thou knewest not from what land it came, nor who wrote so sadly? Man, when thy eyes have been closed, or when open and following the movements of a fly on thy table, and if at such a time thou hast beheld a happy little village, or a beautiful swallow-day, or a fair maiden of thy wishes clothed in moonlight; I tell thee, man, that was a remembrance of thy past life. When thou hast perceived sweet music while close by a hoarse dog has barked, I tell thee, man, that was a remembrance of thy past life. If once a sad and melting writing has hung upon thine eyes, and thou knewest not from what land it came nor who wrote so sadly, I tell thee, man, that was a remembrance of thy past life! And if thou, for example, after a thousand different lives shalt dream, sleeping or waking, that thou hast passed over fields and gardens bedewed with

human blood, or that thou hast seen in a whirlwind the burnt ashes of men turning in circles, I tell thee, man, that will be no senseless dream—that will be again a drear and terrible remembrance of thy past lives, which former kings have cut with sharp steel, or which former priests have consumed with burning wood. Man, the numberlessness of thy lives and of thy deaths is as the numberlessness of the days and the nights. Let me so speak and smile not.

I live now for the I know not how many thousandth time in the world. Before about the second thousandth of my lives I one day heard two voices. I know no more where I heard the voices, for the world and the things which then surrounded me come now before me like effaced letters. I know not the mouths out of which the voices came, for the men of that time wander before me now like the thousandths shades of shades of men, without form, without quality, without name. All is lost to me until the two voices, which then, like the voices of sacred magi, touched mine ear, and thus spake:—

First Voice. What bringest thou for a sign from the wilderness?

Second Voice. I saw in the wilderness a wolf; he licked friendly the face of a lamb.

First Voice. Woe! That is the wolf with the black tongue of the curse.—What bringest thou for a sign from the green vallies?

Second Voice. I saw in the green vallies a lamb; it strangled another lamb.

First Voice. Woe! woe! That is the lamb whose face was licked by the wolf with the black tongue of the curse.—What bringest thou for a sign from the wind that passes over the graves?

Second Voice. The wind that passes over the graves whistled in mine ear—"The wolf with the black tongue of the curse, and the lamb with the bloody teeth, are two horrid friends! for after a thousand and more years the friend of the wolf—the lamb with the bloody teeth—will be called "Man," and the friend of the lamb—the wolf with the black tongue of the curse—will be called "Priest."

These ancient voices which I heard about my two thousandth life past and had forgotten, vibrated anew through my soul with all their magic horrors as I read in a priest's book :—

"A wolf and a lamb shall dwell together."

"And thou, man, rememberest thou nought, when thou readest these words?—"

"Alas, Ecce Homo, I remember that I was the lamb, that was strangled by the lamb whose face had been licked by the wolf with the black tongue of the curse!"

FIRST ACT OF ACCUSATION AGAINST THE KING.

"Come to supper," said Ecce Homo to a proletaire. He said it, and took him by the arm, and they came to a dell where they heard the murmuring of a rivulet. "Dost hear?" said Ecce Homo to the proletaire, "listen, we are called to table." He said, and seated himself on a stone, and the proletaire seated himself close by. After they had looked awhile about them, Ecce Homo thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew forth a bit of bread, and then a few cherries. He divided both with his companion. They ate. The rivulet gave them to drink, and they were satisfied. "Where shall we sleep to-night?" asked Ecce Homo. "Under that great oak," answered the proletaire. "Will not the owner of the oak come," asked Ecce Homo, "and drive us away?" To this the proletaire replied nothing but he looked far in the evening-redness with those water-drops in the eyes which sensitive souls pour out as mute inquiries into nature. Ecce Homo embraced the proletaire, and said "Poor oppressed man, tears are thine only diamonds. But if thou payest thy misery so largely with them, with what wilt thou purchase a single human joy? Weep not, brother; console thyself with me. Listen, I will tell thee something:—

Thou knowest that in every day there is a

hour which belongs to the unhappy. What the unhappy do in this hour is fateful. In this hour—it was an hour of the night, when the gaolers were slumbering—in this hour something like a hand passed before the window of my prison. “It is the wind.” The window shook. “It is the wind.” The flame of my prison-lamp waved to and fro. “It is the wind.” Then I heard a word which sounded as deep and hollow as the filling-in of a grave. I heard a word—“Write.” “It is no wind.” I looked around; I saw no one. “Write,” I heard a second time; but I saw no one. “Write, write,” I heard the third time. My breath became short, and my blood felt cold. I took a pen and wrote.—“What didst thou write?” asked the proletaire. “If I knew that the present hour belonged to the unfortunate,” said Ecce Homo, “so would I then read what I then wrote—Ah! my breath becomes short and my blood feels cold as then—it is the hour—listen!” The proletaire came closer to Ecce Homo, and Ecce Homo drew forth a writing from his pocket, and read:—

“Man, hast thou ever dreamed, and been at the same time awake? Man, hear the dream of one awake. I was in a forest where there stood a tree of thousands of years. When a storm came all the trees of the forest bent before him and shook, and trembled; for that was their manner of imploring his aid; and the tree drove with his huge branches, as with a thousand mighty arms, the storm out of the forest. On this tree were graven the names of my fathers. What bard knoweth not the names of my fathers? But one evening—this evening was dark and fearful—on a dark and fearful evening came four

thieves, from the north, the south, the east, and the west; they came with sharp axes, and began to hew down this tree. They hewed at him the whole night, for he was mighty. Every blow they gave, and every death-groan he uttered, was heard through the whole forest. All the inhabitants of the forest were silent. The tree fell! He fell with all the names of my fathers! Man, canst thou interpret this dream? Compassionate man, interpret to me this fearful dream. Shall I soon die?"

Here Ecce Homo ceased; he looked at the proletaire, and asked him, "Hearest thou nothing?" "No, I hear nothing," was the answer. And Ecce Homo lifted up the writing again and read:—

"On the high road between BEAUNE and ALOXE I have seen a monument, placed by a widow on the spot where fate snapt asunder and cast away the life of her husband. This monument deserts not its dead. Between CRACOW and WARSAW there is also one dead and buried. This dead also has a monument; but this monument remains not with its dead. Sad and silent it wanders on the high roads of the world, over mountains, over valleys, over seas. Man, knowest thou this wandering monument?"

Here Ecce Homo again ceased, looked at the proletaire, and asked him, "Hearest thou nothing?" "No, I hear nothing; but I feel as though a grave-breeze blew upon me," was the answer. Ecce Homo lifted up the writing again, and read:—

"On the yellow Vistula a maiden sits and weeps. Wherefore weepeth that maiden on the banks of the yellow Vistula? Spoilers have sur-

prised the maiden, and, one after another, have violated her. Hath the maiden no parents? The spoilers have killed her parents. Hath she no friend? The spoilers have disarmed her friend, stabbed him, and cast him upon a foreign field. Hath she no female friends? She hath female friends; some are glad, and laugh in her face; some are furious, and call her opprobrious names; and some few weep with the maiden. Man, knowest thou this weeping maiden?"

And Ecce Homo ceased the third time, and the sky darkened, the earth shook, the graves opened, the lightning flashed from heaven, and illumined the gaping earth, and to the feet of the proletaire and of Ecce Homo rolled skeleton's heads, out of the eye-holes of which the black heads of snakes were thrust forth. Ecce Homo remained silent; but the tongues in the death's heads said, "A curse upon us, we were kings!" And the black snakes in the eye-holes hissed fearfully repeating these words.

"God!" exclaimed the proletaire, "what means this?" "Peace!" said Ecce Homo, "peace! it is past! That was the hour, man, that belonged to the unhappy, and what thou hast seen and heard is

The First Act of Accusation against the King!"

SECOND ACT OF ACCUSATION AGAINST THE KING.

I wished once to know whither the summer-birds go after the days become cool. They go to a land, so grey-beards said, where they see no dead leaves fall to the earth. I see the dead leaves of my day fall upon the earth, and I cannot flee from it!

I wished once to know what the rainbow in the heavens meant. The rainbow, so said an ancient wise one, is a sign from God that no flood shall again come upon the world. Long have streamed from my eyes floods upon the world, and no rainbow shines.

I wished once to know who showed the way to melancholy maidens in a summer night. It is, so said wives who had been unhappy maidens—it is the glow-worm and the glimmering touchwood. In the night of my time, so dark and horrid, no glow-worm, no glimmering touchwood shows me the way.

But who is it, so cruel, that hath murdered the days of my youth? Is it the cold hands of hard winters? No; their hands, though cold, are not cruel. Who is it that drives together the clouds from which my tears flow? Is it the storms of my youth? No; on the wings of the storms of my youth hung no black and horrid tear-clouds. Who is it that lays so long and dark a night on

my weeping eyes ? Is it a sin that I have done ? No ; in the long and dark night of sin the stars of benevolence shine, and do not leave the sinner ; and I, I am left !”

Thus spake a people. And a voice arose which was the voice of the spirit of the earth, and thus said the voice :—

“ Once my glowing cheek was cooled by the morning dew ; now it is cooled by thy sweat, and the water of thine eyes. Once I drunk the mild water of the clouds ; now I drink thy blood. Once I fed on mine own dust ; now I devour thy unripe flesh and thy tender bones !”

And the people asked, “ Who cools thy glowing cheek with my sweat and with the water of mine eyes ? Who gives thee my blood to drink ? Who gives thee to devour my unripe flesh and my tender bones ?”

“ He,” the voice replied, “ he whom thou hast set upon the throne !”

“ Ha !” exclaimed the people, “ My king then is the horrid season that hath blighted my young life—my king the terrible storm that drives together the water-clouds of mine eyes—my king the long dark light that presses upon my weeping eyes—my king it is who—no, I can repeat no more the frightful things, the spirit of the earth said—my king ! my king ! But what shall I do ? Heaven and earth, what shall I do ? Living and dead, what shall I do ? Dead ! dead ! broken fragments of my heart, what shall I do ? Tell me, dead, where is my sword ?

Dead. We were thy sword ; thy king brake it, and cast the fragments into the burial-ground.

People. Are the swords of other people not yet broken and cast into the burial-ground ?

Dead. No ; but they can avail thee nought ; they are not yet sharpened.

People. Shall I then throw myself at the foot of my king, and conciliate him, as men once did their base black gods, with prayers ?

Dead. Thy slaughtered children are thy prayers, and thy king will not be softened.

People. Will not other kings be compassionate if I submit myself to them ? *Dead,* ye who have lived and died under other kings, tell me, are your kings compassionate ? Answer ! answer !

HYMN OF THE DEAD.

Take a weeping eye—thy passport in the world, take a sigh—thy staff in the world : go thrice round our grave.

When we are all at home—dead babes as well as dead old—and we take our awful rest, then thou shalt have an answer.

But now is the hour of our awful unrest. It is gloomy in the world, and we go into the kingly house to groan in the king's ear.

Nevertheless in our awful unrest we will answer thee :—

Thou askest if the kings of other people are good :—

The dead that have gone before speak Jewish, Greek, Polish ; we speak Russian, Bohemian, German ; they that follow speak Italian, French, English, and many incomprehensible tongues : all, all—kings have murdered us all.

Now is the hour of our awful unrest. It is gloomy in the world, and we go into the kingly house to groan in the king's ear.

This is what the people heard from the dead who had lived and died under other kings, and the people were silent; and this awful silence found no place in the world where it could abide. And Ecce Homo said to it, "Come into my sorrowful heart, thou shalt be my

Second Act of Accusation against the King !"

FIRST APPENDIX TO THE ACTS OF
ACCUSATION AGAINST THE KING.

One morning Ecce Homo, seeking relaxation, walked into a public garden to meditate in the cool of its shade. He seated himself on a bench under a tree, and directing his glance to the earth, scratched with his stick in the dust. He began to draw mathematical figures: he traced triangles, parallelograms, and circles. "Oh, mathematics!" he suddenly exclaimed, "thou goest triumphantly from the point of thought to the dust-atom, from the dust-atom to the ocean, from the ocean to the boundless unfrequented wastes of the earth, from the earth to the heavens, from thence to the paths of comets and of worlds, which at length are lost in the mind of God!—thou goest whither no eagle flies, where no cloud floats, and measurest the greatnesses and the distances of worlds; but when thou comest to the heart, then thou standest still and breakest thy measuring-wand—the wand that cannot measure a human sigh. Poor mathematics!" He said these words, and effaced with his stick all the figures he had drawn.

"Very beautiful!" sounded in Ecce Homo's ears, as he destroyed the last figure.—"Very beautiful," repeated Ecce Homo—"very beautiful—whence come these words—from heaven or hell?" A man spoke them who was standing not

far from Ecce Homo, with a glass at his eye. As soon as Ecce Homo perceived him he sprung up to him, caught him by the arm, and asked, "What is beautiful? the iron-atoms in the world?—a vulture's beak? the—" "Let me alone!" exclaimed the man, "let me alone!"—"Nay," said Ecce Homo, "I shall not. Tell me, what is beautiful?"—"I did not know," said the man, "that you were so desperately in love with the dancer who just passed, or I certainly should not have ventured to remark on her beauty."—"Dancer?" interrupted Ecce Homo, "I know nothing of her. Go along—your 'very beautiful' was to me in my meditation more disagreeable than twenty flies on my nose would have been."—"Pardon me," said the man, "pardon me, Mr. Ecce Homo."—"How! do you know me?" asked Ecce Homo. "Certainly I do," was the man's answer.—"Are you my friend or my enemy?" said Ecce Homo.—"Understand that I am your friend," replied the man.—"What is your name?" asked Ecce Homo.—"Fie," answered his new friend.

Ecce Homo. Have you seen the patient and felt her pulse, Fie? I don't know, perhaps I am mistaken; but she seems to me very weak and ill. The vile doctors and apothecaries make bills upon bills, the poor patient pays all, and her cheek gets gradually paler and paler.

Fie. She died at five-and-twenty minutes past three this morning.

Ecce Homo. You lie; before that happens God will extinguish the sun and stars, dry up the ocean, rend heaven and earth, and there will be left no tongue to say, "She is dead!"

Fie. Of whom are you speaking?

Ecce Homo. You my friend, and not know of whom I am speaking! I speak of Humanity.

Fie. O! I thought you were speaking of my grandmother.

Ecce Homo. Did you love your grandmother?

Fie. My relatives wish to make that doubtful; but you can see from her will. Here—

Ecce Homo (reads). “My grandson, Fie, will, after my decease, possess all my property, as well fixed as moveable, as by rightful inheritance; I further bequeath it to him, in acknowledgment of his filial love.—Maria Fie, born Trostreich.”

If you loved her, Fie, I am well pleased. Filial love is the golden cradle in which benevolence sleeps. The child holds to the apron of his mother, and the man stretches forth his arms to all mankind. O, I will not tell you, Fie, what a man will do who, in his childhood, has pushed away his mother and spit at her.

Fie. We'll talk of that another time; come and dine with me now, my friend.

Ecce Homo accepted the invitation.

In Fie's dining room were seated Fie, *Ecce Homo*, and an unknown, who seemed to have neither eyes nor tongue.

After the first dish Fie called on *Ecce Homo* to drink with him. *Ecce Homo* examined the bottles, and then proceeded to tear from them their etiquettes.*

“What are you doing?” exclaimed Fie.—“You see,” said *Ecce Homo*, “I tear away the etiquettes, the damnable etiquettes. I have a greater horror of them than I have of hell. I will tell you something :—

* Tickets or labels.

There was once an ancient curse who, I know not by what fate, received the power of bestowing etiquettes upon every being and thing in the world. He gave to warm, bright spring-time—"cold, dull days;" to the blooming maiden—"pale, sunken cheeks;" to youth—"old lustreless eyes;" to joyful castles—"melancholy ruins;" to the whole "it is"—the broken "it was;"—this curse once came out of his awful habitation to the earth, to do his office; and he saw three spirits sitting on a rock, weeping.

"Thou, spirit with the tiger-teeth!" exclaimed the curse, "wherefore weepest thou?"

"I am," answered the spirit—"I am the spirit of tigers! I weep that the tiger's tooth has no right to the flesh of man."

"Thou, spirit with the night-owl's beak!" said the curse, "wherefore weepest thou?"

"I am," answered the spirit—"I am the spirit of night-owls! I weep that the night-owl's beak has no right to the eyes and brains of man."

"And thou, spirit with the serpent's tongue!" said the curse to the third spirit, "wherefore weepest thou?"

"I am," said the spirit—"I am the spirit of serpents! I weep that the serpent's tongue has no right to the heels of man."

"Behold I will make you satisfied!" said the curse, and he took tigers, night-owls, and serpents, and gave them etiquettes of men, and—with crowns on their heads and holy scriptures in their hands—sent them among men, and there they did their work!"—

Having said this, Ecce Homo proceeded again to tear off the etiquettes from the bottles.

All was quiet, when suddenly a terrible scream—

ing voice was heard—"Mother of God, a sorcerer!" These words, which threw the party into astonishment and confusion, came from the other side of the glass-door of the dining-room. Ecce Homo and Fie looked at each other, and said nothing. The unknown went into the kitchen from whence the voice came. There lay the housemaid before a crucifix. From her mouth was flowing a stream of words, half-words, and syllables, mixed up together out of the *pater*, the *credo*, the *ave*, and all the holy prayers which the tempest of her fright blew together. "What's the matter with you?" asked the unknown, "who and where is the sorcerer?"—"Oh!" exclaimed the woman, "Oh! mother of God! didn't you see how he tore off the etiquettes from the bottles? How should he know they were false etiquettes? He knew most of the bottles held a poisonous drink, which I had prepared for him by order of my master, Mr. Fie. Mother of God! How did he know it?"—"Be quiet," returned the man—"pray in silence, pray in silence!"

While the maid prayed in silence Fie and Ecce Homo touched glasses. The unknown seated himself again at the table. "What was it?" asked Ecce Homo—"what saw-voice was that? What did this second marriage of the mother of God with a sorcerer mean? Is it another and a nicer beginning of a new trinity? Oh, the insanity of men!" he exclaimed, "it is too foolish for them to admit that 'hills are hills, and vallies are vallies;' they say, 'hills are vallies swelled up, and vallies are hills hollowed out;' and if one laughs at that, then they say that such a one is an unbeliever—that he has not the true light—

that he is a blasphemer! The worst of the matter is that it is extremely difficult to cure these unhappy men, and to—Oh, my stomach!—what can it be?—I have not swallowed a knife! Mr. Fie, you have deceived me—you have shamefully deceived me, Mr. Fie!—Oh, I feel a cruel griping—Mr. Fie, you have poisoned me!—An infernal fire burns in my stomach!—What diabolical stuff have I drunk?—Mr. Fie, I am dying!—But you shall also die, Mr. Fie!” Ecce Homo poured out a glass from the bottle which stood nearest to him. The unknown left the room. “Drink!” said Ecce Homo, holding the glass to Fie’s mouth. “You shall drink! Drink!—Ah, it cuts, it stabs, it tears, it rends my bowels terribly—Drink, Mr. Fie! drink, if you don’t wish me to force open your jaws and pour half a bottle down your throat!” Ecce Homo then seized Fie by the head, but again relaxed his hold as he faintly ejaculated, “I am now getting cold—Fie will get away—Stay,” cried he, again grasping Fie convulsively—“stay, Mr.—I get hot—Drink! Drink!—Cold! cold! cold! as death. What means this cold sweat on my forehead?—The water on my forehead—the water—the water—It is the cold water of death’s baptism!”

But the water on Ecce Homo’s forehead was not the cold water of death’s baptism. His strong nature helped itself. He rejected the poison.

In the meanwhile Fie had hastened to change the bottle; the unknown appeared again; and Ecce Homo at length gradually recovered himself. “Drink!” exclaimed Ecce Homo again, “drink, Mr. Fie!—No, do not drink, for it is a fatal poison!”—“Poison!” said Fie.—“Poison,” returned Ecce Homo, “infernal poison!”—“I will

convince you," said Fie, "that no bottle here contains poison; I'll drink from each."—"Do not drink!" exclaimed Ecce Homo. But Fie drank. "Now I know," said Ecce Homo, "that you are, Mr. Fie, a sorcerer, as the maid said just now—a vile sorcerer!"—"O, no, I am not," said Fie.—"Who are you, then?" asked Ecce Homo.—"I am your sincere friend," answered Fie.

Ecce Homo. 'Sincere!' wherefore that word, Mr. Fie? Etiquettes again! Men even hang etiquettes round the neck of friendship! O such friendship must certainly be a serpent! Tell me, Mr. Fie, did you not intend to poison me?

Fie. I? your friend!

Ecce Homo. Do you know, Mr. Fie, what a friend is? Do you know?—The dew-drop on the faded and parched cheek of a flower is a friend; the word "yes" of a maiden among the serpents of doubt of a lover is a friend; a little dust in a foreign land from one's home is a friend!—Friend, did you want to poison me? Did you wish to murder me? Perhaps I am wrong in not thinking well of you. Am I wrong, Fie?

Fie. Yes.

Ecce Homo. Pardon me, Fie. I usually take care not to commit such injustice; but there came to me the devil of the Evangelist Luke, who in vain besought Jesus Christ to swallow stones and break his neck; this devil came, and whispered in my ear, "Have a care, this Mr. Fie is an arch-rogue, a king's spy, a fellow who has deserved the gallows a hundred times!" But as Jesus answered the devil, so answered I, "Get thee hence, Satan!"—What did the devil do next? He went into my bowels; then I thought that,

indeed, you had poisoned me, until I had spit the devil out again. But then came Satan the third time, and whispered in my ear, "Jesus Christ had just as little to do with the devil as thou. Jesus was hungry, and would not eat stones; he wished to take away his own life, but his courage failed him. And thou, thou hast had a horrible pain in the bowels, because Mr. Fie gave you some kingly poison-drops to swallow!" May the devil take the devil for whispering no good of my neighbour into my ear! That I have thought ill of you, Mr. Fie, was from a temptation of the devil: is it not so, Mr. Fie?

Fie. All men are subject to be tempted, from the beggar to the king.

Ecce Homo. What do you say, Mr. Fie? Have you not studied logic? Don't you know the rule, "*Ab affirmatione rationis ad affirmationem rationis, a negatione rationati ad negotionem rationis valet consequentia.*"—You say, "All men, from the beggar to the king." What a false collocation is contained in that! It is the same as if you said, "All birds sing, from the nightingale to the hog!"

Fie. How! the king—

Ecce Homo. The king is as much a man as a hog is a singing-bird.

Fie. What is the King?

Ecce Homo. Do you know the difference between "yes" and "no?"—"yes," is love, "no" is hate; "yes" is a blessing, "no" is a curse; "yes" is heaven, "no" is hell; "yes" is life, "no" is death; "yes" is man, "no" is king: the king is a terrible "no!" The sweetest music for the king is the sound of the shock of murderous iron with men! The splendour which the

king most delights to look upon is the prison spider-web and the rust of scaffolds! The hands the king most eagerly presses are the hands of executioners!

Fie. But, Mr. Ecce Homo—

Ecce Homo. But, Mr. Fie, I begin to feel very suspicious of you. Fie, Fie, I fear I shall one day see you on the gallows! Adieu!

Fie. Stay a moment, Mr. Ecce Homo; I wish to make you acquainted with a couple of brave fellows—this gentleman and myself: this gentleman is the king's advocate, and I have the honour to be the chief of the royal police. You are apprehended, Mr. Ecce Homo.

Ecce Homo. Who you both are I had already guessed, and now it is made evident. But apprehended I am not, if there are only four arms against two.

Fie. Police!

Ecce Homo. How many are there of you? Two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen, eighteen! So, forty against two. That is an absolute majority in the royal parliament for a law to pillage the people, for a law to flog them, for a law to hang them. The people submit to the majority of a thousand police-parliament men; that is a coward people. A band of twenty police apprehend me; that is a coward band!

Fie. Police, search him, secure him, and take him off to prison.

1st Police. Here's a paper!

King's Advocate (reads). "Thine Atali." The writing above the name is torn off. The treason against his royal majesty is torn off.

2nd Pol. Another paper!

K. Adv. (reads). "My testament. Lay me

not in the grave, but stand me in the grave; my life was an uprising, my death must not be a downlying! *Ecce Homo.*" This would be a most dangerous testament if it were to fall into the hands of the miserable people, who are now beneath our feet.

3rd Pol. Another paper!

" THE MATERIA MEDICA OF MOSES
FOR THE PRESENT TIME."

K. Adv. (reads). " Moses, to prevent external disease, commanded the circumcision of the foreskin. To prevent internal disease, he commanded to abstain from swine-flesh. Since Moses' time man has become a people; his foreskin has become a king; and swine-flesh has become a priest. People, cut off thy foreskin and put away swine-flesh, and thou wilt become healed of external and internal diseases!"

Captain of Pol. Enough, enough! Secure him, and take him off to prison!

Ecce Homo. Till I see you again, Fie!

SECOND APPENDIX TO THE ACTS OF ACCUSATION AGAINST THE KING.

The prison is dimly lighted with a feeble lamp. Ecce Homo is sitting at a table, his head reclined upon his arm; before him stands a jug of water and a piece of bread, which he gazes at in silence. Let us tell him who knows it not, that the soul often breathes through the eyes: Ecce Homo's soul, glowingly and moistly, began to breathe through his. Soon, however, his soul withdrew its moist breath from his eyes, and Ecce Homo spoke:—

Water and bread! said he, is it possible you are here in the name of the tyrant? Stupid tyrant! If he wishes to torment me through food and drink, why not send me in my prison food and drink from his royal table? If he sent me food and drink from his royal table, I should then have my choice—to die of hunger or to take food and drink tainted with human sweat and foulness. Bread and water! sweet food and sweet drink of first and innocent man, and still sweet to the poor—you alone know how to satisfy and restore me! But where shall I enjoy you? Why do these walls enclose me? Am I not innocent? Shall I not go to some hill, and under the joyous stars contemplate the melancholy hyades? Shall I not seek some stream to cool my brow with its fresh water? Shall I not go to some quiet, woody dell?—I once went to a

quiet, woody dell; I there saw a fold of her mantle, I heard her voice, I felt her breath upon my lips, I embraced her—but ah! what did I see? The fold of her mantle was the shadow of a tree, her voice was the soft murmur of a stream, her breath the mild zephyr; and whom had I embraced? A dream! I was deceived! But the next day I longed to be so deceived again, and I went again to the woody dell. Shall I not, in this May evening, go to my woody dell? —“Shall not!” Are those two words for men? O man! knowest thou what lies in these two words? There is a spark from hell in these two words, that inflames the peace of the world and reduces it to ashes! Fatal words, who invented you? It is not the Persian Ahriman, that spotted the light! It is not the Scandinavian Loki, that built on a hill his four-doored house, to see on every side coming misfortune! It is not the Sclavonic Pya-Zernebog, from whose lips hang a goblet filled with human blood! It is not the Christian serpent that beguiled the first man!—Ahriman, Loki, Pya-Zernebog, nor the Christian serpent—none have uttered a word! —“Shall not!” Who has uttered these words? Man, I will tell thee.—There were once two children of a sin, who played together with the types of men’s language, and thus threw together awful words. These two fatal words are their work. Can it help thee, poor man, to tell thee the names of these two children of the sin? Well, I will tell thee—“King” and “Priest!” The king takes the sceptre in his hand, and the priest the cross, and they say “Shall not!” and prisons open, chains clank, bayonets glisten, daggers lurk, and faggots burn for man, for

man ! God of man, wilt thou not soon bring the king and the priest to judgment ?—God of man—who knocks at the prison door ?—It is the spirit of the king that watches me ! Who knocks again ?—It is the spirit of the priest that watches me ! Who knocks yet a third time ? Who is it ? Perhaps it is my dead father, dead between the teeth of grief, or between the still sharper teeth of tyranny, and he comes—he comes to show me his torn heart : perhaps it is the rolling head of a republican, which comes to tell me that the last good thought and the last good feeling has fallen from the heads and hearts of men, like a coin from the rent pocket of a beggar, and that men now crawl upon the surface of the earth like polyp-paunches : perhaps—the lamp—who blows out the lamp ? Horrid is a prison without light ! a prison without light is like a sin without prayer. What is croaking under the bed ?—A frog croaks under the bed ! What is crawling between my feet !—A cold toad crawls between my feet ! What flapped against my face ?—A bat flapped against my face ! What do these loathsome animals signify ?—They represent the hideous kingly thoughts which enter a prison to mock the unhappy, and chill the blood in his heart ! Truly, they are cold and awful indeed—cold and awful indeed, like—what is that ? The frog ceases to croak, the toad slowly retires from my feet, and the bat flies through a broken pane of the window !—One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve ! If the midnight hour is evil, it is, however, past ! The kingly thoughts were very unwelcome ; and after them I must drink !—What was it in the water that came into my mouth and then slipped away ?

Faugh! a mouse's tail! Poor mouse! how camest thou in this wet prison? Did the king's advocate throw thee in here as a revolutionary thought? There, poor mouse, now art thou in the dry; save thyself, save thyself!

Why can I not sleep? Singular! if I close my eyes I see strange things!—the earth, like a huge lump of dough, kneaded with blood; noses, ears, and eyes hang from the trees instead of fruit; churches and palaces melt before the sun into sweat and tears; dogs, with crowns on their heads, gnaw the yellow bones of human beings. I can keep my eyes closed no longer!

But what do I now see by star-light? I see rusty chains, those rosaries on which mankind have so long prayed, cursed, and died—"And died!" Who repeats my words? Hark!

"We have heard:—Rock your children, mothers, rock your children, and give them to suck, that their fathers may sleep in quiet; for at day-break they must go to labour!

We answer:—It would be better, as said to us an angel of God—it would be better for the children to waken their fathers in the night, that they might speak a little with their wives of their daily work.

It is hard daily work that they do, and they are ill paid. Their master ought not to be so covetous with them, for to please their gracious kingly master they dig all the day long graves for their children.

It would be better, said to us an angel of God—it would be better for the children to waken their fathers in the night, that they might speak a little with their wives of their daily work."

And the countless cold hands which pass over the surface of my body——and these broken, unintelligible words and letters—"RI--PEST--ALI--S--EL--BAUD--AND--EGO!"—words and letters which, written with the last light of dying eyes, now show themselves to me. What mean they?—Hark again:—

"We will tell a secret for the living! Man lives few days on the earth. He suffers, he is imprisoned, he is chained, he lays his head upon the scaffold!

If man save not himself, there is no Saviour, there is no God!

Living man! if thou, having eyes, yet canst not see, take a look from our eyes; we are cut by kingly swords: thou shalt then read in the kingly cooking-book the bloody history of man. And then wilt thou help thyself!

Living man! if thou, having ears, yet canst not hear, take the ear-drums of the dead there; they died in exile: thou shalt then hear in the sweet kingly music the condemnation of man. And then wilt thou help thyself!

Living man! if thou, having hands, yet canst not feel, take a finger of the dead yonder; they died in prisons: thou shalt then feel in the kingly silk garments the hard chains of man. And then wilt thou help thyself!"

Man, still sleepest thou? Sleeping man, hearest thou not how the dead sing to thee the lays of the resurrection? Arise, man, arise! Man! man! man!

"Our hour is past, our graves begin to close, our eyes sweat; angels call us to rest!

Over lily-stalks, over will o'wisps, over rotten crosses, lies our path; stay with the living, good angels, well we know the way!

Some air of death, some shadow, some mournful looks—we leave for the living on field and hut!"

Man, understandest thou these death-lays? Man, man, I begin to be ashamed of thy name! A brother comes to thee and says, "Farewell, brother, I go to prison! and thou sleepest!" Another says, "Farewell, brother, I go to the scaffold!" and thou sleepest! Another says, "Farewell, brother, avenge my death!" and thou sleepest! Man! man! man! I will still exclaim until thou wakest, until thou—What means this loud and quick beating of drums? What that violent ringing of bells? What that scampering to and fro of horsemen? Hark!—

"Quick! Couriers to every court! We haven't bayonets enough! Quick to the court of—"

Again another voice:—

"Bloodhound! I'll teach you to send to your courts! Die, bloodhound!"

Hark!

"Bih—bah—buh—court of—hell—I can no more!"

I know that dying man by his voice; it's the minister of war. Hark, hark!

"This is Ecce Homo's doing! We had better finish him in the prison!"

God! that's Fie's voice!

"Good, there—that's the key, and here's a dagger; go, Fie, poignard him!"

That is the voice of the king's advocate! Victory, victory! there will be no more prison—

corses after me, on the death-register of kings !
Hark !

“ Who goes there ? ”

“ A friend of order ! ”

“ Which order ? ”

“ Whichever you please ! ”

“ What’s your name ? ”

“ Fie.”

“ Who is the other ? ”

“ The other is—”

“ Never mind ; brothers, take Fie and his companion prisoners, and see to what they have about them.”

“ One has a secret order addressed to—it’s rather dark—to the king’s advocate of this place ; as far as I can read in the dark—‘ honourable reward’—‘ royal will’—ah, here come large characters—‘ kill all that are called people ; slaughter the canaille like calves ! ’ ”

“ Cease ! enough, enough ! ”

“ The other carries in his pocket the key of the prison, a dagger, and—God !—a human ear ! from which is hanging a diamond ear-ring ; my sister’s ear-ring ! Wretch, what have you done with my sister ? ”

“ She was in the struggle ; she had killed many of the king’s soldiers, and wounded many ; she was formidable ; but she fell into our hands. She demanded her death, the foolish girl ! She would not submit to my kisses, nor allow me to caress her fair cheek ; she would not consent to be loved by me—she demanded her death ! Between the dagger of the king’s advocate and her heart lay my hand ; I took my hand away, the advocate’s dagger was then pushed further, and

I took her fair jewelled ears as a remembrance of my love."

"Accursed, accursed are the mothers who brought forth these two monsters! Their children shall be food for birds of prey! Hang them, citizens!"

Fie, I prophesied that to you! Both are now hanging at the lantern. Hark!

"Citizens, whom are you leading there?"

"It is the prefect of police!"—"He poisoned my son in prison!"—"He threw my aged father into prison for fifteen days, and when the time was expired, the gaoler knew not how long he had been dead in the prison."—"He put a rope round my brother's neck, and dragged him after him, and when my brother fell he still dragged him. 'Stand up!' he said to my brother, 'stand up! thou art too heavy, thou democratic carrion, stand up!' But my brother did not stand up; he was strangled!"

"Pardon! pardon!"

"Ask God for pardon! The earth must be purged of such criminals! Citizens, hang him! Ha! Who bring you there, that looks about him like a crime with serpent's eyes?"

"It is the king!"—"He has—"

"Stay! Over him shall a solemn judgment be held."

"The freedom of man for ever!"

Do I not deceive myself? Day begins to break!
Man opens the prisons of man!

FIRST ACT OF ACCUSATION AGAINST THE PRIEST.

It was not yet day when the door of Ecce Homo's prison was thrown open. Whither went Ecce Homo? He went not to a brook there to cool his hot and weary eyes; he went not to his much-loved dell; he went not to kiss his Atali; with a sword in his hand he went from prison to prison, opened their doors, and exclaimed, "Freedom to man! Freedom to man!"

In the last prison—what are prisons? prisons are the vulture-beaks of kings!—in the last prison Ecce Homo found the proletaire with whom he had often shared his bread and his mournful secrets. "Freedom to man!" he exclaimed, "Come forth, proletaire, come, we will pray our new prayer!"

"Man," Ecce Homo began again, "we are now in the holy temple of the world! Pray, pray!—Come further! We are now amongst the ruins of heathen temples! Pray, pray! We are now in despised Jewish synagogues! Pray, pray! We are now—"

"Ecce Homo, Ecce Homo, I am terrified!"

„ Pray, man, pray!"

"What do I see? Ecce Homo, the windows sweat blood!"

"Pray!"

"The stools creak as if the dead sighed!"

"Pray, pray!"

"Hark, hark!—'We will not sit down; the creaking stools tell us to whom they belong!' O, Ecce Homo!"

"Pray our new prayer!"

"Hark again!—'Our shrouds are rotten, our bones are crumbled, our hearts are eaten by the worms; but as long as we wind the thread of human miseries so long must we come at break of day to lament. We once took a drop out of the ocean, and looked at it, and as we looked at it there appeared to us what was greater than the ocean, greater than heaven and earth, greater than the space in which the world moves; there appeared to us in it its master—God! We then cast from us the cross and the bible, and prayed to the God of the ocean-drop. But from within these walls came insane men, interrupted our adoration, and did to us still more than we had done to the cross and the bible—they brake us and they rent us before they cast us away! God, the God of the ocean-drop, hath not yet avenged us; and as long as we wind the thread of human miseries so long must we come here at break of day to lament!'—Ecce Homo, where are we?"

"Pray, pray! Faint not!"

"Outside the door—hark!—'What carry you in your right hands?'—'We carry the ashes of our burnt houses!'—'What carry you in your left hands?'—'We carry the ashes of our burnt hearts!'—'What have you done to him who burnt your houses?'—'We shall take him before the judge of the world, and the judge of the world shall judge him!'—'What have you done to him who burned your hearts?'—'He has taken refuge within these walls. We stand for ages here at these closed doors, and we shall not depart until

the doors are opened, and we take the consumer of our hearts before the judge of the world!"—*Ecce Homo, Ecce Homo, where are we?*"

"O, pray but once our new prayer!"

"See, at yonder high place a figure moving to and fro, with a crucifix in his hand! See, he moves his lips! His lips are as black and hang as frightfully over his chin as the lips of the horror of the night. Words fall from his lips—his words—hark, hark! 'You who are within, leaning on the creaking stools, you adored the God of the ocean-drop, you were heretics, you have been broken, you have been rent and cast away—hallelujah! You who stand outside the door, you were Jews, your hearts have been burned—hallelujah! And future heretics and Jews shall be broken, and rent, and cast away, and burned—hallelujah! hallelujah!'—O where are we? where are we, *Ecce Homo?*"

"Pray, pray, man! We are in a Christian church!"

SECOND ACT OF ACCUSATION AGAINST
THE PRIEST.

Ecce Homo and the proletaire were still standing in the obscure background of the church, looking at the altar. In the meantime day had broke, and they saw a side-door of the church open. A priest walked in, and quickly thrust again his head out of the door, calling out, "Be moving, come, foul carrion! The business thou'st got to do for me here doesn't allow of sleeping; thine eyes must be open and thy hands and feet nimble! Come, quick, Catherine!"—The priest advanced a few steps into the church, and an ugly fat woman came in. "Come, Catherine, come!" continued the priest, "there's an end at last to the kingly crown, and, egad, I don't know whether the dogs of men will hold much longer to their respect for the Christian cross! Foresight is good in all things. Here, I give thee the keys of the chapels and altars. Go, take out the saint's teeth; pick out the eyes of the mother of God; get off the beak of God the Holy Ghost; God the Father has nothing; but take out God the Son's bowels; forget not one of all these things, they are valuable, child, and holy; they are gold and diamonds. They are no longer safe here in the church; take and place 'em securely where we keep the preserved meats and sausages in fast-times. Now go, child, go, do what I have told thee, while I get ready in the sacristy for morning mass. Damn the morning mass, I

say! Not a single pretty girl's face do I ever see at it; none but old whores come and hideously wag their pale leathery lips, and the waggings of their lips are nothing but old dead kisses, which fall along with their prayers; and old dead kisses are hateful, very hateful; but, however, the priest must see them. If, by chance, there is anything pretty to look at, the priest must peep at it through the crack of belief!

"Thou'rt still loitering there, Catherine! Belzebub! To work! Now mind, clean the chapels and altars right out; make sure of everything that's worth anything at all! And when thou'st made all right, be off to the kitchen and see about breakfast. The roast veal as usual, remember, and the snipes, and the oysters, and mind don't forget the dried salmon. Now go. Oh, Catherine, here, another word; open the trap-door in St. Nepomuk's chapel, and—ha! didst thou not hear a cough in the church, Catherine? Belzebub! There's a couple of church-dogs yonder in the back-ground; they have come devilish early to day to gnaw the bones of belief. The most faithful curs are sometimes the most annoying. Catherine, I tell thee what, we must let it alone for to-day. Belzebub, Belzebub, Belzebub!—Give me the keys again, Catherine, and go. I will give 'em to thee again at a more fitting opportunity, that thou may'st do what thou'st been commanded out of my mouth to do. —Catherine, Catherine! what I have commanded thee to do to-day is the eleventh commandment of the ten commandments; and if thou keep'st it I'll hang round thy neck the cross of Judas's silver, which I kiss of a morning; I'll tie as garters

round thy knees the swaddling bands of Jesus, which I touch devoutly in the evening; I'll put on thy body the mother of God's shift, the hem of which I worship at midnight. Forget not, therefore, the eleventh commandment, that thou may'st be worthy such holy gifts. I'll tell thee, Catherine, when to set about thy pious work. The hour is not yet come. Away, now, to the kitchen! Snipes, oysters, and, mind, the dried salmon!" Catherine went. "I'll go now," said the priest to himself, "and see after that pair of devout and pious moles there.—I greet you my sons, in Jesus Christ, Amen."

Ecce Homo. We are not of thy family. Amen.

Priest. In the name of all the saints! Art thou not a Christian?

Ecce Homo. When thou performest thy natural functions, Mr. Priest, to what quarters dost thou direct thy face and back?*

Priest. I understand not thy question.

Ecce Homo. How am I to understand thine? Am I a Christian? What is that?

Priest. Dost thou not believe in Jesus Christ, the son of God?

Ecce Homo. Mr. Priest, believest thou in Crab, the son of the Elephant?

Priest. Thou art not in thy senses.

Ecce Homo. Thou art not.

Priest. I speak intelligibly enough! Dost thou believe in the existence of Jesus?

Ecce Homo. Yes.

Priest. A holy ghost impregnated a virgin,

* The Talmudists prohibit, on the occasions alluded to, the face and back from being directed east and west, that being the direction of the "holy of holies" of the Temple.

and the virgin bare Jesus Christ, the son of God!

Ecce Homo. I also speak intelligibly. Dost thou, Mr. Priest, believe in the existence of a crab?

Priest. Yes.

Ecce Homo. A buffalo impregnated a she-crab, and she bare Crab the son of the Elephant!

Priest. I can cite four Evangelists of Jesus Christ.

Ecce Homo. And I four Evangelists of Crab. Priest, priest, the children will no longer learn thy catechism, and the old use them now only to crack their nuts with.

Priest. The first sin of the world came through a woman, through Eve.

Ecce Homo. The first sin of the world came through a man, through the priest.

Priest. Let us speak of other things. Israel, Israel was the chosen people of God, and—

Ecce Homo. Mankind is the chosen people of God, and—

Priest. The old Testament is the promise, and the New is the fulfilment.

Ecce Homo. The Old Testament is the cradle of human reason, and the New is its grave.

Priest. I speak not of reason, I speak of belief.

Ecce Homo. I speak not of belief, I speak of reason.

Priest. Reason! it's frightful to think of it!

Ecce Homo. Then think of snipes, oysters, dried salmon!

Priest. Do I hear right?

Ecce Homo. Think of the Judas's-silver cross on Catherine's bosom!

Priest. O who art thou?

Ecce Homo. Think of Jesus Christ's swaddling bands round Catherine's knee?

Priest. Belzébub, can I believe it?

Ecce Homo. Think of the hem of the mother of God's shift on Catherine's body!

Priest. Ah, now I know thee! We are brothers! Let me embrace thee!

Ecce Homo. Thou art of hell! Come not near me!

Priest. Don't dissemble any longer; thou art a priest!

Ecce Homo. I a priest?—a pest of the world!

Priest. Yes, yes, thou art a priest. The great unbelief of a priest dwells in thy breast, and thou lovest the things that priests love.

Ecce Homo. Wretch, compare me not with thyself! By the side of my unbelief in the foolish and unholy work of bad men alone, there arises a belief in chastity, in love, in mankind, in God—its sacred head! But by the side of a priest's unbelief there arise thoughts of dominion, of voluptuousness, of hatred, and of murder—their hateful serpent-heads, vomiting poison and death into the world!

Come, proletaire, come; from hence no prayers ascend to heaven! The church, the Christian church, is built up with the sweat, ashes, and bones of man! The priest threw upon the earth a seed, the seed was man, and then churches grew upon the earth!

Come, proletaire, come, from hence no prayers ascend to heaven!

FIRST APPENDIX TO THE ACTS OF ACCUSATION AGAINST THE PRIEST.

Now had the sun subdued the night; now had the morning-star surrendered to the conqueror the golden keys of the world; now had the conqueror spread to the heavens his purple-red banner! But Ecce Homo rejoiced not in the conqueror who opened the gates of the world; he rejoiced not in the morning-banner he displayed in the east.

“Man,” once said Ecce Homo, “behold! the morning and the evening-redness are the lips of God’s love; and the morning and the evening suns are God’s kisses upon the face of the world!” Thus said Ecce Homo once to men when the morning and the evening came.

Now Ecce Homo was standing by the Christian church, narrating to the proletaire melancholy church-stories, when the loud sounds of a bell struck his ear.

“Alas!” he exclaimed, “over the dead of the past, we have forgotten the dead of the present!—Come, brother, we are called to the funeral-procession. Many must be the dead! In vain will many mothers call out, ‘Where do our sons stay?’—there will be no answer. In vain will maidens, pricking their fingers with their needles, look forth from their windows—their lovers will not come! Come, we will bury the

dead, and will tell the mothers and the maidens where their sons and their lovers are !

But see, here comes the mournful train ! See, see ! hast thou ever seen so sad a procession ?—The dead without coffins, without shrouds—wives and maidens bearing them on their shoulders—they go bowed down, but they hold fast their dead—young men and old draw their broken swords after them.

“ See, yonder a woman has let something fall ; she would pick it up, but is hindered by the crowd : come, we will find it, and give it to her. Good woman, what hast thou lost ? ”—“ Yesterday I kissed my son ; I played with the fair hair on his white forehead ; and to-day I take him whither a weeping son usually takes his mother ; I carry thither my son to-day, and I have lost his head ! ”—“ We will seek it and give it thee. ”—“ Thank you ! Thank you ! Alas ! I have no more strength in my hand to carry the dear head ; bind it to my hair behind ! ”

“ See, proletaire, that maiden who bears a dead youth ; she asks something of the woman near her, and the woman, who is bearing an aged burthen, does not reply to her. Unhappy maiden, what askest thou of thy neighbour ? ”—“ I ask her what is flowing so cold on my bosom ? ”—“ They are the last drops of blood which thy lover sheds from his heart upon thy bosom ! ”—“ I thank thee ; my neighbour would not say it. ”

“ See, yonder—but no, come, let us also take on our shoulders some dear victim from the field of battle. Dost thou know where it is ? ”

“ Not far hence, ” said the proletaire, “ in the valley of Kether-nischbar—here it is. ”

“ Here ? sayest thou, proletaire, here ? Oh

we are now too late; the distribution is made. The valley has taken the shedden red-water, and mothers and maidens have taken the broken vessels, and nothing is left for the friend of man! Where say'st thou?—to the left in the trench?—Thou art mistaken, proletaire, I see nought—ha! thou art right! Here—a king's soldier! Poor fellow! Mothers leave him, forasmuch as he had sinned against the mother's throes; maidens leave him forasmuch as he had sinned against love; men, old and young, leave him, forasmuch as he had sinned against mankind. Poor fellow! All the dead, like good fruit blown from the tree by the night-storm, are gathered up, except thee, and there thou art, left like a worthless worm-eaten apple! O soldier! hadst thou known that it is at the grave that the mother's throes, that maiden's love, and that humanity first cast off their swaddling bands and become mature; that it is the silent grave-dust that teaches them to speak, to lament, and to curse; hadst thou known this, soldier, thou wouldst certainly not have received so thoughtlessly a sword from the hand of a king to murder withal—children, lovers, and men! Soldier! soldier! thou knewest not what thou didst! But let us, proletaire, forgive him and bury him."

"No, Ecce Homo! the soldier-tiger knew well what he did. Himself once sucked from a mother, himself once kissed a maiden, himself once pressed a man's hand—yet, nevertheless, took he a sword from a king's hand, and murdered children, lovers, and men! No, I bury him not! A man with the murdering sword of a king has destroyed the contract with men! If he falls, he becomes the rightful due of dogs and birds of prey!"

“Even let us be humane, my proletaire, to those that bear but the human form, only. If he was guilty, he has paid his guilt with his death! And, proletaire, who knows but that, at last, this poor soldier acted under the command of the tears of man, and was paid with death? Perhaps! who knows? We know nothing!—We will bury the poor soldier!”

Ecce Homo ceased to speak, and began to make, with the dead soldier's sword and his hands, a shallow grave. The proletaire lent his aid. The grave was made, and the dead laid in. “Shall we not,” said Ecce Homo, “put a monument over the poor dead soldier?” He took a bit of board, and scratched on it this inscription:—

SOLDIER! I DEVOTE TO THEE
A SWORD AND AN EPITAPH—
A DEATH-BELL SOUND!
THE EYE OF DOUBT IS TEARLESS,
OR I COULD GIVE TO THEE
A BROTHER'S TEAR!

“Come, now,” said Ecce Homo, “to that burying-ground where the monuments and epitaphs fall from the eyes. Let us go to that burying-ground. Quick! quick! If we be late they will upbraid us.—Who will upbraid us, askest thou? The dead! The living and the dead are two lovers before marriage. Before they are led to the marriage-bed of the grave they willingly give one another a meeting. Quicker! quicker! There, here we are already! O how many dead! How many living! There will be many kisses, many tears, many secrets! Hush!

“Once a mother who had lost her son looked at the grave-digger, and the grave-digger cast his

eyes downwards ; and there where he cast down his eyes, it was near a grave, the weeping mother read an old mysterious word, ' DEATH,' which word all the tears of the world cannot wash away, for God hath written it. The mother read the word of God, and 'was silent. To-day a mother, who lost her son, looks at the grave-digger, but the grave-digger casts not his eyes downwards ; he looks at the mother again : and in his eyes the mother sees a king's sword by which her son was murdered. She sees the murderous sword and asks, ' How is it that the sword of kings is not long since consumed by the burning acid tears of mothers ? How is it that the arms of kings are not long since putrified in the blood of man ? How is it that, in the long sultry days of murder-madness of kings, their heads have not been broken as are the heads of mad dogs in the dog-days ?"—Thus asked a mother.

I am a mother who thus asks !

I am a father who thus asks !

I am a brother who thus asks !

I am a sister who thus asks !

I am a loved one who thus asks !

" And I am a man," exclaimed Ecce Homo, " who thus asks ! But who shall answer us ? Who ? Broken cradles ? Rotten coffins ? Old prison stones ? Who shall answer us ? Who ? And had we an answer our dead would not at it awake and rise ! Ask not idly. What you carry in your eyes, be it water or stones, is a dead offering ; give it to the dead, and hear me." The eyes gave to the dead their tribute, and he then began :—

" There once hung a hot sun in the firmament. It brought dearth, scarcity, avarice, and disease

into the world. One day this sun went red, and became extinguished, as doth a light, and the world rejoiced. Shall I tell you what that sun was? It was the sun of kings, which the dead extinguished with their blood. The loved dead! We will sing a hymn to them:—

The smugglers did well
 Who paid no duties to the king.
 The kingly employers did well
 Who brake the oath of fidelity to the king.
 The soldiers did well
 Who deserted from the king.
 The wise did well
 Who exclaimed openly "God save the king," and
 armed themselves secretly against the king.
 But better did they
 Who drowned the royalty in their blood.
 For they
 Drowned wars, lies, and inhumanity.
 You dead did better than them all;
 You suffocated the royalty in the blood of your
 hearts.

CHORUS.

You dead did better than them all;
 You suffocated the royalty in the blood of your
 hearts.

"Listen!" said Ecce Homo, "I will ask you something:—

"A serpent once laid too eggs; the sun which the dead had extinguished with their blood brooded over them, and there came forth from them two hateful serpents, that made the hearts of men their nests. These two hateful serpents are 'man-hatred' and 'man-discord.' Men, are these two hateful serpents killed? Answer! Answer!"

“ Devout Christians, come into the church, and I will read you a mass for the dead !”

“ That,” exclaimed Ecce Homo, “ is an answer of Satan to my question.”

“ It is our priest,” exclaimed many voices, “ it is our priest !”

“ Priest !” cried Ecce Homo, “ priest ! if thy cross is good, kneel before it and swear, ‘ Man shall not be against man !’ See, the Christian priest kneels before his cross ! hear, man, what he swears :—‘ The father shall be against the son, and the son against the father !’—Christians, know ye from whence these words come ?—They come out of the mouth of Jesus Christ !—Wherefore, priest, came Jesus Christ into the world ?

Priest. Jesus Christ came into the world to deliver man from sin.

Ecce Homo. Has he delivered man from sin ?

Priest. Yes !

Ecce Homo. Wherefore say’st thou the heathen are damned, the Jews are damned, heretics are damned ? Are they not men ?

Priest. They are men ; but our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ says, “ He that believeth not and is not baptized is damned !”

Ecce Homo. Are unbelief and non-baptism sins ?

Priest. Yes !

Ecce Homo. Then man has two sins ! and God damns them who came to deliver man from sin ! Such a God is a miserable God ! Priest, shall I tell thee what thy God was ? What Jesus Christ was, until now two only knew, kings and murdered subjects. Kings, on their death-beds, took a crucifix in their hand and whispered it secretly in the ear of their successors ; their successors comprehended it easily. Murdered sub-

jects resting on their decaying grave-stones, took their murder-story in their hand and whispered it secretly in the ear of their subject-successors ; but their subject-successors understood not for a long time the broken speech of the dead, and thus the secret remained only with the kings. Shall this horrid secret remain only with kings for ever ? No ! Listen to a story :—

“ I was once travelling on an autumn-day. It rained, it was cold, my shoes were worn, and my slight staff was broken. I was unfortunate. I saw a village. That was the fortune of the world to me ! I saw chimnies. One of them delighted me, for it was pouring forth a thick volume of smoke. In this house, thought I, I may reckon upon remaining until I have recovered my warmth. I advanced towards the house with the smoky chimney, and although a great yard-dog barked at me, although smiling faces looked out of the windows and then frowningly drew back, although the house belonged to a rich man, nevertheless I was suffered to open the door and enter. ‘ Allow me,’ said I to the first I saw, ‘ to warm myself, and to remain here to-night.’ I received no answer. That is, thought I, the “yes” of the rich ; and I took a chair and sat down by the fire. After a few minutes I forgot the many and long hours I had passed in the cold and rain.

When man suffers a sorrowing angel comes, and rends the strings of sense with which life is bound to the world ; then the eye sees nought but a water-drop, and the ear hears nought but a dull sound. When man has ceased to suffer, a brighter angel comes, seeks out the broken strings of sense, binds them again to the world, casts the water-drops from the eye of man into the ocean

of the world, casts the dull sound from the breast of man into the music of the world ; and again man sees the ocean of worlds, and again he hears the music of worlds !

Thus thought I no more, as I rested near the delightful fire, of whence I came or where I was. My attention was now drawn to a child, who addressed an old lady in the room.

“ Grandmother,” said the child, “ give me the scissors.”—“ What dost thou want with them ?” asked the grandmother.—“ I have got a fly,” answered the child, “ and I want to cut off its wings.” The grandmother smiled, and gave them to the child.—“ Grandmother, said the child again, “ give me a needle.”—“ What dost thou want with it ?” asked the grandmother.—“ I want to stick the fly through,” said the child. The grandmother smiled, and gave him a needle.—“ Grandmother,” said the child again, “ let me come to the fire. “ What dost thou want at the fire ?” asked the grandmother. “ I want,” said the child, “ I want to burn the fly.”

The fly was maimed, pierced, and burned. The grandmother took the child upon her knee and sang :—

Child ! I dreamt of a path,
Via, Via, Via !
There I saw thee led
By the Mother of God
Maria, Maria !

Thou wilt be hereafter,
A holy, holy man !
And thou wilt purify
The sinner black,

As thou hast purified
The black fly now !
Thou wilt load with torments
Those who loaded Christ
With a cross, a cross !
The possessed thou wilt load
With evil spirits,
And wilt not forget
The Jews ! the Jews !
Thou wilt preach piously,
And piously wilt say,
‘ Make a funeral pile to burn
The enemies of Christ !’
And thou, holy child, wilt say,
The blood of Salamanders and of Jews
Must be baptised with fire ! with fire !

Child ! I dreamt of a path,
Via, Via, Via !
There I saw thee led
By the mother of God,
Maria, Maria !

At this song I began to weep, but I knew not what my tears meant ; I began to sigh, but I knew not what my sighs meant ; I began to feel anxious, but I knew not what my anxiety meant ; yet I knew that all three came from my heart. “ O fie !” I ejaculated to myself, “ that a man should weep, should sigh, should feel anxious, without knowing what his tears, his sighs, his anxiety signify !” Then I heard a voice which seemed not to come into but out of my ear, which said, “ Reproach not thyself, Ecce Homo, thy tears are the A B C and the etymology of the language of the dead ; thy sighs are the syntax

of the language of the dead; thy feelings of anxiety are narrations in the language of the dead! I was not long learning the A B C, and the etymology, and the syntax of the dead, and read their narrations. Frightful narrations! I read:—

“The father of all men was restless in his grave. He rose up and went forth. He came to the brook Kidron. There he found his dead children weeping. ‘Wherefore weep ye, my children?’ asked the father. They thrust their hands into their breasts, and drew forth dark thoughts. ‘Read them!’ said they to their father, “these are the dark thoughts of PILATE.” And the dead father of men read:—

PILATE’S THOUGHTS.

There were people who heeded not the threats of kings, but who gave ear to their promises. There were other people who gave not ear to the promises of kings, but who bowed themselves before their murderous sword. There were yet other people who defied the murderous sword of kings, but who gave themselves up to them to escape from the hideous teeth of hunger.

But the Jews are deaf as well to the threats as to the promises of the king, they are insensible to the murderous sword, and their old men say to their children, “Children, eat us!” The children say to the mothers, “Mothers, eat us!”—The children eat the fathers, the mothers eat the children, and they become not slaves.

But I will try one thing more with them. I will find some cunning needy man among them, and will say to him, “Go to the people, who regard Moses as a prophet, and tell them thou

art the 'son of an angel,' or the 'son of God.' Go to the people, to whom Moses gave the earth, go and promise them heaven. Go to the people, who will not put the sword into the scabbard, and say to them, 'If any man shall strike you on the right cheek, let him smite the other also!' Go to the people, who are independent because they labour, and say to them, 'Take no heed of your life, what ye shall eat and what ye shall drink; nor for your body, what ye shall put on; seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness, then shall such things come unto you!' Go to the people, who go to schools to instruct themselves, and say, 'Blessed are they that are poor in spirit, for their's is the kingdom of heaven!' Go to the people who sigh for a republic, and say, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's!' These, and such-like things, will I put in the man's mouth. The people will listen to him. The superstitious and the deceivers will come, and the sayings of this man will get wrapped up in stories, miracles, prayers, and holy halo. The people will reverence this man—will worship him. The chiefs of the Jews will be enraged, they will revile this man, they will bring him to trial, and will seek his destruction. I will crucify him. I will write 'I N R I' upon his cross, and will wash my hands. His death will widen the field of superstition and roguery. After three days I will remove his body and keep it safe, and new wonders will be seen! Then apostles, priests, priestesses, and saints will arise and, as disciples of this crucified, will offer heaven to the Jews and make them long for it; and for that, they will require them to become coward, slothful, poor, stupid, superstitious, rank,

cruel, slavish, and treacherous. Many will fall into this traffic; with these I shall not have to struggle. The few who, on such conditions, will turn their eyes away from heaven will, by the greater number, be driven into it with daggers and flames. Thus will Rome at last subdue this most stiffnecked people of the earth! The Jews shall be my despised slaves!"

Here ended the dark thoughts of PILATE.

"Children!" the father-shade then asked, "what has at length come of the dark thoughts of Pilate?" And they showed him the Gospel of Jesus Christ. "Wherefore," asked the father-shade, "wherefore read ye, without ceasing, these writings?" "They are," answered the dead children, "our death-decrees!"—"Give me," said then the father-shade, "a drop of your blood!" They thrust their hands again into their breasts, but their hearts were dry. "Take it, father," said they, "out of the brook Kidron." The father-shade took a drop of blood out of the brook Kidron, and departed.

The father of men went to the banks of the Tiber. There also he found his dead children weeping. "Wherefore weep ye, my children?" asked the father. And they showed him a black banner, which they ever carried, on which CONSTANTINE, the successor of PILATE, had written, "*By the sign of the cross shall I conquer!*"—"Children," said the father-shade, "wherefore carry ye the black banner with the writing of CONSTANTINE, the successor of PILATE?" And the children answered, "Under this death-banner we were murdered!"—"Give me," said the father-shade, "a drop of your blood!"—"Take

it, father," said they, "out of the stream of the Tiber." The father took a drop out of the stream of the Tiber, and departed.

He then went to the waters of the Mançanares, of the Tagus, of the Missouri, and to the shores of the seas; and the father of men still found his children weeping. "Wherefore weep ye, my children?" asked the father. And they shewed him a box on which was written in golden letters "*Christianity!*" of which they would not be dispossessed. "Children," said the father-shade, "what means this strange box on which is written in golden letters, '*Christianity!*' and of which ye will not be dispossessed?" And the children opened the box, and showed him coals left from burning stakes.—"Have ye not a drop of blood?" asked the father.—"Some," said they, "is still in the Mançanares, in the Tagus, in the Missouri, and in all the seas of the earth!" The father of men took out of each a red drop, took his heart from his breast, and threw the blood-drops into it. He then dipped his finger into his heart, and wrote on the face of the earth, with the blood of his dead children:—

"Peace be unto my living children! Between God and man no *mediator* is needed! The bloody God TAY-KI was the emperor Tchoan-hong, and the bonze* was the mediator between him and the people! The heart-consuming god VITZLI-PUTZLI was the king Parausti, and the butios* was the mediator between him and the people! The nation-destroying god JEHOVAH was the army-leading Moses, and the Cohen-hagadol* was the mediator between him and the people!

* Priest.

The most bloody of all gods, the murderous THREE-GOD, is PILATE, CONSTANTINE, and all after-coming KINGS, and Jesus Christ is the mediator between them and their people !”

This the father of all men wrote with the blood of his children, thrust his heart into his breast, and returned to his grave.”

So far for a narration of the dead. Men, who are ye that, at this, look at each other astonished ?

“ We are ashamed to say it—we are Christians !”

There is matter enough in the world to blot out this blood-name. Blot out this blood-name and be men ! Men ! Men ! Shall I tell you ?—

There were in the world *two Christs* ; but only one was *the Christ*. Once one said, ‘ *I am Christ.*’ He said it, and received from the hands of a kingly judge a heavy cross, carried it, fell under the load, ascended the cross, preached on it about paradise. But as he began to feel the pangs of death he called out, “ *Eli ! Eli ! Lamah Sabaktani ?*” Then men called out to him, “ If thou art Christ, then come down from the cross ! Thou art not Christ ! Jesus, thou art not Christ ! Thou art a secret agent of kings !”

Once another said, “ I am Christ !” he said it, and received from the hands of a kingly judge a heavy cross, carried it, fell under the load, ascended the cross, preached from it about paradise. As, however, he began to feel the pangs of death, he brake the iron with which he was nailed to the cross, descended from it, and brake the kings of the world ! Then did heaven and earth exclaim, “ Happy thou ! thou helpst thyself ! thou art Christ ! *Mankind* thou art Christ !”

“ Let men love one another !” said the mankind-christ ! “ for ye are brothers in me ! Love one

another ! That is your belief, that is your baptism, that is your paradise !”

What shall I, an apostle of man, add to these words ? I will tell you—the hour hath sounded for the divine service. Embrace one another !

Ecce Homo ceased to speak ; and began in the burial-ground the new service of God. “ Embrace not me !” exclaimed a voice, “ thou hast a Jew’s nose !”

“ Who is it ?” cried out Ecce Homo, “ who is it that thus blasphemest mankind ?”

“ It is the priest of Jesus !” thundered a thousand voices.

“ Take him !” said Ecce Homo, “ he shall be judged by the judgment of men !”

SECOND APPENDIX TO THE ACTS OF
ACCUSATION AGAINST THE PRIEST.

“ Here soon will be my eternal home !” said an old man to Ecce Homo, who stayed alone with him in the burial-ground, “ I shall soon die ; teach me, Ecce Homo, thy faith !”

“ Should I teach thee my faith,” answered Ecce Homo, “ then should I add another to the evils that now are ! Knowest thou, old man, how it is that men have been so unhappy for so many thousands of years ? Men have been unhappy for so many thousands of years because they have learned a hundred other faiths instead of their own. No ! old man, I will teach thee thine own faith, and thou wilt become happy !—Old man, if thou hast an enemy who has not his own faith, then go to him and be his friend ; for a man with a *priest-faith* goes with bandaged eyes from the cradle to the grave !—Behold, when I feel wearied in the long desart of my life, I go into the church in which neither cross nor crescent is seen ; I go into a church which the Divinity has built within me—the warm church of mine own heart ! No Iman, no Capuchin stands at the altar there. There MY faith stands and points to a Mother and a Child—the EARTH and MANKIND ! Then do I rejoice that I am man—that with the tears of the children of men a drop falls also from my eye upon the bosom of the EARTH-MOTHER !—This, old man, is no *priest-faith* ; it is the only faith of all mankind ! This faith is the only sun

on which melts the ice of the murder-thoughts of man; but it has not yet melted the ice of the murder-thoughts of man; for dark blood-spots are still on it! Well it shines upon the Saracens; but Ebn-abdallah, the Iman and the crescent, are dark blood-spots on it. Well it shines upon the people of the desarts; but their gods, their priests, and their sacrifices, are dark blood-spots on it. Well it shines upon the Nazarenes; but Jesus, the priest and the Cross, are dark blood-spots on it!—Nazarene, to what shall I liken thee?—I will liken thee to a man who had a mad dog that wounded and bit to death, with his sharp poison-teeth, many men! When this man was asked wherefore he killed not this dog, or cast him not into the desert where men went not? he answered, ‘The dog wears on his neck a collar with my father’s mark on it!’—Nazarene, canst thou number the men whom thy Jesus has wounded and killed? No, thou canst not number them! His work has been the bloodiest work in the world. Nazarene, hast thou extinguished his destroying name? or hast thou cast it into the desert where man goes not?—No; like the man with the mad dog, thou sayest, ‘He wears my father’s mark!’ and thou hast suffered all the base things he has done in the world. Nazarene, thou sayest that the Evangel of Jesus pleases thee. Knowest thou what is the Evangel of Jesus? It is a slumber-giving story to reason on the lips of the priest—a destroying sword in the hands of the king—and a long adieu for murdered men! Nazarene, thy Christ has done with his Evangel more terrible things than the storm, the deluge, the earthquake. He touched men’s faith with his Evangel, and there fell from

it into the world serpents of hatred, with which kings fed the bodies of men !”

“Accursed,” exclaimed the old man, “accursed be the Evangely ! Accursed be Jesus Christ !”

“Old man,” said Ecce Homo, “the winds curse him, the streams curse him, the evening-rednesses curse him ! The winds are sighs, the streams are tears, the evening-rednesses are bloody winding-sheets that cover murdered nations ! Horribly they curse ; why, then, old man, shouldst thou also curse him ? Thou art still, old man, a Christian of Nazareth, seeing that thou cursest and damnest. Whosoever believeth in the Mankind-christ, the son of the Earth-mother, curseth not—damneth not !

I have a prayer in my heart ; who will bear it to my mother ? Wilt thou, red cloud of the mountains ? Meseems I hear :—

“I float o’er the mountain, but I cannot reach thy mother !”

Thou light air o’er the cloud !—Meseems I hear :—

“I float o’er the red-cloud, but I cannot reach thy mother !”

Thou soft light over the air !—Meseems I hear :—

“I float o’er the light air, but I cannot reach thy mother !”

Heaven and earth, is there no messenger, no mediator, who can bear a short prayer to my mother ?—Meseems I hear :—

“Man, with prayer in the heart, no messenger, no mediator, is needed to bear thy prayer to thy mother !—no messenger, no mediator, but thine own regard that rests on the face of heaven. It alone can bear thy prayer to the bosom of thy mother !”

O regards of mine eye, take on your moist wings my prayer, and bear it to my mother!—

MY PRAYER.

Mother of the children of men, whom kingly nurses wrap in swaddling bands of chains, and hush to sleep in the cradle of the grave! Mother of men who have written an Evangely on the scaffold—a better Evangely than that which has dragged about man for a thousand and more years—silly, poor, hungry, bound, weeping, bleeding—to obtain a false heaven! Mother of all sick and praying hearts, I thee implore!

MY PRAYER IS FOR THE SINNER JESUS! Mother, I once said to thee, that if thou rewardest virtue with earthly life only, and punishest sin with earthly death only, then is thy reward for virtue but small, and thy punishment for sin still smaller! I asked then—what has become of the sinner Jesus? What has become of his cross? The body of the sinner Jesus is decayed, and his dust is mingled with the dust of the virtuous! The cross of the sinner Jesus is decayed, and its fragments are mingled by the winds, and cast into the ocean with the fragments of the dwellings of the virtuous! But what has become of the sin of Jesus? The sin of Jesus is sitting upon the hills of the world; human sighs of a thousand and more years its breath—human hides and bones of a thousand and more years its food—human sweat, tears, and blood of a thousand and more years its drink!—Mother, I said once and again, that if thou rewardest virtue with earthly life only, and punishest sin with earthly death only, then is

thy reward for virtue little, and thy punishment for sin still less ! I said this, Mother, but I was then blind. I acknowledge now to thee that thy reward for virtue is greater than an earthly life—thy punishment for sin greater than an earthly death ! I thus say now, for thou hast opened mine eyes, and I see ! I see that thou, beyond the grave, everlastingly rewardest the virtuous and punishest sinners !—

I behold in a valley beyond the grave an erect shadow.—*It is the shadow of the Cross of Golgotha.*—On this shadow hangs another shadow with nails on its hands and feet, and a thorn-crown on its head—*It is the shadow of the Sinner of Nazareth, Jesus Christ !*—Many other shadows I behold with the shadows of golden crowns on their heads ; they dance unceasingly round the shadow-cross, kiss the shadow-feet of the crucified, and exclaim, “ Hosannah ! Hosannah ! ” These are the *shadows of kings !* There are other shadows with long straggled hair, who scrape up unceasingly with their nails the muddy earth, and cast it at the face of the crucified, exclaiming, “ Accursed be the body that wore the crucified ! ” These are the *melancholy shadows of mothers, sisters, and brides !* There are other shadows with burning coals, daggers, and poison-drops in their hands ; a path—where the shadows of mothers, sisters, and brides do not scrape up the earth, and where the shadows of kings do not dance—leads them to the shadow-cross : they come on this desert path to the cross, lay unceasingly the burning coals upon the head of the crucified, and call out, “ These are the burning coals with which thou hast burned us ! ” They plunge un-

ceasingly the daggers into the breast of the crucified, and call out, "These are the daggers with which thou hast pierced our hearts!" They pour unceasingly the poison-drops upon the tongue of the crucified, and call out, "These are the poison-drops thou hast poured upon our tongues!" The shadows with the burning coals, daggers, and poison-drops, are the *shadows of murdered heretics, heathens, and Jews!*—Frightfully sound the Hosannahs of the crowned shadows—frightfully sound the exclamations of the shadows with the long straggled hair—frightfully sound the words of the shadows with the burning coals, daggers, and poison-drops;—but much more frightfully sound unceasingly the words, "Eli, Eli, lamah sabacthani!" out of the shadow-mouth of the sinner Jesus Christ! And the Divinity feels no pity for the sinner!

The sinner suffers—so it stands written in the secret books of the world—the sinner suffers as long as his sin lives among men!

Mother of mankind, will the sin of Jesus live yet a long while among men? Yet a long while will it live?

There was once a whore. When evening came she went to her window and sung sweet tender songs, and smiled softly, and uncovered her fair bosom. She had sung a hundred tender songs, a hundred times had she smiled, a hundred times had she uncovered her fair bosom; for a hundred men had, one after another, passed before her window. Unhappy men! They did not pass by, they stood still, they listened to her songs, they saw her smiles, they gazed at her bosom, they went in, they embraced her, and died! Is it still night? said the whore—is

it still night? Ha! there is yet another man coming to pass my window. I will again sing, and smile, and show my bare bosom. She did so; and this one also went in. But woe to her! Scarcely had he touched her—scarcely had he felt the burning poison in his veins—when a ray of day-light fell upon the couch, and the man saw—The lips that he had kissed he saw covered with festering pustules; from the fingers he pressed he saw hanging grey-yellow gnawing maggots; on the bosom where he bent his ardent glance and his sighs he saw foul stinking holes,—hideous gaping mouths of disease—breathing pestilent airs and spurting forth corruption and poison.—He could see no more, for a hundred mothers came whose sons had died in the night from the caresses of the whore. The mothers came; they saw on her all that the man had seen; they saw still more—and they tore the whore to pieces!

Mother of the children of men, the Jesus-sin is a whore who, when it grows dark, goes to the window of the world, and sings soft songs, and smiles sweetly, and bares her fair bosom, and entices men in to her. More than a hundred times hath she sung her songs, more than a hundred times hath she smiled, more than a hundred times hath she uncovered her bosom, more than a hundred times hath she enticed men in to her. Many, many men have listened to her songs, have looked at her smiles, have gazed on her uncovered bosom, have gone in to her, have embraced her, and died—and died, after they had destroyed many other men with the poison of the Jesus-sin!—Merciful mother, let in a stream of day-light upon her couch!

Come and look on thy children who have died in the night from the caresses of the Jesus-sin, and its poison left behind in the world! Mother, look on the hideous one, rend and destroy her! Then, mother of men, then take pity on the sinner Jesus, who, there in the valley beyond the grave, suffers unceasingly on the shadow of the cross of Golgotha! Have pity, then, on him! Amen!

“Now I know enough of thy faith,” said the old man; “I know enough! It is the great banner of mankind, not red with blood nor black with curses! Speed, Ecce Homo, with this banner over that third mountain! The fangs of the king and the talons of the priest begin again to rend there the bodies of men! Speed! Speed!”

THE QUADRINITARY APPENDIX.

In the prison where the king and the priest, with their adherents, were counting the long minutes, the door suddenly opened. The prison-keeper admitted a soldier, his head and breast encased with steel.

"A soldier!" exclaimed all at once.

"A goodly company!" said the soldier.

King. Where did they lay hold of you, soldier?

Soldier. Among those who have now forgotten your murder-lessons—among your dead soldiers.

King. Was the number great?

Soldier. Great.

King. Well, soldier, as soon as we are free we will, of our royal grace, bestow a cross of honour on you.

Soldier. Alas for the honour that depends on a cross!

King. What, a soldier to speak in that way? Let us see your face?

Soldier. At the judgment of men will you see my face.

King. What colours do the people carry?

Soldier. Black.

King. What do you hear among the people?

Soldier. Sighs.

King. How many parties are there among them?

Soldier. Two, judges and executioners; the former are against you, and the latter for you.

King. Hence, fellow ! Your tongue was never made to speak to a king. Another time your rude speech to the king would be your death-warrant.

Soldier. But now, thank God, my death-warrant is but a rude speech.

Priest. This is Ecce Homo's language ! Soldier, do you know Ecce Homo ?

Soldier. Yes.

Priest. Do you know where he is now ?

Soldier. In prison.

Priest. Then, Belzebub be praised, men are stupid again ! We shall triumph, your majesty, we shall yet triumph !

Soldier. Yes, at the gibbet ! at the gibbet !

Priest and King. What ?

Minister. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

King. What are you laughing about ?

Minister. I could swear the people have taken to our politics, and that this fellow has been sent here to us in uniform to excite us to rise.

King. Not a bad idea.

Minister. The simple people ! They wish to dance like us on the political tight rope ; but that rope is too fine for their clumsy bears' feet, and they will tumble most certainly. I can't help laughing, as the devil did once when a silly angel wished to imitate him. What think you this silly angel did to become the chief of a hell—a hell with a hundred thousand burning stakes, with a hundred thousand millions of pale souls for these stakes, with seven hundred thousand millions of sighs for the burning souls, with thirty hundred thousand millions of devilish laughs for the faint sighs. What did the silly angel do to become the chief of such a hell ?

He turned a summer evening into a long cold winter night, let snow fall from the moon, made a sledge of an old rotten coffin, fixed a black cat to it, hung upon it a pair of flaming sorcerer's eyes for lanterns, and then scurried hither and thither over hill and vale between the habitations of the living and the dead; and when the cat grew tired, and the sledge broke, and the lantern lights went out, and the snow melted, and the glow-worm hung again on its shrub, and kisses hung again on kisses, and melancholy on melancholy, and desire on desire, he then exclaimed thrice with a voice like that of a hungry wolf, "Moloch!" five times, "Belzebub!" seven times, "Samuel!" nine times, "Ashtaroth!" eleven times, "Scheol!" thirteen times, "Abaddon!" fifteen times, "Asasel!" seventeen times, "Sched!" nineteen times, "Maschchit!" twenty-one times, "Ruah Raha!" but he found no hell, no burning stakes, no pale souls, no faint sighs, no devilish laughter! And why not? Because he did not begin his work, like the devil, with an invocation pleasing to the ear.—The people do like the silly angel. They wish us to rise; and, instead of beginning their work, as they ought, with the mild accents of complaint, they cast insults at us. Silly people! The devil and I understand things better. The devil, when he wishes to have the pleasure of seeing hell and its torments, transforms himself into a saintly priest, takes a cross in his hand, kisses it thrice, and calls out thrice, "*My Saviour and my God!*" At this exclamation millions flock round and kneel before him. Then he asks them, "My children, are ye all here?" And the saintly souls reply, "Holy father, many will not hear

thy call!" "Go," says then the priest-clad devil, "go, children of God, make a fire and burn them among holy devout prayers!" The saintly believing souls give heed to him, and the earth straightway becomes before his eyes an endless hell with countless torments!—So, if I wish to get up an insurrection by which the people shall bleed, I put on the garb of a patriot, go to some open place, and call out thrice with a loud voice, "The king is a mad dog; he bites us poor people to death: down with the mad dog—down with the king!" By this sort of outcry I soon get a host of ragamuffins about me to re-echo my exclamations. "Too true, too true; the king is a mad dog, and he bites us to death! Down with the mad dog—down with the king!" And then they begin to weep. "Brothers!" I call out, "what is the use of your tears? Many have wept before you, but what good did it do them? See these paving-stones—these are the tears of our forefathers! The king despises them—he walks over them! You despise them yourselves, for you also walk over them like the king! Oh, brothers, take these petrified tears of our forefathers and make barricades of them—take bayonets, swords, and daggers—the sighs of our forefathers—take them and thrust them into the black heart of the king!" All this sort of thing do I call out with the lamenting tongue of a patriot, and a host of voices answer, "Barricades, barricades! to arms, brothers, to arms! Death to the king! death! death!" And, in the twinkling of an eye, barricades, and plenty of well-armed fists, are raised! And what do I do? I disappear; and in another twinkling of an eye stands a royal army in front

of the confounded people—an overpowering army! The people, despairing, seek me; they want my advice. But where am I? Where are my thoughts? Where is my hope? My thoughts, like hungry vultures at a gibbet, hover round the points of the royal bayonets; my hope, like a toad in a dark old wall, gropes about in that darkness where there is gold; and I am in right good company with a glass of stiff punch before me, playing at *Boston aux deux couleurs*; and, before I have played my game and finished my punch, a messenger comes and announces to me that the thirsty royal bayonets have drunk so deep of the goblet of the people's hearts, and the royal swords have fed so ravenously upon the people's flesh, that the royal table-music of the people's death-groans is at an end! Thus, friends, do I get up an insurrection.

Prefect of Police. Bravo! The devil and the minister for ever, I say!

King. I yield every respect to the devil; he can kill twenty angels at once, and eat their livers up. But, as for the minister, in my opinion, he pushes his freedom too far when he puts his *great* abilities in comparison with those of the sublime Satan. It is just like a conceited school-boy, that perches himself upon his master's stool, and then fancies he is equal to him. In the death-school of the world there are millions of scholars and but two masters—*the devil and I, the king!* The traitorous minister would wrest the crown from my head! Oh, that I was still—

Minister. The devil and the king for ever, hurrah!

All (except the soldier). Satan and the king for ever!

Soldier. This is the first time I ever headed such a prayer.

Priest. O, that's our old bell-wether prayer. All other christian prayers, invocations, ejaculations, and what not, that yield us our flesh and wool, follow after that! Come, soldier, pray along with us.

Soldier. If so it be, I will pray that a hungry wolf may come and destroy your old bell-wether prayer, with the whole flock that follows at its tail.

Priest. Ah! like a soldier, you have too much spirit and too little flesh and wool. You should turn priest—if you will I'll transfer my parish to you. I have, in my parish, seven categories of penitents; which I will particularise:—

FIRST CATEGORY OF PENITENTS.

I have in my parish one hundred and five old women. In vain do they stand still in the street, in vain do they cast their regards about them; they are passed by unnoticed as an old road-post, from which the writing has been long defaced, is passed by by travellers. These old women come to me to seek consolation. One of them was with me very lately—the old widow Schub. “God,” she exclaimed, “what a vile world we live in now! It's the nature of woman that she is always sweet and good; but the men—I declare they have become altogether base and degenerate!” This grievous lament was accompanied with a distillation from her eyes and mouth. This is a sentimental commencement, I said to myself, and the opportunity is a good one for converting her into a right christian

sheep, and bringing her into the great flock. I, therefore, addressed her thus:—"Ah, Madam Schub! thou shouldst despise the world, whose love is like a fire of straw, that blazes for a few moments, and then goes out; thou shouldst despise men, who to-day are as the very scarf-skin of women, but which to-morrow peels off if but the slightest wrinkle appears on the woman's cheek. Thou must despise the world and men! But yonder, Madam, yonder thou wilt not pass along or look about thee unregarded—yonder thou wilt not display the corners of thy neckerchief and hitch up thy knee-bands in vain—yonder is Jesus Christ! The flame of his love never goes out! He shall be as a scarf-skin to thee, never, never to peel off!" Here the extasy of Madam Schub was so raised that it began to run out at her nose; and I clenched the business thus:—"Make over," said I, "make over, Madam Schub, thy worldly goods to the church; the church shall buy thee thy bride-garments, and I will lead thee to the bridal!" And Madam Schub's rapture, as she exclaimed, "The bridegroom Jesus gives all my worldly goods to the church and your reverence," was so great, that, besides the already-named visible ones that flowed from the rocky old lady, another stream broke forth from an unseen source.

SECOND CATEGORY OF PENITENTS.

I have in my parish a pretty girl, sixteen years of age. One day this girl came to me crying. Ah! it's a very pleasant thing when a pretty young girl comes—for perhaps but a silly thing she is wishing for—to the priest with a tear on

her cheek—a drop of dew from her heart. Don't ask too much from a beautiful girl. I can tell you, if she gives a tear-drop from her heart she will give you afterwards her whole body. Well, this beautiful girl came to me.

“Your reverence,” she began, “I have a poor old mother. She lies on a little straw spread upon the bare earth; she trembles. She covers herself with all the tattered garments she has; still she trembles. I take my Sunday gown to cover her with; still she trembles. I take a brick and carry it to our neighbour to warm it at her fire, to put it to the cold feet of my mother; the brick is warmed, and I am glad; I take it and go homewards. Alas, when I get home the brick is cold, and day begins to break.—But I bring my poor mother three dollars.—There is a corner of our house where the day never comes. I stand in this corner. My mother rises and calls me to the window. I obey. She looks at my face, my neck, my hands, at the dirt in which my feet had stood; she raises her eyes again to my face; she sees; she looks unforgettingly; my knees shake. ‘Child,’ my mother exclaims, ‘child, thou hast lost thine innocence! Thou wilt soon bring me to the grave!’ ‘Ah, mother,’ I stammer, ‘the three dollars—’ ‘Alas,’ murmurs my mother, ‘I once had an only son; he was poor; men gave him some money, and he was killed for it. I had an only daughter; she was poor; men gave her some money, and they have also killed her for it. My son is in the grave. Thou, my daughter, without thine innocence, art as a flower blighted and withered, and I alone live now! Live! Yes, I yet live; but men will soon bring the old

mother to the grave. Weep not, my child, weep not: am I then better than my dear dead children? Go; seek in that closet for my wedding-shift. I have long destined it for my shroud. Time and smoke have made it yellow. Take it, wash it, and let me have it white—' Here I can hold no longer—I sink at my mother's feet. 'We shall see one another again,' said my mother; 'we shall surely see one another again. Stand up, my child, stand up, and let me kiss thee!' I rise; my mother embraces me, and kisses my forehead; she murmurs a few words, and sinks to the earth. 'Mother!' I scream; 'mother!' I raise my mother up. God! Alas—she is dead!—Three days already, the neighbours tell me, my mother has been laid in the grave. I eat not—I sleep not. By day I sit in the corner where the light never shines, and weep and weep. When evening comes I go to the burying-ground, and sit where they have buried my mother, and weep again and again. Sometimes I call on my mother; but my mother answers me not. Then I wish I were dead also. It must be very beautiful, I think to myself, for a dead daughter to ask pardon on her knees of her dead mother; for the mother to kiss the daughter, and press her to her dead heart; for a daughter and a mother together to remember their tattered clothes, and their cold hearth, and their damp straw bed; to weep death tears; and remember these things where misery is not known. Then I wish I were dead; but the thought comes over me of what the other dead will say when they see a dead maiden without the crown of innocence. I shall be despised there also! Oh! holy father, who givest counsel to so many,

canst thou not tell me how I can regain my innocence? Oh! could I but regain it, I would hold it as fast as a mother her child while the house is burning. I would hold it faster; I would hold it as fast as God holds compassion when mankind sinks. Oh! tell me, holy priest, who can give me again my lost innocence? Have pity on me, and tell me holy father!"

The weeping girl here ceased, and looked at me as an imploring child looks at her father. The girl's voice and air let loose floods of voluptuousness all over my whole skin; but, although I felt faint, I was still strong enough to do my priestly office. I drew back a step or two from the girl, and said to her, "Thou art damned, girl, damned; damned everlastingly to feel the pang that pierces thy heart now, and to the tears that now furrow thy cheek; thou wilt be damned everlastingly to painful convulsions from the crown of thy head to the soles of thy feet, in the dark burning fire, for thy sin; thou wilt be food for hell eternally!"

At these words the girl fell senseless at my feet. If you were priests you would imagine by what agreeable arts I succeeded in rousing her from her swoon.—"Stand up, unchaste girl!" said I to her. "Mercy!" she stammered; but she did not rise. "Stand up, hideous blot on God's creation!" I called out. "Mercy!" she cried again, still not rising. "Whore!" I exclaimed; but at this word the girl sprung up like a stricken roe. Death seemed on her cheek and lip, but lightning glanced from her eye. She gazed frightfully at me, and exclaimed, "Priest, is there no God? is there no mercy for sinners? then—" I now perceived a knife in her hand,

with its point directed towards her heart. "My child!" I called out, seizing her hand; "my child, there is indeed a God, and there is indeed mercy for sinners! Now is the time, my child, for me to tell thee, for I see that thy heart is crushed and penetrated with sorrow and repentance—" "My innocence—God—mercy—my innocence!" vociferated the girl. "Yonder," said I, "yonder fleeth the innocence of a maiden—yonder, yonder into the shadow of Jesus Christ! Child, Jesus Christ is a Man-god, a God of flesh and blood; believe in him, and he will elect thee for his bride, and he will give thee again thy lost innocence as a bridal gift. Believe, my child, believe! I will lead thee to Jesus!" "Holy father," exclaimed the girl, "teach me to believe!" "In works," said I, "in works is manifested belief. Go now, bring me the three dollars—the unclean dollars with which thine innocence was bought; with them will I buy incense for nine masses, and I will sing the seven penitential psalms, and every evening, when thou hast said the last words, '*Hâc nocte illumina custodi rege et gubernâ*' to thy holy guardian angel, not forgetting 'Amen,' then shalt thou open the door of thy dwelling, and I will come and will cover thy sinful body with the shadow of grace and the mercy of God which surrounds me." Well, the girl brought me the three dollars, opened that evening her door, and—

Soldier. My God! If we were not here I'd strangle you!

Priest. Ha, ha, ha! Good, you are envious—as envious as a priest himself. Ah, well, never mind; hear me on.

THIRD CATEGORY OF PENITENTS.

I have in my parish a nobleman. He never used to come to church, and always looked at me with contempt. One day, at last, while I was going through mass in my church, I espied him. As I read "*O salutaris hostia*," I thought to myself, "I suppose some misfortune has happened to the nobleman-dog." When I came to "Pray for the dead," thought I, "The rogue would never look at me, and now he seeks the priest as a despairing sailor looks out for land." At the *Pater*, thought I, "The ill-luck of man is the good angel of the priest; it brings to him bruised hearts out of all stations, sexes, and ages with one hand, and with the other it gives him their gold, their honour, and their power for his sensitive soul, and their pretty girls and women for his sensitive body." Between "*Per omnia secula seculorum*," and "*Pax domini sit semper vobiscum*," thought I, "Perhaps one of his family is going a journey to the grave, and he wants me to make out the passport." Between "*Agnus Dei*," and "*Domine non sum dignus*," thought I, "May the ill-luck of men remain faithful to the priest always!" At "*Sanabitur anima mea*," and the next prayer, I cast a glance through the host at my nobleman, and saw he was still doing the devout. When I came to "*Ite missa est*," I said to myself, "Now, my noble hound, if thy trouble is only a biting flea, I will turn it into a tiger that shall so tear thy soul, that thou shalt implore at my feet to be counted among my slaves. I blush to my very finger's ends that I should formerly have suffered this nobleman-dog to come the lord over me.

Nobleman! A nobleman is not to be feared so much as a king, and a king is not so much to be feared as a priest. A nobleman—what is he? A nobleman is a son of a robber, a grandson of a robber, a great-grandson of a robber, or a great-great-grandson of a robber; he is himself a robber! The cowardice of man, called *Heraldry*, turns the son, grandson, great-grandson, or great-great-grandson of a robber into the son, grandson, great-grandson, or great-great-grandson of a nobleman—a robber himself, in fact, into a nobleman! A king—what is he? A king is a son of a murderer, a grandson of a murderer, a great-grandson of a murderer, or a great-great-grandson of a murderer—he is himself a murderer! The cowardice of man, called *Politics*, turns the son, grandson, great-grandson, or great-great-grandson of a murderer into the son, grandson, great-grandson, or great-great-grandson of a king—a murderer himself, in fact, into a king! A priest—what is he? A priest is a successor of a Satan of yesterday, of a Satan of the preceding age, of a Satan of the age before that—he is himself a Satan! The coward-folly of man, called *Religion*, turns the successor of a Satan of yesterday, of a Satan of the preceding age, of a Satan of the age before that into the successor of a priest of yesterday, of a priest of the preceding age, of a priest of the age before that—Satan himself, in fact, into a priest! The cowardice of man, with the surname *Heraldry*, is the mother of the nobleman; he sucks from her breast the sweat and tears of man mixed with voluptuousness. The cowardice of man, with the surname *Politics*, is the mother of the king; he sucks from her breast what the nobleman

sucks, and the blood of man besides. The coward-folly of man with the surname *Religion* is the mother of the priest; he sucks from her breast what the nobleman and the king sucks, and the marrow of human thoughts besides. *Ergo*—the robber with the surname ‘nobleman’ is powerful, the murderer with the surname ‘king’ is more powerful, Satan with the surname ‘priest’ is most powerful.

I arrived at this stage of my reflections and at my house at the same time, and entering my chamber I found waiting for me, as indeed I expected, my nobleman.

“Be not surprised, Sir Priest,” he began, “be not surprised at my presence. I have often observed beggars frequenting thy church and thy house. I suppose that they come with emptiness and that thou fillest them. In my heart, Sir Priest, there is an emptiness; can’st thou also fill it?”

“With the help of the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,” answered I.

“Pray listen to me,” began again the nobleman. “There is a good more delightful than the face of spring, more magnificent than the moon and stars in the blue vault of heaven, sweeter than the torrents of delight that flow from a maiden’s mouth to the lips of youth; when this good is lost a sorrow fixes itself in the soul, which weaves like a spider its dark web round itself, and there crouching down in the midst seizes on enjoyments, like poor headless flies, and sucks out their life; and after it has drunk out the life of the last enjoyment, it at last swallows up all other sorrows and then sways and rocks itself in the desolate soul. In my desolate soul

dwells such a sorrow-spider-thought, consuming every thing; for I once had a good more beautiful than the face of spring, nobler than the moon and stars in the blue vault of heaven, sweeter than the torrents of delight that flow from a maiden's mouth to the lips of youth--"

"And this good," said I, interrupting the nobleman, "this thy greatest good of the world thou hast lost?"

"Lost," he exclaimed, "lost, lost! The king has taken it from me, and has sworn never to restore it! The most magnificent good of the world lost! lost!"

"Let me know," said I, "pray let me know what was this most prized good? perhaps--"

"It is," interrupted the miserable nobleman, "it is the SWINESNOUT! the swinesnout in my noble escutcheon! The cruel king has prohibited me from bearing it in my arms! Priest, understandest thou my misfortune?"

"O all ye saints in paradise," I answered, "it is a misfortune indeed, and I understand it perfectly."

"As thou understandest it," continued the melancholy nobleman, "I will then ask thee something. There is in human speech a beautiful, mild, and moving word, and no man utters this word so beautifully and movingly as a priest. Tell me, priest, knowest thou the word that thou utterest so sweetly? knowest thou the word 'Compassion'?"

"I know it," was my answer.

"If thou knowest it," continued he, "then will I make a request to thee. I have a vacancy in my heart. Take this dagger and fill up that vacancy!"

Belzebub! thought I, a dagger-thrust in the

heart of my nobleman won't answer my purpose at all; I therefore gave my head a most devout shake and said, "The compassion which I know of is not of this world! the compassion which I know of goeth over the earth and gathereth up the lost innocence and the lost smiles of believing maidens; the lost enjoyments and the lost charms of believing women who have become withered and dried under the burning sun of love; the lost paradise of all Christ believing men!

"My SWINESNOUT!" interrupted the nobleman.

"And," continued I, "yonder, in heaven, is again restored to believing maidens their lost innocence and their lost smiles; to believing women who have become withered and dried under the burning sun of love, their lost enjoyments and their lost charms; and to all Christ-believing men their lost paradise! Yonder—"

"My SWINESNOUT!" ejaculated again the nobleman.

"Yonder," I continued, "has the mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ preserved it together with the other lost goods of the earth—yonder shalt thou receive again thy swinesnout in heavenly glorification from the hands of the *heavenly king*. Jesus Christ! The account for restitution of the swinesnout would stand thus:—

Three guineas daily for two holy masses.

One legacy for the holy church of Christ.

One ditto for the humble servant of Christ.

One *Sanbenito** yearly.

* *Sanbenito*, a yellow shirt figured with flames and devils for those doomed to death by "The Holy Inquisition."

"All!" exclaimed my nobleman; "all! all!"

Soldier. "*Sanbenito!*" Sinner, why mentioned you that word? Your sins hear it and take yellow threads and weave and weave. Miserable! Your death-shirt—your own *sanbenito* will soon be ready!

Priest. You don't seem, soldier, to have much fancy for the priest's craft. My *Fourth Category of Penitents*, comprises three userers whose debtors died suddenly; my *fifth*, a poor jaundiced hypochondriacal school-director, with Greek and Latin phrases of the Golden Age; my *sixth*, a peruke-maker, who prayed heaven in vain to cure rich ladies and gentlemen of their sickness—the sickness of having hair on their heads; my *seventh*, twenty thieves and twenty beggars, whom I employed as spies in my sacred ministry. My last four categories are extremely interesting. Are you willing to hear them, soldier?

Soldier. No!

King. Soldier, you are ambitious. If kingdoms were as plentiful as church-parishes, we would transfer one to you. We are convinced that our court-dogs, called court-vassals, court-ministers, court-poets, court-historiographers, court-prefects, court-spying-police-knaves, court-sub-prefect P. at B., and court-burgomaster P. at B.—and our hunting dogs, called executioners and soldiers, would make good sport for you. But, however, as we have but one kingdom, and wish to amuse ourselves, we can only grant you a pension, which we will, to the amount of three hundred guineas yearly out of the royal treasury. We hope that this, our royal favour, will confirm your loyalty to our royal majesty, which was, perhaps, somewhat shaken.

Soldier. I am loyal only to a friend. If you were not an enemy to mankind I would be your friend.

King. O, shameless morality!

Soldier. Such shameless morality will hang you.

King. O, if our royal anger were steel, your heart would be pierced through and through!

Soldier. If my wishes were storms they would long since have wrecked a ship.

All (except the King). The soldier either speaks in parables, or he is getting foolish.

Soldier. How, don't you know who is that ship? The king is a ship laden with crimes. A vile fatal spirit has long piloted it through waters made of the sweat, tears, and blood of man. But my wishes are now storms; they will ere long wreck this ship on the rocks of men's bones, and utterly destroy it.

King. Hell! I am beginning to feel uneasy; the royal guards don't come.

Priest. They'll come. I know the minute they'll come—to-morrow, about this time.

King. How do you know that?

Priest. I dreamt it last night.

King. Dreamt it?

Priest. Your royal majesty may rest content. My dreams are true. I'll give you a couple of examples:—

I was at a wedding. The young bride pleased me much. The next day I whispered in her ear, "Come to me to-morrow evening; I will give thee a tooth of the mother of God, by virtue of which thou shalt be mistress of thy house." She came. I took a tooth which I had torn the night before from the jaw of my cat, tied a piece of silk thread to it, and said to the young bride,

"Open your bosom, I will hang the tooth of the mother of God upon it." I trembled all over as I touched her fair white bosom. "See," said I, "how the tooth operates!" and I kissed her bosom, her knees, her feet, and— "Enough," called out the young bride; "enough!" "The tooth!" I exclaimed; "the all-powerful tooth!" The sweet creature then tore away the tooth, threw it into my face, and turned to withdraw. But I held her. I carried her into an underground apartment. Her first glance fell on a bed for two which there stood, her second glance fell on red and black tapers which there burned, and her third glance fell on the scratched wall on which were womens' names. "Villain, where am I?" she exclaimed. "Adored Eve," said I (Eve was the name of the sweet creature), "thou art in a place where death wakes when love sleeps." Then she looked at me, and suffered her neckerchief to fall upon the floor. "Envy me, Satan," I exclaimed; "envy me!"—"Eve," said I, "it is sweet when a woman comes unsolicited, invites, strokes the cheek, and plays with the hair of the head. Do so, Eve." But Eve quickly covered her bosom again, and called out, "Villain, where am I?" "Thou art in a place," said I, "where maids and wives love or die." Eve then came nearer to me with supplicating gestures, stroked my cheek, and put her delicate fingers through the bristly hair of my head. "Envy me, Satan," said I again; "envy me!"—"Eve," said I, "it is sweet when a woman puts her foot on one's knee, and asks to untie her shoe-string and garter. Do so, Eve." But she thrust me from her, and shrieked a third time, "Villain, where am I?" "Thou art in a

place," said I, "where death drinks the juice of the bodies of maids and wives, when from their bodies maids and wives deny to drink voluptuousness." Then Eve approached me again, put her foot on my knee, and asked me to untie her shoe-string and garter. "Envy me, Satan," I said, a third time; "envy me, Satan!"—"Eve," said I, "there is a word which a woman who loves her husband says to him when she finds herself alone with him in a cordial evening hour: it is sweet when a woman says it. Say that word, Eve." "God! God!" she screamed the last time, "where am I?" I said nothing, but went to put out the red taper. Then Eve shook, and out of her mouth came that word—"enjoy"—and Satan envied me! Seven and seventy nights did Satan envy me. At the end of this time the used engine of voluptuousness broke. At the same time Eve's husband died, consumed with grief and love. When they died I remembered the following dream:—

I dreamt that I was loitering in the desolate habitation of the sisters Kelalali* and Hataah†, and that their father Ruah-Raha‡ walked in. He saw me, and thus said: "Nahasch-hakadmoni§," so I was called in the dream, "thou loiterest here, and on the earth there is a Paradise with happy man! Go hence, quick, and see what thou canst do with the Paradise and with happy man!" I went, found the gates of Paradise open, and slipped in. Sweet was the odour there; warm was the breath of the evening zephyr; the ear there was the mouth of the soul, by which it drank in

* Curse. † Sin. ‡ Evil-spirit. § First-serpent.

the liquid honey of the nightingale's song; the eye there was a wing that carried the soul over the heaven of Paradise from joy to joy! There Adam and Eve were. They slept beneath a tree. Both were clad only in the tree's transparent shadow. Were I a woman I know not which of the pair would have attracted me most; but I was not a woman—on Eve alone my eyes feasted. I cannot describe her beauty. She was overflown with charms and delights as the world is overflown with the thoughts and delights of God! I bent down, crept up to the shadow that covered her, and kissed it. I crept to the breath from her mouth, and swallowed it. I crept closer, and stretched out my lips to kiss the feet of a gold-fly that was wandering over Eve's neck and bosom; but at that moment she awoke; she started, then recovered herself, and addressed me thus:—"Crawling serpent, what wouldst thou?" "I bring thee a fruit," said I; "eat it, and thou shalt know what is good and what is evil. Sweet is the fruit, Eve; sweeter than the fruit of Paradise!" "Then give it me to enjoy!" said Eve. And I touched the beauty—and then withdrew. Then Eve awaked her companion, and said to him, "Adam, I have a fruit; enjoy it, and thou wilt know what is good and what is evil. Sweet is the fruit, Adam; sweeter than the fruit of Paradise!" "Then give it me to enjoy!" said Adam. And Eve taught Adam to touch her.—"From whom hadst thou this sweet fruit?" asked Adam. "From the serpent," replied the beauty; "from the serpent." Then Adam fell into a sorrowful melancholy. Then fell Eve into a sorrowful melancholy. Then both lost Paradise, and died on the bosom of melancholy love! Then I

returned to the drear habitation of the sisters Kelalah and Hataah, and related to them joyously what had befallen man and his Paradise! And as I finished my relation I awoke.

That is one true dream. Another time I dreamt—

King. O, enough of your other dream. Tell us your dream about our getting at liberty again.

Priest. Your will be done in prison as in your own palace!

I dreamt that it was a profound, fearful hour of the night, and that we two wandered about, hither and thither, over path and bridge. Over path and bridge we wandered, and we sweated grave-horrors and unspeakable icy anguish from our bodies. "My priest-gown," said I, "is the cause of this!" "My king's-robe," said you, "is the cause of it!" We then stood still, and wished to change garments with the dead there. "Ha!" exclaimed a voice behind me; "ha! priest, touch me not!" "Ha!" exclaimed a voice behind you; "ha! king, touch me not!" We fled away past the dead. "Quicker, priest! quicker, king!" exclaimed broken voices; "quicker, quicker!" and we heard behind us the cracking of whips. We fled, and fled the whole night. At length day broke. But night was still in us. Palaces and churches existed no more. The habitations of man were shut against us. Only graves and prisons were open. We then fled into a prison, and men fastened the door upon us. I looked the whole day for my Ave-maria-jaws, but they came not. You looked the whole day for your royal guards, but they came not.

It was sunset, and we heard some one ask, outside the prison window, "Who art thou?"

And we heard for answer, "I am a labourer, and I am going home with my wages." We heard farther, "When thou art at home, and hast told to them whose lot is entrusted to thee all that thou hast done the day through, then will they rejoice, and thou wilt rejoice also. But there were two labourers—one was named 'King,' the other 'Priest.' These two went home at sunset, and there showed to those whose lot was entrusted to them all that they had done the day through, and then their people sighed; and the two labourers, at last, sighed also. Go, happy labourer!"

It was evening, and we heard some one ask, outside the prison window, "Who art thou?" And we heard for answer, "I am a maiden—I seek my lover." We heard further, "When thou hast found thy lover, and hast given him to read by the pale light of the stars the writing of thy soul, then will his fainting heart be made well, and thy fainting heart will, at last, be made well also. But there were two maidens—one was named 'Politics,' the other 'Religion.' When they, at evening, found their lovers, and gave them to read by the pale light of the stars the writing of their souls, then they died; and the two maidens, at last, died also. Go, happy maiden!"

It was midnight, and we heard some one ask, outside the prison window, "Who art thou?" And we heard for answer, "I am a dismissed sentinel, and I go to rest." We heard further, "When thou hast stretched thyself upon thy bed a sweet slumber will fall upon the eyes of thy soul, and thou wilt rise again refreshed. But there were two dismissed sentinels—one was

named 'King,' the other 'Priest.' When they stretched themselves upon their beds, wild bloody dreams fell upon them, rent their souls, and they rose not again. Go, happy sentinel !"

There was a moment's silence.—"Do you hear?" you asked me, in a whisper—"Do you hear?" We listened :—

"The labourer hath soothed his child to sleep in his brawny arms, and laid him again in the mother's lap. The maiden hath thrice called her lover back, and hath thrice said to him the same words. The dismissed sentinel sleeps softly and soundly. Come, gather around me now, pierced and rent shades of men, and hear me :—

By the wolf-eye's light,
Wedded to darkness wild,—
False oaths have now
Told their dark story.

Now the wolf-eye's light,
Wedded to darkness wild,
Waiteth for me,
And my dark story.

I come, I come !
With the dark story in my heart.
Thou shalt not wait long for me,
Light of the wolf-eye !

Shades of Bohemians, homeless, restless,
Come with me !
Rest by the wolf-eye's light,
And hear my dark story !

The way is long, and who I am
I will tell ye as we go.

I am a wandering conscience !
I am rent, I am broken—like ye—
Poor Bohemian shades !

By the black hound of hell—
By the priest—I was rent ;
By the wild beast among men—
By the king—my body was broken.

Both are now, without me,
Like old empty coffins ;
And I—I go round palace and church,
A poor weeping shade.

I weep, I weep !
The old tear on the cheek of man
Is my tear !

But I can tell ye no more now.

By the wolf-eye's light,
Wedded to darkness wild,
Ye shall hear there
All my dark story !”

We heard this terrible chant.

Then you said, “Serpents have combed my mother's hair !” And I said, “Yonder my hands are swimming !—they have drowned five hundred thousand and three souls in baptismal water !” Then you, “Star over, star under, and death in the middle !” Then I, “Amen, amen, amen !” Then you, “Kiss me not, queen ; kiss me not ;

for the devil twists thy lips and thy kisses into ropes to hang us with. The devil can make nothing out of the lips and kisses of a whore. Queen, art thou a whore?"

But here midnight had passed, and we heard:—

"Moon in the sky, wilt thou tell me what thou hast seen this night? What hast thou seen this night? Tell me before the day-light comes!"

The false day-light. It kisses all the day long young fair maidens as well as old bloody murderers! And then no one knows how sweet or how awful the night hath been!

I saw thee, moon in the sky, increase when thou passedst fair maidens, and lessen when thou passedst bloody murderers! Tell me, then, what hast thou seen this night?"

"Snowy countries I saw, raw and cold. I know not their names. I saw there red and bloody snow beginning to whiten.

Over against, in lands where seeds of the citron cover the earth, I saw troubled streams of blood and of sweat beginning to drain.

To the right, to the left—in the east, in the west—murderers washed their hands; their mad Bacchanal festival ending."

"This I longed to hear, moon in the sky! Now I go to take my rest, ere I meet the false day-light!"

After this you exclaimed, "Ordinance-officer, ordinance-officer!" And I called out, "Grand-

mother, grandmother! creep forth from the entrails of the worms, and give my weeping mother the breast to suck!" And you, "Dog, I don't understand you!" And I, "Dog, what I say is but a translation of what you say!" And you, "Castellan!" And I, "Gaoler!" And you, "What's that?" And I, "A translation!" And you, "Priest!" And I, "King!" And you, "What's that?" And I, "A translation!" And you, "Ha! ha! ha!" And I, "Alas! alas! alas!" And you, "What's that?" And I, "A translation!" And you, "Ha! ha! ha! Alas! alas! alas!" mixing both exclamations, and finishing with "Curses! curses! curses!" And I finished with "Amen! amen! amen!"—Then said you, "Priest, what do I look like?" And I said, "You look like an old broken universal guillotine, to which hungry ravens come no more. Old women will come by moon-light, and take away bits of your royal bones for charms against sickness.—King, what do I look like?" And you said, "You look like an old extinguished hell, which woe-consumed ghosts no longer haunt. Girls will come by moonlight, and take shreds of your priestly flesh for philters to make young men like them! But grey dawn appears. Hark! what's that?"—We listened, and heard:—

"To-day I would ride with the Countess of Salope. A thousand times I could look at her, a thousand times I could touch her, a thousand times I could— But I remembered that she rides no other horse than the Arabian 'Misrach' in the royal stables, which are now closed against us, as the king is in prison. I swear, then, the gracious king shall not be in prison!

I lost last night a thousand guineas, which I—noble son of the king and of the Duchess of Boubou's waiting woman—ought to have managed with, for a week, at least. My servants are annoying me for money, and the royal treasurer won't pay me in advance, as the king is in prison. I swear, then, the gracious king shall not be in prison!

Yesterday my portrait painter painted my nose, my peruquier cut off my moustaches, and my dentist drew a couple of my teeth. The king being in prison, and the people giving themselves up to all sorts of horrors, I'm afraid my noble nose, moustaches, and teeth, may fall into the hands of some fellow of common blood. I swear, then, the gracious king shall not be in prison! I, therefore, bring him again the sceptre of kingly liberty. No, no! the gracious king shall not be in prison!"

Then, king, you thrust your empty hand through the barred window of the prison, and drew it back again with your old sceptre in it. Then we heard another voice:—

"I stole—I stole three hundred times, and I murdered, too, a blind cat and a Jew child; and the priest forgave me.

I gave him a third of my robberies, and I gave him all the blood of an infidel; 'but,' he said, 'this is not ALL that I like! You have forgotten to bring me rape and adultery!'

Well, I bring thee, priest, robberies; I bring thee blood of infidels; I bring thee every sin of voluptuousness; I bring thee all—there—on this cross thou wilt find them all!"

And I thrust my empty hand through the bars of the prison window, and drew it back again with my old cross in it.

"Priest," said you, "how do I look with my sceptre?" And I said, "Like a repaired guillotine!—And how do I look now, king, with my cross?" And you, "Like a re-lighted hell!" Then we both exclaimed, "Victory! victory!" Then came a ray of morning and overpowered the prison tapers. "Young maidens," said I, "shall I say what you are? Young maidens, you are rays of the morning! Old women, shall I say what you are? Old women, you are prison tapers!" I then extinguished my taper, threw it away, and kissed the morning ray on the cross. And you, king, extinguished your taper, threw it away, and kissed the morning ray on the sceptre. Then I said, "King, do you hope soon to see men crawling like timid dogs at your feet again?" And you answered, "I do so. The people is a wonderful bear. I have killed his young in his cave, led him away in a chain, beat him sore, and taught him to dance to my music. Suddenly he ceases to dance to my fiddle, for he begins to understand my grave music; he looks at his wounds, for he begins to feel them; he breaks his chain, for he remembers he was once free; he ceases to call upon his young ones, for he remembers I killed them in his cave; he howls terribly at me, hurls me to the ground, and presses his heavy paws upon my neck. But do you think, priest, he will rend me, and again turn back into the forests where he was once free? No! you shall see!" I said, "Amen!"

The door of our prison then opened, and the timid rascals—the people—led us to trial. The

people-judges received us—like devouring wolves they received us. “Death!” howled the men, “Death to the two monsters! Death to the king and the priest!” This I expected a moment before on the way from the prison to trial, and I ardently prayed Belzebub that you might play your part well at it—that he would throw you into such a tragic ecstasy that you shouldn’t look to see the effect of your tears on the shaken people. Belzebub, an actor who, while he weeps, looks to see how his tears move the spectators, shows to them not that world-ocean in his tears where joys swim about with pale lips and dimmed eyes, and whose appearance makes men tremble and shake, but only an artificial water-conduit made only to slake his own player-thirst, and for which he gets the hisses of his spectators! “Belzebub,” I prayed “shoot for a little while the pains of the world into the breast of the king, by which he may, when it is needed, play well his tragic part before the great onion-and-radish-stinking pit of the people! Hear my prayer, Belzebub! Amen!”

And Belzebub did hear my prayer. At the trial, when they received us with the death-shout, you shouted with a still louder voice, “See, my children, I will break my sceptre for you, and if that is not enough, then take and break me too!” Then the people shouted “Long live the king!” But you did not break your sceptre. Then I called out “Behold, Christians, I will break my holy cross for ye, and if that is not enough, then take and break me too!” Then the people shouted “Long live the priest!” But I did not break my cross. You gave a sign, then, with the sceptre, and a balance was brought to

you. In one scale you put gold for spies, traitors, robbers, and murderers; in the other you put murderous steel for innocent mens' hearts: and the weights were even, and you rejoiced. And I gave a sign with the cross, and a balance was brought to me. In one I put a fruit-destroying herb for pregnant-complying maidens, garters of Jesus' purple mantle for complying wives, and masses and absolutions for thieves and assassins; in the other I put poison for uncomplying maidens, some of Jesus' thorn-crown for uncomplying wives, and anathemas and inquisition-sentences for innocent living-men: and the weights were even, and I rejoiced. And you, king, whispered something in my ear, and I whispered something in yours. Then the world became dark. And you, king, laid your sceptre on the darkened world, and the world began to lament. Then I laid my cross on the darkened world, and the world began to crack. And an old beggar-woman began to laugh. That was hell.—Here, high and mighty king, ended my dream.

King. Well, your dream pleases me. But if it's a true one we shall have to pass another horrid night here in prison before we again become what we have been.

Priest. Another night yet. Courage, king!

King. Stick to your text, reptile-jaw, and preach cowardice! Ha! to-morrow I shall again be on the throne of the world! To-morrow! To-morrow!

SINGS :—

Something teased me t'other night,

Wet were the eyes of the queen;—

What was it teased me t'other night?

Oh, nobody knows—it was a flea!
The night it went, and morning came,
Dead on my nail there laid a flea!

All (except the Soldier). Encore! encore!

King. Sings again:—

Something teased me t'other night—

Trumpets! the devil—what's that?

Soldier. The judges are called together.

King. To-day?

Soldier. To-day!

*King. Hark! They come! The door opens
and officers of justice are coming! Well, officers,
what do you want?—what have you to say?*

*Officers. The king, the priest, and their fellow-
criminals are to follow us.*

King. To-day?

Officers. To-day!

*King. You cursed priest, your dream is as
counterfeit to me as the coin you give to poor
sinners!*

Officers. Come! Come!

King. The devil!

Priest. Belzebub!

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

FIVE thousand years after the last judgment archæologists will describe the sacristy of the temple of the last judgment, and the sacred gibbet-cord of the king and the priest, then preserved therein for twenty-one thousand years and one minute, and they will differ as to the nature of the threads of the cord; one will say, "they were hairs shorn from the heads of Slavonic recruits," another will pronounce that "they were the hymens of Chinese virgins;" a third will insist that "they were the torn heart-strings of Negro slaves." Philologists will separate the lost dialects of the king and of the priest, and will contend over two or three euphonies of their death-tones. Zoologists and comparative-anatomists will closely describe the monstrous skulls of the king and the priest with their serpent-fanged sutures; and they will differ as to whether the king and the priest belonged to some extinct kind of reptile, or to sea-cats. And to Cabalists, Gnostics, and Poets, the Sar-hapanim*, the Ensoph†, and the Summer-swallow will bring on their wings wonderful sayings and songs of the last judgment. For the chronicle of the last judgment will then no longer exist.

* *Sar-hapanim*, Lord of Jehovah's face.

† *Ensoph*, The Endless.

CHRONICLE OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

As chickens gather themselves together under the wings of the hens, so did men gather themselves, with the criminals of the world, under the wings of the wisdom of the grey-haired MEMRA-DI-BISCHMAJA, to the last judgment.

"Mourn with me, men, mourn with me!" exclaimed MEMRA-DI-BISCHMAJA. We had a friend—he has for us wept, fought, and suffered. I sent him against the king's fangs and the priest's talons. The king's fangs and the priest's talons are now blunted, but our friend comes not back!

Soldier. Memra-di-bischmaja, and men, your friend could not blunt the King's fangs and the Priest's talons with the banner of *human belief*. Almost had they destroyed the body of mankind, almost indeed were your eyes made wanting to mourn your friend! Then your friend appeared in a *king-priestly serpent-skin*, subdued the serpent and saved himself and the world! Once only is the hateful king-priestly serpent-skin beautiful. The aged contemplate it, and warn not from it colour-loving youth. Pregnant women look at it, and are more delighted with it than with the beautiful rainbow. Once only is the hateful king-priestly serpent-skin beautiful; at the time when it is the death winding-sheet of the serpent itself. Behold, men, all the hateful king-priestly armour I enveloped myself with, behold it, how beautiful it is! It is the death-winding-sheet of the serpent! (He casts from him his soldier's armour.)

Memra-di-bischmaja. Ecce Homo! Ecce Homo!
Men. Ecce Homo!

Memra-di-bischmaja. Rejoice, Ecce Homo, that thine eyes still see! There are two sins in the world; one carries a sceptre in its hand, and the other a cross. Thou wilt soon see them cast down to be trampled by the feet of men, and shall behold the world free! Come, Ecce Homo, to my right hand and assist me, for great and heavy is the judgment of the world!

Thus spake *Memra-di-bischmaja*, and Ecce Homo took his place.

Why in a summer night is it so still? Mothers do not let their children weep; the birds are silent in their nests; the winds breathe and murmur softly and timidly with the woods and streams; and lovers, who have much to say, speak not a word to each other, but share with each other in silence their books of love which they lightly and secretly imprint with their lips.—Why in a summer night is it so still? Every summer night is a world-judgment. The world is silent and expectant for its Lord and Judge to say to it, “World, thou art not damned, arise and live yet another day?” As in a summer night the world is silent and expectant for the words of its Lord and Judge, so men were silent and expectant for *Memra-di-bischmaja* to condemn the two sins of the world.

Memra-di-bischmaja. King and Priest, stand up! Ye stand accused before the world-judgment of men. Far other is it than was your judgment. Remember, we once stood before your judgment; ye then charged upon our guiltless heads all your own crimes, and condemned us. We wished to vindicate ourselves, and ye smote our mouths with your fists. We besought ye to judge us, and ye slew us. We men will not do

thus. If we condemn ye, we shall not condemn ye because your eye-brows are wet with dew-water, we shall condemn ye because they are wet with crimes that make the sweat, tears, and blood of men breathe through every pore of your bodies. We shall not smite ye on the mouth with fists when ye vindicate yourselves. We shall not slay but judge ye !

Ecce Homo, thou hast the word. Begin.

Ecce Homo. Listen. Already had my soul worn and cast off thirteen thousand nine hundred and ninety nine investing bodies, and was wearing her fourteen thousandth when there was in the world a city named Leipsic. As to who built this city opinions differed ; some said it was Minerva, the Goddess of wisdom, others said it was Mercury, the God of merchants and thieves. I know not who were right ; I know only that when I think of that city, my soul sheds into my eyes her holy water, as the soul of a good Jew sheds it into his eyes when he thinks of Jerusalem. In this city I was a student. The students there had a little tavern, which seemed to have been built by the righteous Moses, after he had built in the holy land the cities of refuge for innocent murderers. To this tavern fled every student who had murdered his gold innocently, and who was pursued by his creditors. I have often for this reason fled thither myself. I have also gone thither when, through the evening redness a loved maid in the heavens smiled at me while I remained on earth. I also went thither when sorrowful presentiments thrust forth their heads from my heart into the world, like birds who thrust their heads from their nests before a tempest. I ever went thither when I was unhappy. Once when I was

unhappy I went to the 'little cake-garden,' as the Leipsic students called their tavern. When I reached there day had begun to dawn. A student, a true German student, with long dark hair, with a grey frock, without cap, was sitting there with a fearful earnestness in his countenance. He was seated in a corner, near a table, on which were a broken foil, an empty glass, and a pipe. He is unhappy, thought I, and I refrained from approaching to salute him.—“Ho, there!” I called out, “beer and a couple of glasses!” I looked at the student again. The same intense earnestness still appeared in his countenance. “Waiter,” said I, “I read once on a beer cask, ‘where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them;’ why was it not, ‘where one comes in my name there am I with him?’” “Because,” answered the man, among two or three drunkards, one may be stupid enough to believe that it’s right to pay for getting drunk.” Here I looked at the student again; his countenance was still unaltered. I filled a glass, and addressing the student, I said, “I see thou art a philosopher; cheer up, take a glass, and let us drink to the health of philosophy!” “Philosophy,” replied the student, “is no daughter of man, for she has never laughed and never wept. I drink not to the health of philosophy!” “Ah! thou art a jurist! Well, then, we will drink to the health of jurisprudence!” “Jurisprudence!” said the student, “is no attendant on the sick-bed of mankind, for she willingly sleeps. I drink not to her health!” “Thou art a student of medicine, then; let us have success to medicine!” “Medicine,” said he, “has not read the secret book of nature; for

she cannot free man from the chain-gout. I drink not to her!" "Then thou must be a theologian; come, long live theology." "No!" exclaimed the student, "death to theology! for, from the most remote times she has, with priests' fingers mixed poison, and weaved death-shrouds for the human mind!" At these words a cold shudder came over me. "With whom do I speak?" I asked, "who art thou?" "I am," I received for answer, "I am an Autumn morning! I, and the pale leaves that are fallen from the trees, and the cold wind—we come from the fresh graves of nations! Drink, Ecce Homo, to the death of murderers!" "Who are the murderers?" I asked,— "Hearken," said he, "to the wind:— "I bore twice two words . . . hoo! through woods and through wilds . . . hoo! I heard them whisper at the gate of the palace . . . hoo! at the door of the church . . . hoo! hoo! sceptre and coffin-wood . . . hoo! cross and gibbet-chips . . . hoo! hoo! He who whispered twice two words at the threshold of the palace . . . hoo! he who whispered twice two words at the threshold of the church . . . hoo! hoo! he knows the secret . . . hoo! hoo! hoo!"

Then I left the students' tavern and the students' city, and sought in the world an old king's palace, and an old Christian church. I found both on the earth of mankind. I forgot not to whisper at their thresholds the twice two words; then the doors opened, and I saw that the kingly palace and the Christian church were two huge slaughter-houses for mankind! and the hands of the king were spotted with human blood! and the hands of the priest were spotted with human blood! And I saw a shade who laid his right

hand on the throne and his left on the altar. "Shade! who art thou?" I asked. "I am," was the answer, "I am an autumn-evening! On the throne and on the altar I cover with my hands the names of those who will be born to be murdered by the king and the priest!"

Men. Our children, our children!

Ecce Homo. "Cover them!" said I to the shade, "I am not yet ready for the horrors of the future!" "Then read," said the shade, "the kingly constitution and the books of the Evangelists. Both are misplaced characters of the names of already murdered men." And I read both, and the characters sweated blood—the blood of men!

Men. Of our fathers and of our brothers!

Memra-di-bischmaja. King, defend thyself.

King. Mi-mi-mi-nister . . .

Memra-di-bischmaja. The minister has to answer for his own crimes, and thou for thine. Defend thyself!

King. I will give you a new constitution.

Memra-di-bischmaja. Defend thyself!

King. A Republican constitution!

Memra-di-bischmaja. Defend thyself!

King. Do you want my life?

Ecce Homo. Ask that of them thou gavest as food to the ravens on the slaughter-field; ask them, they will answer thee: or, king, ask here their fathers, their mothers, their brothers, their sisters; they will answer thee for them.

Memra-di-bischmaja. Defend thyself!

King. Will you hear a prayer?

Memra-di-bischmaja. No!

King. It's a new prayer of the king and the priest. Pray hear it.

Ecce Homo. Memra-di-bischmaja, and men, it is, perhaps, their defence.

Memra-di-bischmaja. Pray, then !

King. Our people that art on earth, hallowed be thy name ; thine empire come ; thy will be done on earth as also in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our sins as we forgive them who sin against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For yours is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Ecce Homo. The new prayer of the King and the Priest is the old "*Our Father.*" Christian thieves prayed it before they went to rob. Sorcerers prayed it before they gave their souls over to Satan. Inquisition knaves prayed it before they set fire to faggots to burn unbelievers. The King and the Priest prayed it. The King and the Priest prayed "*Our father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,*" but they hallowed their own names ; the King and the Priest prayed, "*thy kingdom come,*" but they fixed their own kingdom ; the King and the Priest prayed "*thy will be done on earth as in heaven,*" but in heaven as on earth their own will has been done ; the King and the Priest prayed, "*give us this day our daily bread,*" but they took away the daily bread from man ; the King and the Priest prayed, "*and forgive us our sins as we forgive them who sin against us,*" but they have forgiven themselves their own sins ; the King and the Priest prayed, "*and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,*" but they led men into temptation, and themselves have created the evils of the world ; the King and the Priest prayed, "*for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and*

ever, Amen," but they whispered into one another's ears; "for our's is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen!"

King. People forgive us our sins as we forgive them who sin against us!

Ecce Homo. Tell us, who are the sinners you have forgiven?

King. I beg to submit these papers.

Menra-di-bischmaja. Takes the papers and reads:—

FROM ECCE HOMO'S RED PORTFOLIO.

A. Perfect reconciliation to the sword.

Is it thou, my countryman? the moon and the stars are pale as anxious maidens—perhaps as I am. Is it thou? Yes, it is! Thou hast suffered me, a timid maid, to wait long here in the cool night. But this is not the hour to speak of the cold breath of night, nor of the anguish of the moon and stars. Help me to ascend the hill. By the light of the moon I should like to see again the cabins of the poor. The sensitive Jews, I have been told, turn thrice daily their faces towards Jerusalem. I know not what Jerusalem is; but it seems to me that it must be a place great and holy when men have not forgotten it in two thousand years, and are ever looking back to it as a lover after his beloved, and his love never becoming old.—Jerusalem! Jerusalem!—Has not every one his Jerusalem?—See, my countrymen, in the valley, the cabins of the poor: these are my Jerusalem, and to it I love to turn my face. My countrymen, be not angry that I speak not of love. My love cannot yet utter even its alpha-

bet, cannot yet write its name. What dost thou, my countrymen! Kneel not to me. Peace, peace! If ever I shall love, of thy brothers I shall not love thee; not thee, for thou usest thyself to wear a sword. I am not a she-wolf to be pleased with the sharp rending teeth of a wolf. But, however, I have come hither to let thee see and hear something, thee only, I know not why, but thee only of thy brothers. Hark!—"God, man, holy, great, mercy, love, beauty, wonder, ecstasy, life, life!" My countryman, these are the words of a dreaming man, who sleeps at the threshold of his cabin. Hark again!—"Satan, serpent, perjury, poison, torment, hate, night, hell, misery, death, death!" My countryman, these are the words of a waking man who comes out of I know not what accursed wilderness. My countryman, hearest thou a whistling? The waking man calls his hounds together. Misery! The dreaming man sleeps fast, and hears not how the waking man calls his hounds together! My countryman, whither wouldst thou? Stay yet a little. Hearest thou the hounds bark? The waking man takes the bread of the sleeping man and casts it among his hounds, and every hound would devour it himself. Misery! The sleeper sleeps fast and sees not how the hounds devour his bread! My countryman, whither wouldst thou? Stay yet a little. Hearest thou the cry of a child? It is the child of the sleeping man, which the waking man tears from its cradle. Misery!—Ha! the sleeping man wakes up! Hearest thou the awakened man? He cries, "My child! my child!—ah! I am bound!" My countryman, whither wouldst thou? Stay yet a little. Hearest thou the hounds bark again?

Their master casts the child, before the eyes of its father to be torn by his hounds. My countryman, whither wouldst thou? "Ha! let me go! None shall pursue with the sword and slay that bloody man and his hounds but me! None shall have care of the slain bodies of that bloody man and his hounds but the hungry ravens! None shall free the poor man from his claims and console him in his cabin but me! Let me go, loved one, let me go!" Go, my countryman, go! If none pursue with the sword and slay that bloody man and his hounds but thee, if none have care of the slain bodies of that bloody man and his hounds but the hungry ravens, if none free the poor man from his chains and console him in his cabin but thee—then come back and I shall love thee! Go, my countryman! But know that the bloody man with the hounds is thy king, and the poor man on the threshold of the cabin is thy people! My countryman, shall I love thee? "Yes!"

B. Distribution of the Earth.

Poor man (I call thee as the world of criminals call thee), between ourselves, when in the winter thou art not called to labour, and thou consumest the few potatoes thou broughtest home in the autumn days; when thy window is broken by the frost, and thou stoppest up the opening with an old hat, with straw, or with rags; when thy naked children go shivering about the house, and thou seekest out thy old summer-jacket, and askest thy wife to make with it something warm to cover them; when thy wife stirrest the moist wood in the grate and weeps, and thou knowest

not whether her tears come from the smoke or from other things—then, poor man, be not ashamed ! The enemies with whom thou fightest are mightier than the enemies of the king, and thou yieldest not to thine enemies ! But when thou, before a rich man (I call him before whom thou pullest off thy hat as the world of criminals call him) takest off thy hat, and sayest to him, “Sir, I ask you for work ?” (He who says, “Sir, take away the work from such a one, and give it to me,” may not come into the holy book of mankind), then blush, poor man, blush ! Thou knowest not what thou art, and what the rich man is ! Who hath told thee, poor man, that he who hath little is poor, and he who hath much is rich ? Hell hath told thee that, and hell is a liar ! Who is rich—he who giveth or he who receiveth most ? He who giveth most is the rich ! Let the rich man withdraw his hand from the poor man, and the poor man, if he do not smite the rich man in the face, and take from him ALL that he hath given him, will take only a bit of earth, which belongeth equally to all men, and then he will be hungry no more. But let the poor man withhold his hand from the rich man, and the palaces of the rich will fall to pieces, their soft garments become tattered, and themselves, unused to labour, putrify alive. Poor man, thou givest most ; thou art the rich ! If the sun should abandon the earth only for one day the world would look frightfully. The goods of the earth come from the hands of the poor. Poor man, shouldst thou withhold thy hand from the rich but for one day only, the rich would look frightfully. Poor man, he who taught thee to beseech the heartless rich no more—taught thee well. Take, poor man, the

earth, and share it with thy poor brethren; and when the rich man comes and asks thee for bread then have compassion on him!

C. *Love.*

LETTER FROM ATALI TO ECCE HOMO.

I fear for thee Ecce Homo. Thou saidst once to me, "Hatred is a wild hungry raven; he sits on the roofs of those houses, the eyes and hearts of whose inhabitants he would tear out." Thou saidst again to me, "The majesty of God is nature, and the majesty of humanity is art." But the king, Ecce Homo, was the midwife of humanity when she gave birth to art. Wherefore, then, sits hatred on the roofs of kingly palaces, and would peck and tear out the eyes and the hearts of kings? Wherefore, Ecce Homo, wherefore? When the King himself shall ask thee why thou hatest him, God, how wilt thou answer him? Ecce Homo, I am disquieted for thee.

ATALI.

LETTER FROM ECCE HOMO TO ATALI.

Atali, thou hast told me nine times why the king is worthy of love, and nine times have I answered thee—"Atali, I love thee!" This is the tenth time that thou seekest, in favour of the king, through the world and through history, for

the shadow of virtue. I would still only have replied, "Atali, I love thee!" but my king-hatred appears to thine eyes like a nameless hideous spectre, and thou art disquieted for me; therefore, Atali, I resolve, at the tenth time, to say something more to thee. When the king shall ask me why I hate him, and he extols his performance of his midwife-helping art, thus shall I answer him. "King, thou hast from the womb of humanity cut out art, and, for the sake of the child, thou hast not cared for the mother. Thou hast wrapped the child in silken swaddling bands, and the feeble sick mother hast thou bound with iron. Thou hast built palaces for the child, and for the mother hast dug a hole in the earth.—I saw a white and a red flood; they were the waters of the eyes and of the hearts of mankind. On these two floods, King, thy caprices swam slowly like swans, and art swam after them." Thus, Atali, shall I answer the king; and still more shall I answer, still more. Then I next shall ask the King, "King, what doth the old lean cow chew?" "She chews grass," will be his answer. "Thou liest," I shall say, "she chews flesh. Thou, King, art the old lean Pharaohnite cow, thou chewest the fat kine-flesh of nations?" I shall ask the King, "King, drinkest thou water or wine?" Then will the King be silent, and I shall say, "King, sometimes thou takest thy golden pitcher and drawest from the eye-streams of mankind *water*; sometimes thou throwest bunches of human hearts into thy press and pressest *red wine* with which to slake thy thirst!" I shall ask the King, "King, what sleepest thou upon?" Then the King will again be silent, and I shall say, "King, thou sleepest upon silken

beds. Human skeleton-fingers that thou hast gnawed off did spin and weave them for thee! King I curse thee, I curse thee, I curse thee! Thrice shall I curse the King, and he will not ask me, "Ecce Homo, wherefore cursest thou me?" Atali, my king-hatred is no nameless hideous spectre, but thy king-love is. Atali, canst thou the eleventh time say better why thou lovest the King? Atali, I am disquieted for thee!

ECCE HOMO.

LETTER FROM ECCE HOMO TO ATALI.

Atali, destroy my last letter. I have there taught thee to hate. O, what have I done? I hate the kingly beasts more than men hate poison, spiders, and scorpions. I hate them as God hates Satan. But there are sometimes hours when I am sorrowful. I am sorrowful to death, and pray. "God," I pray "let soon the day come when thou shalt say to Satan, "Satan, thou art an angel, I love thee!" and I to the King shall say, "King, thou art a man, I love thee!" Dark and horrid is that place in the heart, Atali, that the finger of love toucheth not! Atali, Atali, when thou shalt cease to love the King, ah! then will it become dark and horrid in thy heart. Dark and horrid in thy heart, Atali! O what have I done? I pray thee, Atali, destroy my last letter and read in its stead the following sayings:—

SAYING WRITTEN ON A FIG-LEAF OF PARADISE.

God made man out of common earth, and the King he formed out of the *excrementum* of angels! —*Nouï soit qui mal y pense!*

SAYING WRITTEN ON THE DURA MATER OF
ONE OF THE MUSES.

As the God Saturn grew old, and the day of his death drew nigh, he hung all his crutches upon the stars and wrote near them upon the heavens, "He that is born lame shall inherit my crutches!" And there came gods, who besought him for the crutches; "No," said Saturn, "ye were not born lame!" and there came lame men, who besought him for the crutches; "No," exclaimed the old God, "ye were not born lame!" And there came lame apes, who besought him for his crutches! "No" exclaimed the dying God, "ye were not born lame!" The God died, and the crutches disappeared. After thirteen thousand years, Kings were seen to go with the crutches, called "*by the grace of God!*"—*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*

SAYING WRITTEN ON THE GARMENTS OF
CHALDEAN MAGI.

Men are the mines of spirits. The souls of men are the metals of spirits. When men become sick, the spirits then dig in their mines; when they die, the spirits then take their metals out of them. When Metatron, the prince of spirits, calls out "to the base-metal mines!" then men die, and the spirits sing elegies; when he exclaims, "To the gold mines!" then kings die, and the spirits sing songs of joy!—*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*

Farewell, Atali,

Thine,

ECCE HOMO.

LETTER FROM ECCE HOMO TO ATALI.

Atali, thou hast not answered my last two letters. O, Atali, as I wrote the former of them there stood by my side sorrowing angels of mankind, and every tear they wept was king-hatred. As I began to write the last, there came all the devils of the New Testament and whispered in my ear, "Love! love! love! One seed-corn of king-hatred in her heart, and thine Atali will die!" They deceived me, the devils of the New Testament. They also said once to man, "One seed-corn of hatred in your hearts and ye will die!" The man-hating devils of the New Testament said it, and became kings and priests. Then men loved kings and priests and every thing hideous in the world, and hatred, which God made for all that is hateful and inimical, fell upon themselves and they destroyed one another; and the devils of the New Testament laughed! Atali, when thou lovest the king then wouldst thou hate and destroy mankind, myself, and thyself; and the king will laugh! I will disclose a secret to thee, Atali: there is no paradise without hell; no God without satan; no love without hatred!—paradise without hell, God without satan, love without hatred, is a blood-drinking lie. The lie that hath drunk most of the blood of the world is the book of love without hatred—the evangely of Jesus Christ! Take, Atali, this secret and hang it next the hearts of thy sex, and I will hang it next the hearts of my sex. After a thousand years mankind will bless us!

ECCE HOMO.

LETTER FROM ATALI TO ECCE HOMO.

Ecce Homo, I told yesterday thy holy secret to one of my sex, and I have received, to day, the following letter from her :—"Atali, what was a woman before Ecce Homo? Before Ecce Homo lived, a woman was either a smile or a tear on the face of nature. The smile disappeared, the tear dried up, and no trace of the woman remained in the world. She came into the world, kissed a man, and died; or, she came into the world, wept all she could weep, and died. What was a woman before Ecce Homo? Before Ecce Homo lived, a woman was either a smile or a tear on the face of nature. The smile disappeared, the tear dried up, and no trace of the woman remained in the world! Atali, thy Ecce Homo came, and he made of woman a feeling upon which sickened humanity may repose. The smile may disappear, the tear may dry up, but woman ceases not to be the feeling for sickened humanity to repose upon: for she also is called to wash humanity clean from the spots of king and priest. Atali, go and thank Ecce Homo for this in the name of thy sex." O, Ecce Homo, she who wrote this seems to understand thy secret better than I; for I yet understand nought of thy devils of the New Testament, in which my father-confessor taught me to believe. Ecce Homo, I am unhappy about thee. Thy politics are clear to me, but thy unbelief makes me fearful.

ATALI.

"Atali" was the last word of the writings which Memra-di-bischmaja took from the hand

of the king, and read before the world.—“King!” exclaimed Memra-di-bischmaja, “King! hell hath abandoned thee, for thou no more knowest what thou art nor what thou dost. King, thou standest before the last judgment, and thou accusest thyself!—Priest, defend thyself!

Priest. Do penance, men!

Men. Satan, no more wilt thou lock up men in thy hell!

Memra-di-bischmaja. Defend thyself, priest!

Priest. If your sins were red as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow!

Men. Priest, thou wast our sin. Thou wast scarlet-red with our blood, and wilt become snow-white with our death-shrouds!

Memra-di-bischmaja. Defend thyself!

Priest. I have poured the water of salvation on the head of man.

Ecce Homo. The head of man is a beacon. God illumined it with his light, so that men who went about over the ocean of the world might see the rocks, and escape from being wrecked and lost. Then came Satan, the priest, with his curse-water of baptism, and poured it on the beacon, and on God's light, and from that time there was darkness among men, and men in the ocean of the world were wrecked on unseen rocks, and were lost!

Memra-di-bischmaja. Priest, defend thyself!

Priest. Our people that art—

Memra-di-bischmaja. Priest, thou defendest not thyself!

Priest. (Handing papers to Memra-di-bischmaja) Here, Memra-di-bischmaja, I forgive my enemies.

Memra-di-bischmaja. (Reads.)

FROM ECCE HOMO'S BLACK PORTFOLIO.

A. *Dor-Holech to Dor-Ba.**

By day and by night I come a-foot to see if thou hast lost what I gave thee at thy birth.

My child lose not the kiss I gave thee at thy birth!

The wind calls me—
Farewell, my child!

I gave thee, too, at thy birth, what I wish thou couldst lose. If thou hast not lost the tear I gave thee at thy birth, give me back half of it; perhaps it may cure my wounds!

The wind calls me—
Farewell my child!

Give me back half of thy tear: it would cure my heart struck by the iron of the king; it would cure my head struck by the madness of the priest!

The wind calls me—
Farewell, my child!

With the other half of the tear, my child, we will moisten the flowers when the worms have eaten the four hands that rest upon the throne and upon "God the son!"

The wind calls me—
Farewell, my child!

* *Dor-holech*, and *Dor-ba*, called the Wandering Jew-father and the Wandering Jew-son.

B. *Thirty Autumn-leaves flying about in the World.*

First Leaf. Man, if thou wishest to see a holy burning-stake, make a fire and burn thy belief.

Second Leaf. Man is born without belief.

Third Leaf. Eve believed not, and was not an unhappy sinner, until she spake with the serpent; and thou, man, didst not believe, and wast not an unhappy sinner until thou spakest with the serpent.

Fourth Leaf. The priest is the serpent.

Fifth Leaf. Man, what, then, is thy belief? Thy belief is the hiss of the serpent in the ear of thy soul.

Sixth Leaf. Man, why is the voice of the serpent pleasing to thee? Because it sounds in the ear of thy soul like the cooing of a dove; and at one time it is called "The Ever-holy Flame of Mithra," at another time "The Self-opening Eye of Chang-ty," at another time "The Evangely of Jesus Christ."

Seventh Leaf. The "Eye of Chang-ty" is closed, the "Ever-holy Flame of Mithra" is gone out, and only the "Evangely of Jesus Christ" remains, with the prayers of the priest, in the world.

Eighth Leaf. The Evangely of Jesus Christ and the prayers of the priest, are a breath of Satan, which makes dim the mirror of the world.

Ninth Leaf. Man, wipe clean the mirror of the world from this breath, and thou wilt see God.

Tenth Leaf. A liar hath said "Blessed are they that see not God and yet believe." No: blessed are they that see God and believe not.

Eleventh Leaf. Men, when ye have seen God there will be a great funeral. All the priests of

the earth will be buried, and on their graves men will give their hands to each other, and will recognise each other as brethren. And at the same place the religions of the world will cast off their veils from their faces, and men will be struck with terror and astonishment; and they will say to one another, "Behold, they were veiled curses!"

Twelfth Leaf. When ye have seen God, serpents, and tigers, and mad dogs, will weep in a certain place. Children will tease them, but the aged will say to them, "Let them weep, they see putrid kings!"

Thirteenth Leaf. When ye have seen God, ye will hear in the slumber of the grave the other dead moan—"After the first kiss that my mother gave me came a man who threw the dirt of belief into mine eyes and made me blind, and gave a sign to another man; and the other man came and dragged me in chains from the cradle to the grave: and I have not seen God!" That will ye hear, and ye will wish to measure the pains of those poor blind dead, and ye will wish to measure your joys; and ye will not be able to do either.

Fourteenth Leaf. But, man, is it possible that thou seest not God? Behold, the world is a visible music.

Fifteenth Leaf. The visible music of the world is God.

Sixteenth Leaf. The stars, the ocean, the rain-drops, are to man the visible tones of the God-music.

Seventeenth Leaf. The tones listen to one another, are astonished at one another, and are together a boundless enjoyment.

Eighteenth Leaf. Man and every tone in the God-music change indeed their visible form, but

they sound forth eternally and beautifully in the everlasting God-song of the world.

Nineteenth Leaf. Other than this, there is no paradise, and no resurrection of the dead.

Twentieth Leaf. There are six discords in the God-music: the liar, the deceiver, the priest; the thief, the murderer, the king.

Twenty-first Leaf. These also will ever sound forth: but their sound, separated from the God-song of the world, will be an ever-lamentable moan.

Twenty-second Leaf. Other than this, there is no hell and no resurrection of the dead.

Twenty-third Leaf. Look now, man, and see what thou art. If thou art a purer tone in the visible music of the world, then cease to search for God. The visible music of the world is God, and thou, a purer tone in the God-music, art God. If thou art a discord in the visible music of the world, then cease to search for the fallen angel—the devil—satan. The visible music of the world is God, and thou, a discord in the God-music, art a fallen angel—a devil—a satan.

Twenty-fourth Leaf. Other than the tones in the visible world-song there is no God: other than the six visible discords in the visible world-song there is no satan.

Twenty-fifth Leaf. Man, God-tone, God! The liar, the deceiver, the priest; the thief, the murderer, the king—these God-discords—these satans, have long deafened and stunned thee; thou hast long not heard thyself; thou hast sought thyself, and hast not found thyself. This, man, was thy misery in the world!

Twenty-sixth Leaf. I was once deafened by the discords of the world, and I sat down by a

clear brook. I looked at it, I looked long at it. Man, it was my sister that I looked at. "Knowest not thou me?" said she to me, "Art not thou my brother? Art not thou also a clear brook? Brother, who hath so troubled thee? Tell me sisters, far and near—what drop of water is this that the brother hath given me? Grief and burning pangs of heart have cooled themselves in it! Brother, where hast thou been?" I bethought me, and I remembered that I was for a while in the paradise of the Christians! I cursed the Paradise and the belief of the Christians, and I remembered who God is, and who I am:—God is the great ocean of worlds, and I a drop in the ocean.

Twenty-seventh Leaf. Man, cease to do penance. Be thy penance—TOLERANCE TO ALL MANKIND.

Twentieth-eighth Leaf. Man, cease to pray. Be thy prayer—LOVE TO ALL MANKIND.

Twenty-ninth Leaf. Man, cease to search for thy paradise. Between the two golden brooks of TOLERANCE and LOVE lies thy paradise.

Thirtieth Leaf. A serpent will creep again into thy paradise with a prophecy, with a crucifix, with an evangely. Drive, man, the serpent back to the dark dwelling from whence he came, and wash thine eyes for that thou hast seen him.

C. Conversion.

LETTER FROM ATALI TO ECCE HOMO.

Ecce Homo, thou art lost! and I, because I love thee, am lost with thee! If it be so, God

is indeed hard ! But I, for my part, submit myself to the will of God ; but in respect of thee, it is said that I speak strange words and blasphemies. I know not why people are astonished at them. Imagine, my father-confessor lately said to me, " My child, I cannot save thee, in that place yonder thou wilt become cold, and a compassionate devil will lead thee to a fire where the greatest heretic of the world will be burning. Thou wilt turn alarmedly thine eyes away from the fire, and another compassionate devil will whisper in thine ear, ' Be not alarmed, Atali, look at the beautiful fire : that beautiful fire is the fire-garment of thy beloved Ecce Homo ! ' "—Who can hear such things and say God is just ? What shall I now say to thee, my beloved ? My thoughts begin to be confused. Farewell !

Thine,

ATALI.

LETTER FROM ECCE HOMO TO ATALI.

Atali, I rejoice ; thou beginnest to be healed of thy belief. Go, Atali, let thy confessor relate another story, and the eyes of thy soul will cease to see the darkness of belief—with its devil-snouts upon which hang sinning maiden's lips, with its fire-streams in which heretic-souls bathe, with its earthly joys which sinners cast with shovels into the deep abyss of woes—thou wilt soon cease to see this darkness of belief ; then wilt thou be healed of thy belief without having to take any of my medicine.

ECCE HOMO.

LETTER FROM ATALI TO ECCE HOMO.

Ah, Ecce Homo, I cannot be healed of my belief. Hell, damnation, God's injustice surround it; but still it seems beautiful to me! Bethink thee, beloved, man went bowed down, bearing a burthen. The child was asked, "Child, what bearest thou?" and the child answered, "I bear sin!" The youth was asked, "Youth, what bearest thou?" and the youth answered, "I bear sin!" The old was asked, "Old man, what bearest thou?" and the old answered, "I bear sin!" The child, the youth, the old, were tired and wept; but no one took from them their burthen. Then descended, yonder, where the sun rises, a God, who clothed himself in flesh, took the heavy sin from man, turned it into a cross, and bare it on his own shoulders. But the sin-cross still belonged to the world. "How shall I purchase it?" asked the God-son of the God-father. "Son, with thy blood!" was the answer. And behold, God died for the sin of man, and man was saved! Beautiful belief. thou comest from heaven! No, belief, thou art not beautiful—for thou liest, thou comest from hell! Thou sayest, "Jesus Christ hath released man from sin," and again thou sayest, "Thy Ecce Homo is damned!" Hath any one released man from sin, then how is my Ecce Homo damned? Is my Ecce Homo damned, then how is man released from sin? Go hideous liar, go belief out of my soul! God, what do I say! Forgive me God, I blasphemed thy holy belief! O my Ecce Homo! No, belief be accursed, that no soul of man may touch thee! Alas, I have

cursed. God, Ecce Homo, is it right—is it wrong? God assist me! Amen!

ATALI.

LETTER FROM ECCE HOMO TO ATALI.

Atali, thou art almost healed. Read the following lines, Atali, and the pale cheeks of thy soul will again redden. That which thou wilt read are words which truth hath written with her finger on heaven and earth. Here, Atali, are they:—

“Knowest thou, man, what is belief? Belief is the violation of the soul! Man, canst thou remember the time when the priest appeared absurd and hateful to thee? That, man, was the time when thy soul was yet chaste and pure! Man, canst thou remember the time when thou weepedst over sins that thou knewest not? That, man, was the time when the lewd priest beshamed and spotted thy chaste and pure soul! Man, canst thou remember the time when thou wipedst away thy tears, and began to go oft to church and to kiss the priest’s hands? That, man, was the time when thy soul lost her innocence and became believing! Man, a believing soul is a prostituted maiden who followeth every where the man who shamed her! : But the better time, man, will soon come. The bride will say to the priest, “Priest, thou hast violated the soul of my bridegroom; come with me to the judgment!” The bridegroom will say to the priest, “Priest, thou hast violated the soul of my bride; come with me to the judgment!” Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, will say to the priest, “Priest, thou

hast violated the souls of our children, of our sisters, of our brothers ; come with us to the judgment ! The priest will stand before the judgment, and the judgment will find on the priest four evangelines—an evangely of the violation of the soul, an evangely of hatred and discord, an evangely of murder, and an evangely of dominion over mankind ! And the judgment will condemn the priest and curse his memory. After this time men will hate and murder each other no more, because there will be no devout priest and no belief in the merciful son of God, to *for-give* hatred and murder. And all the hideous sins of the world will die of hunger, because there will be no cross, no grace, to nourish them !”

These, Atali, are words which Truth hath written with her finger on heaven and earth. Read them, Atali, and be healed.

ECCE HOMO.

LETTER FROM ATALI TO ECCE HOMO.

Ecce Homo, thy secret “The lie that hath drunk most of the blood of the world is the book of love without hatred—the evangely of Jesus Christ,” is a secret which, heard in the morning is not understood until the evening. But when understood, it is not then known who hath, at the great death banquet of the world, given the most toasts to Death, the King or the Priest ! and one trembles alike when a tongue utters the word “King” and the word “Priest.”—These are two terrible words in the language of men ! But tell me, Ecce Homo, through what marvel the two

world murderers have obtained *Obedience* and *Belief* among men. Tell me, Ecce Homo! I wait anxiously for thy answer.

ATALI.

LETTER FROM ECCE HOMO TO ATALI.

Atali, I have two songs, one is the song of a lover whose maiden played with two beautiful coloured serpents, and wished her lover not to think that they were poisonous. This song is as melancholy as the song of the zephyr of the approaching death of the autumn-leaves. The other of the two songs is the song of a lover to whom his maiden said, "I will play no more with the two beautiful-coloured serpents, they smell of corpses!" That song is as joyous as the song of birds when the sun riseth. Atali, I shall sometime sing both these songs to thee. I have made them both for ourselves. I shall sometime sing both to thee, when thou hast nought more to ask me, and I have nought more to answer thee.

I will tell thee, Atali, through what marvel the two world-murderers have obtained *obedience* and *belief* among men. Hear, Atali. There was a king; men harkened not to him, and he hung himself. There was a priest; men believed him not, and he hung himself. Then satan took a drop of blood from the king and a drop of blood from the priest, mixed them together, and threw them upon the earth; and out of the earth grew monsters that bit off the arms and tore out the eyes of men; and men became *obedient* and *believing*. And succeeding kings thanked God, and succeeding priests thanked God!—God,

whom the king and the priest thanked, who art thou? Thou God art a bastard! The whore *Ignorance* is thy mother, and thy fathers are they who thank thee—the *king* and the *priest*! God of the Zend-avesta, God of the Ebn-abdallah-book, God of the evangely of Jesus Christ, bastard, all the evils of the world are thine! I curse thee, God! I curse thee! I curse thee, from everlasting to everlasting!

ECCE HOMO.

“*Ecce Homo*” was the last word of the writing that Memra-di-bischmaja took from the hands of the priest and read before the world. “*Priest*,” exclaimed Memra-di-bischmaja. “*Priest*, hell hath abandoned thee; for thou knowest no more what thou art nor what thou dost. *Priest*, thou standest before the last judgment, and thou accusest thyself! Fellow-criminals of the king and of the priest, defend yourselves!

Fellow-criminals. Pardon! pardon! Mercy! mercy!

Memra-di-bischmaja. Is there no one, then, who defends the king, the priest, and their fellow-criminals?

Ecce Homo. No one. The dead are their accusers; heaven and earth are their accusers: who, then, shall come to defend them? Behold, yonder, that black cloud! heaven hath poured out their crimes upon it! Behold the earthquake! the earth will no longer cover the crimes they have hidden in her bosom! Behold the path from the living to the dead! There are visible the black foot-marks of their crimes!—Judge! I have looked about me in the world to find a single

sun-atom which shall come to entreat pardon for them ; but even the sun-atoms were red, red from the blood-breath of their crimes ! The sentence, —Judge !

Men. The sentence ! the sentence !

Memra-di-bischmaja. Ecce Homo, bring me my foster-child. (*Ecce Homo places a child in the lap of Memra-di-bischmaja.*) Men, behold, this child is one day old, his mother died at his birth, and the earth had covered his father a while before. Can ye perceive in this child—nation, religion, riches, poverty ?

Men. No !

Memra-di-bischmaja. Men, can ye perceive nation, religion, riches, poverty, among yourselves ?

Men. Yes !

Memra-di-bischmaja. In so perceiving, are ye happy ?

Men. No !

Memra-di-bischmaja. Wherefore not ?

Men. Every nation bare a sword, every religion bare a sword, every rich man bare a sword, that, for a long time, was not dry from human blood.

Memra-di-bischmaja. Who taught ye the unhappy distinctions of Nation ?

Men. The king.

Memra-di-bischmaja. Who taught ye the unhappy distinctions of Religion ?

Men. The priest.

Memra-di-bischmaja. Who taught ye the unhappy distinctions of Riches and Poverty ?

Men. The king, the priest, and their fellow-criminals.

Memra-di-bischmaja. Men, the king, the priest, and their fellow-criminals have taught ye distinctions to destroy ye. They were themselves

your signs and banners with the blood-inscriptions—nation, religion, riches, poverty ! Take, men, the king, and destroy him ; take, men, the priest, and destroy him ; take, men, their fellow-criminals, and destroy them ; and become like this happy child, in whom ye can perceive neither nation, nor religion, nor riches, nor poverty !

Ecce Homo read the sentence thrice ; once to the dead, once to the living, and once to heaven and earth.

Ecce Homo. The dead have heard it, the living have heard it, heaven and earth have heard it !

Memra-di-bischmaja. Let, then, the will of the dead, of the living, of heaven and of earth be done ! Go, men, drown the last crime in the last criminal, drown the last sin of the world in the last drop of the blood of the king, of the priest, and of their fellow-criminals ; drown them, wash your hands, and solemnize your SELF-REDEMPTION from the sins which bare the sceptre and the cross in the world ! Go, men, and finish your work !

Men. It is finished ! Evil is destroyed ! What shall we do with the cross and with the sceptre ?

Ecce Homo. The last atom of evil in the world must be destroyed ! Take the cross, destroy it—it is still the priest ! Take the sceptre, destroy it—it is still the king !

SONG OF THE SUN.

Wandering through the worlds, I saw every day upon the earth a woman with the look of a mother, rocking a child upon her knees.

I have often seen a mild rainbow in the sky when it rained ; I often saw a dark-red rainbow at the eyes of the woman when she wept.

I knew not why it rained ; I knew not why the woman upon the earth wept ; but I heard her :—

“ I remember thee—my poor dead child—born in May, dead in Autumn.

“ Nor hound nor jackall have bitten thee ; I kept thee also from serpents ; thou diedst not by the teeth of wild beasts.

“ Thou wast young, my child, indeed very young ; thou diedst, then, not by the almighty weakness of age ; I also kept thee from hunger and cold ; hunger and cold have not killed thee, my poor child.

“ What mother would keep her child from his brother ? I did not keep thee, my child, from thy brother.

“ Thy brother became blind ! Spectres of madness brake the windows of his eyes.

“ He became mad ! He looked for—he looked

for spiders, serpents, and toads ; he said he would kill them.

“Thou, my poor dead child, wast neither spider, serpent, nor toad, and thy mad brother killed thee.

“I remember thee—my poor dead child—born in May, dead in Autumn.”

Thus sang the woman upon the earth, and gave suck to her child, and wept and wept.

I wiped her tears away ; God knows how many times I wiped her tears away.

But yesterday there was a strange scene ! Hast thou beheld it, moon in the sky ?

The melancholy mother was sitting upon the earth ; sisters and brothers, then, all her children, surrounded her.

Every one of them sware in her ear brotherly love to sister and brother upon the earth.

Then the mother kissed them all and ceased to weep.

And I asked the star of the morning if it could tell the names of the mother and children I saw upon the earth, and from whence they came ?

And I heard :—

“The mother is Nature, and her children, in times past, were mankind-sinners.”

ON TWO ARTICLES OF PROSODY.

Devil take me if I can make a Preface to my book. For ages past a book without a preface has been considered like the Old Testament without the Evangely of Jesus Christ—like a prophecy without a fulfilment. Indeed I look upon every book in the world, not taking into account the holy halo of belief, as an Old Testament; and every preface in the world, not taking into account paralytic and miracle cured women, as a New Testament. But every book in the world has, like the Old Testament, a beginning and an end; and thus, authors had no difficulty in tacking together a preface-cloak for their books after the fashion that the New Testament was made. But MY BOOK! My book is without beginning and without end. It is only an *Arsis* and a *Thesis*—a hard and a soft syllable out of the book of fate, which I have taken from two different places, and have put together as fancy prompted, and have given it to men to read. How, then, is it possible to make a preface to such a book? So, no preface. But something on the *Arsis* and on the *Thesis*.

On the Arsis of my Book.

The *Arsis* is taken from a place in the Book of Fate, which is written with the eye and heart-fluids of the past and the present.

Pawnbroker-Jew in Christian German Universities, who askest, after the expired time, thy money of a student, and he prolongs the time of payment with his scorn which thou darest not answer with thine—with his lies which thou must regard as an appendix to the six hundred and three commandments of God—with his riding-whip which thou, as the pleasant humour of a Christian against a Jew, darest not complain of,—O, pawnbroker-Jew, thy sigh is a human sigh ! I have not forgotten thee in my *Arsis* !

Prostituted maiden in royal palace-cities, who for a long time hast carried on a barter with cheats, and who now, in the hospital, poor in thy heart, weepest over thy deceit,—O, prostituted maiden, thy tear is a human tear ! I have not forgotten thee in my *Arsis* !

Gipsey on the high-ways of the world, whom kingly-civilized man instructs with police law only, in snow, in rain, in cold, in heat, remote from habitations and compassionate man,—O, Gipsey, thou art a wandering man-elegy ! I have not forgotten thee in my *Arsis* !

All unhappy men, with this name or that, I have not forgotten ye in my *Arsis* !

Scarcely had I said 'Farewell' in my *Arsis*, to the unhappy men of the world, when I saw suddenly stand before me a being (a hideous spectral thing) surrounded with many dogs. It is, thought I, it is the Satan-father out of Hinam. "Look," the hideous spectre growled in my ear, "these are excellent beasts ! Every one of these dogs" the devil went on to say, "has his peculiar virtue. Look at this one here, the fair dog, he looks well but is, notwithstanding, cowardly ; but I have at length succeeded in bringing him

to kill the game while asleep : when he has done his work thou shouldst see how proudly he shows his bloody teeth. This dog is called " Nicholas, Emperor of Russia." This couple here that have stretched themselves out at my feet have extremely fine noses, and bring me, although not so much, yet the best game to my palate : the one that I now kick is called " Frederic, King of Prussia ;" the other one is called " Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria." But the dog that I am proud of, that one that's licking the tail of the first, has a habit of drawing game into confidence with him ; he first caresses the game in a friendly sort of way for a time, and afterwards destroys his unsuspecting " friend." This is called " Louis Philippe, King of the French." That meagre dog, yonder, that run to me not long ago as another died, that dog I shall shoot, for he has deceived me. I thought, at first, that he would become my favourite dog, for I never saw a beast fall on a herd of game so furiously ; but I soon found him so outrageously hungry that I got nothing of his prey. The meagre dog doomed to death is named " Ernest, King of Hanover." I have not, as yet, discovered any particular virtues in the other dogs : they run after the four first-mentioned ones, and do as they do. Now thou art curious, perhaps, to know who I am ; but I cannot tell thee my proper name ; thus much I can say, —I am a most ancient Thought, which from generation to generation takes on new corporeal vestments. My present vestment is the flesh of the Pope, of the Metropolitan, of Protestant bishops, of missionaries to heathens, of missionaries to Jews, and of all Christian priests. More

must thou not know . . . Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !”
The spectre disappeared.

O, Nicholas, Frederic-William, Ferdinand, Louis-Philippe, Ernest, and the rest, I have not forgotten you in my *Arsis* !

O, Pope, Metropolitan, Protestant bishops, missionaries to heathens, missionaries to Jews, and the rest, I have not forgotten you in my *Arsis* !

ON THE THESIS OF MY BOOK.

The *Thesis* have I taken from a place in the Book of Fate written with the smiles of man.

O, pawnbroker-Jew, there have I again thought on thee ! But then men have forgotten thy name of scorn and have called thee brother !

O, prostituted maiden, there have I again thought on thee ! But then men have forgotten thy name of shame, and have again restored to thee thy lost riches of heart ! No one shall deceive thee more, for thou shalt be neither hungry nor cold !

O, gipsey, there have I again thought on thee ! But then have men forgotten thy name of disgrace, and the tables of the laws of human happiness are hung upon thy breast !

O, Nicholas, Frederic-William, Louis-Philippe, Ernest, and the rest, there have I again thought on you ! But you were then no more, and were spoken of as men speak of past terrible famines with their teeth of death !

O, Pope, Metropolitan, protestant bishops, missionaries to heathens, missionaries to Jews, and the rest, there have I again thought on you ! But you were then no more, and were spoken of as men speak of past pestilences !

I asked men if they knew anything of a spectre that wore, from generation to generation, vestments of priest-flesh, and hunted men with dogs. No one knew. But an old man took my hand, and led me to a grave, open and empty. "Seest thou who lies in this grave?" asked the old man. I answered, "I see nothing!" "It is so," said the old man, "NOTHING, FANCY, in the heads of past men became holy-flesh—became priests, and, with many dogs, spread terror and death amongst men! NOTHING, FANCY, lies buried here!"

After this interpretation of the old man, I said to my printer, "My book is ready." It is ready—like the melancholy book of desires—without beginning, without end, without preface! When the sons of the Neva, of the Vistula, of the Seine, of the Thames, the sons of all waters, shall give their hands to each other as brothers who recognise each other; when the proud polished daughter of Golgotha, and the gentle timid daughter of Zion, shall kiss each other as sisters who recognise each other; when the nations of this and of every sea shall greet each other as friends who recognise each other; then will my book begin! When the men, who shall then have no particular names, of the Neva, of the Seine, of the Thames, and of all waters, shall wash their hands from blood, from the black blood of their profane and holy tyrants who bare man-hatred and man-murder in the world, then will my book end! When happy men shall rack their brains to find out the meaning of two discovered hieroglyphic words, "*subject*," and "*penitent*," then will the preface of my book be written, and I shall rejoice in my book; but, at

present, I rejoice not in my book. At present, kings and priests, the coward dogs, play the mighty lions, and to be strong, make peace with one another. At present, the people, mankind, the mighty lions, play the coward dogs, and to be weak, hate one another, and they suffer themselves to be torn by the coward dogs. At present, my book is without beginning, without end, without preface.....It is a sound....it is again a sound....the whole—a terrible-beautiful dream on the wings of my sighs !

EXPECTATIONS OF THE AUTHOR

OF THE CRITICS

à la LOUIS PHILLIPPE and à la POPE.

A PERSONAL CHAPTER TO THE FOREGOING
NEW BIBLE OF MANKIND.

THE CRITICS à la LOUIS PHILIPPE.

In the year 1833 I wrote, in Strasburg a "vile" book, under the title of "*Perenna, oder die Freiheit jetzt und einst*:" Perenna, or Freedom of the present and future. Scarcely had this book appeared when the *Prefêt* made inquiries of my *Maitre d'Hotel* as to how it fared with my stomach. "But so-so," replied my landlord. "Mr. Blumenfeld eats once a day, alternately, bread, radishes and potatoes, and drinks twenty times a day of our Rhine-water." "I thought as much," said the *Prefêt*, "no one could otherwise have written such an abominable book. I will, however, take care," continued the *Prefêt*, "that Mr. Blumenfeld shall, in future, write something

better, if he is determined to write. You ought to know, my friend, what Louis Philippe says on this subject. It is this, "All books come out of the stomach!" This critical thought is so old and so great that 500 years before the birth of the mother of God, and 517 years before the birth of God, it could not enter into the heads of the 70,003 disciples of the philosopher Kung-Fu-Dsu! In accordance with this great critical thought I have received an order from the King's Government to send your lodger, Mr. Blumenfeld, with the allowance of an *Officier en retraite*, into the interior of France, where he will also have the offer of a post as Professor of German Literature."

As soon as I heard all this I went to the *Préfet* to convince him that the above critical thought of Louis Philippe was false. I endeavoured, with all my philosophy, to beat this critical thought out of the *Préfet's* head, but I found it impossible. Louis Philippe's critical thought had fixed itself so firmly to the teeth of the *Préfet*, that to have dispossessed him of the critical thought I should have had to pull out all his teeth. As I could not do this I was obliged to reconcile myself to go to Beaune with the pay of an *Officier en retraite*, and, in the college there, to take the chair of Professor of German Literature.

In the year 1834 I wrote in Beaune again a "vile" book, under the title of "*Les Soupirs de la Pologne*," "*Polonia's Seufzer*:"—The Sighs of Poland.* Scarcely had this little work appeared when the *Sous-Préfet* Peau*** and the *Maire*

* This work was published in Dijon in the French and German languages.

Pou*** sent for the Director of the College, and received him with these words,—“ Well, another vile book out of the stomach ! Tell us, *Monsieur le Directeur*, in God’s name, how does Mr. Blumenfeld live ? ” “ He eats,” replied the Director, “ four times a day, eleven dishes altogether, and drinks three bottles of wine, a glass and a half of water, two cups of coffee without milk, and one glass of wormwood.” “ Ha,” exclaimed Peau*** and Pou*** “ all these things in a democratic stomach could not but produce such an abominable book ! Go, *Monsieur le Directeur*, and tell your Professor Blumenfeld that we have received an order from the King’s Government to withdraw from him his officer’s pay, to remove him from his professorship, and to exile him to England, where his vile stomach will come in contact with nothing but fog, air, and Thames-water ; and thus will he cease to vomit such vile books into the world.”

I had a good deal, indeed, to say against this, but I was obliged to give up my pay, and my professor’s chair, and suffer myself to be sent to England.

When I had been in England a couple of years I wrote again a book, the foregoing “ New Ecce Homo.” “ This book,” will exclaim the Ministers of Louis Philippe in a rage as soon as they see the title, “ is the *Ne plus ultra* of vile-ness ! O, this ‘ New Ecce Homo,’ ” will they continue, “ this horrid book comes not from fog, air, and Thames water ! We could swear that the author’s stomach had come in contact in England with roast beef and half-and-half, and thereby has this vilest book in the world been generated ! ”—I should not answer Louis Phil-

lippe's Ministers a word, had I not perceived that the Ministers of Queen Victoria had recognised, with Louis Phillippe, that every democratic word comes out of the stomach. The Ministers of Queen Victoria have recently barred the entrance to some dozen stomachs on hearing them utter a few "vile" anti-kingly words. Under these circumstances I know not what demonstration will be made with my poor stomach when they see my *Ecce Homo*.^{*} Bar, if you like, my stomach also, Ministers, bar my stomach! But I have to tell you, stomach animals, you know not whence my, to you unwelcome, books come; they come not 'out of the stomach,' they come out of the heart! Out of my heart come the spectres which throw into the ears of kings, to harrass and vex them, the interrogations and exclamations of suffering and dying man! Out of my heart come the dark family and Christian names of kingly crimes! Out of my heart come all the old and young dead joys of man that point with their fingers at kings, and say to one another, "These are our murderers!" Out of my heart comes this book of the condemnation of kings! God wrote this book in my heart! But ye are hungry hateful worms—come then and eat my stomach, my brain, my heart—and ye will

^{*} I expect this. Seeing that I must not behold my fatherland, Poland, the English Government were so moved with my lot that every week it takes out of the peoples' pocket ten shillings and gives them, out of pure humanity, to me. I expect now, that the English Government will take ten shillings every week out of the peoples' pocket, and put them, out of pure humanity, into their own.

scent still more of human corses, and your scent will be to ye a still viler book than this, and in your own scent finally ye will be suffocated !

THE CRITICS *à la* POPE.

Chinese, Turks, Jews, Burmese, Tartars, and Ottomaks, when those brigands of souls called Christian missionaries shall attack you to seize your belief and murder your reason, and you have no arms wherewith to resist these brigands, then come to England, see there a ' Sunday,' and you will put these brigands to flight, and will continue to be happy Chinese, Turks, Jews, Burmese, Tartars, and Ottomaks. But if England is too far for you to come to see a ' Sunday,' then will I describe one to you :—

This day is there a day of terrific tempest. On it men cease to seek food for their children ; on it men cease to jest—to laugh—to speak to each other ; on it men are troubled and conceal themselves ; on it Satanic thunder is heard pealing from church towers and stupifying the souls of men ; on it men flee, madman like, into the churches where out of jaws ' God's words' and prayers,—black invisible lightnings,—fall upon the good thoughts of men and kill them ; on it men come out of churches so full of ' God' that no room is left in them for human feeling ; and then they slowly go home with their heavy burthen of ' God,' eat their leg of mutton and their plum pudding, and go to sleep.

Chinese, Turks, Jews, Burmese, Tartars, and Ottomaks, when you have seen a ' Sunday' in England or read this description of it, then will you not become unhappy Christians, and I, the author

of this book, shall escape from a great peril. I will tell you how. In the good old Christian times, the *Critics à la Pope* have, as you know, poisoned, drowned, or burned such a heretic as I am. It was then very bad for the heretic's poor body, but his heretic soul, at least, remained untouched by them. In the present pious Christian time it is otherwise. The *Critics à la Pope* go to church and *pray* for a poor heretic such as I am. This is worse than poisoning, drowning, and burning. Their prayers are a slow fire into which every good Christian mercifully casts the heretic body and the heretic soul; and ever ever mercifully turns both about and about until they are both slowly entirely consumed. This terrible effect of prayers takes place so long as one does not know what *priest-prayer* is; but as soon as men know its true nature then is priest-prayer for the heretic-body and the heretic-soul not a bit worse than the sneeze of a cat. See then, what great peril I have escaped from by telling you, Chinese, Turks, Jews, Tartars, Burmese, Ottomaks, and all readers, in my description of a 'Sunday' in England what priest-prayers are. And repeating again to all my brethren in the world that all priest-prayers for heretics and sinners are nothing but a satanically disguised rebellion against mankind, so I cease to fear even the most ardent prayers of the *Critics à la Pope*.

My old servant has helped me to an entirely new idea. I was not aware that in my absence she read through all the proofs of my *Ecce Homo* as the printer sent them to me, with a care equal to my own. To-day as she brought my breakfast to me, she began to cough. She coughed three

or four times successively, which I knew to be the herald to something the old woman had to say. I therefore looked at her enquiringly. The old lady's object seemed attained, and she began—"Don't be offended, Sir, but I have read your book." "O, I'm not in the least offended," I replied; "but what else have you got to say?" "You have wrote," said she, "some fine things for the priests!" "Have I not, old lady," said I; "the priests will pray fervently for me!" "Pray?" exclaimed she, "pray? they'll tear your eyes out, and pursue you with the Pope's slipper into hell, and will so frightfully malign you that heaven and earth will tremble. Pray for you? pray? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" "How," I said, "malign me and not pray?" "To be sure, to be sure!" exclaimed she.

O, if I knew this for certain, then would I strike out all that I have written of the *Critics à la Pope*, say not a word about them, and be perfectly quiet. If the pious *Critics à la Pope* would injure me, God grant it may be as my old servant said, otherwise must I, in my apprehension of their prayers, let stand my address to the Chinese, Turks, Jews, Burmese, Tartars, and Ottomaks!

FIRST POSTSCRIPT.

Patronage.

Mr. A-posteriori, who is a hair-dresser at the court and a philosopher, said to me, "Mr. Blumenfeld, you ought to obtain the patronage of the Queen-dowager, or of Lord Londonderry, or of the Duke of Wellington, for your book." "What do you say, Mr. A-posteriori," I exclaimed, "the patronage of the Queen-dowager, of Lord Londonderry, of the Duke of Wellington, for my book? Would not the Queen-dowager let loose all her little and great lap-dogs at me? Would not Lord Londonderry challenge me with his riding-whip to an affair of honour? Would not the adored Messias of the Waterloo-world send against me sixty thousand merciless angels from Prussia—as soon as they saw my book?" "They would *not* see your book," said the philosopher, blowing from his sleeve some powder which had fallen from some court-wig, "they would *not* see your book; they would read your most respectful request for their gracious patronage, throw your book aside, and send you such a note as this:—'We are extremely delighted with your work, and feel great pleasure in according to it our gracious

patronage, and we shall be most happy in recommending it to the notice of the court, as well as to the fashionable world!" "But, of what advantage would such a note be to me?" "Much," replied A-posteriori, "very much. Nobody would open your book, and everybody would praise it as a master-piece!" "That would not be well for my book," said I, "and I will tell you why. More than a thousand years ago some one, probably a court hair-dresser and philosopher, advised our gracious God to put himself under the patronage of the Pope. God did so, and ever since no one sees him, and every one praises him. But some time back, God said to the angel Mimili, 'The Pope is a rogue, he has granted me his holy patronage and thrusts me into the farthest heaven where nobody sees me, so that men in their troubles may have recourse to *him*, God's patron; he allows me in my invisibility to be well praised, so that *he* may escape from being hanged for his rogue's tricks. Mimili, it gives me great pain that I am not seen, and that I am praised!' I say to you, Mr. A-posteriori, what God said to Mimili." "I trust," replied the philosopher, "that the patronage of the Queen-dowager, of Lord Londonderry, or of the Duke of Wellington, would be of more service to you than the patronage of the avaricious Pope has been to God. It is true that your book might be as little seen and as much praised as God; but you would get placed upon the list of the five thousand seven hundred and fifteen writers who, under high patronage, cast their good thoughts as dung to obtain golden fruit. If you will do that, only say the word, and to-morrow your name shall appear gloriously

in the 'Morning Post,' and in the 'Times,' and you will be a celebrated poet!" "But," I said, "must I not first become a court-dog? O ye five thousand seven hundred and fifteen writers of the kingdom, come and teach me to become like you—to be a dog! Until I have learnt that, my book will be, in the hands of the Queen-dowager, or of Lord Londonderry, or of the Duke of Wellington, as misplaced as the name of God in the mouth of the Pope. Therefore, Mr. A-posteriori, it only remains for my book to be, without patronage, read and maligned by the whole court, which will be as agreeable to me as it will, one day, be to God, to be blasphemed by the Pope, when he shall have ceased to be his patron.

SECOND POSTSCRIPT.

Friendship—Acknowledgments.

I cannot help it, I must begin with the statistics of the classes of man on the earth. There are, strictly speaking, but two classes of men on the earth—*oppressors* and *oppressed*. To the former class belong :—

Czar	1
Emperors	4
Kings	102
Princes	5,003
Those who boast of their pure royal blood	70,000
Nobles of first rank	500,000
Ditto of second rank	1,000,003
Ditto of third rank	1,203,000
Noble bastards, and those whose nobility dated from the time their teeth begun to tumble out	3,000,019
Rich idlers	23,002,011
Pope	1
Metropolitans	2
Cardinals	72
Bishops	464
Monks and nuns	300,003
Priests	2,800,000
Devout school teachers, pious heroic poets, biographers of kings and saints, respectable thieves, and newspaper writers	6,000,000
Total	<hr/> 37,880,685

Which, it may be said, *en passant*, might all be hung in a single forest of Poland.

To the second class belong :—

Slavish working men . . . 962,183,264

In an old, old war among men, the cunning priests slipped through the gate of heaven into the citadel of the reason of the greater part of mankind, and made themselves masters of it, and men then became poor working slaves. But the war begins again. Already have many out of the fortress of their reason driven the priests through the gate of hell to the devil. The excellent men who have so done, the priests call "*rebels*." With one of these "*rebels*" I have had the happiness to make acquaintance, it is the translator of this my book, of whom I must here speak. Messieurs the bishops, priests, and the twelve light infantry regiments of missionaries, who, in their fighting for God, lose not a drop of blood, who discharge their godly lies like bullets at men, and receive from them, on their part, with the same furor solid earthly sovereigns, and from the wounds of which they live abominably long and well; all these gentlemen, I say, will, after they have done with me, then most likely, fall upon the "*rebel*," my friend D. If they would, Louis-Philippe-like, attack his stomach, if they should say, "the stomach of the rebel translator is right sinful; among the much veal, beef, and pork in his stomach, not a bit of Jesus-flesh of the holy sacrament enters!" Or, if they say, "in fast-time when the stomach of a good Christian should look like the sorrowful

hut of a poor man, the rebel has hung' in his stomach, sausages, bacon, and goose livers!" Or, if they say other things of his stomach; for instance, that "he has put into it pork-chops of those swine into which the Lord Jesus drove the devil, *ergo*, this translator is a great sinner!" If they say such like things, then I could not dare, much as I regard him, to take my friend, with so many palpable sins, under my protection. But I believe that the priests will take occasion to attack the *head* and *heart* of my friend. As to his head, they will probably say:—

First. The rebel has not well understood this vile book.

Second. He has wrongly translated it.

Third. He has, in translating it, altered many parts.

If, sir Priests, ye shall so say, as I live I must say ye are liars! For,

First. The "rebel" has well understood this "vile" book.

Second. He has rightly translated it.

Third. He has not, in translating it, altered a single word.

Every variation from the original in the translation comes from me, the author himself. Thus I have written the first and last chapter for this "*English edition*;" they are not contained in the original. All the songs therein which could not be translated literally, I have recomposed in prose, introduced new ideas in the place of others, given a new strophe, and sometimes an entirely new song. There are also in the prosaic part of the work some few alterations introduced. These also are from myself. The "rebel" has done nothing more than give back again my thoughts in

English in a way that a creator and master of great and new ideas could not better do. He has translated it with a clear, penetrating, and poetical spirit, which the work required. So, holy liars, leave my friend's *head* alone! As to his *heart*, you will probably say, "the rebel (as it has been said men formerly did to the devil) sold himself to the heretic author. If I was the king of Prussia, and my friend D. was Jacobi*, a certain Jew, who, with his bag on his back, comes out the Prussian king's house, and calls out in the street, "Buy the 'Lamentations of a Jew,' and the love of swine-flesh and Jesus Christ, buy! buy!" and you were then to speak of the self-selling of my friend, then would I immediately send you, for a *truth*, to the fortress of Glogau for twenty years. But to say that *I* have bought a man with head, hands, and feet, when I am not in a condition to buy a single ox-tongue, which I am very fond of, then must I, for a *lie*, not having a fortress, send you to all the devils for life!

I knew not Mr. D. Some one gave him my book; he read it and translated it. The publisher of this English edition would pay him for his arduous labour, and the latter wished no money.

Under the melancholy sky of exile, I sought the habitation of a *man*, and Mr. D. opened friendly to me his house.

Every one makes for himself in his dying hour two little registers in his thought—one of his

* This man was tempted by the King of Prussia's *Friederichsd'ores* to write a book entitled "The Lamentations of a Jew," in which he seeks to convert the Jews to Christianity.

best friends, the other of his worst enemies of his life; and he holds them fast in his memory. As yet no dying man has told me wherefore he does this; but I believe that before a man dies all the pains and all the joys of his life come from all parts in garments of his enemies and of his friends of his whole life, and they place themselves near his death-bed; he then regards them bitterly and smilingly, and he makes these registers of his enemies and of his friends, whom he will present to God! When I, one day, shall make my melancholy and my joyful registers, then, in that of my worst enemies—the hateful king and priest—and in that of my best friends, the estimable D. will indeed not be wanting.

J. C. BLUMENFELD.

NOTE.

When this translation went to press it was clear to me that a note ought to accompany it explanatory of the differences which they who have the original will perceive; but the author himself has said in his postscript nearly all that I intended myself. Nevertheless I will observe that it must occur to many with respect to the faithfulness of the translation of this "gospel," that it comes before readers under better circumstances than other books similarly entitled, standing as it does *singularly* exempt from the stigma of false renderings, interpolations, &c., the work having been done under the frequent superintendence of the author, and the *imprimatur* given by himself to the several sheets as they passed to the printer.

For the style; as simplicity is the characteristic of the original, so I sought to make it that of the translation; and with this object I did it, as far as I could, into simple English. I trust this simplicity of language may not perplex some readers more accustomed to long words signifying nothing than to short words conveying ideas. If it, however, is so, by applying to old, or some of the new, cyclopædias, compendiums, and dictionaries, or to those misguided or misleading brethren who exercise the calling of

“ Gospel-teachers,” or to the Societies for diffusing Christian Knowledge,—these simplicities may be thereby rendered sufficiently obscure for their enfeebled comprehension. Having written this, I said to my friend the author, “ Alas, how many will not understand the types of your book !” To which he replied, —

“ I have seen men to whom human sighs are merry ‘ Strauss-waltzes.’ They dance to them, they laugh at them with their beloved maidens and their beloved wives, and they do not even think of paying the poor musicians, imagining that sighing men are harps which God plays on for their pleasure !

“ One day, however, when men shall cease to dance and to laugh while hearing the sick and broken tones of the human heart, and when they will understand them better, they will then also cease to think the words of my book incomprehensible ; for the words therein do but point at *human sighs and human sufferings*, which are *the ONLY sins of the world, and from which the arm of man is God’s ONLY Redeemer.*”

With this answer of the author, I leave this book to its destiny.

THE TRANSLATOR.

FINIS.