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THE AMERICAN CAMORRA.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

In 1849, when the naturalist Burmeister visited the Brazilian province of Matto-Grosso, he saw the natives cut down their woods by thousands of acres in order to get pasture-land for their cattle, and predicted that the denuded soil would soon bristle with thornshrubs much harder to extirpate than the trees of the primeval forest.

When the natural connection of moral causes and effects shall have been more clearly recognised, politicians may predict with similar confidence that the suppression of harmless amusements will always result in promoting the introduction of less harmless pastimes. North or South, human nature remains the same; the love of excitement, in its normal forms, is one of the healthiest instincts of the human mind, but under difficulties will satisfy itself the best way it can, and can be much more easily perverted than suppressed.

Under the rule of the Bourbons the lot of the poorer classes in the kingdom of Naples was in several respects much more wretched than that of absolute savages who enjoy at least the rough freedom of the wilderness. Taxes from which many nobles and a host of clerical drones remained exempt, had increased to an extent that made life to thousands of workmen a constant struggle for the bare necessities of existence. The right of free assembly had been restricted by a multitude of oppressive by-laws. Foot-races and vintage-festivals were interdicted to prevent their abuse for purposes of political agitation. Hunting was made a privilege of the rich. No man could shoot a quail on his own patch of farmland without first prepaying the price of a monthly hunting-permit that would have swallowed the proceeds of a month's labor. The poor were robbed of their *panes*, as well as of their *circenses*: tax-collectors fleeced them of their wages, and omnipresent police-spies prevented them from enjoying, even at their own expense, the outdoor sports which the Cæsars provided freely as the price of curtailed liberties. In the darkest days of that despotism the ministers of the autocrat were alarmed by the rise of a secret society known as the *Camorra*: a league of conspirators who ranged the country after dark and seized and enjoyed in a lawless manner what

the laws prevented them from obtaining in a better way. Their favorite prey was the hoard of a tyrannous revenue official, but they also plundered convents, country-seats and even the cottages of peasants whom they suspected of having furnished information to the police. Between 1825 and 1860 not less than *forty-two thousand* notorious robberies were committed by members of the society (*La Camorra*, Notizie Storiche, Florence, 1863), besides many other crimes and countless petty thefts. The night-roving conspirators were always prepared to assist each other and to meet resistance by deeds of violence; many expeditions were, indeed, undertaken for the special purpose of revenge, not only without any prospect of plunder, but with the certainty of incurring heavy expenses in behalf of imprisoned accomplices. The net proceeds of a week's work were paid into a common fund, which again was evenly distributed among the members at monthly intervals and spent with a freedom which made *Camorristis* the most popular visitors of the Neapolitan pleasure-resorts. As far as possible they tried to limit their raids to the houses of unpopular persons and thus managed to preserve the good will of the poor, poor peasant-boys and journeymen artisans having often no higher ambition than the hope of being admitted to the league of the secret brotherhood though that admission involved a long term of probation, and treason was always punished with death.

"Nothing would, indeed, be more erroneous," says Sign. Monnier, "than to suppose that the Camorra was recruited chiefly from the depraved classes of society; candidates for admission were generally poor, but they were the more respectable part of the poor working population and rarely absolute paupers. Applicants for admission moreover had to prove that they had been guilty neither of espionage or theft; also that none of their near female relatives were prostitutes. A *Piccioletto d'onore* (novice admitted on word of honor) had to remain on probation for a year, sharing all the dangers and none of the profits of the expedition, nevertheless the privilege of membership was coveted even by young aristocrats, either from a pure love of excitement or in the hope of getting opportunities for revenge on an obnoxious government official. Candidates of wealth were always welcome but remained objects of suspicion till they had practi-

cally proved the motive of their unusual desire. Suspicion, even without positive proofs of guilt, was apt to lead to expulsion. At no time did the leaders of the society countenance the practice of admitting candidates of unknown precedents."

The Camorra reached the zenith of its power under the rule of Francis II, when it enjoyed the popularity of a political reform league—a popularity that increased in proportion to the increasing severity of the measures adopted for the suppression of the society. Banishments, imprisonment, and numerous executions all failed to answer their purpose, but the evil was finally cured by the removal of its cause and under the more equitable laws of the present government the Camorra is fading away like the *Vehm-Gerichte* of northern Germany disappeared under the rule of the Protestant princes.

In the United States of America the despotism of the Sabbatarian by-laws would long ago have led to similar results, but for the modifying influence of two causes: The abundance of field-sports and the liberality of the wage-rates that enable thousands of sport-deprived city-dwellers to drown their ennui in alcohol. In Baltimore, St. Louis, and Philadelphia rum and beer operate as so many narcotic antidotes of the Sunday law evil, and the effectual suppression of Sunday-tipping might therefore be apt to lead to entirely unexpected results. In the hill-states the victims of the Sabbath-bigot indemnify themselves by field-sports. Offers of "rewards for the detection of hunting on the Lord's day" are in vain; from 6 to 9 A. M., and again from 4 P. M. to sunset, the voice of the squirrel-rifle is heard in the land on every fair-weather Sunday, the year round; game laws are quietly ignored, and informers would risk to get the wages of their zeal in the form of buck-shot. Those who really scruple about Sunday-sport and who, withal, have to work every day in the week, adopt the expedient of night-hunting. "Coons" can be found better in night-time than in daylight; foxes and opossums can be surprised in their nocturnal haunts by moonlight, and even in pitch dark nights deer can be decoyed by the gleam of a torch. In wooded mountain-regions the game-supply is practically as inexhaustible as the fisheries of the ocean.

But the case differs in lowland-regions at a distance from the sea-coast and from the shores of the large inland lakes. Indiana was all a wilderness a hundred years ago, and the settlement of Kansas did not begin in earnest till 1840; yet in many counties of those states game, large and small, has been far more thoroughly extirpated than in any part of game-law protected, old Europe. There are districts that could be measured by hundreds of square miles, where the best sportsman, aided by a pack of the best trained

hounds, might spend days in the vain attempt to scare up a rabbit or a partridge. Deer have long disappeared from the neighborhood of the best-settled counties, and turkeys are seen only at long intervals in the solitudes of the comparatively well-wooded northern districts of Indiana.

What are the sport-loving settlers of the southern parishes to do? Sunday amusements in their village are out of the question; athletic pastimes are not encouraged by the orthodox educators of the young and would interfere with the weekday's work of their elders. Game has disappeared. Weekdays and Sundays have to be divided between drudgery and hypocrisy.

But the expedient of night-hunts still remains. Night remains the best friend of those baffled in the competition for the prizes of the daylight arena, and the young farmers of Indiana and Kansas have organised Night-rider leagues, as their Kentucky forefathers organised coon-hunting clubs. In dark nights, but often also in cloudy full-moon nights, troops of masked young horsemen meet at some preappointed trysting-place, hold a whispered consultation and start on a *raid*—a risk-spiced expedition against some obnoxious member of the community. The ranch of a would-be informer or outspoken non-sympathiser is their favorite goal; but they may content themselves with whooping around the cabin of a frail female or of scaring a timid new-comer out of his wits. Bushwacker-raids with a political sanction would probably be much more to their taste, but feeling the need of some tenable pretext they have turned moralists and ride under the guise of social reformers.

The real motive of their expeditions is, however, well demonstrated by the concurring evidence of the following circumstances. The prevalence of the "White Cap" mania, in the first place, always bears an exact proportion to the dearth of better pastimes, and to the predominance of the public sentiment against Sunday-sports and their substitute—alcohol-revels. White Cap outrages are the children of tedium. They are extremely rare in game-abounding Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, in hilly Pennsylvania, in woody Michigan, in busy Illinois with its deep-water fronts, fisheries and metropolitan cities. They have become epidemic in Kansas and Indiana, and are getting rather frequent in the Sabbatarian counties of the Missouri and Ohio flatland regions. It is also well-known that the night-riders recruit their troops not from a class of moral rigorists, but from the ranks of lewd, mischievous, adventurous,—in short, fun-loving young men. Imagine young hoodlums of that sort assuming the rôle of ethical reformers.

But the most conclusive argument against that pretext is the preposterous frivolity of many of the charges preferred against their victims. Brutality in-

creases the spice of danger, but active brutality itself has a charm for certain minds, and for that reason, and without a vestige of moral motive, gangs of "white caps" have half killed a crippled old Ohio shoemaker who had been prevented by sickness from paying, or wholly paying, a trifling debt; two Indiana girls who had encouraged the attentions of the same youth and failed to heed a warning by a rival of the obnoxious Lothario were torn out of their beds and horribly maltreated by the associates of that rival. A Kansas preacher was dragged out in the woods at midnight and flayed "within an inch of his life" for having offered his hand and heart to a widow a few years older than himself. Now and then, of course, a more plausible pretext for a retributive raid helps to sustain the popularity of the night-riders, and as a rule, the laws of the land have proved powerless to avenge their brutal acts.

Out of eighteen trials in the state of Indiana fifteen resulted in an acquittal "for want of proof" against the defendants, though those proofs were plain enough for the private verdict of ninety-nine of a hundred neighbors; in two other cases the jury disagreed, and only one test-case, thanks to the energy of a fearless public prosecutor, led to a partial conviction of the prisoners. The project of organising a league of "counter-regulators" lacks the indispensable support of public sentiment, and a corps of government *gens d'armes* would stimulate the conspiracy of mischief-lovers as promptly as the establishment of the "Freedman's Bureau" stimulated the organisation of Kuklux clubs.

Pulpit-censors have exhausted their eloquence in vain, and the only effective remedies would be the revision of the Sunday-laws and the liberal encouragement of better pastimes.

THOMAS PAINE AND CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

A SMALL company recently gathered in the hall of the Manhattan Liberal Club to pay homage to Thomas Paine. It was the day after Paine's 155th birthday, and the deathday of Bradlaugh. The announcement of his death was made, and suitable resolutions passed. I found the meeting very interesting. During my ministry in the First Congregationalist Church, Cincinnati, I discovered the greatness of Thomas Paine, and on January 29, 1860,—the 123d anniversary of his birth,—gave a sermon concerning him. A few days after I received a letter from twelve of the most prominent and wealthy citizens, requesting the publication of the sermon,—“regarding it as a true, thorough, and faithful vindication of the character of one of the great, unappreciated, and much-abused heroes of our race.” I can quote the compliment now without vanity, knowing well that my little pamphlet was any-

thing but “thorough.” I did not half know the man. Since then those who in that Western city upheld with honor a name branded by pulpits for two generations,—previously honored only by poor and mostly illiterate radicals to whose annual screams against Christendom I used to listen from my corner,—have lived a long life. We have seen the fall of Slavery; we have seen the removal of laws which imprisoned woman in her home, and forbade her any share in the work of the world, except its drudgery. In these great movements we have participated, without knowing that from the pen of Thomas Paine, before the revolution, came the first plea and scheme for negro emancipation in this country, and the first argument for the admission of woman to some participation in the public work of the world. I have collected a large quantity of unpublished matter concerning Paine, but Charles Bradlaugh's career has been the document that has best enabled me to realise the historic significance of that early advocate of independence, and of justice irrespective of sex, race, or color.

Theology devised for Paine a retribution never accorded to any sinner outside the domain of imagination. Shakespeare, describing the punishment inflicted by meek and forbearing Christians on the Jew Shylock, represents them as taking away his property and also making him a Christian by baptism. The poet's satire on the Christians is recalled by the theological doom of Paine; they loudly affirm that he repented and recanted on his death-bed, but went to hell all the same. A place in heaven was never denied any penitent murderer on the scaffold, but Paine was sentenced to both conversion and damnation.

About fifteen years ago I was informed, on my arrival in New York, that Charles Bradlaugh was ill in St. Luke's Hospital. I hastened to visit him. His physician said that the illness had been very dangerous, indeed the patient was not yet out of danger. Bradlaugh had expected death. When I entered he took my hand eagerly, and showed a relief that at first I did not understand. But I presently saw that he had dreaded the slanders that swarmed around the dying and dead Paine. When I asked, “how can I help you?” he said, “I have been facing death—may presently be facing it again,—and my doctor, all who have approached me, can inform you whether at any moment they have seen in me any sign of fear. Should I die, you will be able to bear witness that I am not afraid to die,—have never been,—nor for a moment faltered from the principles to which my life has been devoted.”

So far as I could learn there had been no attempt to invade Bradlaugh's sick-room for pious purposes, and no doubt the disgraceful annoyances of Paine, in his last moments, could not now occur in any civilised

community. We must not, however, conclude that there has been a great change of heart in Christendom. There has been a change of head, and some weakening of "otherworldly" dogmas, by which interest in the freethinker's death bed and his doom after death has been enfeebled. But the first result was a transfer of the penalties to this world. Bradlaugh has had a harder time of it than Paine. Since I saw him in the hospital he has seen many a time when he might have been glad to postpone his persecutions to his final hour. His gospel of secularism had prevailed so far as to secularise his dogmatic adversaries, who were no longer satisfied to trust their offender to the future hell he had brought into doubt, but did their best to anticipate it. I say "offender," instead of heretic or freethinker, because mere heresy has not for a long time been a sufficient offence to incur the present penalties alluded to. Paine's attack on supernaturalism, as then established in popular hopes and terrors, and on the divine authority of the Bible, unsettled the foundations not only of the social order, but even endangered every parson's salary. Society and the parsons have, in the course of a century, adapted themselves to even larger measures of denial, and Paine, were he alive, would find his simple Theism conservative. The clergy would claim him as an ally against Ingersoll. But Paine's principles of rational investigation and fidelity to every ascertained truth, raised a standard of revolt against arbitrary authority which could be sustained only by being carried beyond the field of his particular battle. It must not be supposed that Paine dreamed that his Theism would be superseded,—though such anticipation would never have lowered his standard;—but what he did contemplate was the steady siege and reduction of every fortress of ecclesiastical and dogmatic authority.

This standard, at his death, passed from hand to hand; it passed through prisons; and at length it came into the hand of Charles Bradlaugh. He had not the genius of Paine, nor the constructive spirit of the author of whose testament he had become the executor. Which was well, for his business was to pull down. There is an actual incident of his early life that sounds like a fable of his future. When about twenty, he heard that some freethinkers had built a hall at Hackney on ground that was freehold. The freeholder had encouraged them to build, and even contributed, but took care not to give them a formal lease. In their ignorance they were entrapped; the freeholder claimed the building and piously forbade their use of it. Bradlaugh, with a hundred men, carried away every brick of that building, and left the clever freeholder his vacant lot, and his alluring pounds out of pocket. In much the same way, in later years, Bradlaugh confronted institutions built up by the toil

of the people, but from whose advantages they were withheld. His particular offence was that he explained to the people that the present royal family was founded by an act of Parliament, and might equally be abolished by the same power. Another offence was his exposure of the trivial or scandalous services to monarchs for which noble families were receiving pensions. These pensions he pulled down. He gave a great encouragement to freethought in demonstrating, by several successful suits, that English law would protect even "infidels" from libel and fraud. A duly hired hall having been closed against him by an intimidated contractor, he broke in the door, delivered his lectures, and when arrested proved his legal right before the magistrates. There was still, however, the difficulty for "infidels" that they could not give evidence without professing belief in future rewards and punishments. At this point Bradlaugh worked until the Evidence Amendment Acts were secured. This conflict went on until atheists were also admitted to sit on juries.

A relic of the old press laws under which Thomas Paine and his friends were tried, and all that could be got punished, survived in a provision that every new journal must give sureties, in eight hundred pounds, that it would not publish anything blasphemous or seditious. In 1868 the conservative government undertook to enforce this against Bradlaugh's "National Reformer." We all shuddered on reading at the head of his next issue, "Printed in Defiance of Her Majesty's Government." It proved to be Disraeli's bluff. Perhaps that Prime Minister feared that a trial might revive his own argument that Judas was as essential as Jesus to human salvation; at any rate his government backed down. But Gladstone's government took it up, but offered not to prosecute if Bradlaugh would admit himself wrong and stop his paper. Bradlaugh was his own lawyer; single-handed he grappled with Sir R. Collier, Lord Coleridge, and Crompton Hutton, and beat them. "You have gained," wrote Mill, "a very honorable success in obtaining a repeal of the mischievous Act by your persevering resistance." The government's defeat in that suit having led to a civilisation of the press laws, there remained only one means by which freethought could be obstructed. If any one chose to think that any sentence in a book had an immoral tendency he had a good chance of suppressing that book, and thereby flinging some mud on its author or publisher, which might stick even after acquittal. In a previous paper I pointed out that, so far as hypocrisy might in that way restrict the entrance of the "age of reason" on moral and social problems, it has little prospect of success since the defeat of the Crown in its effort to punish Bradlaugh for publication of the "Fruits of Philosophy."

I say "the Crown"; but my reader will remember that the Crown which prosecuted also decided against itself. Let me here add that the critical historian who shall write the history of Queen Victoria's reign, will have to declare that during that reign England became a Republic; and that next to the Queen, Bradlaugh is to be credited with that result. The Queen's service has been the negative one of never interfering with Parliament or politics. How completely she has confirmed the supremacy of Parliament was tested when she was called on to sign Acts admitting into Parliament the man who had advocated "the impeachment of the House of Brunswick." She never interfered, but signed the abolition of the ancient oath. And she would as unhesitatingly have signed it had it been brought her before the House of Commons had disgraced itself. For some time Bradlaugh represented the constitution of England against a parliamentary mob. When the house refused to let its officers administer to him the oath, he administered it to himself. The legislative mobocrats tore his coat, imprisoned him in the Clock Tower, and boasted that they were stronger than he. But they were mistaken. The man who was put up to prosecute him for having voted without properly taking the oath did not know all the weapons in the ancient law-armory to which he appealed. There was an ancient law against "maintenance"—i. e. supplying money or other aid to any one to prosecute a third party. The distinguished member of the House of Commons who supplied the funds found the prosecution recoiling on him, and was so impoverished by damages added to his subsidies that the hat had to be passed around for him. Bradlaugh pleaded before the House of Lords, where he had no friendly ear, but it decided in his favor. By a series of brilliant legal victories, won from personally reluctant courts, Bradlaugh did much to convince the English masses that there was such a thing as a Constitution in Great Britain, and that the law could be depended on. In all this he especially fulfilled the last testament of Paine. His great forerunner's Quaker horror of war was increased by the revolutionary bloodshed in America and France; he had impressively exhorted his radical adherents in England to suffer much in order to make their revolution peaceful; he knew that his own principles were English principles, whatever ancient dross might mingle with them. Bradlaugh was the one leading English radical whose legal knowledge enabled him to see that the constitution was fundamentally on the side of freedom and justice. Had it not been for that knowledge, and his heroic perseverance, England might have suffered a bloody revolution. His every encounter burnt away the ancient dross and brought out the true elements of the constitution. But each effort burnt away some-

thing of his own life. Every victory took a year from his span. He was an eloquent speaker; and he might have written good books had not duty decided that his thoughts must be written in deeds.

So Charles Bradlaugh fulfilled Thomas Paine's trust. He passed the "Rights of Man" and the "Age of Reason" into Acts of Parliament. His death-bed was surrounded by fetters broken by his right arm. He was born, in 1833, into an England largely shackled in heart, brain, tongue, pen; he leaves an England as free as any country in the world.

CURRENT TOPICS.

AND now it is the Lord Mayor of London who has been detected in the awful crime of plagiarism. His Lordship delivered an address before the Polytechnic Institute, and it appears that most of his remarks were borrowed from a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon in 1864. The *Pall Mall Gazette* published the two productions in deadly parallels, and the Lord Mayor, being called on for an explanation, said that to the best of his knowledge he had never seen the sermon referred to, and could not account for the likeness between it and his own address. Here is a puzzle in psychology which ought to be explained. Can there be a vagrant mental soul, capable of inspiring two different men to express the same thoughts in the same language, without any collusion between them, and without either of them having heard or seen the speech and sentiment of the other? Or is the phenomenon the mischievous trick of a fairy, showing to her companions "what fools these mortals be"? Or is it a bit of metaphysical magic? Perhaps it is that spiritual freak which we call "unconscious cerebration," a vagary of hypnotism whereby the thoughts and words of others are photographed upon our own brains without our knowledge or consent. A London paper explains that the coincidence was due to the fact that Mr. Spurgeon and the Lord Mayor had both cribbed from the same orator, and this may be the correct solution of the mystery.

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Plagiarism is one of the useful arts. How much vagabond and miscellaneous genius would be wasted were there not men of talent with industry and cunning enough to search for it, appropriate it, and set it in a literary frame. How many a gem of purest ray serene, flung carelessly from the brain of some political ranter, some social agitator, or some newspaper obscurity lies neglected and rejected until suddenly it flashes on us from the senate, or from some famous pulpit, or perhaps gleams at us from the pages of some great novel, history, or poem, apparently the original creation of the senator, the preacher, or the poet, as the case may be. This is good serviceable plagiarism, to which the world is much indebted, although when found out it goes by the name of larceny. How much of the founding genius of his time has been preserved to us by the hospitable plagiarism of Shakespeare, poetic and philosophic jewels which had he not adopted them would have been lost for ever! The magnanimous description of Cardinal Wolsey, given by Griffith in his dialogue with Queen Catherine, is taken almost literally from old Hollingshead's history, a book long since forgotten, and Shakespeare did well in taking it. When he committed literary theft it was always grand larceny; he never condescended to petit larceny; and at any rate, we can pardon Shakespeare for borrowing the thoughts of others when we remember how much and how often others have borrowed from him.

* * *

There is not plagiarism enough; it would be well if we had more of it, especially in the pulpit. A few years ago an eminent

minister of Chicago preached a sermon which was much admired. There was an unpleasant person present (there always is) who thought that he had read it in a religious journal called the *Fountain*, so he rummaged the files of that paper and found out that some passages in the sermon had been preached by a minister in London several months before. Then the newspapers printed the two sermons in parallel columns and exposed what they called the "offense" of the Chicago minister. He put in the plea of "unconscious celebration," instead of stoutly avowing his act and justifying it. The truth is that our preachers do not plagiarise enough. If they did they would have larger congregations. People would go to church much oftener than they do if they thought the minister would occasionally plagiarise a sermon from some of the great preachers of the world. A minister who is tired, or nervous, or careworn, ought to be allowed to plagiarise a sermon, and if his selection be a good one he should have praise instead of blame for doing so. If a minister will honestly inform his parishioners that hereafter he will write his own sermons except when he feels tired, or sick, or mentally disturbed, and then will plagiarise a good one from somebody else, they will if they have any sense at all, not only be satisfied with the arrangement but give him an increase of salary.

* * *

Another comical bit of plagiarism arises from the morbid vanity that prompts us to affix our littleness to the greatness of some dead or living hero of the time. When a famous general dies there steps into the funeral that mendacious old veteran who tells that once upon the march when he was foot-sore and tired the general rode up surrounded by a brilliant staff, and dismounting from his horse helped the fainting soldier into the saddle, the general doing the rest of the march on foot while the weary straggler triumphantly rode six miles past his envious comrades, many of them foot-sore and weary as himself. The story does not say that the general carried the soldier's knapsack and gun, but of course this is understood, for without that service the act of kindness would be incomplete. At the funeral of General Sherman, this veracious veteran appeared, hailing from the town of Mechanicsburg, Ohio, and related the venerable fable just as it has been told of every general from Joshua to Sherman. When we consider that in the rear of a marching army there are always hundreds of sick and foot-sore men straggling along, the truth of the story becomes visible, and the kindness of the general in picking them up is magnified in proportion to the numbers thus relieved. Similar in vanity is the ancient fiction which explains the way to work through college. How comes it that whenever some unknown and unexpected person has the good luck to be elected to the United States senate, his biographers immediately inform us through the newspapers that he worked his way through college by "sawing wood." By what weird necromancy is this done? Or is this merely a college legend plagiarised from generation to generation? If not, what college is it that confers degrees upon young men for skill in sawing wood?

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A great civic triumph has been won in Chicago; the Italians must not work on the Exposition buildings to be erected in honor of their countryman, Columbus. To threats of mischief hurled by "organised labor" is due this magnanimous achievement. It is now conceded that under some pretext or other the Italians are to be excluded from the work, and a sort of treaty is already pending, if it has not been ratified, between the Exposition authorities and "organised labor." The first article of this treaty is, "The employment of union labor as far as possible"; and the third is, "Preference to be given to local residents and American citizens." It is under this that the Italians are to be proscribed. It is pretended that they are especially aliens, and one of the great papers of Chicago actually spoke of the difficulty between them and the

"whites." This persecution of Italians is the most dangerous and selfish form of class tyranny that has yet appeared among our social complications since the abolition of slavery. Lest the Italians, or whoever may happen to be the proscribed element for the time, should escape the "American citizen" penalty by "taking out their papers," they are to be punished under the "local resident" clause of the treaty; and this is vague and general enough to include any sect or nationality that "organised labor" may choose to sentence to idleness and starvation. When this clause comes to be defined it will appear that "local residents" are those persons who have lived in the city for one, two, three, or ten years, or such time as may be dictated by this know-nothingism of labor. Every man in Chicago is a resident of the city whether he has been here ten days or ten years, and he has equal social rights with every other man, especially the right to labor for his bread. All men have the right to work for a living, and it is the right of every man that every other man shall work. All regulations, laws, decrees, and sentences that limit or abridge that right are cruel, despotic and unwise. They multiply the evils they are intended to diminish because they lessen production, and consequently the demand for labor. They reduce the working men to the condition of social cannibals devouring one another, like the shipwrecked sailors on the raft, who when one man is eaten cast lots for another. So, in this case, when the Italians are devoured, it will be necessary to eat the Poles, and then the Hungarians, and then the Irish, and so on until the last man of the crew, having eaten all the others, quietly starves to death.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SENSIBILITY AND CONSCIOUSNESS.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

I REGRET that illness at home has delayed the expression of my sincere thanks to Mr. Ellis for pointing out, the unconscious misrepresentation I had made, in my article on the "Hidden Self," of Mr. Lewes's views. In this remote colony, to which I came three years ago, it was impossible for me to refer to Mr. Lewes's works; they had been parted with, together with the greater portion of my husband's library, as too heavy for transport. I thought my recollection of the passage referred to was so vivid that I need fear no mistake in relying on my memory. But in replacing the word "sensibility" by "consciousness" I see to my horror and vexation that I have attributed to Mr. Lewes the very word he strenuously objected to having used in that particular sense. The discrepancy lies, I trust, more in the particular word employed, than in the *idea* expressed. If we replace both "sensibility" and "consciousness" by the plain Anglo-Saxon word "feeling," it will be obvious that I was endeavoring to combat the same fallacy that Mr. Lewes did, viz. the prevalent idea that there can be no "feeling" where the connection with the highest cerebral centres have been destroyed. Mr. Lewes, says Mr. Ellis, was endeavoring to controvert the particular fallacy "that the Brain and the Brain only is the seat of Sensibility," and 'that consequently the action of the rest of the Cerebro-Spinal Axis was 'purely Reflex, Physical, and Mechanical.' And the following passage given by Mr. Ellis would certainly have been quoted by me if I had had Mr. Lewes's works at hand, as expressing exactly what I should myself wish to say:

"It is true," he says, "that the man himself when interrogated declares that he feels nothing; the cerebral segment has attached to it, organs of speech, and expressive features by which its sensations can be communicated to others; whereas the spinal segment has no such means of communicating its sensations; but "those which it has it employs." . . . "The question we have to

"decide therefore is, not whether a patient with an injured spine can feel impressions on, or convey voluntary impulses to limbs below the seat of injury—for as respects the nervous mechanism these limbs are separated from him no less than if actual amputation had taken place—the question is, whether these separated limbs have any sensibility? And the answer seems to me unequivocally affirmative. I assert therefore that if there is ample evidence to show that the spinal centres have sensibility when separated from the cerebral centres, such evidence can in no sense be weakened by the fact that a man with an injured spine is unconscious of impressions made below the seat of injury; such a fact follows necessarily from the establishment of two centres."

What Mr. Lewes, if I understand rightly, would call "consciousness" I should call "self-consciousness," meaning in both cases the function of the highest cerebral centres; these only can be called the seat of "the activity which is salient and discriminative." I used the word "consciousness" instead of "sensibility," because I cannot conceive of sensibility without consciousness. The strongest stimuli applied to sensory nerves are non-existent for the organism, that is no feeling of any kind is excited unless a response is elicited from some portion of the cerebro-spinal axis. If the "mind" is otherwise occupied, loud conversation will strike unheeded upon the ear, varied sights will pass unseen before the eye; rough contact will be unnoted. Sensibility I should define as the function of the peripheral sensory nerves, which convey the impressions made by the outer world to the mysterious energy we know as consciousness; an energy which appears to me to exist in its simplest form in unicellular organisms, and reaches its highest expression in the human brain. I cannot see that any break occurs throughout the animal kingdom; consciousness is found from the protozoön up to the human infant, and as the brain of the infant matures gradually expands in the highest cerebral centres into self-consciousness.

I do not like that it should be said or thought of me, that I "endeavor to increase the number of consciousnesses." If any endeavor of mine could decrease the number of consciousnesses, and restore the simple supreme Ego,—the one entity of which we used to feel certain,—to its old dominion, I would work willingly at the task. My only endeavor has been to put certain facts which appear indisputably proved by men of science, before the readers of *The Open Court* whilst I stated the conclusions to which those facts seem to point. I object strongly to what Dr. Carus has called an "onion structure of the soul," but the question in all physical science is not what one would like to be true, but what is, in point of fact, the Truth. MRS. ALICE BODINGTON.

MATSUUI, British Columbia.

[I do not remember ever having spoken of the "onion structure of the soul"; still I dissent from Mrs. Bodington's view of "the simple and supreme ego." P. C.]

BOOK REVIEWS.

MY UNCLE BENJAMIN. A Humorous, Satirical, and Philosophical Novel. By *Claude Tillier*. Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. With a Sketch of the Author's Life and Works by Ludwig Pfau. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker.

This book has been buried in oblivion for almost thirty years, until it was brought to light again by a German *literateur*. Ludwig Pfau tells us the story of his discovery as follows:

"At the beginning of the fifties, while I was sauntering through Paris one day and standing before one of those itinerant news stalls that exhibit their wares on the ramparts of the quais and under the archways of the houses, my eyes caught sight of a stitched volume, of damaged appearance. No cover, no title-page, no preface, neither author nor printer,—nothing but a dirty title pasted

on with the three words: *Mon Oncle Benjamin*. I do not know what attraction these three words had for me, but they seemed to look at me in a friendly way, as if to say: "Only turn the leaves you will not regret it." I was not long to be entreated, and, indeed, scarcely had I hurried through a few pages when both style and contents began to fascinate me in such a degree that I bought the book for a few sous and put it in my pocket. Then I went to Luxembourg garden, took a seat beneath a chestnut tree, and did not rise again until I had read the book to the end.

The author of the book, Claude Tillier, had been forgotten, or perhaps never attained among his countrymen the prominence he deserved, simply because he had "lived in the province, died in the province and was therefore being ignored by Paris."

Ludwig Pfau visited his sunken grave and determined to revive the memory of Claude Tillier. He addressed his "pensive shade" in the lonely churchyard:

"Here you rest now, quietly and forsaken, under your modest sod, brave champion! I, too, am an exiled disciple of liberty, traveling along your paths and come for devotion to your grave. I, the refugee, will erect a monument to you in my home. I will translate your 'Benjamin,' into a language that appeals to forty millions of hearts. Look you, our enemies consider us as poor in wealth and as weak in power; but we are rich in spirit and strong of will, and we are their masters by the might of wisdom. An eternal law holds sway and its mighty spirit is leading the world gently, but irresistibly, towards our goal: the liberation of the human race, the reign of justice.

Concerning Tillier as an author Pfau says: Rarely do we find a combination of so much lyrical charm and so much polemical power and logical rigor as in the writings of Tillier. He was one of those beautiful natures of native nobility, who rise out of the depth of society, and who, in spite of temptation and misery, pass unscathed through the filth of life. Wholly of the third estate and of the people, he loved liberty passionately and battled for her heroically. Regardless of personal matters, he lived for his idea and found his reward in himself. Unselfishness was his virtue and human dignity his religion.

Mr. Benj. R. Tucker has translated Tillier's *Oncle Benjamin* into English—which, he says, is "a novel unlike any other by an author unlike any other.

After these testimonies we need not add that the book possesses a greater value than the literary merits of humor. The satire is only the garb which conceals the bravery of progress and the ideals of aspiring humanity.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S RULES OF CIVILITY. Traced to their Sources and Restored. By *Moncure D. Conway*. New York: United States Book Company.

Mr. M. D. Conway explains the history of this his latest book in the preface as follows:

"Among the manuscript books of George Washington, preserved in the State Archives at Washington City, the earliest bears the date, written in it by himself, 1745. Washington was born February 11, 1731 O. S., so that while writing in this book he was either near the close of his fourteenth, or in his fifteenth year. It is entitled 'Forms of Writing,' has thirty folio pages, and the contents, all in his boyish handwriting, are sufficiently curious. Amid copied forms of exchange, bonds, receipts, sales, and similar exercises, occasionally, in ornate penmanship, there are poetic selections, among them lines of a religious tone on 'True Happiness.' But the great interest of the book centres in the pages headed: 'Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation.' The book had been gnawed at the bottom by Mount Vernon mice, before it reached the State Archives, and nine of the 110 Rules have thus suffered, the sense of several being lost.

