

excellent travelling companions, one French, the other Spanish, and they put down their names, adding mine thus, if it is necessary: "Don E. C. Ripoll, professor and publicist, from Madrid." I deceive the whole world in an honorable fashion, while I make an excellent journey, which is comfortable in every respect. In Germany, you will be surprised to hear, they did not demand my name. So do not write, for I should have to take out a *permis de séjour*, and the lie would be discovered.

As I have, from my childhood, observed one duty, that of paying you a visit on all my return journeys to Spain, expect me any day after the fifteenth of next month. I first want to see Ferrara, Padua, Ravenna, Brescia, for my third volume on Italy, as I saw the Cathedrals for my other book on Spain. But let incognito continue during this visit. I will spend a whole week alone with you all. Do not tell a single quill-driving mortal that I am coming, that I am there, that I am going away.

I would tarry in these southern lands, which I find every time more enchanting and more smiling, and pass through Genoa, Nice, Marseilles, Barcelona, if you were not in Paris, with such claims on my heart, and if I did not wish to embrace you and be on October 1st in our Madrid in order to begin all the labors I propose to undertake, so as to concert two budgets in my green and healthy old age, one for the nation and the other for my home. We have spent together many of my birthdays, and this time we shall be separated. Believe me that your memory dwells like a religion in my bosom and in my mind, joined to the cult of an adored one now dead, for whom I weep every day, for I cherished and kept it as all that remained in the world to me of a divine mother like mine; and to all these recollections and all this affection, I add faith in you, dear Adolfo, and yours whom I consider mine.

Now that I have told you the impressions of my journey, embrace your wife and children for me, and keep me for one week which I intend to spend exclusively with you. Do not tell anybody where I am going nor when I return.

YOUR EMILIO.

MADRID, October 7, 1894.

My journey to Rome was a real portent of good fortune, for my only object in going was to see the Pope and get on my side all the liberal and progressive society of a modern and revolutionary Italy. I did not remark a discordant note, and none of the homage was wanting which the most unlimited ambition could dream of. I was much in want of it, for my nerves were upset by continual worries and great misfortunes.

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### “THE HIAWATHA LEGEND.”<sup>1</sup>

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

Referring to the note of Rev. W. M. Beauchamp in the August *Open Court*, I beg to make the following statement:

I had all my information about the Hiawatha-legend from Chief Daniel La Fort during a sojourn at the Onondaga Reservation, July-August, 1898, his brother Rev. Thomas La Fort serving as interpreter. The latter spoke of "Talla Lake" and "Tennessee street," knowing probably himself not the right words "Tully Lake" and "Genesee street."

<sup>1</sup> In reply to a note (No. 567, p. 511) that appeared anent Dr. Charles L. Henning's article on The Hiawatha Legend (No. 556, p. 550).

I met Rev. Albert Cusick different times at his solitary home, but as now over four years elapsed since the publication of my Hiawatha article, Mr. Cusick may not remember me. Mr. Cusick was not on good terms with Chief La Fort at that time, and for that reason I did not see Mr. Cusick more often. I am certain that if I had seen Mr. Cusick more frequently (I lived with Mr. Daniel La Fort), Mr. Cusick would have given me valuable information about Hiawatha. Mr. Cusick gave me also a copy of Mr. Beauchamp's very valuable books: *The Iroquois Trail* and *Indian Names in New York*, writing into the latter the dedication: "To Charles L. Henning, Compliments of Rev. Albert Cusick."

CHARLES L. HENNING.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., August 19th, 1903.

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#### BOOK NOTICES.

The firm of W. Breitenbach of Odenkirchen publish in German a series of popular essays on Darwinism, the latest number of which is a discussion of Haeckel's biogenetic law and its controversial history, by Heinrich Schmidt of Jena. (*Haeckel's biogenetisches Grundgesetz und seine Gegner.* 1902. Pages, 106.)

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#### NOTES.

"The Praise of Hypocrisy" on pp. 533-566 of the present number is a satire written in the spirit and style of Erasmus. The author is well versed in ecclesiastic argument as only a clergyman can be, and his reflections are appalling to himself. He speaks from experience, the experience which many a brother clergyman shares with him. He is confronted with a problem and exclaims: "But what can be done?" He has no answer; he offers no solution; and in compliance with Horace's statement who says *Difficile est satiram non scribere*, takes pen in hand and writes. Here is the result; it is the voice of one crying in the wilderness. He is no Ingersoll; no unbeliever; no scoffer. His satire on the Praise of Hypocrisy is written with his heart-blood, like the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and we offer it to the thinking among the clergy and also the lay members of the Churches as a problem which clamors for solution.

The truth is, we need a reformation; and the reformation needed to-day should first of all be based on intellectual honesty.

There are some who think that a thorough reformation would destroy the Church, and truly a thorough reformation is always a difficult, a risky, a critical undertaking; but we think it is not impossible.

If there is any one who knows a cure of the disease, let his advice be heard.