

provement and for the moral elevation of the people, be it in matters of politics, temperance or social conditions, might easily become a disturbing element, in the establishment of general juridical principles. Certainly, it was good that Mr. Bonney remained in Chicago, for thus the characteristic distinction of his personality came to the front in a way as no one could have anticipated, for Mr. Bonney was appointed President of the World's Congress Auxiliary, and after four years of preparation, his labors were crowned with unusual success.

Most remarkable of all was the realisation of a Parliament of Religions, heretofore deemed impossible on account of the exclusive nature of the leading and most powerful Church organisations.

This Religious Parliament was the first truly ecumenical council of religion, and its realisation is due mainly to the tact of Mr. Bonney; to his impartiality toward all; his reconciliatory spirit in the clash of opposed interests, his conservatism, his circumspection, enabling every speaker to come and to go uncompromised by the general tendency of the Parliament simply as a preacher and representative of his own faith, and finally to his choice of officers, among whom the Rev. Dr. John Henry Barrows must be specially mentioned as a chairman of rare ability.

The Religious Parliament was so unique, that a repetition of it is not probable for some time to come, but it took place and no one can make it undone. It will remain a land-mark in the history of religion, the significance of which can hardly be realised by the present generation.

* * *

The funeral services, which were without any ostentation and strictly private, were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Mercer, pastor of the Church of the New Jerusalem.

P. C.

IMPRESSIONS OF ITALY.

BY EMILIO CASTELAR.

[There came into my possession recently a large number of unpublished letters of the celebrated republican orator Emilio Castelar, who was thirty years ago President of the short-lived Spanish Republic. These letters were written to his bosom-friend Señor Adolfo Calzado, who sat for many years in the Cortes and resigned his seat in the Spanish Senate only a few weeks ago. I give below all the letters in the collection referring to Italy, which Castelar, as I know by my own conversation with him, loved so much

PARIS, July, 1903.

THEODORE STANTON.]

ROME, May 4, 1875.

In this weather, Rome is magnificent, sublime. The Eternal City is like the ocean,—her inspirations are inexhaustible, infinite her greatness. These three superposed cities are three long ages of history, three phases of the mind. They excite wonder and ecstasy. Her stones exhale, as it were, dumb music which penetrates the depths of one's soul and makes one shudder as in the presence of the sublime. I can devote only four or five hours per day to contemplation and study.

I am sorry, but to grasp the whole meaning of Rome, even superficially, would require a year. The walk to Tivoli through the deserted Campania; the pilgrimage by the Via Appia between two rows of tombs; the remains of the Coliseum, and the sight of the dome of St. Peter's produce indelible emotions which remain forever engraved on heart and memory.

CASTELLAMMARE, May 22, 1875.

Now I am walking in the old Campania. I write from ten in the morning till five in the afternoon, and from six to ten I wander through these delicious groves, along these incomparable shores. To-morrow I go to Sorrento, from Sorrento to Capri, then to Amalfi, to Salerno, to Pæstum and finally to Naples. I expect some friends. When they come, we will traverse the Sirena del Tierreno, the beautiful Parthenope, and will return to the north of Italy, whence we will cross the Alps on our way to Switzerland, where I shall stay a month, the whole of July, taking the waters at Tarasp.

MADRID, February 26, 1883.

I have received your letter from Monte Carlo, and I breathe again that odor of sea-breezes mixed with thyme. Tell me, even if it is only on a cigarette paper, your impressions of Italy. I do not know an intellectual pleasure to be compared to an artistic journey through that country; and if I had the leisure and the means, I would indulge in it at once in order to escape for a time from this infernal Madrid, which, with recent pamphlets and other rags, has become really uninhabitable.

MADRID, April 14, 1883.

So you have gone on one of those wonderful Italian journeys and have spent a few days in sublime Rome and in Hellenic Naples, where the understanding and the heart expand together. I see that you have observed with the eye of a good traveller the beautiful country and have taken every opportunity of noting how it progresses and grows, protected by all the liberty compatible with the machinery of government.

FLORENCE, September 5, 1891.

DEAR ADOLFO:—

Up to the present moment, after twenty days of travel (you know how I do it), I, with the youthful enthusiasm and the iron limbs of my early years, have seen Rome, Rheims, Notre Dame of Paris, Sainte Gudule of Brussels, the four principal churches of Antwerp, Louvain, Bruges, and Gand, the marvellous Cologne, far superior to what fame says of its merits, Ulm, and Mayence, Milan for three days, and now you find me in Florence. None of these things would have been possible without maintaining the strict incognito in which I intend to remain till my return to Madrid. Make known in the hotels a name as famous as mine, and the landlord would boast of it, which would result in an increase in the bills and tips and would, furthermore, be communicated to the papers. As soon as an editor knows you are in some place, he sends his inquisitorial reporter, who questions you on things human and divine, and then repeats what you have said in his own words. After him come the party leaders, the town authorities, if your name is connected in any way with active politics, the secret police, found everywhere as in Germany, banquets, visits, receptions. How could I have seen beautiful and interesting Brussels in four days, if I had had to receive all the editors of the liberal press, all the deputies, partisans of Orban and Jansen, all the party leaders of a more or less republican hue, all the relations to the fourth degree, of Anna, Paul, and Aquiles? So I got a coachman-guide to point out to me, like any simple tourist, the hippopotamus of the Zoölogical Garden, General Boulanger of the Rue Royale, all in one drive, which cost me three pesetas. Oh joy! to be again unknown, to be a common man, to be anybody, as it was before fame had seized on me in this wicked world. The aim of incognito is to deceive honestly. Two friends accompany me

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.

“THE HIAWATHA LEGEND.”¹

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."

¹ 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).