

But an Assembly—at any rate such an Assembly as the English House of Commons or the French Chamber of Deputies—cannot govern. It is an absolute impossibility for three hundred, and *a fortiori* for six hundred and odd, gentlemen to carry on the administration of the State. An Assembly may reign, it cannot in reality govern. An Assembly, again, can sanction good legislation, but it cannot really legislate; an Assembly may choose the Government, but, except under favorable circumstances, it cannot insure the permanent existence of a strong executive. The incompatibility between government by Parliament and the existence of a really strong cabinet has only of recent times become apparent. And this is natural because it is only of recent date that Parliamentary assemblies have been anywhere really free to appoint and remove a ministry at their pleasure. In England, indeed, custom and habit still place a certain restraint on the caprices of the House of Commons, yet even in England the authority and independence of the Executive are in constant danger of diminution. In France an elected Assembly is in truth at liberty to follow the dictates of its fancies or passions. The result is patent to the world. Ministry succeeds ministry, until every man with the least capacity for leadership will soon, it is anticipated, have been discredited by the futile attempt to exercise what is ridiculously called power. Nor does this result spring from the supposed mutability of Frenchmen; it arises from the inherent vice of modern Parliaments—the tendency to break up into groups or factions, which can always unite to destroy a cabinet, and can never unite to maintain one.

The defects of government by Parliament would of themselves be enough to account for the general outcry against so-called "Parliamentarism." But these defects, many of which necessarily belong to representative government, give rise at the present day to far more censure than they could have occasioned a hundred or even fifty years ago. From the habits, in the first place, of modern life, every error or folly of a public assembly is blazoned forth to the whole world. It was a true instinct which led the English Parliament of the last century to dread the publication of its debates. The assertion were rash that the legislators who refused a hearing to Burke, or who all but hooted down Chatham when he was the aged and revered idol of the nation, showed more dignity or self-restraint than the members of the existing English Parliament. But it is not rash to assert that the Parliaments of George the Third appeared far more dignified bodies than the Parliaments of Victoria. The maxim *Ignotum pro magnifico* is of wide application. When an Assembly's debates are not reported, it is easy for the public to believe that the Assembly always debates with calmness and dignity.

The sentiment and the convictions of the age, in the second place, demand a strong government. Modern Democrats hold (whether wisely or not need not here be discussed) that the State may be greatly benefited by the action of the Executive. Every day the sphere of government is extended; every day there are new demands for constructive legislation. But Parliament, as already pointed out, is not itself a competent legislator, and finds it most difficult to maintain the strength of the Executive. The tasks demanded of a Parliamentary sovereign are exactly the tasks which such a sovereign is least competent to perform. We can hardly wonder that Parliamentary sovereignty should, under such circumstances, cease to be an object of general admiration. It is no accident that the English Constitution

was most admired when, in England at least, there was little demand for constructive legislation, and when the best thinkers of the day desired nothing but freedom from the trammels imposed on individual action by laws and institutions which had ceased to meet the wants of the time. It is certainly no accident that from men who, like Carlyle, detested the doctrine of laissez-faire, came the first attacks upon representative government. Nor does history suggest that the rule of an assembly, even where efficient, is likely to conciliate affection or respect. The Long Parliament was first hated and then contemned, and no despot has accumulated on his head the mass of hatred which still loads the memory of the detested Convention.

AN OBSERVER.

AN ITALIAN BATH.

CASTROCARO, July 9, 1888.

THIS is one of the smallest and least known baths in Italy, although its waters are for certain complaints among the most efficacious in Europe. According to the official analysis, there are nearly 42 grammes of mineral constituents in a kilogramme of the water, of which 0.1754 are iodine and 0.1029 bromine. An analysis by Prof. Roberto Castellucci is as follows:

	Grammes.
Iodide of magnesium.....	0.1965
Bromide of magnesium.....	0.1162
Chloride of magnesium.....	3.1703
Chloride of sodium.....	35.9252
Chloride of potassium.....	0.0510
Chloride of calcium.....	2.3388
Sulphate of lime.....	0.1587
Oxide of iron.....	0.0415
Silicic acid.....	0.0265
Organic matter.....	0.0721
Water.....	41.9909
	958.0091
Total.....	1,000.0000

In the richness of its compounds of iodine and bromine, Castrocaro can therefore be compared favorably with Salsomaggiore in Italy; is superior to Bad-Hall and Kreuznach; and can be equalled only by some of the iodine springs in the Carpathians of Transylvania which are only locally known.

The village is small; situated about three-quarters of an hour's drive from the railway station of Forli, and about one and one-half hours from Faenza, on the lowest spurs of the Apennines, in the mouth of a valley through which the highroad runs from Forli to Florence with a daily diligence. The country about is fertile and well cultivated, producing grain, silk, and the best of that excellent wine called San Giovese, which was celebrated, according to Varro, even in Roman times. From the old Castle, and certainly from the hill above it, can be seen Bertinoro, Forli, Ravenna, and, on a clear morning, the Adriatic. Besides the rooms to be had in private houses, there are two fairly good establishments of baths, Liverini and Conti, where, though there is no luxury, everything is clean and comfortable, and where (especially at the former) the food is substantial and good and the attendance excellent.

Italy, delightful at all times, is most beautiful in summer. But of this most foreigners, who arrive and disappear with the cool weather, have little idea. The neighborhood of Castrocaro is particularly charming. I do not speak so much of the hillsides, which, in spite of the frequent ravines in the clay soil, were green and beautiful until now that the harvest is finished, nor of the stretch of gardens and orchards down to the river, and of the fringe of poplars on their edge, as of the country roads bordered by hedges of hawthorn and Christ's thorn, interwoven with dark purple clematis, the small pinkish convolvulus,

and the large white calystegia, and of the fields of grain, maize, and hemp which extend over the fertile plain quite to the shore of the Adriatic. The large proprietors complain that there are too many trees, to the injury of the crops; but there must be poplars to shade the roads, and the mulberry, and the cut-leaved maple—whose roots go straight down—are necessary for the silk worms and for supporting the garlands of vines, as was the custom in Virgil's days. Everywhere are pleasant walks; and as for longer excursions, it is easy to drive—especially in the light country carts, where your feet rest on a bottom of netted rope—to Forli or Faenza, or to Cesena or Ravenna, or up the valleys to the ruined castles and picturesque hill-towns, or even to the cascade of San Benedetto, told of by Dante.

Italy has one great advantage over Greece, in its continuous chain of historical tradition. Even the children in a village like this, clustered round the ruins of an ancient castle, know that they are the descendants of the men once the vassals of the lord of that castle, who had often fought for his defence, or who under his leadership had made hostile excursions against the neighboring towers and towns. Nearly every high hill is crowned with a ruin; and although the lords have disappeared, yet fragments of tradition remain. There are houses called by the same name given to them centuries ago, some of them still inhabited by the descendants of their builders. There are peasants working farms which their forefathers have held for hundreds of years from the same family; and often the proprietor will forego a loss of rent rather than change the tenant. Castrocaro, about two hundred years ago, was annexed to the Commune of Terra del Sole, and the inhabitants have never forgiven it. Although the populations of the two towns are personally on good terms with each other, the traditional enmity of centuries—seen in many little things—is not to be cured so quickly. In Greece, on the other hand, the grinding tyranny of the Turks, the extermination of the old families of the upper class, and the immigration of new elements of population have almost completely destroyed local traditions. The peasants there know nothing whatever about the old mediæval castles except that some of them were used as strongholds during the war of Independence; and the civilized Greeks are almost forced to skip the intervening ages, and to connect themselves directly with the Greeks of the age of Pericles and Alexander. There is scarcely a village in Italy the local history of which will not interest a traveller who stops for more than a day, and who cares for something more than the mere sights.

Castrocaro was called by the Romans Salsubium, thus showing that they were acquainted with the properties of the waters, of which they doubtless made use, although no Roman remains seem to have been found here. The origin of the present name is a puzzle; the first part is clearly Latin, and the termination (*caro*) would seem to point to the times when the Goths were masters of Ravenna and of all the country round about, although it may come from still earlier times when the Gauls occupied these hillsides. The first lords of whom we know belong to the Berengari family, from whom came that Duke of Friuli who was consecrated Emperor in 916 by Pope John X. The countship passed afterwards into other families. In 1118, the same year in which the Countess Matilda, daughter of an English Henry, gave the parish church of Sta. Reparata to an abbey at Faenza, the Count of Castrocaro was a certain Boniface, a rich magnate of

Faenza, whose descendants in 1160 gave hospitality here to the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. During the next two centuries there were constant struggles between the two important families of Calboli and Ordelaffi, and the country was rarely at peace. The Counts of Castrocaro generally sided with Forli against Faenza, and once besieged and took the fortress of Imola, from which the efforts of the Pope could not dislodge them for years. Sometimes they were hard pressed themselves, especially when the Ordelaffi built the strong fort on the hill of Sadurano across the river Montone, which completely commanded them. But in spite of their quarrels as neighbors, all used to join in opposition to the extortionate demands of the Papal generals. Dante passed this way at the end of 1302, or the beginning of 1303, on his road from Arezzo to Forli; but it was probably party feeling rather than their innate wickedness which made him inveigh against the Counts of Castrocaro in the lines:

"Ben fa Bagnacaval, che non rifiglia,
E mal fa Castrocaro, e peggio Conio,
Che di agliar tai conti più s'impiglia."
—*Purgatorio*, *div.*, 116.

Indeed, Fulcieri de' Calboli, who had been soundly abused in the preceding lines, and who was then Podestà of Florence, was a member of that family, and subsequently held the castle successfully against Dante's friends, the Ordelaffi. Five years later, in 1339, he sold the place for 6,000 gold florins to Francesco Manfredi, Lord of Faenza, but it proved impossible to carry out the bargain, and it came into the possession of the Ordelaffi as feudatories of the Pope. Three times the Popes sold Castrocaro to Florence, in 1364, in 1395, and 1403; but it was only in the last year that the Florentine Commissaries succeeded in getting possession of it, when the Chronicler observes: "Et fuit in decto Castro gaudium magnum et non de Forlivo." Its possession was greatly desired by the Florentines, because it secured to them the entire control of an excellent pass over the Apennines to the coast of the Adriatic.

Although, from this time on, the castle remained in the possession of Florence, that did not prevent the valley from being disturbed by wars in the neighborhood. In 1494 the French General d'Aubigny, marching through here to join Charles VIII. at Florence, was obliged, on account of the narrow mountain roads, to abandon his artillery, which was soon taken possession of by Caterina Sforza, who then ruled Forli. D'Aubigny passed Castrocaro again in 1501, when taking part in Louis XII.'s expedition against Naples. A few years afterwards, fear of the French caused the entire abandonment of Forli by its inhabitants, who all took refuge in Castrocaro, Dovadola, and the towns above. In 1537, a certain Achille del Bello, whose house still exists here, in order to revenge himself on some of his private enemies, formed a conspiracy to deliver the town to Piero Strozzi, but failed; and Cosmo I., for the greater surety of the frontier—especially as Castrocaro was ill disposed to the Medici—constructed the fortress of Terra del Sole, a little over a mile down the valley. A century later, in 1676, the fort of Castrocaro, which had probably already greatly suffered from an earthquake, was dismantled, and its garrison stationed in Terra del Sole, to which place all the Government offices were subsequently transferred.

Among the well-known personages of whose stay at Castrocaro we have some account, were Pope Martin V., who stopped here in 1418, while riding from Forli to Florence; Pope Julius II., who chose this route to go to Imola, as he did not wish to pass through Faenza, which was then held by the Venetians; and

Macchiavelli, who (as may be seen from the dates of his letters) remained here for over a week in 1499, when on his embassy to Caterina Sforza. St. Anthony of Padua, in going from the Hermitage of Monte Paolo to Forli, to be present at a council of his monastic order, passed a night here at the house of the Corbici family; this was in Lent, 1222. While saying his prayers before going to bed, he had a vision of Christ as a boy, surrounded with a halo of heavenly light. A servant, terrified by the unusual glimmer which came through the cracks of the door, and fearing lest the house might be on fire, looked through the keyhole and saw the prodigy, on which he hastily ran down stairs to awaken his master.

As Castrocaro is mentioned in few guide-books, I was at first in doubt how to get here. I vainly questioned a number of Italians whom I met one evening in society, until an old judge admitted that he knew the place, since he had lived many years at Forli as Royal Procurator. He then entreated me, whatever I might do, never to pass through the village of Terra del Sole after dark; but his discretion was such that, to the amusement of all, he absolutely refused to explain why. When I had arrived here, the reasons became obvious. After Italy had become peaceful, it was found that a great benefit had been conferred on this valley by its annexation to Tuscany, and especially by the establishment of a free port at Leghorn. This region formed a narrow tongue of land stretching into the heart of the Papal States—a tongue so narrow that in some places the boundaries ran along the crest of low hills on each side of the river Montone. Each of the towns in the valley became the centre of a great contraband trade. Stalwart *spalloni* (as they were called) could easily take large packages of valuable goods on their broad shoulders, and within an hour or so deposit them in some safe place within the Papal territory. The buildings in all these villages bear witness to the wealth of their former owners. But smuggling had its necessary concomitant in brigandage, where the frontier of the Papal States could be so easily crossed; and, after the absorption of both Tuscany and Romagna into the kingdom of Italy, when the smuggling necessarily ceased, many of the old smugglers naturally turned brigands. At the time when my friend the Judge was living at Forli, brigandage was still rife, and his special annoyances were probably increased by the fact that his jurisdiction ceased before reaching the walls of Terra del Sole.

The most celebrated bandit of this region was Stefano Pelloni—called *il Passatore* from having been a ferryman near Faenza—who was noted through all the Romagna thirty years ago. The account of his life and adventures forms an often printed chapter of that cheap popular literature which, patronized by the extreme radicals, is doing so much harm among the half-educated Italian lower class. The *Passatore* is a very popular character, because a legend has grown up that he was the son of Pope Pius IX. and some duchess; and his career is therefore used to show the immorality of the Church and of the upper classes. He is credited with many remarkable exploits—some of them probably fictitious—such as the arrest of the Cardinal Legate at Bologna in his own house and the extortion of a large sum of money, and his capture of the Pope at Castel Gondolfo, through which he discovered his relationship and obtained a perpetual pardon for whatever crimes he might commit. One of his adventures, however, is undoubtedly true in the main, though some of the details are probably inaccurate, and is still the great story of these parts. The niece of the Austrian

Field-Marshal Radetzky married an officer of high rank, and took a villa for the season not very far from here, in the neighborhood of the little town of Forlimpopoli. The Legate and other high personages from Bologna came on a visit; and it is even said that, in order to do honor to the Austrians, Cardinal Antonelli came on from Rome. The opera troupe then playing at Forli was induced to give a special representation in the theatre at Forlimpopoli, and as there were rumors of the presence of foreign princes incognito, all the great people of Forli drove out for the opera. The house was crammed. In the middle of "Lucia" the *Passatore* and some of his comrades suddenly appeared on the stage, and demanded not only all the money and jewels then in the theatre, but large sums besides. The alarm was general, but every door was shut and guarded by brigands, and people were obliged to return to their seats. More than this, all the gendarmes in the place had been arrested and confined in their barracks, and the city gates were guarded so that no messengers could be sent to other towns. After the harvest was reaped, the *Passatore* bade a polite good-night and disappeared, but it was not till early in the morning that the audience was allowed to disperse. This was the *Passatore's* last great achievement: soon after that he was tracked and killed. Portions of his band lingered on for a long time, making the roads unsafe, and in the first years after the unification of the country there was a temporary revival of brigandage, as I have said, on account of the cessation of smuggling. The last bandit of any note flourished for a few months in 1868 or 1869, a boy of nineteen from Ravenna called Gagino; a good-natured youth who cared only for the money he took, was always polite and civil—as I was assured by one of his victims—and paid the peasants whenever he found it necessary to levy their horses or carts. Since he was shot, brigandage has ceased, and the roads here are safer by night as by day than in the vicinity of most of our large towns.

Castrocaro abounds in dogs, of every breed, size, and color; and, on complaining of them one morning on account of their barking in the night, I was told that they were most important to the prosperity of the place, as they were all truffle-dogs. Not long after we were asked to subscribe for the benefit of a poor widow who had lost her only resource, a truffle dog, which she had refused to sell for twenty dollars, as he had brought her in more by being let out during the season. Here the breed of a dog counts for nothing, as it is simply a question of education. This is to a great extent true also in France, where truffles are collected more systematically and regularly, although pigs—and especially sows—are preferred in many regions. The pig hunts for the truffle with all the love of an epicure, and will eat it himself unless taught otherwise. With the dog, who would not think of eating the truffle, this is simply one kind of sport like another. Pigs, however, are so very sagacious and so easily taught to come to a point after they have uprooted the truffle, that it is easy to understand the preference given to them, for with a dog who can only indicate the place where the truffle is concealed it is necessary to dig until it be found, and this injures the root fibres of the oaks and other trees, among which the tubers are found, and has an effect on the crop for the next year. In this region truffles are chiefly found under old oak trees, and, as these are not too common here, in young oak plantations. No attempt has yet been made here to cultivate them artificially, and the methods of preserving this delicate fungus are so imperfect—olive oil being chiefly

used, and there being no regular provincial truffle-markets as in France—that in a good year a considerable portion of the crop is spoilt. The prevailing truffle is the *Tuber melanosporum*, the black truffle of Périgord, the great favorite in cookery. The summer truffle, the *Tuber Aestivum*, so common in France and not unknown in England, is rarely found here. Far more common is the white truffle, *Tuber magnatum*, the great delicacy of Piedmont and north Italy, which has a mingled odor of garlic, onions, high game, and old cheese.*

E. S.

Correspondence.

THE COLORED VOTE IN THE SOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Forum* for July, Senator (or, as you would say, Bill) Chandler reminds the people of the North of the suspension of the Constitution (or at least of its Fifteenth Amendment) in the States of the Solid South. He has not yet found a remedy for the evil; but, as he may find one hereafter, and in a certain contingency may induce the Fifty-first Congress to adopt it, I take the liberty of suggesting one phase of the question to him which he and most of his friends seem to have heretofore overlooked.

There is no doubt that in seven or eight of the Southern States enough of the negro vote to affect the result of State or Congressional elections is deliberately suppressed, not now by direct force, but by impressing the minds of colored voters and politicians that there is force in reserve when needed; and that organization, an active canvass, and full vote on the part of the colored men will not be permitted. Supposing, now, that a Republican majority should be returned to both houses of the next Congress, measures would undoubtedly be pressed to secure a full and free vote and "a fair count" to the Southern blacks. In the light of former experience we know that such measures would be futile; but let that pass. Let us suppose that force, intimidation, and bold frauds can be prevented by Federal law. What will you do about bribery?

In Kentucky there are about 50,000 or 60,000 colored voters. Nearly all of them claim to be Republicans. Outside of the three counties of Fayette, Jessamine, and Woodford, not the slightest attempt is made to suppress their votes or to count them out. At Presidential and State elections nearly all of them are polled for the Republican candidates. Nowhere do they vote more freely than in the city of Louisville. Two out of the seven Assembly districts regularly give Republican majorities on the State ticket. But they never do so when it comes to elect Assemblymen or city or county officials. And the reason is well understood. As the Democrats have never carried the State by less than 17,000 majority, they never spend a cent of money on their State or Electoral ticket. But as the Democratic candidates for the Assembly or the Council are "needed" by some of the great local corporations (for instance, the Gas Company), enough colored voters are bought up to secure the return of these candidates; the candidates for county offices do their own buying, hoping to be recouped out of the fees.

Now, should Senator Chandler succeed in

* For those who are interested in truffles I can recommend a very instructive and entertaining book, published among the recent issues of the "Bibliothèque Scientifique Contemporaine" (Paris: J. B. Baillière & Fils, 1888), 'La Truffe,' by Dr. C. de Ferry de la Beltonne.

what Senator Morton tried in vain to contrive—an effective Federal law for the prevention of "bulldozing" and of "tissue ballots"—he would still be confronted with a new difficulty: for not much more than two dollars apiece (to judge by Louisville prices) the Democrats of the cotton States could buy enough negro votes to secure themselves in the retention of their State governments. By introducing the secret "Australian ballot" in Congressional elections (which ought to be done anyhow), the use of bribery in the choice of Congressmen might be discouraged to some extent; but still it would be very easy to bribe the colored voter into withholding his ballot altogether. Here is a nut for Senator Chandler to crack.

Very truly,

L. N. D.

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 24, 1888.

THE DUTY ON NON-ENGLISH LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If there is one duty in the present tariff more absurd and unjust than another, it is the duty on books printed in foreign languages. Twenty-five per cent. is charged on all foreign books alike, whether they be in the English language, in German, French, Chinese, or Hottentot. From the point of view of protection, this duty protects nothing and nobody. We cannot foster a French literature, for instance, in this country by any amount of protection. There are no publishers or writers to be protected by any tariff of this kind.

As a measure for revenue, this tax is an imposition on all advanced science and learning in this country. The specialist, who is but too often a teacher dependent on a meagre salary, must buy French and German books in order to maintain his standing and keep up with his specialty; and, in addition to the regular cost of importation, he is required to pay a tax which is often prohibitive. Further, this tax falls heavily upon the increasing class of cultured people with short purses who take an interest in contemporary foreign literature. For a book whose list price in France is 3½ francs (67 cents), one must pay a dealer in this country \$1.25. If the book were free of duty, the dealer, who can buy it in France at 40 per cent. discount, should make a fair profit by charging the American buyer about the equivalent of the foreign list price.

It is certainly worth while for legislators who desire to favor science, learning, and general culture to see that, if the duty on all books be not remitted, at least the books printed in foreign languages be allowed to enter this country free of duty. H. M. STANLEY.

LAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY, LAKE FOREST, ILL.,
July 26, 1888.

THE FENCE-WIRE INDUSTRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read Mr. Stevenson's attempted defence of the duty on the raw material of fence wire. I have read it sitting in a farmhouse whose owner (the father of the writer) would be glad to use thousands of yards of wire fencing if it could be had at reasonable prices—say present rates minus 45 per cent., the amount of duty, according to Mr. Stevenson's figures. This farm is not an exception. There is scarcely a farm in the community which could not profitably use much more wire fencing if it were not so expensive. There is no one even superficially informed as to the condition of agriculture who does not know how severely the farming portion of our population is taxed to keep its fields well fenced.

Are 10,000 men engaged in making iron and steel for fencing? If Mr. Stevenson will take the pains to ride over such regions as eastern Ohio, Virginia, and West Virginia, he will find visible evidence that there is a much greater number engaged in futile attempts to preserve the growing crops from the depredations of unruly live stock by piling brush upon worn-out Virginia worm fences. The wearisome cry of "Cattle in the cornfield!" has come to the writer's ears more times than the moon has changed within the last six weeks. Give the farmers cheap fencing wire, and many more than 10,000 men will be put to work constructing fences. J. H. W.

LE CONTE'S EVOLUTION AND THEOLOGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent, "W. M. S.," in his communication criticising Prof. Le Conte's recognition of the inequality in the rate of change which is perceptible at times in the progressive order of nature, asks "what consistent scientific meaning the word development (or evolution) can have when it is no longer antithetical" to such inequalities, asserts that "the whole effort of the evolutionary theory is to do away with breaks and leaps," and stigmatizes their recognition as going "into the old camp."

There are many theories of evolution, of varied quality, good and bad, but the passages cited indicate that the writer has something else in his mind than the theory of evolution accepted by scientific men. When, under certain conditions, gases form water, though the time of evolution is practically instantaneous and the physical properties of the product totally new, scientific evolutionists see no solution of continuity in the order of nature, nor does their theory receive a shock. That theory endeavors to offer an harmonious explanation of facts as they are observed, not to do away with inconvenient truth, and it knows nothing of "camps." A careful perusal of Prof. Le Conte's book, which a review can only very inadequately summarize, will probably assist "W. M. S." more effectually to the desired "clear thinking" than any explanations which might be offered by the REVIEWER.

Notes.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS will publish this fall the second and concluding volume of Prof. Chas. F. Richardson's 'American Literature (1607-1885)'; 'Essays on Practical Politics,' by Theodore Roosevelt; Moncure D. Conway's 'Omitted Chapters in History,' already announced; 'Christian Doctrine Harmonized,' by Prof. J. S. Kedney; 'Behind Closed Doors,' by Anna Katherine Green; 'The Story of Media, Babylon, and Persia,' by Z. A. Ragozin; 'The Story of Mediæval France,' by Gustav Masson; and 'The Story of Mexico,' by Miss Susan Hale.

Ticknor & Co. will shortly issue 'A Sea Change; or, Love's Stowaway,' a lyricated farce, by W. D. Howells; a new and enlarged edition of Edward Stanwood's valuable 'History of Presidential Elections'; 'Newspaper Libel: a Handbook for the Press,' by Samuel Merrill of the Boston *Globe*; and 'A Mexican Girl,' by Frederick Thickstun.

We learn from the *Library Journal* that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. expect to issue the five years' supplement to 'Poole's Index to Periodical Literature' in the latter part of September. It covers the years 1882-1886. Few persons have any adequate conception of the wide-