THIIE; T1E5CH.

We all remember with pleasure the author of this charming and tender letter. The delicate sentiment and depth of feeling evinced by one so young is very remarkable.

Dear Sir,—The books that have been very bad indeed for my body and for my mind, are two books on mathematics which we used to have when I was a Freshman. I have forgotten their names, and have lost the books. Anyway, I didn't pass. And then one day I dropped them through the window, and I had to pay $2.68 for the glass. But, worst of all, they happened to light on the best hat of a girl who was going by, and she was the girl who lived opposite me, and used to smile sometimes, and made me forget to be homesick. And she never smiled any more after this!

Another book of which I must speak in terms of the greatest disapprobation and scorn, is J. P. M's record-book. No book has ever had a more evil and withering influence upon my career.

The whole matter of books is very distasteful to me. Yours, SNIGGINS, '90.

VI.

We do not need to introduce this letter to our readers with any words of superfluous praise. The writer is known as a man of ripe scholarship, and as one whose services as a politician have well prepared him for entering the field of literature. The success that has greeted his efforts is evidence in itself of his intrinsic worth and ability for pursuing many and varied lines of research.

Dear Sir,—Most baneful and blighting to the human race have been the works generally attributed to William Shakspeare. The cause of their poisonous effect upon humanity is not that the books themselves have any admixture of evil, but that they have been assigned a false authorship. Never since Atlantis sank beneath the waves of the engulfing ocean, never since the great comet struck the earth, striated the rocks, and piled up the gravel, has a more terrible and withering scourge visited the sons of men. The pernicious influence of the belief is simply incalculable. The prevalent agnosticism and anarchism, the overshadowing liquor monopoly, the corruption of the civil service, the decay of commerce, the labor troubles, the frequent railway accidents, the impending Anglo-Russian war, are but a few of the evils that have sprung from the hideous falsehood!

Shades of Francis Bacon! To actually believe that Shakspeare wrote Shakspeare's plays,—this is indeed a depth of intellectual and moral degradation at which a man may well shudder! The wonder is that we have so long allowed this hydra-headed monster of superstition to pass unchallenged. Its time has come.

Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and Shakspeare—.-

Yours for truth,
IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

Noticeable Articles.

The Nineteenth Century for January is full of good things. First and foremost for American readers comes one of those vigorous papers which mark Prof. Goldwin Smith as one of the best of living prose writers. Professor Smith has been reading that excellent series of biographies entitled "American Statesmen," edited by Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., and he justly says that "a marked change has been taking place in the American treatment of national history, both in point of style and in point of substance. What has been called 'the nauseous grandiloquence of the American panegyrical historians,' is now almost a thing of the past. . . . The Fourth of July fiction is giving place to historical facts. A rational view of the schism in the Anglo-Saxon race begins to prevail." Whether the "rational view" is that the schism was altogether a mistake, may be a question, though that seems to be nearly Professor Smith's view; but without going so far as that, Americans may well submit to having some of the Fourth of July glitter rubbed off of their revolutionary heroes, and our English critic certainly does that with no unsparing hand. Yet no one can say that his views are not those which sober students of American history are everywhere beginning to take. His criticism reminds one of Matthew Arnold's amusing