

tention to two remarkable men who have recently been mixed up in a matter of personal dispute, and endeavor to elucidate the question of identity which has caused the unpleasantness. I have just requested my amanuensis, Stubbs, to make a copy of the letter. After several days consideration and a phrenological examination, I have decided to oblige the world and the Editor of GRIP. The persons whose quarrel I have undertaken to settle are Ignatius Donnelly and William Shakespeare. As William is considerably older than Ignatius, I will deal with him first as a matter of etiquette, proposing to give a short account of the gentleman himself, his life and times, and a critical analysis of his works, to which will be added notes not to be found in any commentator's edition of the Bard of Avon.

Stubbs has just brought in the note, which I now insert :

"Illustrious benefactor of the human race ! I will give you a cheque for \$—,000.02, on condition you settle the dispute between Shakespeare and Donnelly without a blow."

As a further instance of generosity the noble-hearted editor has offered to supply the illustrations of any difficult passages or allusions. So, to business !

#### I.—THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SHAKESPEARE.

It was at the time when good Queen Bess tried to fill the throne (I shall say *we* in future, as Stubbs refuses to find my references if he is not included in the work.) when good Queen Bess tried to fill the throne (Stubbs wants to know what she wanted to fill it with. He always was a fool),—at the period of English history when good Queen Bess endeavored to expand her emaciated figure to fit into the numerous angularities of the particularly royal article of furniture known vulgarly as the throne, (Stubbs says that sounds like Macaulay. I tell him if he must make a noise to *make-all-he* can. Stubbs faints), the arts of interviewing and telephoning were unknown ; but in order to compensate for the unknown losses England was then suffering from, William Shakespeare was born—Ignatius Donnelly says he was invented ; but we say he was born—" *Poeta nactus—non fit* "—that settles it. Donnelly says his name was Bacon—Donnelly's name is *Ham* henceforth for saying so. Shakespeare himself says " 'Hang-hog' is the Latin for Bacon " ; but we say " Hang Donnelly." Shakespeare was born specially on St. George's Day, 1564. Donnelly says Bacon was Shakespeare, and he was born in 1561 ; but Donnelly doesn't account for what the poet did during the three year's difference. It is not asserted by any of Shakespeare's biographers that he had the measles. We beg to supply the hitherto unknown fact. Shakespeare's father, every one of the biographer's kindly say, was in debt. As an answer to this, we assert that the whole world is in debt to Shakespeare—that clears his father, anyhow. Of his school days nothing is known, and as a consequence many volumes have been written to prove that he knew " little Latin and less Greek." He knew more than to display his ignorance in any of his writings, nevertheless, for he wrote entirely in good English. The Bacon-Shakespeare used to write in dog Latin, so he couldn't have been William. W.Shakespeare stole a deer once from old Lucy, and afterward stole Anne-ther, even more dear, from old Hathaway. Donnelly hasn't noticed this co-incidence. Shakespeare got married in 1582 ; but had domestic troubles. His wife first detected his great qualities as a player, and wanted him to stay at home and play with her and the children. William refused. The result was

he went to London and played the ghost in Hamlet. Many volumes have also been written about this ; but his simple reason was to escape from his wife. If he had taken a human character she would have found him out ; so he played ghost with a sheet over him. Shakespeare wrote lots of plays and poems, and lasted for many years ; but he gave up playing the ghost in 1592, when he probably became a real one. His wife followed him later on.

*(To be continued.)*

#### HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE STRAIGHTENING OF THE DON.

Oh, calmly flowing river Don,  
Thy sinuosities are gone,  
Thy little coves,  
Where lurked the aguistic germ ;  
The tadpole now has grown infirm,  
And no more roves.

Changed are thy curves and marshy bed ;  
By other paths is being led  
Thy real estate ;  
Yet still we cannot purify,  
But hold our nose while passing by  
With quickened gait.

" Straight as an arrow from the bow,"  
Thy murky waters noiseless go ;  
Majestic sewer,  
With banks well worthy of the name,  
And year by year, with added fame,  
Long will endure.

" Flow on, thou deep, green river, flow,"  
And lose thyself where rushes grow—  
We're satisfied,  
For thy grim depths can never hold  
A fascination for the bold  
Bad suicide.

W. H. T.

#### STRAY RESEMBLANCES.

THE comma is never seen on the diamond, and yet it is the original short stop. This point of resemblance has hitherto attracted even less attention than the following, between a latch-key, namely, and what cats on the woodshed sing in. The answer, of course, is, a night-key. It is bad enough to have to listen to cats chanting in a night-key, without being entrapped into reading weak-kneed jokes like this one.

Well, we remember observing to a friend the other day that there is a wonderful similarity between a marriage-license and a noose-paper. It is a way we have when we are feeling pretty well.

The detective is often a mere shadow ; while the baseball manager is generally a bouncing boy. These two furnish about as striking a contrast as that between Sullivan and the Knights of Labor.

When we were speaking of the detective we forgot to mention that he ought to wear a hunting-case watch. And, in conclusion, we may state that Poetry is like Virtue, inasmuch as each has its own reward.

#### SPECIFY !

" Its references to His Grace, the venerable Archbishop of Toronto, are insulting and disgraceful in the extreme."

It will astonish most of our readers to learn that this refers to GRIP, and that it is from a paper which professes to teach religion. The paper is not called *The Whopper*, but it ought to be.