

TO THE TWO SUMMER BUTTERFLIES.

I.—TO THE BUTTERFLY IN THE GARDEN.

PRETTY little butterfly !
 Dancing, glancing, flutt'ring by
 Like a spirit, free and airy,
 Carrying some lovely fairy
 In its journey to and fro
 Flowers in the sunshine's glow ;
 Now upon a bell of blue
 Poising thy contrasted hue,
 Now upon a lily white
 Perch'd in wonder and delight ;
 I can see thee hie and hover
 Over daisies, grass and clover ;
 High up now among the trees
 Lifted by the lightest breeze,
 Kissing now the rippling stream
 Like the passage of a dream ;
 Always happy, free and gay,
 Pleasure-seeking all the day,
 From life's pain you mount on high,
 Pretty little butterfly.

II.—TO THE BUTTER-FLY IN THE KITCHEN.

Wretched little butterfly,
 How you struggle, squirm and try,
 Like a man in a morass,
 To get out of your sad pass ;
 How you strain to disentangle
 Every limb, and only mangle
 And mix up your legs and wings
 With the butter which still clings ;
 Now I see you raise your neck,
 But your body's held in check
 By the bright and yellow snare
 Which you dropp'd on unaware ;
 Now you set your hind legs free
 But can't lift your first front three ;
 Now you buzz with your right wing,
 But the other's left—poor thing !
 Little thought you when you landed
 How you'd get so tightly stranded—
 Now I guess you'll have to drop
 With this dab of butter—flop.

P. QUILL.

STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE.

(Continued.)

BACON did not die till 1626 ; but Donnelly still says he was Shakespeare and doesn't account for what he did not do in the odd years after he died. Ignatius doesn't seem to care for time at all. (Stubbs says Shakespeare was a call-boy at a low dime-show in London ; but Stubbs' breath smells of gin, and I fear his facts are tainted. The flesh is willing with Stubbs, but the spirit is not weak.) That's all we know about William Shakespeare. Donnelly thinks he knows more ; but we know better. He says he has got the key to a cipher ; we say he had better lock himself up with it. " Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in 's own house."—*Hamlet*. At the time when Good Queen Bess tried to fill the throne (Stubbs says " chestnuts " ; he has been drinking again), England was boss of the European situation. The ship of state was steered by Burleigh and Drake, who was *dux* of the fleet, made *dux* and drakes of all other ships. He built the famous wooden walls around his country and invented the hornpipe for his sailors' amusement. England beat the French, Dutch and Spanish one after another, and when she asked for the next to step up, no one replied, so she became champion of the world and hung her belt around the earth, where it has been ever since. The great Armada was beaten so badly that the Spanish nation wept—hence the

term Spanish onions ! (Stubbs says this makes his eyes water. I say if he doesn't dry up I shall dot his eyes for him.) The nobility used to give great entertainments to the Queen, and she used to make speeches in Latin and Greek in return. She was a woman of much tongue. There was no Scott act in those days, and everyone used to drink ale and lots of it. Shakespeare is said to have got tight once, but cut himself loose from the habit after seeing the way old Falstaff carried on. The spirit of the times was whiskey—they used to call it usquebaugh ; but it was just the same as what is called " Old Times " now. Shakespeare refers to it in *Hamlet*, who, though he didn't drink himself, constantly talks about his father's spirit. People believed in fairies and elves as much as they did in themselves ; they also practised the black art (now known as nigger minstrelsy) and hung witches, which is rather remarkable. These were the sort of days when William was ushered into the world, and they seemed good enough for him, for he doesn't state much against them. Shakespeare didn't hanker after a wreath of laurel. He wrote for cash down, and wasn't any of your young spring-poets, who want to see their name under a few lines about nothing. He wrote right along as if he were an ordinary newspaper night reporter who had to send up copy without the privilege of signing his name to it. (Stubbs thinks he was a very fat man, because he must have filled many sheets at night.) Donnelly didn't think of that. What I like about Shakespeare most is the fact that he didn't leave any autobiography, or memoirs, or even a diary after him. He didn't propose to open up his private life for public criticism. Also, he didn't fool away his time trying to prove that Chaucer was Gower. There wasn't any of the Ignatius Donnelly about him. He didn't set it down in black in white that he was an ass, nor try and show the earth was shivered by a comet. Not much. Shakespeare wrote his plays, acted old man and pocketed a share of the profits. Stubbs says it's no good pitching into Ignatius Donnelly, or he may write a book proving I am not myself and that Stubbs is some one else, and Stubbs also says he doesn't want to lose his identity and put generations-yet-unborn to the trouble of hunting up his registration at the Orphans' Home. Perhaps Stubbs is right ; so we will leave Ignatius to the conscience he does not possess, and proceed to the study of Shakespeare's masterpieces :—

I.—THE TEMPEST.



HAVING given a voluminous account of Shakespeare's life and times, we (Stubbs has not been home for three days, having received one dollar and fifty cents on account of salary due for eight months) propose to proceed with his plays. We shall not follow the hackneyed order of his plays, but adopt a go-as-you-plays method. We have selected " The Tempest " as the first work on which to try our newly discovered cipher, which is superior in every respect to Ignatius Donnelly's. The chief beauties of this remarkable comedy are reproduced with illustrations below. By the aid of our cipher (which is patented and copyrighted throughout the world) we have detected allusions to events and persons now before humanity, such as previous commentators have never dreamed of. Malone says (Stubbs, having arrived, says, interruptingly, " Let him Malone," so I desist from exposing the old critic)—Pope remarks (Stubbs angrily