

NEW READINGS FROM SHAKSPERE.

MACBETH.—PART I.

A long time ago,—when it was I don't know,—
 For the book that the story 's in doesn't quite show,
 There lived a Scotch king, so gentle and wise
 That folks in astonishment opened their eyes,
 Though if any their taxes to pay should refuse
 They'd to mind both their I's and their P's and their Q's ;
 His kingdom possessed many Dukes, Thanes and Earls,
 Lords and Barons who ruled over no end of churls,
 Knights, Squires and Pages, and Knights-Banneret,
 Chiefs and Soldiers who lived upon what they could get ;
 And thousands of those who wore knives in their hose,
 But were rather deficient in other small clothes ;
 Now of these, one Macbeth, was the principal Thane
 Commanding the troops against Norseman and Dane
 Who, as homeward he goes, having wollop'd his foes,
 Meets three witches who come from where—nobody knows,
 And tell him that he, not only will be
 A noble and swell of the highest degree,
 But they fearlessly state, that both he and his mate
 Will shortly become what's called " Heads of the State,"
 While the Chief that is with him, the witches declare,
 Though a crown of his own he's unlikely to wear,
 Will have one in his family worn by his heir.
 This turns out a fact far removed from " soft sawder,"
 As Macbeth is soon made my Lord Marquis of Cawdor,
 (Or the title that stood for that over the border.)
 He then writes to his wife, tells her what has been said,
 But adds they must wait until Duncan is dead ;
 In the mean time she'd better prepare him a bed.
 Now Lady Macbeth was that kind of a person
 Who subjects like this one, was apt to be terse on ;
 So the very next day, without any delay,
 She hints in a very significant way
 That when Duncan arrives in the Castle to stay
 Macbeth must arrange that he shan't get away.
 A nod and a wink to a horse that is blind
 Are said by all *sarans* to be of a kind ;
 And though some to apply this may be at a loss
 Macbeth was what Yanks call a " Bully old hoss,"
 And in order to show no infirm indecision
 Determines to slash at poor Duncan's old wizen,—
 A term which must mean (put this in as a note)
 He intended to cut Duncan's elderly throat.
 The King soon arrives, and to make things quite right,
 This Lady Macbeth makes his servants all tight.
 And is turning to say " don't lose time or you'll rue it
 " If you're good for the trick, now's your time, sir, to do it,"
 When she suddenly views, shaking there in his shoes,—
 Not to mention the garments that Scotchmen call trews,—
 Macbeth, giving way to a fit of the blues.
 So she rants and she raves, calls her husband " a muff,"
 And swears he is made of contemptible stuff.
 So Macbeth seemed to think when they'd all gone to bed
 That he'd much better do it, from all she had said,
 And he enters the room,—on the stage it's a " wing,"—
 And settles the hash of his master, the King.
 Two men who are sleeping there dreaming of wine
 And snoring away like a couple of swine
 Lady M. daubs with blood that the folks might opine
 They had killed the old King lest he'd kick up a shine.
 While Macbeth goes to bed in a deuce of a funk,
 And looking as sheepish as if he were drunk.
 Next morning the Chieftains with Lennox and Rosse
 Arrive at the Castle, confoundedly cross,
 For they say that all night they've done nothing but toss
 And tumble about on their heather and moss,
 But they've now come to rouse up old Duncan, their boss.

Macbeth, who's all smiles,—a sure symptom of wiles
 Adopted by those who are knowing old files,—
 Points Macduff to the room, though he keeps well behind
 him,

With, " The King 's sleeping there, and you can't fail to
 find him."

In a minute or two, poor Macduff looking blue,
 Comes back with a deuce of a hullabaloo,
 Shouting, " Horror! oh, horror! we'll never more hail
 King Duncan—he's dead as the deadeest door nail!
 Oh! Banquo, my friend, here's the devil to pay,
 We'd better all mizzle,—that is run away."

Then Macbeth with a grin to the room hurries in
 And stabs the two squires who are sleeping within,
 Explaining the case, how 'twas clear on the face
 These men had been guilty of conduct most base.
 The two Princes are there,—two sharp little boys,—
 Who promptly decamp without very much noise,
 For they justly surmise that each head is a prize,
 For which friend Macbeth would give one of his eyes.
 The rest then clear out and at once set about
 Endeavouring to find,—a mere matter of doubt,—
 Who killed the King Duncan, and who saw him die
 As no one there present could say " It was I."
 And so all the good folks took to crying and sobbing,
 Bewailing his fate like the death of Cock Robin.

To be continued.

THE PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHER AT HOME.

(From a Canadian Correspondent in London.)

MARTIN F. TUCKER, *en famille*—His Passion for Milk and
 Water—Tucker reading Tucker, &c.

The following account of a visit to the smallest of living
 poets will, doubtless, be read by his admirers with intense
 interest.

"When I recently left Montreal to reside for a few months
 in England, I took with me some letters of introduction to
 Martin F. Tucker, who is, beyond all shadow of doubt, the
 most contemptible author in the world. I consider him to
 be a psychological phenomenon (though I am not quite cer-
 tain what that means) and was, accordingly, very anxious to
 obtain an interview with him. On arriving in London I at
 once ascertained from his publisher that the *soi-disant* Philo-
 sopher had just arrived in town, and at two o'clock on
 December 26th, 1868, I presented myself at his house. Mr.
 Tucker, who is reputed to be outrageously wealthy, has a
 "palatial mansion" in Park Lane. The pen of "Ouida"
 alone could describe in sufficiently glowing terms the gorgeous
 magnificence of all that met my gaze, when I entered the
 hall of the wealthy bard. On presenting my card, I was
 ushered by six footmen (apparently brainless) into a room
 like a library, where I was left alone for more than half an
 hour. This room is about sixty feet square. As you enter
 by a door at the left hand corner of it, you see upon each
 side of you superbly-carved book-cases of fragrant oriental
 woods, extending from the floor to the ceiling. After waiting
 patiently for some time I examined the contents of these
 cases, and found, to my ineffable disgust, that they contained
 merely copies of all the different editions of Mr. Tucker's
 works, carefully arranged according to sizes, and elaborately
 bound in every variety of style.

Above the fire-place, which faces the visitor on entering,
 hangs a life-size portrait of Mr. Tucker, and the walls on
 each side of it are papered with fulsome and grandiloquent
 panegyrics on Mr. T.'s genius. These are extracts from
 tenth-rate journals and periodicals, and, (as I was informed
 by his publisher, *sub rosa*) have cost the notorious author