

SCENES FROM SHAKSPERE.

*In Small Doses and Easy Rhymes, for Little Children.*

No. I.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—GARDEN SCENE.

The sky it was cloudy—the evening was moist\*  
When JULIET and ROMEO kept their first tryst,—  
Young ROMEO, clearing the fence at a bound,  
Found himself on his enemy, Capulet's, ground;  
No fear did he feel though but 'gan to look round  
For shelter—but shelter was not to be found.  
Then down came the rain, and our hero, poor fellow,  
Found out pretty soon that he'd brought no umbrella,  
And there did he wait from a quarter past seven  
Till he heard all the clocks in the house strike eleven,  
And saw by the lights that were glimmering o'erhead  
That the Capulets all were a-going to bed.

The rain now had ceased, and the sky had cleared off,  
And ROMEO ventured to give a slight cough,  
A very slight cough, but 'twas ne'ertheless heard,  
For a form soon appeared, and with voice of a bird,  
Asked, "Is that you, my ROMEO, bravest and best?  
Come, jump on that stump, and let JULIET rest  
Her poor wearied head on that new satin vest  
No! waistcoat I mean—it so often has pressed."

Then ROMEO gave a hop, skip and a jump,  
And gracefully lighted on top of the stump,  
Stretched his arms out and clasped the fair girl to his heart,  
Who quickly sprung back with a cry and a start,  
Saying "ROMEO,—darling,—oh! where have you been?  
I declare, foolish boy, that you're wet to the skin."

Then said ROMEO "Dearest, 'twas waiting for you,  
And the damp on my waiscoat is nothing but dew."  
"Dew," says JULIET, "Why, it's been raining in torrents.  
And,"—"Never mind that,—but about FRIAR LAWRENCE,  
We can trust him, I know—he's the safest of men,—  
Will you promise me, dear, to be ready at ten?"  
Said ROMEO, "Say, only say, that you'll come,  
And I'll bid you good night, and then run away home."  
"I'll come," said the maiden,—“Now do as you're bid,  
And get away home.—”

ROMEO turns to depart and is just preparing to jump over  
the wall—the gates being locked—when turning to take a last  
look at his mistress, he perceives her still seated in the  
balcony, with her cheek resting on her hand, and gazing out  
into the darkness where ROMEO is standing. The sigh  
proves too much for him, and draws forth the following short  
soliloquy—among the most beautiful passages in the play:—

"Would that I were a kid,  
How soon I'd get killed and made into a glove  
To fit to the hand of the girl that I love!  
Then I'd touch her soft cheek, and I'd wipe her dear nose,  
And I'd go about with her wherever she goes!"  
Then heaving a sigh, this true hearted young lover  
Placed his hands on the wall—gave a spring—and was over!

He met some policemen, but easily dodged  
Them, and finally got to the house where he lodged.

Here the scene must close. It is useless following him to  
his room. We would only see him take his clothes off, put  
on his night gown with a dressing gown over it, fill a glass of  
whiskey and water, drink it off, fill another, smoke his pipe,  
finish his second glass of whiskey, and get into bed, where  
he slept sound without dreaming once of JULIET the whole  
night through.

\* *Alas!*—We have heard this word so often pronounced to rhyme with "tryst,"  
that we trust we are not asking too much of our readers to give it its necessary pro-  
nunciation this time, viz., "mist."

JONES VOYAGES FROM MONTREAL TO QUEBEC.

JONES arrives at the G. T. R. station 20 minutes before  
the time advertised for the cars to start. (N.B.—JONES likes  
to be punctual.) He succeeds in obtaining a ticket, after a  
severe scuffle for precedency with a French Canadian, in  
which his coat is torn and he is bespattered with abuse by  
his opponent. Having commended his portmanteau to the  
care of a grimy official, who marks it 65 in chalk, and gives  
him a metal ticket No. 11235 for some indefinite purpose,  
JONES, with his lighter *impedimenta*, seeks the sleeping car.  
Having safely deposited them, and secured a bunk—an article  
something between a patent match-box and a coffin—JONES  
ventures to inquire "When shall we start?" He is referred to  
a telegraph clerk, who civilly informs him that owing to the  
lateness of the Western train, which had to wait for the  
Northern, which was delayed by the Southern, the complicat-  
ed result will involve a detention of two hours and a half.  
JONES feels a little indignant as he thinks of Trans-Atlantic  
punctuality, but other passengers seem to congratulate them-  
selves that they will not have longer to wait. JONES hires a  
sleigh and returns to the bosom of his family. After the  
lapse of an hour and a half, he is once more engulfed in  
the Cimmerian gloom of the sleeping car. He lies down  
and endeavours to go to sleep, but is unable to do so. He  
propounds this question to himself, "Why the deuce should  
this be called a sleeping car, when its impossibility for a  
fellow to sleep in it." He inquires how long it will *now*  
be ere the cars start. Answer, "Half an hour." JONES  
rises and adjourns to the Refreshment Bar, where he imbibes  
5 "Hot Scotches." He returns and gentle sleep visits his  
eye-lids.

A period of three hours is supposed to elapse. JONES  
awakens and is startled by the violent oscillation of the cars.  
He is much troubled thereat, but is requested by a gruff-  
voiced proprietor of an adjoining bunk not to "make a  
darned fool" of himself, as it is as "right as beans." JONES  
wonders in what degree of rectitude "beans" are. He con-  
soles himself with his surmises, and endeavours to sleep once  
more. Baby on opposite side of car,—“Guggle-uggle-uggle,  
Glu-glu-glu, Ga-a-a-ah.” Mother of baby,—“Hush-sh-sh!” He  
was a pretty little popsy-wopsy, with his fat little handy-pan-  
dies, and his pretty little feetsy-peetsies,” and so on *ad lib*.  
Gruff voice, *log*, "Why the dickens can't they keep the kid  
quiet." Child cries. Father of the child—DAVID-like—en-  
deavouring to exorcise the evil spirit with music, blows on a  
penny trumpet and executes a choice solo in B. flat upon a  
rattle. French voice at end of car, "Sacré-é-é-é-é-é!" Father  
desists in the middle of fantasia on the rattle. Silence for  
the space of five minutes. Two youths, awaking, remember  
that they are the happy possessors of a cold duck and half a  
bottle of "Upper Canada." The duck is torn asunder by  
their not over-clean fingers. They offer JONES, who has  
regarded the whole operation with unmitigated horror, a  
portion, and on his refusal, audibly pronounce him a snob.  
Titters from various bunks. JONES sleeps once more, but  
is shortly awakened by the enquiry whether he objects to  
share his bunk with another gentleman. He utters many  
oaths, and is left undisturbed for the remainder of the night.

He awakens at 8 a. m. the next morning—the hour men-  
tioned as that of arrival at Point Levi—and is informed that  
the train is late.

12 noon—Arrival at the only station on the line where  
food can be obtained. Officials refuse to stop on account of  
the lateness of train. JONES hungry and indignant.

2 p.m.—JONES hungrier and more indignant.

4 p.m.—JONES very hungry and extremely indignant.

6 p.m.—JONES arrives in Quebec, and has to be conveyed  
to Beauport.