

NEW READINGS FROM SHAKSPERE.

MACBETH. (Part 2.)

I fully expect that you'll all recollect
 How Macbeth for his King showed a want of respect,
 And I'll prove how his plans, although most circumspect,
 In the end were teetotally, hopelessly wrecked:
 For "*blood will tell*," and of that there's no doubt,
 Which accounts for the saying that "*murder will out*."
 Having scuttled the King in the manner I've told,
 Macbeth takes his throne, and, what's better, his gold;
 While the Prince, who that throne had the best right to sit on,
 Took at once to his heels, and got clear of North Britain;
 And the wily Macduff, going off in a huff
 To England, turns to and sells 'baccy and snuff,
 Where, to draw all the custom he possibly could,
 He stuck up a Highlander cut out of wood.
 But for this chiel Macduff as no soul cares a button
 We'll leave him at once and "return to our mutton."
 Macbeth, with the cash, cuts no end of a dash,
 And resolves to catch Banquo and settle his hash,
 Because he remembers the words of the witches
 That said Banquo's son should step into his — which is
 The same as inheriting all of his riches,
 And knowing these hags were not wrong at their *seance*,
 He determines to operate also on Fleance.
 So getting two roughs, who'd escaped from the jail,
 He tells them no end of a terrible tale
 How Banquo did this, and did that, and the other,
 Till they swear that they'll murder him—were he their mother!
 They adhere to this vow close as feathers to pitch,
 And, cutting his throat, throw him into a ditch;
 But Fleance skeddaddles away o'er the heath,
 And saves his young bones by the skin of his teeth.
 The ruffians return to report what they've done,
 Confessing they've only succeeded with one, [trouble,
 Which disturbs the King's mind, though he pays for their
 And says that he'd gladly have given them double
 If they'd only succeeded in nabbing the lad,
 Who was far more important than Banquo, his dad;
 And the murderers see that, before he despatched them,
 He'd been counting his chickens before he had hatched 'em,
 A process so common, it's past all belief,
 Though it's one that is apt to bring people to grief.
 Macbeth, the old sinner, then gives a big dinner,
 And his guests all perceive that with care he's grown thinner;
 But I cannot help thinking, the custom of drinking
 Much "property" wine must necessitate shrinking
 (I know that for me it would do it like winking,
 And would bring on that ailment called colic or phtysic,
 To cure which requires mighty doses of physic.
 But this by the way;—what I purposed to say.)
 When dramatic proclivities led me astray,
 Was this, which I'll tell without further delay,
 That ere he began to drink from the can,
 The stuff that's supplied by the property man,
 The ghost of dead Banquo, as if *in terrorem*,
 As plain as a pikestaff is sitting before him.
 Now every one boasts about laughing at ghosts
 Till he's seen one sit grinning between his bed-posts,
 When he suddenly swears by the ghost which he laughed at,
 Getting fearfully savage whenever he's chaffed at.
 In cases like these, set it down as a rule,
 It's exceedingly rude to say "don't be a fool;" [latter,
 Don't say "Walker" nor "Hookey," though naught's in this
 I'm told that it makes a man mad as a hatter,
 Giving rise to fierce squabbles, when men lose their lives,—
 That is, in some States where they use bowie-knives,
 Macbeth sees the wraith, and turns round to the folks

(Who, he thinks, are endeavouring their monarch to hoax),
 Saying "Stop! I won't stand any practical jokes."
 But they all look in vain, don't know what to believe,
 For no man, nor the ghost of one, do they perceive.
 Then Lady Macbeth says, "You great stupid lout,
 "I wish you'd look sharp and mind what you're about;
 "Don't you see that you're scaring them out of their wits?
 "Sit down, or I'll give you particular fits."
 Then makes this excuse to the *omnium gatherum*,
 That her husband is subject to epithalatherum,
 A disease that I own you will seldom see here,
 And I doubt if you will in the Pharmacopœia;
 But Byron has said, and I feel it at times,
 That kings are not half so despotic as rhymes;
 Still, I really can't help it, I must go a-head,
 And find something to suit what's already been said.
 Lady M. was still speaking,—the knowing she-fox!—
 When up jumps the ghost like a jack in a box.
 "Avant thee!" Macbeth says, "thou spirit of evil;
 "Thou'rt not wanted here—so just go to the D—I."
 With this the ghost goes, and the lady explains
 Macbeth's ill again—so that no one remains.
 All reluctantly leave, for, like Dame Hubbard's dog,
 They'd been led to expect they'd have no end of prog.
 Then Lady Macbeth dons her conjuring cap,
 Says "I know what it is, just lie down for a nap,
 "And I'll come with you too, for I needn't remark
 "You're in too great a funk to be left in the dark."
 So together they go, Macbeth looking low,
 And the music begins to play *tremuloso*,
 As the scene closes in, showing heather and thistles,
 And the boxes applaud, while the gallery whistles;
 The ladies look round, and the pit seems to think
 That now is the time to look after a drink;
 While little boys stand, ragged up to the neck,
 Saluting each gent with "Please, give us your check."
 At this stage of the drama, lest any should "chouse,"
 The manager counts the contents of the house,
 And, finding but few, straight exclaims in a rage,
 "Confound the legitimate classical stage!
 "Such houses as these wont suit my little book—
 "If they don't like Macbeth, let them try the Black Crook."
 Here I'll end my part two, just observing to you
 That of Shakspeare I've made a remarkable stew;
 A confession, I hope, will find pardon extended,
 And as for my conduct in future, I'll mend it;
 But ere we depart I'll add one little word—
 You've bought my part second, next week buy the third!

MULTIPLICATION BY DIVISION.

(NOT BY HERRICK.)

As Bayes, whose cup with poverty was dashed,
 Lay snug in bed, while his *one* shirt was washed,
 The dame appeared, and, holding it to view,
 Said—"If 'tis washed again, 'twill wash in *two*."
 "Indeed!" cried Bayes, "then wash it, pray, good cousin,
 And wash it, if you can, into a dozen."

AN APT QUOTATION.

DIOGENES is of opinion that Shakspeare's Portrait of a Soldier bears a close resemblance to Dr. Balch's youthful assailant:

"Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 "Seeking the bubble reputation
 "Even in the Canon's mouth."