THIS HOUSE TO BE SOLD;

(The property of the late William Shakespeare.)

INQUIRE WITHIN.

A MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA,

En One Act,

BY

J. STIRLING COYNE,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society.)

AUTHOR OF "HIS THE BAGMAN," "DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO CAMBERWELL?" "HOW TO SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH YOUR LAUNDRESS!" &c. &c.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY,
WITH THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE DRAMATICS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING BY MR. DORRINGTON;
From a Drawing taken during the Representation.

LONDON:

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DRAMATICS PERSONAE AND COSTUME.

First performed Thursday, Sept. 9, 1847.

MR. CHATTERTON CHOPKINS (Prospero of Shakespeare’s Romance). Light paletot, large pearl buttons, buff waistcoat, light blue trousers, red wig, small black hat, blue and white silk scarf, cane.

Mr. Wright.

GRIMSHAW (his legal adviser). Black, with black over coat.

Mr. Cullenford.

TIFFIN (his friend). Black coat and waistcoat, white trousers.

Mr. Worrell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. William Shakespeare’s dress.

Mr. O. Smith.

HAMLET. Hamlet’s dito.

Mr. Munyard.

OTHELLO. Pink striped trousers, buff slippers, straw hat, Othello’s upper dress.

Mr. Paul Bedford.

SHYLOCK. Shylock’s dress.

Mr. C. J. Smith.

Peregrine. Falstaff’s do.

Mr. Glaire.

Polonius. Polonius’ do.

Mr. Waye.

Romeo. Romeo’s do.

Miss Harrison.

Ghost. Ghost’s do.

Mr. Sanders.

Macbeth. Macbeth’s do.

Mr. Aldridge.

Selden. Selden’s do.

Mr. Lindon.

Francis. Francis’ do.

Mr. Mitchellson.

Richard III. Richard’s do.

Mr. Colman.

King John’s do.

Mr. Freeborn.

Prospero. Prospero’s do.

Mr. Morgan.

Caliban. Caliban’s do.

Mr. Thomas.

Touchstone. Touchstone’s do.

Mr. Butler.


Master Sydney.

MRS. JARRETT (the lady of the mansion). Black and white plain high dress, black lace cap.

Mrs. F. Matthews.

Lady Macbeth. Lady Macbeth’s dress.

Mrs. Laws.

Desdemona. Desdemona’s do.

Miss Chaplin.

Juliet. Juliet’s do.

Miss Taylor.

Mrs. Page. Mrs. Page’s do.

Mrs. Hunt.

Mrs. Ford. Mrs. Ford’s do.

Miss C. Lelacheur.

Dame Quickly. Dame Quickly’s do.

Miss Brooks.

Ariell. Ariell’s do.

Mrs. Emery.

Audrey. Audrey’s do.

Miss Aldridge.

Tragedy. 

Mrs. Gleesmore.

Comedy.

Miss Johnson.

SPIRIT OF POETRY.

Miss Robins.

Time of Representation, fifty-five minutes.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS:

THIS HOUSE TO BE SOLD;

(THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE)

INQUIRE WITHIN.

SCENE I.—The Exterior of Shakespeare's House at Stratford.
Flat, with practicable door.

Enter Chopkins, Grimshaw and Tiffin, L.

Cho. (speaking as he enters after them.) Tiffin, I say Tiffin, my dear fellow—Mr. Grimshaw—don't walk so fast.

Gri. As your legal adviser, Mr. Chopkins, I recommend you to proceed no further, for here we are, sir, in Stratford, at our journey's end. This is the house, messuage, or tenement, commonly known as Shakespeare's birth-place.

Cho. (surveying the house.) This? Why you never mean to tell me that this old battered concern is the genuine Shakespeare house?

Gri. Undoubtedly, sir. These are the dilapidated but heart-stirring premises in which Shakespeare was entered upon the roll of life, and of which you have become the respected proprietor. Rather decayed certainly; but that's not surprising when the poet's houses in town are quite as much neglected.

Tif. Never mind, Chopkins, 'tis yours—you have outbid all the competitors for this precious relic, and I'm proud to congratulate you on your purchase (shakes his hand).

Cho. Thank you, Tiffin, thank you; it does look remarkably shaky though. I should say an auctioneer would not have much trouble in knocking down that lot.
THIS HOUSE TO BE SOLD;

Gri. By the way, Mr. Chopkins, now that you've got the house, what do you mean to do with it? As your legal adviser I recommend you to exhibit it at so much a head.

Cho. If you were not a lawyer I'd blush for you, Grimshaw. Do you take me for a duke—to show my house for money?

Gri. Oh, I beg your pardon; but if it wasn't for that purpose, why did you give such a large sum for it?

Cho. That's a kind of a secret; but I don't mind confessing my weakness to you both. You knew my father?

Tyf. "Excellent well; he was a fishmonger"—in Carnaby market.

Cho. Hem!—a—yes. Well, he died, and I succeeded to his fortune and business, but having an ambition above common soles I cut the shop, and determined to distinguish myself in the world.

Tyf. Bravo!

Cho. I began by giving splendid dinners—

Gri. And as your legal adviser, I recommended you never to omit inviting me to them.

Cho. But it wouldn't do; I was overlooked, and the cook got all the popularity. Then I aimed at celebrity by going up in a balloon, but if I had never come down I believe the world would not have missed me;—then I made public speeches that nobody would listen to— and I wrote a novel that nobody but myself and my printer read:—after that I tried to be notorious in dress and wore stunning waistcoats and terrific hats, but if I had walked out in Adam's original surtout people wouldn't have minded me,—then I turned to private play acting and got laughed at;—that however was something, but it did not satisfy me—I wanted to be notorious.

Tyf. But you failed—a very common case, my dear fellow.

Cho. At last a glorious opportunity presented itself. Shakespeare's house was advertised to be sold, and I resolved to buy it, if it should cost me half my fortune.

Tyf. Ah! I perceive. You expected, as the possessor of Shakespeare's house, you should become notorious.

Cho. Exactly; and now 'tis mine. There it stands—that venerable lot of rubbish. Shakespeare's cradle and Chopkins' crib. I have become the legitimate successor of the Bard of Avon. I'll have our names painted over the door in large letters—"CHOPKINS, LATE SHAKESPEARE." I think I've secured notoriety that way; at all events we shall be handed down to posterity on the same board.

Tyf. Aye, so you shall my boy; but let's get to our hotel; it's growing late; to-morrow morning will be time enough for you to enter on possession.

Cho. No, Tiffin, I mean to stop here. I wrote last night to the woman who shows the house to make me up a bed in Shakespeare's room; I shall repose in it to-night.
Gri. As your legal adviser, Mr. Chopkins, I recommend a
hot supper and a bed at the hotel in preference.
Cho. I'm very much obliged to you, but I wouldn't give up
my night's lodgings for fifty pounds. Who knows but I may
wake in the morning a Shakspeare, or Guy Faux, or some
other notorious character of the sort (knocks at door).
Tr. Well, mind you don't get too clever, that's all. Good
night—we'll drink your health in a cool bottle before we go to
bed, and call upon you early in the morning.
Gri. Good night, Mr. Chopkins.
Cho. Adieu, good night. Friends of my soul, good night.

[Exit Grimshaw and Tippin, l.; the door of Shakspeare's house is opened, and Mrs. Jarrett
appears at it.]

Cho. I believe this is the late Mr. William Shakspeare's
residence, madam.
Jar. Shakespeare's house, sir?
Cho. Ah,—yes—exactly. My name is Chopkins, madam,
the new proprietor of this venerable mansion.
Jar. (curtseys). Oh, Mr. Chopkins—pray, sir, walk in—
walk in—mind the step, sir.
Cho. (aside). I feel I'm half a Shakspeare already.

[Follows Mrs. Jarrett into the house.]

Scene II.—The Shakspeare Chamber in Shakspeare's House.
Door F. E. R. Chimney, practicable, E. E. R. Window in E. C.

Enter Mrs. Jarrett, preceding Chopkins, and carrying a
candle; bust of Shakspeare, r.; four chairs; arm chair,
L.; a long oak coffee L.; a bed in it; table with books, under
window at back.

Jar. This is the room in which Shakspeare was born, sir.
Cho. Dear me, how very curious that he should have been
born here—very. I don't imagine he had an idea of it himself
till it happened, eh? Very remarkable spot it is, Mrs. Jarrett.
Jar. Oh, dear, yes, sir; people come from all parts of the
world expressively to see this room—don't scrape the walls,
sir. We've had three kings in this house, sir, besides a very
many foreign princes that we make no account of. That's
Shakspeare's bust, sir—same as in the church—and that's his
picture above it in the red hunting jacket;—don't sit in that
chair, sir, it's rather weak in the legs and distracted in the
back;—that's a snuff-box, sir, made out of Shakspeare's
mulberry tree;—and that's the table at which the king of
Prussia drank tea with my mother.

Cho. Well, I rather think that the
King of Prussia finds it pretty
hard to come & tea, now a days.
Cho. You never meant that. The king of Prussia drank tea with your mother?

Jar. Oh, dear, that's nothing, sir; she once took tea with Sir Walter Scott.

Cho. Why Mrs. Jarrett, what a multitude of names—your walls are like an universal directory.

Jar. Yes, sir, we've got a very many remarkable names about: Lord Byron, and Miss Cushman, and General Tom Thumb;—there's Edmund Kean's by the fire-place, and Mr. Macready's on the ceiling—you must look down for Edmund Kean, sir, and look up to Mr. Macready.

Cho. Very extraordinary; and you actually tell me that this is Shakespeare's birth-place?—and that is Shakespeare's fireplace, I suppose?

Jar. Certainly, sir.

Cho. Twas in that grate that the fire of genius used to be kindled formerly.

Jar. Can't say, sir—don't have that fire here now—we burn nothing but coals in these parts.

Cho. Well, it's really wonderful when you come to think of it that Shakespeare was once, as he says himself, a blessed kid mewling and puking in the nurse's arms. By the bye, did you happen to nurse Shakespeare, ma'am?

Jar. La, sir, he was dead years and years afore I was born!

Cho. Oh!—indeed—never mind—I only wanted to know if the Swan of Avon cut his teeth easily? These facts are interesting, Mrs. Jarrett, and I should like to possess some little relic of his youth—an odd shoe—a button from an early pair of trousers—or a twig out of the birch that whipped his—

Jar. Top?

Cho. No, ma'am, quite the opposite.

Jar. Well, I don't doubt I shall be able to look up something of the sort for you by to-morrow.

Cho. But about the bed, Mrs. Jarrett, that I wrote to have prepared for me in this room.

Jar. 'Tis quite ready, sir; I've made it up for you nice and comfortable in this old chest (opens the old oak chest, &c.) There's plenty of room in it—for the last gentleman that slept here was twice as big as you.

Cho. Oh, then a gentleman has passed the night here? Tell me, my dear madam, how did he feel?—what were his impressions?—did he catch the poet's enthusiasm?

Jar. I didn't hear him say he caught anything but the poet's rheumatism, and he was very bad with that.

Cho. Rheumatism! Humph! That will do, Mrs. Jarrett. I'll take the candle if you please (takes candle) thank ye ma'am. Is this one of Shakespeare's candles, ma'am.
ENQUIRE WITHIN.

Jar. La! no, sir.

Chr. Oh! I thought it might have been "the light of other days." I hope the sheets are well aired, and the bed well made. I'm rather particular about my lying.

Jar. I've no doubt you'll find yourself comfortable, sir, so I'll wish you good night, and a quiet night's rest.

Chr. Thank ye, ma'am—good night, ma'am. (Exit Man. J.)

Well at last: "I am monarch of all I survey; my right there is none to dispute." I should rather think not—these deeds (taking papers out of his pocket) regularly signed, sealed, and delivered constitute me the owner of this celebrated mansion. I'm the sole representative of Shakespeare in this house—the small substitute for the great bard—the young—the young—the young jackass in the den of the old lion. Bravo! cool, I'm struck poetical already. Now then, as King Richard says, I'll to my couch, and sleep upon my virtuous deeds (places the deeds under the pillow). Dear me, the bed smells as musty as if it hadn't been slept in since Shakespeare lodged here—I shall be mildewed and moth eaten in it before morning. I'll sleep in my clothes—if I do though I shall spoil my new coat—this coat, the admired of all admirers. Manners, they say, makes the man, but the coat makes the gent.

SONG.

Run a gent—I'm a gent—I'm a gent ready made,
I rove through the Quadrant and Lowther Arcade;
I'm a register'd swell from the head to the toe,
I wear a moustache and an old paletot.

I've a cane in my hand—and a glass in my eye,
I wink at the girl—as they go by;
Then laugh! how they giggle to win my regards,
And I hear them all say, "he's a gent in the guards."

I'm a gent—I'm a gent in the Regent Street style,
Examine my waistcoat and look at my tie;
There are geniès I dare say—who are handsomer far,
But none who can puff with such ease a cigar.

I can sing a flash song—I can blow on the horn,
I like sherry cobblers—I'm fond of Cremona;
I love the Cellarius—the Pelka I dance,
And I'm rather attached to a party from France.

This lady I love is a creature divine,
They devilishly partial to lobsters and wine;
She was struck with my figure, and caught with a hook,
For I took her to visit " my uncle the Duke."

I'm a gent—I'm a gent, &c., &c.
I know what I’ll do, I’ll pull off my coat and boots and pop into bed (takes off his coat and boots). Oecol, this room is very cold, and those jackdaws in the chimney keep up such an infernal noise, they're resolved, like Brutus, that I shall "hear them for their cares." Dear me, this candle gives a very bad light. Grimshaw and Tiffin are having their supper now! I wish I was with them; never mind, I’ll get to bed as fast as I can (goes to the chest and thumps the bed). I’ve heard of the bed of Ware, but this must be the bed of Hard-ware. (sings.)

AIR.—Gravedigger’s Song in Hamlet.

A bolster and a pillow plain,
A blanket and a sheet;
A feather bed and counterpane
For such a guest is meet.

Now to tumble in for the night (gets into bed, sings till he falls asleep; the orchestra continues the air, very piano, till a knock is heard at door, he starts up in bed) Really, Mrs. Jarrett, this is too bad, ma’am, to be disturbed in this manner (knock). Come in.

Enter Shakespeare, r.

Halloo! what do you want?—you’ve made a slight mistake, sir, this is my room.

Sha. No, it’s mine.

Cho. Your’s? come, that’s being rather impudent, considering I’m the landlord here.

Sha. You?—Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Cho. What the devil do you laugh at? don’t you believe me? stop till I get out of bed (jumps out of bed). Now, sir, what do you mean by this conduct? I repeat, sir, this is my house—

Sha. And I repeat ‘tis mine.

Cho. Do you know who I am, sir? I’m Chopkins!

Sha. And I’m Shakespeare!

Cho. Shakespeare!—Bless my soul—can it be possible? I had’n’t an idea ‘twas you; the immortal bard? I really beg your pardon, but if your visit had been in the day—

Sha. The day! impossible! why I’m Ennight’s Shakespeare.

Cho. Oh, indeed; pray allow me to offer you a chair.

Sha. Don’t trouble yourself, I’m quite at home here (takes a chair and sits).

Cho. (aside) Oecol so it seems, If I’m an intruder, I’ll retire.

Sha. Oh! I’ve had so many intruders in my houses lately, that one more don’t make much difference. At all events, you are my countryman, and I’m delighted to see you on my boards.
Cho. (aside) His boards—they're my boards—I paid for them with my money, and d—d rotten boards they are. However, I must humour the old fellow. Hem! You look uncommon well, Mr. Shakespeare; quite fresh as I may say.

Sha. Do I? That's strange, considering the ill-treatment I have received among you.

Cho. Ah! yes; you've been terribly mangled in your time.

Sha. And worse still, I've been turned out of doors and driven on the piebald; so I went forth upon the world, a housele-s a wanderer; "a poor infirm weak and despised old man."

Cho. Poor fellow! (aside) Well, well, don't take on; sooner than you should go into the workhouse, you shall always be welcome to put your trotters under my mahogany; only, you'll excuse the liberty I'm taking, your togs—queer you know—

Sha. Who's your tailor?—Morris?

Cho. I understand; I'm not much in the mode.

Sha. Well, between you and me, you are rather out of fashion.

Cho. True, my dress is not very modern, but 'tis of right English stuff—it wears well—feel it—there's pith and substance in it—none of your French second-hand frippery—(rises) 'twas made "not for an age, but for all time."

Cho. (aside) Bless me! how awful the old fellow looks.

Sha. I perceive I'm making you uncomfortable, so I'll drop the subject of my wrongs, and talk of something pleasant. I mean to make a merry night of it, and I've invited some company here this evening; only a few of my friends (calls) Francis!

Fra. (outside) Anon, anon, sir.

Cho. Who the devil is that?

Sha. Our old drawer at the Boar's Head. (calls) Some wine, Francis!

Fra. (outside) Anon, anon, sir; (music at a distance).

Sha. By the mass, and here they come (music gradually appears to approach). Merry rogues! merry rogues! I love them as if they were my children, which, in some sort, indeed they are (singing at different sides). He that hath no heart to come in, in my pretty chambers—"Open locks, whoever looks."

Enter simultaneously, through different parts of the wall, HAMLET, SIR J. FAUSTAFF, POLONIUS, SHYLOCK, MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROMEO AND JULIET, MASTER SLENDER, MRS. PAGE, and MRS. FORD, and other Shakespearian characters; the panels close instantly behind them; CHORUS perceives them, one after another with increasing surprise.

Cho. Eh! Oh! Bless me! Where did they all come from? 'Tis a long time since Shakespeare had such a full house.

Sha. Hush—they're my particular friends.
Cho. They're not particular how they enter a gentleman's apartment; doors seem to be luxuries your friends don't indulge in.

Sha. No, poor people! they have been left no houses, and what business have they with doors—unless to be turned out of them. But I'll introduce them to you; there are Romeo and Juliet, Polonius, Master Slender, Shylock, Macbeth, and Lady Macbeth—

Cho. (apart to Shakespeare) Lady Macbeth! I don't recollect the name in the Court Guide.

Mac. Aweel, sir—

Lady M. (coming forward) Had your tongue mo—ye were ane a pair feckless, chicken-hearted body, wi' no half the pluck of a sheep's head—let me speak to the lads (curtseys). Truth sir, I dinna what's come ow'r the folks o' late; we that were once respectit and welcomed by gentle and simple, are clean neglectit now—there's myself and my husband out o' employment sea lang, but gin the times dinna mend, I fear me, we'll have to gang back again to Scotland; whilk ye'll admit wad be a maist distressing circumstance.

Cho. And quite unprecedented ma'am (to Shakespeare). I say, what's our small friend?

Sha. (apart) Hamlet the Dane.

Cho. He, Hamlet! the mad, melancholy prince?

Sha. Melancholy! Ha! ha! ha! you don't know him, he's only melancholy on the stage; now there's Sir John Falstaff, he's a miserable, low-spirited poor devil—but Hamlet! Oh! plague on him! he's the drollest dog in Christendom.

Ham. (s.) Come, Billy, my pippins, order in a bowl of mulled sack, and let us drink to better times.

Pol. Better times! Ah! we shall never have better times—they're getting wors'er and wors'er—I can't afford to drink wine now, so the best thing I can do, will be to take to the water, and drown myself.

Shy. And de money is so very scarce too.

Sha. We must consult what's to be done. Where's Othello?

[Othello with a Banjo, and dressed partly as an Ethiopian Servant, descends from the chimney.

Oth. Here am dat colourd gentleman, sar.

All (astonished) Othello!

Ham. Ah! "To that complexion must we come at last."

Oth. (L.) Yes, sar, and berry good complexion too—stand the sun like bricks. Black man must do someting to git his libbing. Long time ago, I was de Moor of Venice. Beautiful Venice, do bridle ob de sea. Den I come to dis country, and de English public cry "Vive le Moor!" Dry lib de Moor, sar, but dey pay de nigger. Berry sensible de gentleman, de English public. Den sar, I began to turn Jim Crow, for "I can turn
and turn, and yet go on and turn again," and I can play de banjo, sat, along wid de Eighty-opium Smokers.

Shut. And is it come to this?

Oh. Ob course it is—an' I can tell you, Massa Will, you just now like a street-door knocker, on de wrong side ob de door.

**SONG.**

_Ain.—Sombody in de house wid Dinah._

Ole Will sat at de Garden gate,
He couldn't git in kase he was too late;
He tump at de door, and he kick like to kill,
I want to come in says poor ole Will.

Who's dere? Ole Will.

What, de Will? Yes, de Will.
Ole Will kicking up behind and before;
Ballet-girl kicking up behind de door.

Dere's some one in dat house of mine—ah,
Dere's some one in de house I know,
Dere's some one in dat house of mine—ah
Playing on de ole banjo.

Out come a chap, wit face like a bear—
Well ole Billy what do you do dere?
You best move on, for you're no use;
De op'ra and ballet hab cook you're goose!

Ole Will, &c.

Poor Will was once a fine ole man
Ere foreign squallin' first began,
Dat sent him whizzing down de hill;
If he ain't picked up he lies dere still.

Ole Will, &c. & c.

_She._ Oh, sweet Anne Page!
_She._ (calls). Hosten! Dame Quickly! he there.

**Enter Mrs. Quickly,** &c.

 Qui! The heavens preserve your worship, by my teeth,
welcome back to Stratford. Did your worship call?

_Shut._ Yes, hostess; some wine for my friends.

_Fat._ Aye, hostess, and a bottle of sack finely brewed. Oh, the days that we have seen. Come, a bottle of sack, they'll forget fat Jack when he's dead. Francis!

_Fra._ (entering with tankards, cups, and wine). Annon, anon, sit (the table at the back is set, &c., on which the wine is placed).
SHA. Now sit down, sit down, and let us raise the echoes of the old house once more (SHAKESPEARE sits, c, HAMLET, n., and SIR J. FALSTAFF, x., at table. CHORUS sits on a low stool in front of the l. FRANCIS sits tambour for CHORUS."

HAM. Can't you give us a chant, father Will?

SHA. Alas! no. I've lost my voice lying o' nights amongst the baskets in Covent Garden-market. Nobody will lodge Will Shakespear now.

CHO. Well, my dear fellow, why don't you change your name, and come out as Siger Shaksperil. Talk of native talent indeed—why oysters are the only natives that go down with the public now.

HAM. That's a remarkable fact.

SIR. Oh, sweet Anne Page!

CHO. 'Pon my life, Mr. Shakspear, this is capital stuff of yours.

OTH. Dam fine—an' if you've no objections, Massa Chair, I'll give um a highly 'spectable toast.

SHA. Come, a round—a round—brimmers all (they fail).

SONG.

AIR—Who's dat knocking at de door.

OTH. Now my toast is dis—"De Ladies,"—I propose,

Bless their pretty faces, dey're as lub'ly as a rose;

I want to see a gal—for a lark and noting more—

But de deblil take my wife—she come knocking at de door.

[Three knocks at door, n.

CHO. Who is dat knocking at de door?

Who is dat knocking at de door?

OTH. Am dat you, Dez?

DES. (outside). No, it is Jane.

CHO. Well he's berry busy now, so you'd better call again.

CHORUS. An dar is no use knocking at de door anymore,

An dar is no use knocking at de door.

OTH. I once did lub Black Rose; oh! how she make me feel;

And den I turn my sentiments upon sweet Lucy Neat;

And den Miss Mary Blane—and about a dozen more—

But jealous Desdemona's always knocking at de door.

[Knock! knock! knock! at door, n.

CHO. Who's that knocking at the door?

Who's that knocking at the door?

OTH. Am dat you, Dez?

DES. (outside). No, it is Kate.
INQUIRE WITHIN.

Cho. You're a very pretty gal, but you're come too late.

Chorus.—An dar is no use knocking at de door any more,
An dar is no use knocking at de door.

Enter Desdemona hastily, r.

Dea. So, Mr. Othello, a pretty way this to treat your lawful wife—fine goings on, sir,—junketting and feasting while I'm left at home to darn the children's stockings.

Oth. Desdemona! oh, Desdemona!

Dea. You ought to be ashamed of yourself—you ought. Alack! alack! I wish I had never left my dear papa to get married.

Sie. Oh, sweet Anne Page!

Cho. My good sir, you have been stickin' so long to that Page, that I wish you'd turn over a new leaf.

Dea. Come, Mr. Othello, do you mean to come home?

Oth. No, I don't. I'm free nigger gen'man, I've got the latch-key in my pocket, and I'll not go home till morning.

Sie. (Knocks on table to command silence) Order! silence! We have serious business to attend to this evening (Hear! hear! hear!)—You know my children that I have supported you as well as I was able for upwards of two hundred years—you have all been well educated and brought up, I've given you good characters, and I'm proud to say you have not disgraced your breeding. (Hear! hear! hear!) I have put words in your mouths, and you have put bread in the mouths of thousands. (Hear! hear! hear!) I had once a flourishing business in Europe, and was well to do in the world, but the foreign trade has drawn away all my customers. Opera has been my ruin, and ballet has driven a nail in my coffin, and now, unless I play the walking gentleman in the fore-leg of an elephant at Drury Lane, or turn landscape-gardener at Covent Garden, I shan't have a roof to cover my head—except the little hovel in the Hay Market! but you know you can't all lodge there. (groans). In this melancholy state of affairs then, my children, you must shift for yourselves, and take to some honest employment—there are crossings to be swept, and if the worst comes to the worst, there's the Police and Parliament open to you still (applause).

Cho. Mr. Chancellor, allow me to beg to observe that there's a standing order against ladies sitting in Parliament. As a friend of the house, sir, and an admiral of the fair sex, I suggest, that your capable offspring, who have all proved themselves bases and lack of wax, would form a most interesting family group in Madame Tussaud's exhibition.

Dea. What stand all day without opening my lips? no woman could submit to that—I'd rather make shirts for asses, at twopence-halfpenny a piece.

Said. There's nothing I can turn my hand to, but making shirts at one each—

Ready Soap Bell
Sly. And very good pay too.
Lady M. And I'd rather my self go back to Scotland.
Pol. I know of a snug undertaker's business that would suit me to a hair—I'll go into that.
Lady M. Awee, I'll soon take in washing. I think I'm perfect at that work—"Out, out, damned spot."
Cho. And if your respectable mamma has not ruffled her muffin, madam, you can get Macbeth to turn it.
Lady M. You're very right, sir; Macbeth has done a little in the mangling line in his day, and can give his hand to wear than that.
Ham. And what am I to do?

[The Ghost of Hamlet's father rises through stage, r.

Cho. "List! Hamlet, oh, list!"
Ham. "List! What go for a soldier? no, I'm not the size for that.
Cho. (to Ghost) Will you allow me to ask you, sir, who are you?
Cho. "I am thy father's spirit."
Cho. I'll be hanged if you are; my father's spirit was British Brandy.
Oh. Holo! say, where am I to go?
Ham. "Go to a nursery—go to a nursery"—(apart to Othello)—you'll be at home there.
Oh. I believe you my boy.
Sly. Well, I think there's money in the stage play, so I'll turn manager, eh? I'll take a theatre, eh? Do the legitimate, eh? legitimate's a good word, eh? And, I say (to Coox) Mr. What's-your-name, if you've a mind to sell this house I'll buy it—safe investment—eh? Keep it out of the Yankee's hands, and show it at five shillings a head—that's legitimate—eh?
Cho. No, sir, the house is mine, and I'll keep it. But, my dear Mrs. Othello, what do you mean to do?
Des. Me? Oh, I shall go to the Circus.
Cho. Which Circus, my'am, the Regular Circus?
Des. Dear, not that! I think I have a tolerable figure for the ring.
Cho. (taking her hand). And the sweetest finger for a ring I ever beheld. But are you really going to resign the boards and take to the saw-dust? Hop! hop! hop!
Des. Yes. I'm tired of being smothered with a pillow every night—and between you and me the regular drama is getting dreadfully slow. I want something fast, and the circus is the thing. I see it before me now—the magic circle—of which

[Exit.]
announces me to the audience as the Shaksperian Phenomenon—how you shall see how I do it.

[Music for Ariel's appearance.]

Sha. Hark! 'tis my Ariel—pretty dainty sprite.

[Ariel descends, and remains poised in the air, 1.

Ariel. Give o'er; the golden dawn begins to peep
Upon the summit of the eastern steep;
The stars are fading in the coming day,
Here Shakspeare's children must no longer stay.

[Ariel re-ascends.]

Ghost. I scent the morning air;—'tis time to go;
There's company expecting me below.

[Crags like a cock and descends, R.]

Sha. Come, we must depart. (To Choripins) You shall
go with us, for you have bound yourself to me by becoming the
owner of this house.

Che. Nonsense! I don't want the house—you may have it
again. There are the papers (offers the papers to Shakspeare).
There, I'll have nothing to do with it.

Sha. 'Tis too late, come, come, come.

[They surround Choplkins; Shakspeare beckening
them to follow him, disappears through door R.
They are about to follow,

Ham. Stop! (they stop, Choripins seated on table, C.)

(Witcher music from Macbeth.)

Ham. Let's have a dance before we go,
And tickle him ere the cock can crow.

Chorus. (all dancing round Cholpinis).

Round, around, around about,
Round, around, around about,
We'll keep the fellow in,
He can't get out.

[While they are singing, Amulet music is heard in
Ham. Chopkins breaks from them, and throws
himself into the chest: table snarls, C. Shaks-
peare and the Characters suddenly disappear
through the walls. Knocking at door outside.

Jar. Mr. Chopkins! Mr. Chopkins! may we come in?
Che. (starts up.) Hey! bless me!—what o'clock is it?—where
am I?

Jar. Mr. Chopkins! Mr. Chopkins!
Now madam, come in

Now madam, come in

Chor. Oh, Mrs. Jarrett, my dear, don't come in for a moment; (gets out of bed); I shall be ready in a minute—stop till I get on my boots and coat. Eh! what do I see? the candle still burning—Shakespeare's room—the bust—the picture—all! I remember; it must have been a dream.

Enter Miss Jarrett, Grimshaw, and Tiffin.

Now madam, come in

Now madam, come in

Chor. Oh, my dear friends, I'm so delighted to see you (shakes their hands). I've had such a dream—I thought Shakespeare was here—and—oh, dear—I fear I never shall recover it—but I'll have nothing more to do with this awful house. I'll make a present of it to the nation.

Tiff. Bravo! Bravo! now indeed you will nobly link your name with the poet's, and merit the gratitude of a people in bestowing upon them the dwelling in which the divine bard was born and nurtured. (Music at a distance—"Come unto these yellow sands.")

The back of the chamber sinks and discovers a grand tableau, consisting of Shakespeare's characters grouped round the poet, who occupies a pedestal in the centre. The spirit of Poetry descends and places a crown of laurel on his brow. Music as

The Curtain Descends on the Tableau.