



THIS HOUSE TO BE SOLD!

THIS HOUSE TO BE SOLD;

(THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.)

INQUIRE WITHIN.

A MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA,

In One Act,

W. B. Burton

BY

J. STIRLING COYNE,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society.)

AUTHOR OF "BINKS 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 DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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

LONDON:

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19, SUFFOLK STREET, PALL MALL EAST; "NASSAU STEAM
PRESS," 60, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHANCERY CROSS; TO BE
HAD OF STRANGE, PATERNOSTER ROW; WISEHEART, SUFFOLK
STREET, DUBLIN; AND ALL RESPECTABLE BOOKSELLERS.

Dramatis Personæ and Costume.

First performed Thursday, Sept. 9, 1847.

| | | | |
|------------------------|--|---|--------------------|
| <i>Jefferson</i> | MR. CHATTERTON CHOPKINS (<i>Proprietor of Shakspeare's House</i>). Light paletot, large pearl buttons, buff waistcoat, light blue trousers, red wig, small black hat, blue and white silk scarf, cane. | } | MR. WRIGHT. |
| <i>Jervis</i> | GRIMSHAW (<i>his legal adviser</i>). Black, with black over coat. | } | MR. CULLENFORD. |
| <i>Mears</i> | TIFFIN (<i>his friend</i>). Black coat and waistcoat, white trousers. | } | MR. WORRELL. |
| <i>Henkins</i> | WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. Shakspeare's dress. | } | MR. O. SMITH. |
| <i>Dum</i> | HAMLET. Hamlet's ditto. | } | MR. MUNYARD. |
| <i>J. Johnston</i> | OTHELLO. Pink striped trousers, buff slippers, straw hat, Othello's upper dress. | } | MR. PAUL BEDFORD. |
| <i>Ellis</i> | SHYLOCK. Shylock's dress. | } | MR. C. J. SMITH. |
| <i>Thayer</i> | FALSTAFF. Falstaff's do. | } | MR. GLENNAIRE. |
| <i>Crocker</i> | POLONIUS. Polonius' do. | } | MR. WAYE. |
| <i>Mead</i> | ROMEO. Romeo's do. | } | MISS HARRISON. |
| <i>Worrell</i> | GHOST. Ghost's do. | } | MR. SANDERS. |
| <i>Bradford</i> | MACBETH. Macbeth's do. | } | MR. ALDRIDGE. |
| <i>Must be worn</i> | SLENDER. Slender's do. | } | MR. LINDON. |
| <i>R. Johnson</i> | FRANCIS. Francis' do. | } | MR. MITCHENSON. |
| <i>Wood</i> | RICHARD III. Richard's do. | } | MR. CONRAN. |
| <i>Calladine</i> | KING JOHN. King John's do. | } | MR. FREEBORN. |
| <i>F. Marshall</i> | PROSPERO. Prospero's do. | } | MR. MORGAN. |
| <i>Miss Hughes</i> | CALIBAN. Caliban's do. | } | MR. THOMAS. |
| <i>Miss Laws</i> | TOUCHSTONE. Touchstone's do. | } | MR. BUTLER. |
| <i>Miss Taylor</i> | PRINCE ARTHUR. Prince Arthur's do. | } | MASTER SYDNEY. |
| <i>Miss Hunt</i> | MRS. JARRETT (<i>the lady of the mansion</i>). Black and white plain high dress, black lace cap. | } | MRS. F. MATTHEWS. |
| <i>Miss Brooks</i> | LADY MACBETH. Lady Macbeth's dress. | } | MRS. LAWS. |
| <i>Miss Emsley</i> | DESDEMONA. Desdemona's do. | } | MISS CHAPLIN. |
| <i>Miss Aldridge</i> | JULIET. Juliet's do. | } | MISS TAYLOR. |
| <i>Miss Robinson</i> | MRS. PAGE. Mrs. Page's do. | } | MRS. HUNT. |
| <i>Miss Johnson</i> | MRS. FORD. Mrs. Ford's do. | } | MISS C. LELACHEUR. |
| <i>Miss Robins</i> | DAME QUICKLY. Dame Quickly's do. | } | MISS BROOKS. |
| <i>Miss Matthews</i> | ARIEL. Ariel's do. | } | MRS. EMBLEY. |
| <i>Miss Chaplin</i> | AUDREY. Audrey's do. | } | MISS ALDRIDGE. |
| <i>Miss Waye</i> | TRAGEDY. | } | MRS. GLENNAIRE. |
| <i>Miss Conran</i> | COMEDY. | } | MISS JOHNSON. |
| <i>Miss Mitchenson</i> | SPIRIT OF POETRY. | } | MISS ROBINS. |

Time of Representation, fifty-five minutes.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S.E.L. second entrance, left. S.E.R. second entrance, right. U.E.L. upper entrance, left. U.E.R. upper entrance, right. C. Centre. L.C. left centre. R.C. right centre. T.E.L. third entrance, left. T.E.R. third entrance, right. Observing, you are supposed to face the audience.

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THIS HOUSE TO BE SOLD;

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INQUIRE WITHIN.

SCENE I.—*The Exterior of Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare's birth-place.

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

Gri. Undoubtedly, sir. These are the dilapidated but heart-stirring premises in which Shakspeare 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.

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?

Tif. "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.

Tif. 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.

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

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

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

Cho. Exactly; and now 'tis mine. There it stands—that venerable lot of rubbish. Shakspeare'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 SHAKSPEARE." I think I've secured notoriety that way; at all events we shall be handed down to posterity on the same board.

Tif. 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 Shakspeare'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 would'nt give up my night's lodgings for fifty pounds. Who knows but I may awake in the morning a Shakspeare, or Guy Faux, or some other notorious character of the sort (*knocks at door*).

Tif. 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 TIFFIN, 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. Shakspeare'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, S. E. R. Window in F. C.*

Enter MRS. JARRETT, preceding CHOPKINS, and carrying a candle; bust of SHAKSPEARE, W.; four chairs; arm chair, L.; a long oak coffer 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!

+ *Chop.* Well, I rather think that the King of Prussia finds it pretty hard to come to tea, now a days

Chop. - Well, foreign princes don't account how a days -

Cho. You never mean *that*. The king of Prussia drank tea with your mother?

Jar. Oh, dear, that's nothing, sir;—she once took snuff with Wiler Scott. *Always thought Sir Walter up to snuff.*

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 Shakspeare's birth-place?—and that is Shakspeare's fire-place, I suppose?

Jar. Certainly, sir.

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

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

Cho. Well, it's really wonderful when you come to think of it that Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare, 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 trowsers—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*) thankye ma'am. Is this one of Shakspeare's candles, ma'am.

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

Cho. Thankye, ma'am—good night, ma'am. (*Exit Mrs. 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 Shakspeare in this house—the small substitute for the great bard—the—the young—the young—the young jackass in the den of the old lion. Bravo! ecod, 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 Shakspeare lodged here—I shall be mildewed and motheaten 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.

I'm 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 a light *paletôt*.

I've a cane in my hand—and a glass in my eye,
I wink at the girls—damme—as they go by;
Then law! 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 tile;
There are gents 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 Cremorne;
I love the Cellarius—the Polka I dance,
And I'm rather attached to a party from France.

This lady I love is a creature divine,
Tho' 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*). Ecod, 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 caws." 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 chest, sings till he falls asleep; the orchestra continue the air, very piano, till a knock is heard at door, he starts up in the bed.*) Really, Mrs. Jarrett, this is too bad, ma'am, to be disturbed in this manner (*knock*). Come in.

Enter SHAKSPEARE, R.

Hollo! 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 Shakspeare!

Cho. Shakspeare!—Bless my soul—can it be possible? I had'nt 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 *Knight's* Shakspeare.

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*) Ecod! 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. Shakspeare; 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 parish: so I went forth upon the world, a houseless 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 ~~Union~~, 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—who's your tailor?—~~Moses?~~ *workhouse*

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

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

Sha. 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 *(knocking at different sides)*. ~~Ha! ha! ha! Come in—come in my pretty chickens—~~ "Open locks—~~whoever~~ ~~knocks."~~ *Clouds close then open '12 then close again as before.*

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

Cho. Eh! Oh! Bless me! Where did they all come from? 'Tis a long time since Shakspeare 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*) Haud your tongue mon—ye were aye a pair feckless, chicken-hearted body, wi' no half the pluck of a sheep's head—let me speak to the laddie (*curtseys*). Troth sir, I dinna what's come ow're the folks o' late; we that were once respectit and welcomed by gentle and simple, are clean neglectit now—there's mysel' and my husband out o' employment sac lang, that gin the times dinna mend, I fear me, we'll have to gang bock again to Scotland; whilk ye'll admit wad be a maist distressing circumstance.

Cho. And quite unprecedented ma'am (*to SHAKESPEARE*). I say, who'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. (*r.*) Come, Billy, my pippin, order in a bowl of mulled sack, and let us drink to better times.

Fal. Better times! Ah! We shall never have better times—they're getting worsen and worsen—I can't afford to drink wine now, so the best thing I can do, will be to take to the water, and drown mysel'.

Shy. And de moneysh 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 Serenader, descends from the chimney.*

Oth. Here am dat coloured gen'leman, 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, de bridle ob de sea. Den I come to dis country, and de British public cry "Vive le Moor!" Dey lub de Moor, sar, but dey pay de nigger. Berry sensible ob gen'lemons, de British public. Den sar, I began to turn Jim Crow, for "I can turn,

Singer better.

and turn, and yet go on and turn again," and I can play de banjo, sar, along wid de Eighty-opium Sar'naders.

Sha. And is it come to this?

Oth. 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.

Air.—*Somebody in de house wid Dinah.*

Ole Will sat at ~~Garden~~ *de theater* 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, wid 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 arn't picked up he lies dere still.

Ole Will, &c. &c.

She. Oh, sweet Anne Page!

Sha. (*calls*). Hostess! Dame Quickly! ho there.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, R.

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

Sha. Yes, hostess; some wine for my friends.

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

Fra. (*entering with tankards, cups, and wine*). Anon, anon,
sir (*the table at the back is set, c., on which the wine is placed*).

Sha. Now sit down, sit down, and let us rouse the echoes of the old house once more (*SHAKSPERE sits, c, HAMLET, r., and SIR J. FALSTAFF, l., at table. CHOPKINS sits on a low stool in front on the l. FRANCIS fills tankard for CHOPKINS.*)

Ham. Can't you give us a chaunt, father Will?

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

not saw him in the Court

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

Ham. That's a remarkable fact.

Ste. Oh, sweet Anne Page!

Cho. 'Pon my life, Mr. Shakspeare, 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 fill*).

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 lubly as a rose;
I went to see a gal—for a lark and nutting more,—
But de debbil take my wife—she come knocking at de door.

[*Three knocks at door, r.*]

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 any more,
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 Neal;
And den Miss Mary Blane—and about a dozen more—
But jealous Desdemona's always knocking at de door.

[*Knock! knock! knock! at door, r.*]

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.

" See Carpenter, Ready at Trap "

Cho. You're a very pretty gal, but you've 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.

Des. 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!

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

Sle. Oh, sweet Anne Page!

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

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

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

Sha. (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!) 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 ~~London~~, 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 ~~Chester-monger~~ at Covent Garden, I shan't have a roof to cover my head—~~except the little house 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).

The Circed
Chorus sing
at the opera

Cho. Mr. Chairman, ahem! I beg to observe that there's a standing order against ladies sitting in Parliament. As a friend of the house, sir, and an admirer of the fair sex, I suggest, that your amiable offspring, who have all proved themselves lasses and lads of wax, would form a most interesting family group in Madame Tussaud's exhibition.

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

Desd. There's nothing I can turn my hand to, but making shirts at 8 cents each—

Ready Trap Bell

Shy. And very good pay too.

~~*Lady M.* And I'd rather myself gang back to Scotland.~~

Fal. I know of a snug undertaker's business that would suit me to a hair—I'll go into that.

Lady M. Aweel, I'll een take in washing. I think I'm perfect at that work—"Out, out, damned spot."

Cho. And if your respectable mamma has not raffled her mangle, madam, you can get Macbeth to turn it. ~~XXX~~ *Prose*

Lady M. You're very richt, sir; Macbeth has done a little in the mangling line in his day, an' can aye turn his hand to waur than that.

Ham. And what am I to do? -

[The Ghost of HAMLET's father rises through stage, r. *with a short pipe*

Gho. "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?

Gho. "I am thy father's spirit."

Cho. I'll be hanged if you are; my father's spirit was British Brandy.

Oth. Hollo! I say, where am Massa Othello to go?

Ham. "Go to a nunnery—go to a nunnery"—(apart to OTHELLO)—you'll be at home there.

Oth. I believe you my boy.

Shy. Well, I think there's moneysh to be made of the stage still, so I'll turn manager, eh? I'll take a theatre, eh? ~~do the legitimize, eh?—legitimize's a good word, eh?~~ And, I say (to CHOPKINS) 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 Yankees' hands, and show it at five shillings a head—that's legitimize—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, ma'am, the Regent's Circus?

Des. Dear, no! Astley's! 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 ~~Widdicombe~~ *Widdicombe* is the centre—he bows—cracks his whip—and

Shy. I shan't be the first money broker that's turned manager—

announces me to the audience as the Shaksperian Phenomenon—now 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, L.

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.

[Crows like a cock and descends, R. *xx Chop!*

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

Cho. Nonsense! I dont 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 CHOPKINS; SHAKSPEARE beckoning them to follow him, disappears through door R. They are about to follow,

Ham. Stop! (*they stop, CHOPKINS seated on table, c.*)
(Witches' music from Macbeth.)

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

Chorus. (*all dancing round CHOPKINS*).

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

[While they are singing, ~~Ariel's music is heard in the air~~. CHOPKINS breaks from them, and throws himself into the chest: table sinks, c. SHAKSPEARE and the Characters suddenly disappear through the walls. Knocking at door outside. *+ 3 loud knocks*

Jar. Mr. Chopkins! Mr. Chopkins! may we come in?

Cho. (*starts up.*) Hey! bless me!—what o'clock is it?—where am I?

Jar. Mr. Chopkins! Mr. Chopkins!

Cho. 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—Shakspeare's room—the bust—the picture—all! I remember; it must have been a dream.

Enter Mrs. JARRETT, GRIMSHAW, and TIFFIN.

Now madam, come in

Jar. Good morning, Mr. Chopkins. I hope you have had a pleasant night's rest. Here are your friends, sir.

Cho. Oh, my dear friends, I'm so delighted to see you (*shakes their hands*). I've had such a dream—I thought Shakspeare 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.

Tif. 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."*) Hark! hear you those sounds? The spirit of the immortal Shakspeare is amongst us—a vision of his glory breaks upon my sight. Be silent, as ye revere him.

[*The back flat of Chamber sinks and discovers a grand tableau, consisting of SHAKSPEARE'S characters grouped round the poet, who occupies a pedestal in the centre. The GENIE of TRAGEDY and COMEDY kneel at the foot of the pedestal on either side. The SPIRIT OF POETRY descends and places a crown of laurel on his brow. Music as*

THE CURTAIN DESCENDS ON THE TABLEAU.