

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of," men will have it thus,
And "life is but a walking shadow" which may lengthen or
decrease,
As "one fire burns out another's burning"; this stage is but
a 'hus.

The manager here stuck his head, in, and mimicing our manner :
Ladies how fare you all, though fair you be, have you the fare
for me ?

"Put money in thy purse," "how use doth breed a habit in a
man," said Hannah.

"O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!" exclaimed Miss Z—,
"I felt that it must be."

"Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety" I have
some change,

Cried Dara. What pay? said Blanche, "Base is the slave that
pays."

"Even though he rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat."
Is it not strange

"They laugh that win" Is not that what our Shakspeare says ?

Ladies "my poverty but not my will consents" to ask for paltry
pay.

Full well you know that "suffrance is the badge of all my tribe."
Yet, "he is well paid that is well satisfied," and if you will con-
sent to play

Some scene from Merry Wives of Windsor you may call it a bribe.

"Ill blows the wind that profits nobody," and I shall be well
pleased.

So "screw your courage to the sticking point," take parts, and
pray begin.

"A lion among ladies is a dreadful thing" but only when he's
teased.

Now, "give us a taste of your quality" while through the win-
dow I peep in.

"That he is mad 'tis pity," yet, there's method in it as you
see.