

BEHIND THE SCENES.

From the night when my father took me to see Forrest as Spartacus in the *Gladiator*—oh, every so many years ago, at the old Federal Street Theatre in Boston—theatricals have had for me an undiminished fascination. I was a mere school-boy at the time, and the first inside view of a theatre, with its dazzling lights, its tier on tier of gilt and paint, its crowd of people, its mysterious "green curtain," its pompous "drop" curtain, and finally the splendor of its stage effects, the acting, and the play itself—these furnished such an unexpected and marvellous scene of enchantment, that memory turns to it even now, when judgment and experience have long since formed more correct estimates of the matter, with genuine satisfaction. From that memorable night forward the word "theatre" had a magic sound to me, and long before my school-days were over I had become actor and manager in more than one "Dramatic Corps," whose juvenile performances in various attics and barns never failed to "bring down the house" with rapturous applause.

The most successful "establishment" with which I was connected in that inexperienced season of youth we named the "Star Theatre." It was located in Wilkins' mother's garret. We had the garrets of other boys' mothers; but had achieved success in performing more than once in each place. Either we made "too much noise" for other boys, and disturbed the household, or it was found that the stair-carpets were too rapidly wearing out under the tread of our feet, or that the furniture was being rubbed up and down at rehearsal; or else the smell of the painted scenery; or the too great absorption of the chairs and sofas from bedrooms and parlors, which brought in the audience, these, or kindred objections, were about more than sufficient to bring down the house. At last that model of all patience and forbearance, Wilkins' mother, permitted something like a formal establishment of the drama in her third-story attic.

I think we had some dozen performances, and eminently successful they were too. I remember that the *Ferry Theives* had a decided run of three successive Saturdays afterwards. It was an exceedingly gorgeous affair. Charles Munson (denominated in the play-bills "Sigor Pelletti") painted the scenery, and Wilkins' sister (denominated Signora Festoon) made the costumes. From the wardrobe of the "robbers" a *Man of Straw* was pronounced to be the most remarkable imitation of nature on the modern stage. As we had but eight performers in all, and could only spare four of them for *Hercules*, the entrance of the actors on the stage of the house, curiosity, and the "man of straw" were the principal attractions. It was so arranged that, as soon as one got into the cave and out of sight, he would stealthily creep round behind the scenes, and appear again before the audience, repeating the play-scenery until the magic number was accomplished.

Before "the season" was over—which, by-the-way, was prematurely brought to a close by a serious accident—we had ascended from the garrets to the street. As the "establishment" had not been for a white smut occurring on the nose of the jealous Moor while in the act of smothering "Desdemona" (which created a riot and a "Black you nose, Hopkins") in the audience, was a grand success. So was *Macbeth*, only we had no trap-door for the benefit of the ghosts, and "Banquo" was obliged to conceal himself beneath the "banquet table," which, unfortunately, he forgot in rising therefrom, causing three of Wilkins' mother's Bohemian finger-bowls, which served as royal goblets, and her favorite cut-glass fruit dish, to come to an untimely end. Appalled at the mischief done to the "banquet table," and the disorder of their going, we went at once, and in this way the "Star Theatre" set, to rise no more.

From imitation to the real thing is a natural consequence in the experience of man. As the actors, and the manager, were dependent and adventurous periods of the college and the law-office, the theatre itself became the tempting place of resort whenever my pocket-money and a spare evening permitted the indulgence. From the "front of the house" my attention led me to desire to penetrate the mysteries of the stage; and how to get behind the scenes during a performance was for a long period the subject of the most anxious reflections. It was not until I had managed a "Robbers' Cave," and also that a stern-faced man sat nightly at the stage-door in the rear of the theatre, scrutinizing the face of every one that entered. Besides this, had seen, as I stood in the dark alley leading to the "front of the house," and during the night, which stated in unmistakable terms that there was "no admittance except for persons having business with the Manager." This, however, gave me the necessary hint, and I did not long thereafter to "take a look" at the scene.

Days of thought, I remember, were given to this subject which should have been directed exclusively to the copying of legal documents in the office of my employer, my cousin, the Hon. C. C. Connerly, of No. 102 Court Street. The result of my cogitations was a resolve, and the result of the resolve a practical success. One night I advanced boldly up the alley leading to the stage door, and, after a moment's hesitation, and without a shadow of expectant concern, my appearance. There sat the Argus-eyed porter, but I pretended not to see him as I walked rapidly past with a legal-looking bundle of papers, and a red tape in my hand, and had already set three steps, however, into the mystery of mysteries before I was brought to a halt.

"Halloo, there! who do you want?" in the stage. "B—y, the manager. Is he on?" "Well, yes, he's on the stage; but he can't see nobody now, 'cause the play's goin' on. You'll have to call to-morrow morning." "Ten o'clock, you'll be sure to see him then?" "So off I went. One point had been gained; the porter knew my name—knew I had business with the manager, and had allowed me to go on the stage. Next day, promptly at ten, I was there. With a familiar nod and a "good-morning" I passed the Cerberus of the stage-door, and in a moment after stood in the "green" upon the actual stage of a variable theatre.

Ah, what disenchantment that stage by daylight! How every where; a height of gloom above, a gloom of gloom in the direction of the boxes. I found myself standing like a pigmy between towering sheets of daubed canvas stretched upon frames, like gigantic scaffolds, and smelling atrociously of paint and oil. With the scenery drawn closely back into the "wings," the stage spread its tremendous proportions, and made the one little solitary table by the foot-lights, and the manager sitting by it, most insignificant. A few seedy-looking gentlemen with their hats on were standing listlessly about, and three or four women in woolen shawls and plain bonnets, made up the group on the stage. Apparently they were receiving their parts as given by the manager, and discussing some changes to be adopted in the play before the rehearsal commenced. Where, thought I, where has the glory of the last night fled to? What has become of the magnificent and bewitched arms and velvet voices? Fled, fled like a fairy scene that will not bear the daylight—like the bushes and the glances of the ball-room belle as she rolls homeward in the solitude and the gloom of the early dawn.

Yet around me were all the elements which made up the gorgeousness of the last night's spectacle. The tall, dreary, dusky stretch of canvas beside which I stood did not appear to have a distinguishable form or line of grace upon it; heavy clots of coarse paint in masses of confused color. Yet this was the identical enchanted Palace of the night before—play, wondrously, meaningless as it was to me in the shades of daylight, how illustrious and magnificent would it have appeared if but the row of foot-lights had been lighted and I had removed to that necessary "distance" when "hands on, hands on, hands on the view!" The thin, satow, unhealthy-looking individual, in a napless white hat and dirty yellow gloves, who was at that moment remarking to the middle-aged woman in his hand, "The pale, beautiful face, the exquisite expression of the features, the exquisite fluidity, the poetry of every motion, send a thrill to each heart, and for a moment or two utterly paralyzed the applause which at last burst like a storm from every part of the crowded theatre." The next morning I went behind the scenes at rehearsal, and observing on the stage a middle-aged and excessively encained woman in a pink dress and old bonnet, assuming considerable authority in the arrangements going on, I inquired who she was.

"Why, Fanny Keller, of course," was the reply.

So far as my experience went, I never observed a look, word, or action behind the scenes in keeping with the character represented before the foot-lights. The moment the actor made his "exit" he unhesitatingly assumed his natural infirmities and infirmities of conversation—no always the most dignified—and seemed to take to thought of the business before him until he went on again in character, occasionally some one behind-hand in his part would have been so ready to forget his hand, perusing over the text and committing it to memory, then suddenly fling it from him between the scenes and "go on" in his character. I found it very often the case that not a word had been rehearsed and yet the actor had and discarded of his part and descended to the stage when the text would be committed for the first scene only, and so on as the play progressed. Very many seemed to depend almost entirely upon the "manager," who, in the "green" and latter often give the performer on the stage word for word through the entire play without the least transpiring to the audience.

If the instructions emanated from the wings, and the actor remained constantly in the text of the play-book, the reading would be most curious and amusing; as, for example:—
Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. It's not yet got yet. Still am I called. Keep hold of me, gentlemen. Let me know how you get on this state? Let it alone—your lot is not to be.
Hamlet. O Ghost! Go on. I'll follow thee. Why don't you move on?
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.
Hamlet. Take hold of me. Hold your hands.
Horatio. Be ruled; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My late company! Nothing can extinguish this