



PR
4265
.B6
R6
1880z

changed. } Just Published—Parlor Pantomines, in Four
Parts. Price 25 Cents Each.

No. XLI.
MINOR DRAMA.

ROUGH DIAMOND

A Farce

IN ONE ACT,

BY BALDWIN BUCKSTONE,

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS
ETC.

NEW YORK:
AMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

Plays.—FANCHON, THE CRICKET—WILD IRISH GIRL—LITTLE
OF SAVOY—KATTY O'SHEAL.
Nothing on this cover sent by mail on receipt of price.

MADE IN U.S.A.

No Plays Exchanged. }

Just Published—Parlor Pantomines, in Four
Parts. Price 25 Cents Each.

No. XLI.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

THE ROUGH DIAMOND

A Farce

IN ONE ACT,

BY JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE,

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHAR-
ACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS
ETC.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

Maggie Mitchell's Plays.—FANCHON, THE CRICKET—WILD IRISH GIRL—LITTLE
BAREFOOT—PEARL OF SAVOY—KATTY O'SHEAL.

Anything on this cover sent by mail on receipt of price.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Broadway Theatre,</i> 1850.	<i>Niblo's Theatre,</i> 1841.
<i>Lord Plato</i>	Mr. Whiting.	Mr. Wemyss.
<i>Sir William Evergreen</i>	" Fredericks.	" Arnold.
<i>Captain Augustus Blenheim</i> ..	" Reynolds.	" Eyting.
<i>Cousin Joe</i>	Sir Wm. Don, Bart.	" Sloan.
<i>Tom</i>	Mr. Wharton.	" Gallot.
<i>John</i>	" Wright.	" Nesbitt.
<i>Lady Plato</i>	Miss A. Gougenheim.	Miss Herring.
<i>Margery</i>	Mrs. Stephens.	Mrs. John Sefton.
<i>Lucy</i>	Miss Thompson.	Miss Osborne.

COSTUMES.

LORD PLATO.—A plain suit of black, with white neckcloth.

SIR WILLIAM EVERGREEN.—Blue coat, buff waistcoat, and fancy striped trowsers.

CAPTAIN A. BLENHEIM.—Undress military uniform.

COUSIN JOE.—Short countryman's coat, scarlet waistcoat with bright yellow metal buttons, corduroy breeches, pepper and salt stockings, high-low boots, striped cotton shirt, and colored neck-handkerchief.

SERVANTS.—Plain suit of modern livery.

LADY PLATO. — Pink traveling dress, white scarf, hat and feathers.

MARGERY.—*First dress*: A very fashionable colored silk morning dress. *Second dress*: A neat printed calico, made in rustic style, with scarlet petticoat, the train of the frock drawn through one of the pocket-holes.

LUCY.—Plain white frock.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;

S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; C. *Centre*.

C. D. *Centre Door*.

PR
4265
BL
RL
18802

AFD-0838

THE ROUGH DIAMOND.

A C T I.

SCENE—*A Country Residence of SIR WILLIAM EVERGREEN; French Windows in the centre, which are thrown open showing a Lawn and Conservatory; a large Flower Stand, L. H.*

SIR WILLIAM *heard without*, L. H.

Come in, come in; I'm delighted to see you! Harry, lead the horse to the stable.

Enter SIR WILLIAM and CAPTAIN BLENHEIM through the centre and from L. H.

SIR W. I am very glad to see you, it's more than two years since we met. Where do you come from, where are you quartered—and how do you do?

CAPT. B. (L. H.) My regiment is quartered about a mile off; we arrived there only yesterday. I knew you had a country house in the neighborhood, and I came in search of you.

SIR W. (R. H.) Excellent! Now I have indeed a companion, for I shall expect you to pass all your leisure hours with me; I thought you were abroad, as I had not heard from you so long.

CAPT. B. I have stationed in Ireland.

SIR W. You look in excellent health; and your spirits are as buoyant as ever, I am sure.

CAPT. B. I've nothing to complain of as regards my health; my spirits I can't say much for.

SIR W. What? Any old creditors troublesome, eh?

CAPT. B. No, I have nothing to fear from them.

SIR W. Some love affair? Some tender attachment?

CAPT. B. Now you are right, I may as well be candid and tell you so.

SIR W. Jilted? or rejected? or ——

CAPT. B. Shortly after you left me at College, I formed an attachment to a young lady, whom I idolized with all the enthusiasm of youth.

SIR W. Age, age, we generally begin in that way.

CAPT. B. My passion was returned with equal fervor, when it became necessary that I should select my position in life. My friends suggested the Army, and my inclinations led me to adopt their views. Ireland soon became my destination. A constant correspondence with the object of my passion, was my only solace in my exile; and for months I almost daily opened a letter written by her dear hand.

SIR W. How delightful! I have often thought how charming it must be to receive an eloquent letter from a much-loved source; to have the colloquial grace of a Sevigne mingled with the fervor of an Helvise, or the moral delicacy of a Chapone! Oh, my dear fellow, I envy you.

CAPT. B. Have *you* never experienced that happiness?

SIR W. Never! but proceed with your story, mine shall follow. You went to Ireland? and there received letters from the lady of your love?

CAPT. B. A long silence ensued.

SIR W. What anxious hours you must have passed!

CAPT. B. Until one morning, my servant laid a letter on my table; the object of my passion had married during her silence.

SIR W. I guessed as much, always something ominous in a woman's silence.

CAPT. B. Her parents had met with misfortunes, a wealthy match presented itself—a match with a title.

SIR W. Ignition, at once, of course.

CAPT. B. The temptation, added to the prayers of her friends, were too much for her—she yielded; but she assured me she had done so, with a broken heart; implored me to forget her; that her lot in life was cast; that the stern duties of her future existence should be fulfilled, if she died in the struggle; yet, confessed that I still occupied one little corner in her heart, and concluded with a beautiful quotation from Milton.

SIR W. A refined mind, an educated Divinity, no doubt one framed to adorn the rank she graces.

CAPT. B. She was indeed accomplished!

SIR W. I thought so. Spoke Italian, no doubt?

CAPT. B. Fluently.

SIR W. And French?

CAPT. B. Better than a native.

SIR W. What a woman! Understood music?

CAPT. B. An enthusiast in the science.

SIR W. And mineralogy and archæology?

CAPT. B. Perfectly.

SIR W. And the steam engine?

CAPT. B. Yes.

SIR W. And the vestiges of creation?

CAPT. B. Yes,—and chaos, and everything.

SIR W. What a woman! I should have adored her, and you lost this professor in petticoats (*crosses to R. H.*)

CAPT. B. Irrevocably! she concealed the name and title of her husband, not wishing me to write, in reply, as any reproach from me would but add to her wretchedness. And you know now the cause of my dejection.

SIR W. I pity you, from my heart, you have lost a treasure; but you should see the one that I have found.

CAPT. B. You are married, I hear.

SIR W. Yes, I also formed an attachment to a young girl, that I idolized. You have known me some years; I was leaving college shortly after you entered, and you know how I have ever prized education. That it has ever been *my* watchword—my constant theme. When I had a seat in Parliament,—I don't sit now, but that's not *my* fault, but when I *did* sit, my constant agitation was education. Educate, said I, educate. That is the panacea for every social evil.

CAPT. B. I have read your speeches.

SIR W. You should have heard them! Will you hear one now?

CAPT. B. Don't trouble yourself.

SIR W. Well, after dinner, one day, Sir, riding through the country, my horse stumbled; I was thrown violently; my head encountered the edge of a stone wall; the wall being the hardest I was the only sufferer. Stunned and bleeding I was carried to a farm-house; my injuries were so severe that I was compelled to remain there for some weeks; the farmer's daughter constantly waited upon me, paid so much attention, so amused me, so anticipated my every wish; in short, made herself so necessary to my comfort, that ———

CAPT. B. You—(*lays his hand upon his heart and crosses to the R. H.*)

SIR W. Exactly! I used to watch her every action as I reclined on my sofa; she was rude and odd, but there was a heartiness in her nature, and comeliness in her person, that pleased me, that really fascinated me, until at last, I began rather to love her.

CAPT. B. You love an uneducated country girl?

SIR W. It was silly, was'nt it? But we are not our own masters in such matters; however, don't laugh at me yet. I anticipated the pleasure of rightly directing her mind; of the happiness of possessing a subject upon which to practice my favorite theory. I pictured a whole life of felicity in educating the object of my affection.

CAPT. B. For which purpose you married her

SIR W. I did, to the great disgust of all my connections; indeed, my uncle, Lord Plato, has never visited me since my union; has never written, never noticed me in any way.

CAPT. B. But you found happiness in combining the characters of husband and tutor?

SIR W. I surrounded her with masters; an English master, French master, a music master, a dancing master, a singing master, a philosophical lecturer, and a political economist.

CAPT. B. And what has been her progress?

SIR W. Her progress has been entirely stationary, I can do nothing with her, she seems to rejoice in her ignorance, and although I sometimes think she has a capacity for learning, my hopes have been so often disappointed that I now give her up. She is a female Orson, Sir, although I confess I was once her Valentine.

MARGERY *laughs without*, L. of c.

There she is.

CAPT. B. Very merry at any rate.

SIR W. Oh, she is merry enough, but, my dear Sir, with my delicacy, as regards conduct in society, conceive my agony in possessing a wife who is as wild as an unbroken colt; she finds a nickname for everybody, and persists in being called by her Christian name of —

CAPT. B. Of what?

SIR W. I am ashamed to tell you! — Margery.

CAPT. B. Margery!

SIR W. I have tried to persuade her to change it to Matilda or Margaretta, but all in vain. Her mother's name was Margery, her grandmother's name was Margery, her name is Margery, and Margery she *will* be to the end of the chapter.

MARGERY *heard without*, L of C.

MARG. Now come along, Jack, and you, Tom, mind how you carry my kitten.

Enter MARGERY through the centre from L. in a fashionably made dress, which she wears very awkwardly; she is followed by two servants; she comes down the centre; CAPTAIN BLENHEIM is on the R. and SIR WILLIAM EVERGREEN on the L. H.

MARG. Now, Jack, mind what you say, how many pigs are there in the last litter? Oh! I know—eight. You may send one to my cousin Joe; I'll tell you where he lives by and bye. Two to my old dad, and one to Betsy Bundle, my old play-fellow, in Lancashire; the three black ones I shall have in the parlor, to play with.

SIR W. Pigs, in the parlor, to play with! Lady Evergreen, do you not perceive a visitor?

MARG. Wait a minute, I'll speak to *him* presently. (*to JACK*) Do as I bid you. (*Exit JACK at C. turning to L. H.*) Tom, give my kitten a lunch, and turn all the young terriers loose upon the lawn, because I like to see them tumble over one another. There, go. (*Exit TOM at C. turning to L. H.*) Well, Sir, and how do you do, Sir? (*to CAPTAIN BLENHEIM,*) and how *are* you, and *who* are you?

SIR W. My dear, my dear, do think of your station; this is an old friend of mine, we were at college together. Captain Blenheim, Lady Evergreen.

MARG. (*dropping a very awkward country courtsey.*) Hope you are well, Sir; fine weather for the hay, and nothing looks better yet than the *taters*.

SIR W. Hush, hush! don't talk, my dear.

MARG. Then what did you bring him here for?

CAPT. B. I'm delighted in being introduced to the wife of my old friend.

MARG. Well, I ain't sorry to see *you*, if you come to that, if only for a bit of a change, for my Billy, here, seldom lets

any body come visiting; and I often ask him, why he don't have a few friends, now and then, to kick up a bit of a bobbery?

SIR W. My dear —

MARG. I *will* talk. He says, I'm too rough to mix up with *his* sort, and that he can't bring them here, nor take me 'mongst them till I'm polished up, but I'm afraid I shall take so much polishing that I shall be worn out before I'm bright as he wants me to be.

CAPT. B. I trust not, madam.

SIR W. My dear, will you go into —

MARG. Not just yet; if I talk a little more now, to the gentleman, he'll get used to me, and won't notice my *grammar*, and I'm not going to stand mumchance or try to talk that horrid gibberish you've been a trying to teach me when I've got a good English tongue of my own. Leave me alone, Billy, or I'll set Growler at you. Please don't mind *us*, Sir, man and wife, you know, when in company, often have a few snaps at each other on the sly, and as it's nobody's business but their own, why of course *you* don't want to know what *we're* snapping about, do you?

CAPT. B. Certainly not, my lady.

MARG. Of course, I suppose you've been educated, ain't you?

CAPT. B. Your husband and I were at college together.

MARG. I know what you mean, you were schoolfellows. I dare say you're glad to see each other. I know I should be very glad to see cousin Joe, we were school-fellows too—used to go to old mother Tickles, at the big house, in the village, close to the duck pond—many and many's the time I've pushed him into it up to his knees. Oh, Lud, it was so *bong—bong*, that's a bit of French, do you understand it, Sir? (*Crosses into the L. H. corner.*)

SIR W. (*Who has crossed the stage behind to CAPTAIN B.*) Don't you, don't you pity me?

CAPT. B. I think her charming, it's natural gaiety of the heart, nothing more.

SIR W. No, no, you are pleased to compliment.

MARG. Holloa! you're a whispering. Where's your manners? whispering before a lady, is that your *education*, my dear?

SIR W. I stand corrected.

MARG. Corrected ! why I havn't touched you though you do deserve to catch toko—that you do.

SIR W. Well, my dear friend, I shall expect you to dine with us to-day.

MARG. Yes, do come and take pot luck.

SIR W. Lady Evergreen, I implore you ——

MARG. If he knows what I mean, what's the matter ? You'll come, won't you ? (*crosses to the c.*) Oh, do ! and bring some of the *sogers* with you—I like *sogers*. What are you ? a sharp-shooter, or what do you call 'em ?

CAPT. B. In the infantry, Madam.

MARG. Infant—infant—try. What ! oh ! aye ! *young-uns* in arms.

SIR W. No, no, my dear.

MARG. I know, bless you, but I like what I used to see in the country. The—the—yo—ho—no—zo—ho, sailors, the yeomanry—that's it. I like *them* best. Such red jackets with yellow insides and things on their heads like a tin pot, with a large fox's brush pulled over it. Oh, didn't they look prime.

SIR W. (*Stamping with rage*) Oh ! good gracious, good heaven !

MARG. Only look at my Billy dancing ; I never saw him so full of fun before. Ha ! ha ! ha !

CAPT. B. Well, Lady Evergreen, I certainly shall accept your kind invitation. I must return to my quarters for a short time, but will rejoin you again in the course of half an hour. I am delighted at meeting you again, Sir William, and believe me equally delighted at my introduction to your excellent wife.

MARG. Come, that's hearty ; give us your hand, you're the kind of man I like, after all.

SIR W. Don't be longer than half an hour.

CAPT. B. Not a moment. Adieu. my lady, for the present.

MARG. Good bye, come again soon, now.

CAPTAIN BLENHEIM *goes off at Centre, turning to the L. H. as soon as he is out of sight, MARGERY calls after him.*

Captain—*Bonjour*. There—there's a bit of edication for him.

SIR W. Now, my dear, that we are alone, I must tell you that your behavior has been abominable

MARG. Oh! has it? Now if I did not think I was quite the lady.

SIR W. What, with your directions respecting your animals, and your reference to your cousin Joe, and the old woman, your school-mistress; and your ridiculous eulogium on the uniform of the yeomanry, I thought I should have taken to my heels and run out of the room.

MARG. I wish you had; I know I should have got on better without you than with you at my elbow; and as for cousin Joe, he may be a stupid fellow, and all that, but he is a good follow, and if he don't know how to make a proper bow, or a fine speech, like you do, such as I have heard you practicing to yourself, about railroads, and borrowing of money, and the taxes, and the state of the nation, and the situation of the population, and the horrible education; he can talk so that I can understand him, and that's more than I always can when *you* talk or anybody else can for the matter of that, and if I *did* like the *sogers* I used to see in the country, what harm was there in that; I'm sure the Captain was a fine man, a very fine man, whiskers and all; and I've often looked at him till I felt as if I could eat him.

SIR W. I know you mean no harm; I know that your heart is pure, but you must learn to be conscious of your present station in society; the Diamond, although of value in its rough and original state, must be polished and set before it can be worn. Now, to-day, when I rang for the cook, and wished you to give your orders for dinner, and had previously tutored you in the pronunciation of asking for——

MARG. Well, I couldn't recollect it, and so I thought it best to ask for what I liked better than anything

SIR W. And are you aware what you *did* ask for

MARG. I only asked for a toad-in-a-hóle.

SIR W. And did you not perceive the vain endeavor of the servants to conceal their laughter? did you not perceive my face suffused with blushes?

MARG. Well, I speak according to my knowledge, and I know I always speak the truth, and what I want to say I say, without beating about the bush and that's much better than being deceitful and making believe to be glad to see people when you really wish them at Jericho, and go grinning and smiling, up to them, and shaking hands, when in your heart you would like to shake 'em inside out, and make use of fine

words, and say beautiful things, when you don't mean them ; you may call *this* polish but I call it telling lies.

SIR W. But the usages of society —

MARG. I don't care, I shall follow my own nature, and I began this morning by packing off my French master, and my music master, and as for the dancing master, if he dares come here again, and make my feet ache, as he did yesterday, I'll break his fiddle over his head for him.

Enter TOM from C. and from L. H.

TOM. Lord and Lady Plato.

SIR W. Good heavens ! my uncle and his wife, his first visit since his marriage. Now my dear Margaret, if you have any regard for me, and I *know* you *have*, after your own fashion —

MARG. I like you very well when you don't snub me.

SIR W. I never will again if you will only be a little upon your guard—speak as few words as possible, and take off that apron, and those gardening gloves, and try to recollect the way of receiving visitors, that I have so often taught you.

MARG. I'll try.

SIR W. That's a dear, and I'll give you a kiss when they are gone.

MARG. No, give it me now.

SIR W. There (*kisses her*) I'll attend his lordship immediately.

Exeunt SIR WILLIAM and TOM at centre and off L. H.

MARG. Bless me, I must titivate a bit ; now (*rings the bell*) I'm to take off these gloves and apron.

Enter LUCY, R. H. D.

Come here, Lucy, take these things, will you ; (*gives LUCY gloves and apron,*) there, now unpin my gown, now hook me up tight. Oh, my ! here's my hat ; now, now how's my hair ? now give me my fine gloves. That will do ; you may go, (*LUCY attempts to go,*) here, come back, there's something so heavy in my pocket. Oh ! it's a chalk egg, and Jenny's collar. Oh ! here's something else ; oh ! it's my lunch ; here, take it away. Am I quite proper now, and fit to be seen by gentlefolks ?—yes, very well, now go.

Exit LUCY, R. H. D. ; MARGERY sits R. H. corner ; SIR WILLIAM EVERGREEN ushers in Lord and Lady PLATO from the centre, approaching from the L. H.

SIR W. (R. C.) My dear uncle, this is kind of you, I was afraid you would never honor me with a visit again. Lady Plato, I am delighted to know you; you can form no idea how delighted I am to see you.

LORD P. (L. H.) Just returned from a trip to the Highlands.

SIR W. I was fearful I had offended you, but this kindness assures me we are still friends.

LORD P. We shall have the pleasure of meeting Lady Evergreen, I hope.

SIR W. Certainly. Her ladyship is present; you have heard of my choice, and will, I trust, overlook any *gaucherie*, any —

LORD P. Certainly. I have considered the matter, and as there is no help for it, why, what can't be cured—I need say no more.

SIR W. Lady Evergreen, permit me to introduce you to my excellent uncle, Lord Plato, and to Lady Plato.

MARGERY *is introduced ceremoniously; on courtesying to* LADY PLATO, *she stops suddenly, stares at her, and exclaims,*

MARG. Lord, it's Polly! (*crosses to her.*) Oh, Polly dear, how glad I am to see you—only to think —

(*She embraces* LADY PLATO.

LADY P. My dear old friend —

MARG. It is she. Oh, I am so glad Oh, that I should see you again! Oh, Gemmi—my dear, she's my old, my dearest friend, she was at school, at the big house where I used to take fruits from the farm to all the girls, and she took a fancy to me, and I took a fancy to her, and we used to play together, and sing together, and then she came to my father's, and stopped a whole month when she had the measles. Oh, dear! I'm going to cry now, I'm so happy.

SIR W. Old acquaintance, I see, my lady.

LADY P. Indeed we are, I cannot express the pleasure, the delight I experience in once more meeting the playmate of my infancy.

MARG. Don't you remember blind-man's buff, and puss in the corner? Oh, I do, so well! and only to think that you should be married to my husband's uncle! Lord! why you're my aunt! Oh, what fun!

MARGERY *goes up the stage with* LADY PLATO.

SIR W. You see, my lord, the choice I have made, but you are aware of my feelings, my motives. I have been disappointed hitherto, but still hope to succeed.

LORD P. Don't allude to the matter; I beg in the refined society of Lady P. your wife will receive more instruction from the force of example than could be accomplished by my system. We'll leave them together, as I wish to have some conversation with you about the state of the nation.

SIR W. I'll attend your Lordship with pleasure.

LORD P. (*to LADY PLATO.*) Adieu, my dearest, for a few moments; you will, I know, prefer a little freedom with your old acquaintance. Lady Evergreen will, I am sure, excuse me.

MARG. Oh, yes, and thank you for going.

LORD P. Frank, at any rate. You'll be delighted with Lady Plato, (*to SIR WILLIAM EVERGREEN,*) such refinement, such intellect, and such angelic sweetness.

SIR W. All education, all education!

Exeunt LORD PLATO and SIR WILLIAM EVERGREEN, at the centre, turning to the R. H.

MARG. Oh, Polly dear! I never thought to see you again; let me look at you all over. Yes, it is the same; the same eyes, the same mouth, the same nose,—all the same. But you don't laugh as you used to, nor look so merry. What's the matter, dear? ain't you happy in your mind?

LADY P. (*R. H.*) A sadness oppresses me that I find very difficult to conquer.

MARG. Your husband worries you, I dare say, mine does sometimes, though he's very good to me one way or other, but I don't like this wanting me to learn so much about nouns and pronouns, and history; and then he gives me such dull books to read—all about astrology, and chronology, and physiology, and chronology, and etymology, and how many miles the moon's off; just as if one wanted to know, so long as it shines. I can't bear it, give me Robinson Crusoe, and the Seven Champions, that's what I like; but with all his learning I can do what he can't.

LADY P. What's that, my dear?

MARG. Get up on a cold morning. Oh! you should only see him try.

LADY P. Your gaiety of heart, my dear Margaret

MARG. Margery—call me Margery. it sounds more comfortable.

LADY P. My dear Margery.

MARG. That's it!

LADY P. And annual spirits are proof against all temperatures.

MARG. Lord, how fine you do talk, you'll be just the thing for my husband. I wonder whether I should like yours? he seems a funny old fellow, and so grand! so—so—upright, what did you love him for?

LADY P. To gratify the wishes of my parents. The position that my union ensured flattered and pleased me, while it removed the troubles of my family. I am gratified for his Lordship's preference, I confess, but there's —

MARG. Somebody else you like better! well, never mind, dear, you will love the old one very well, by and bye.

LADY P. How do you like *your* new position?

MARG. Oh! pretty well, but I don't have half the fun I used to have when we used to meet together at the village, or at any of the farm-houses; there was hunt the slipper, twos and threes, kiss in the ring; Tom used to dance with Mary, and Harry used to kiss Sue, and there was hot cockles and throwing the stocking, and we used to laugh until the tears dropped off the tips of our noses. *Now* when I go out to a party—oh, how different it is now, Polly.

Enter CAPTAIN BLENHEIM from C. and from L. H. comes down
L. H.

CAPT. B. I'm pretty punctual, you see, Lady Evergreen. Is it possible! Mary!

LADY P. Augustus!

MARG. What, do you know one another, too? Why he's my husband's old school-fellow, and we've asked him to come and pick a bit with us to-day; now this is what I like, old friends all meeting together again. Oh! won't we have a merry evening?

CAPT. B. I never thought of seeing you here.

LADY P. This meeting will be most embarrassing, I am here with my husband, and —

CAPT. B. And you wish me to retire—I see how it is!

MARG. I can understand; this is the *one* you like better, is it? well, never mind, dear; don't be afraid of your hus-

band meeting him, they won't fight, will they? and if they do, what of that? people that fight are often the best friends in the world when it's all over.

CAPT. B. If you *request* me to leave the house, I can only obey.

MARG. No, no, you mustn't go! take him to your husband, and say, right out: my dear, this is an old sweetheart, and you must not be jealous, and though I did like him once, what of that? I am your wife now, and he can only be a friend, and there's no harm in a friend coming to see me. Be upright and downright, Polly dear, it's the best way, for where there is nothing concealed, nothing can pop out!

LADY P. There are positions that exact great discretion from us, that absolutely render concealment a necessity if only to avoid those explanations and confessions that *must* lead to mortification if not unhappiness.

CAPT. B. May I not exchange one word with you?

LADY P. If you will then immediately leave me. Defer your visit here until another day, and not expose me to embarrassment that will be most painful. Where's my lord?

MARG. I don't know, somewhere about.

LADY P. In the house?

MARG. I think so, talking over the state of the nations with my husband.

LADY P. I must seek him instantly (*to* CAPTAIN BLENHEIM.) Pray do not follow me, (*to* MARGERV) say nothing of this meeting. I beg.

CAPT. B. Listen to me but for one instant, and I will do all that you require.

LADY PLATO *goes up the stage as if uncertain whether to go then hurries off centre, turns to* L. H., *followed by* CAPTAIN BLENHEIM.

MARG. Well, I say nothing, but if aunt really wants to find her husband, she's gone quite the wrong way, and I'm to say nothing about it. Well, I'm no tell-tale, but I don't like it.

[*Goes to the Flower-stand, R. H.*]

Lord bless us, what a deal of trouble people gets themselves into when once they begins to have secrets from one another.

COUSIN JOE *appears from* L. H. *at the centre; advances down the Stage on* R. H.

JOE. This must be the house! The people at the Nag's Head, told me as this was Sir William Evergreen's, and he's the man, as he married my cousin Margery. What, Margery!

MARG. (L. H.) What, Joe, is it you? How do you do, Joe? Well, I'm glad to see you! (*shakes hands with him.*) More old friends meeting, but this is the best of all. Well, and how are you, cousin Joe?

JOE. Oh! I am very well, I thank you.

MARG. What's brought you here? Come to see me?

JOE. Yes

MARG. That's right.

JOE. Why, you see, I'm going up to Lunnun, cause mother knows somebody there, and as I never cared much about farming, but always had a bit of a notion of being a kind of a gentleman, why the hend of it is, I'm going to be a fine lady's page.

MARG. Law, Joe!

JOE. Yes, I ham, I hain't a-going to wear these old things, I'm to be all over buttons, and have a hat covered with gold lace, and I'm to have my hair curled every morning, and I'm to walk after my missus in the street with her lap dog, to see as nobody is saucy to her.

MARG. Can you stay here a day or two before you go to your place, we would have such fun, for though my husband has often said that none of my family must come here, as he wanted me to forget all their ways; yet as you are here, I think I can coax him to let you stay. Set down, Joe. Well and so, and how's your mother, Joe?

JOE. She's hearty.

MARG. And what's the news? Tell me all you can think of. How's Tom Dixon? married Lizzy Turnay yet?

JOE. No—bless you, no! they were going to be married honly last week; and when Tom got to the church door, he rued, like a fool, run all the way home again, and left poor Lizzy crying her heyeyes out, at the porch door.

MARG. You don't say so! Well, I always thought and said, Tom was a fool. Come close, Joe, don't be shy. Ah! Joe, how comfortable this is to have somebody to talk to in one's own way. I do feel so free and easy again; well, tell me, Joe, is Dame Williams living?

JOE. No, she died six months ago.

MARG. Did she leave all her money to her nephew, Jim Porter?

JOE. No, there was such work. I'll tell you.

MARG. Come quite close, and tell me.

JOE. Why, you see, Jim, he made sure of the money, and lived in sich style; bought a house, kept a gig, went to the races, played at nine-pins, and carried on sich games, and then the hold woman died, and it was found as she'd left all her money to a little, smooth-faced fellow, with a face about the size of a sixpence, as had, somehow or another, got into the hold lady's books, and it was all writ down in her will, it was because Jim had kicked her favorite lap-dog, as used to fly at every body's heels; so Jim's in prison for debt and the dog gone to live along with the butcher.

MARG. Well, and what's become of Harry Bacon?

JOE. Gone to sea, because he took tick of a tailor from Lunnun, and you know Tom Hammer the Blacksmith?

MARG. Yes,

JOE. Well, if he ain't gone and bought all Merryweather's pigs, I'm a Dutchman.

MARG. Law!

JOE. And Merryweather has gone to Merica, and the held-est daughter has married Sam Halloway, the cutler, and folks *do* say it ain't a good match, cause he's a widow with three children, ready made, and she might have 'ad Master Poliard, the schoolmaster, so he's gone and turned serious and won't let the boys play at no games, so they is going to a new man, who is going to let them do just whatever they like; and Will Swiggs has been found out stealing chickens, so he is in prison; and young Trotter, the post-man's, opened a green grocers shop; and the Doctor's got two lamps over his door, with two great big red and blue bull's eyes over it; and they are a pulling down the old parsonage and building up a new one; and all the parish children have got the whooping cough; and we've got a new Beadle; and Mrs. Jenkins's cow is dead; and mother Miles' great big white rabbit has got young 'uns; and—and—that's all.

MARG. Oh, Joe! I can shut my eyes and see everything, and every body you've been talking about; oh, so plain, and to see you again does seem so like old times.

JOE. And don't you remember when you used to climb up the cherry trees, and halloa out to me, and say, Oh Joe, come

and catch me, or I shall tumble down and break something.

MARG. Yes, and Joe, when my father used to take you and I to market, and we used to sit at the bottom of the cart and eat apples.

JOE. Oh, yes ! and when I used to try and kiss you, what pokes you used to give me in the nose ; but I used to get so savage, sometimes, and kick you with my hob-nail shoes. Oh, how friendly we was then, wasn't we ?

MARG. And how we did sing !

JOE. And dance !

MARG. And was so happy ! Oh, Joe !

JOE. Oh, Margery !

JOE catches MARGERY in his arms and kisses her ; at the same moment SIR W. EVERGREEN and LORD PLATO appear at the back, c. ; they both stand an instant in an attitude of astonishment ; SIR WILLIAM comes down R. H., LORD PLATO, L. H.

MARG. Heavens !

LORD P. Sir William !

JOE makes three bows to SIR WILLIAM ; rises and crosses to the R. H. corner of the stage.

MARG. Don't go away, Joe, it's only my husband.

SIR W. Who is that fellow, and what is he doing here ?

MARG. He was only giving me a kiss, just now, it's my cousin Joe, and I was so glad to see him, and he was so glad to see me that—we—couldn't help it—no—we couldn't help it.

JOE. No, we couldn't help it.

LORD P. Exceedingly ingenuous !

SIR W. (to MARGERY.) Oblige me by returning to your room ; and you, fellow, leave this place immediately.

MARG. Don't send him away yet, we haven't had half a talk together.

JOE. No, no, we haven't had half a talk yet !

MARG. Don't you go, Joe !

JOE. No, hi don't mean to.

SIR W. Your conduct, madam, is most unbecoming ; you forget your station, you forget that you are my wife.

MARG. I'm sure I don't, and I'm sure you take good care I shan't !

JOE Yes, you take good care she shan't.

MARG. Hold your tongue, Joe! How dare you speak? I won't be tethered so tight any longer, I can tell you; and I *will* be myself again. I'm tired of being somebody else, and I can't, and I'll go and put on my old country clothes again, for I've no comfort in these, and then I can do as I like—kiss Joe and you, and even that old gentleman; though I shouldn't much like that.

JOE. Well, I shouldn't like to kiss him.

LORD P. Really!

SIR W. Margaret!

MARG. I don't want to quarrel, and I won't quarrel, if you'll only be kind to me, but I will be myself again; for since I've been married, I feel as if my head had been put on the wrong way, and when I am myself again, if you don't like me, I had better go back to my father, he'll be fond of me if you won't, so come along, Joe.

She takes JOE by the arm and runs off with him, L. H. D.

SIR W. I give it up. I can no longer pursue my darling theory, it's all labor in vain.

LORD P. I told you so, my dear Sir William, I told you so, when you described the humble person you were about to honor with your hand, that the union could not be a happy one.

SIR W. I admired her simplicity, her frankness; and I fondly imagined that if I could unite such qualities with refinement, that I should create, as it were, a woman of perfection.

LORD P. You now perceive the error of your speculations, the inability of striving to elevate humanity from its natural position; there must exist separate grades in society; the Patrician, the Commoner, and the Plebian. Seek not to amalgamate; the process may be very well in a rail-road, but with human nature it must ever create incongruities. Where's Lady P., eh? there—could you have found another woman like that? How different would have been your fate! Well, as we have discoursed of the state of the nation, I must seek her—she's in the house, no doubt, fatigued with her journey. Don't look so downcast! Sir William, there's no help for it now, so make the best of 'a bad bargain; there's no making a silk purse out of—I need say no more.

[Exit LORD PLATO, through C. and off L. H.]

SIR W. I'm sorry—very sorry, to see this sad result of all my labor, and I fear much unhappiness is in store for both of us. How can I pass my leisure hours in the company of one so uninformed, so incapable of conversation! Ah! my uncle is a happy man, indeed! blessed with a woman of intellect, whose natural graces harmonize so sweetly; whose refinement is so exquisite. His life will pass like a dream of bliss—like—a—Ah! (*looking out from the door in centre towards the L. H.*) my friend Augustus with a lady! with my—no—yes, with my aunt; they are both in earnest conversation; she seems embarrassed, is weeping. What does it mean? he clasps her hand and she does not withdraw it; they come this way. I—I—feel in a very awkward situation; I would not, for the world, let them see me; I had better walk into the house and not notice them. I will, they will see me if I go that way; I quite tremble, they're here; I'll conceal myself and slip away as quietly as possible.

Conceals himself behind the stand of flowers on the L. H. and remains there unperceived by the CAPTAIN and LADY PLATO who enter from centre from R. H.

CAPT. B. (L. H.) Permit me, at least, to write occasionally to you.

LADY P. (R. H.) If you will bring every philosophical argument, any delicate sophistry, to prove that one may have a confiding friend, to whom one may unfold the heart's dearest secrets, not only with safety but with propriety, you may, if you will be discreet, periodically correspond with me.

SIR WILLIAM EVERGREEN *steals from his place of concealment and goes off through the centre, turning to R. H.*

LADY P. Heavens, what's that? I heard footsteps!

CAPT. B. It is no one! why so alarmed, so agitated?

LADY P. Leave me now, and let me go into the house, you can go out by the way you entered; you returned here on foot?

CAPT. B. I did.

LADY P. Go then, I implore you, and when you again arrive, no one need know that we have had this interview.

CAPT. B. Adieu, for the last time I press your hands to my lips.

As he kisses her hands MARGERY enters, L. H. D., in the dress of a country girl.

MARG. Now, I am comfortable—now I *do* feel like myself again. Ah!

She sees the CAPTAIN who is still kissing the hand of LADY PLATO. He disappears through the centre, turning to the R.H. LADY PLATO appears confused.

Oh, don't mind me. I'm so glad I caught you though, for if such a well behaved gentleman as that can kiss my aunt's hand, there **can** be no harm in my cousin JOE kissing me.

LADY P. Listen, my dear friend. I do not wish it to transpire that I have had an interview with the gentleman you saw just now : it would but cause explanations that would lead to disagreeable results, and they must be avoided ; I shall therefore rely on your discretion.

MARG. On my what ?

LADY P. On keeping my secret.

MARG. I won't tell it, if you mean that.

LADY P. Remember !

MARG. But stop, Polly, wouldn't it be better not to mind any body knowing any thing, because it don't seem loving and easy to be shy and to be frightened, every minute, for fear somebody should say something about somebody else, and bring somebody into trouble, and set every body quarrelling with every body ; I don't like it, Polly dear ! When there's secrets there's no happiness and no love.

LADY P. Dear Margery, I feel your reproof—sincerely feel it ; oblige me but this once, and never, never, will I again place myself in a position that shall cause me to conceal one thought or action. I will not, indeed.

MARG. Then you are a good girl, Polly, and I will do my best this time, because I know you will keep your word with me. Good bye for the present.

LADY PLATO *places her finger upon her lips and goes out* R.H.D.

I just felt myself so comfortable, when I found myself in my old clothes and was going to be so happy and so free, and now I'm in trouble again. I don't like there being any secrets, and I know I'm the worst hand in the world to keep one, and I'm to help her in the make believe. I don't like it, I feel just as if I had stolen something, and got it in my pocket, and that somebody was coming to search me.

COUSIN JOE *heard without*, L. H.

JOE. I don't care, I'm as good a man as you, any day.

Enter JOE, c. from L. H. and come down R. H.

MARG. Why, Joe, what's the matter now?

JOE. Matter? Why you know, when you put me in that room, with them grand pictures, when you went to take off your clothes, in comes your grand husband. Don't stand on the chairs, says he; why how can I see the pictures if I don't? says I; well, then, get out of the house, says he; says I, I shan't! my cousin has put me here, and neither you, nor any six of your servants shall turn me out.

MARG. (L. H.) That was wrong, Joe.

JOE. And he said something to me, and I said something to him, and the hend of it was, that he tuk me by the collar of the coat and kicked me down stairs.

MARG. And served you right!

JOE. Eh!

MARG. You had no business to be impudent to my husband, if you *are* my cousin. What did you say?

JOE. Why, he bothered me so, at last, I up and called him ——

MARG. What did you call him?

JOE. Why, damned fool!

MARG. You did?

JOE. Yes, I did! And why didn't he come out on the grass plot and have it out, like a man? I'd have molished him, that I would!

MARG. You would? And did you dare to call my husband names? and such a name? There—there—there!

She seizes JOE by the collar with her left hand, strikes him with her right, and finishes by striking his hat over his eyes, as SIR W. EVERGREEN, LORD and LADY PLATO appear at the back; she runs to SIR WILLIAM.

I'm so glad you've come, my dear; he won't behave bad any more, I promise you. I've given him such a thrashing!

JOE. I won't come here again, in a hurry, I can tell you. I hav'n't been half an hour in the house, and I've been kicked and larapped about by hevery body. You have made my nose bleed, and I shall go to my new place with a black eye.

SIR W. My dear Margery, there was no necessity for being so severe with your cousin; I had sufficiently corrected him, although, I must confess, that I have not witnessed this

proof of the openness of your heart and the striking simplicity of your nature, without a feeling of great satisfaction.

Enter CAPTAIN BLENHEIM, C. from L. and comes down R. H.

CAPT. B. Ah, Sir William, I'm afraid I am a little over my time. I beg your pardon, I was not aware you had strangers.

SIR W. (*confused.*) My uncle and his wife; I thought you might be already acquainted. (*turns up the stage.*)

LORD P. And so we are, now I look again; 'tis Captain Blenheim, the son of my old friend. Allow me to introduce you to my Lady Plato. My dear wife, you will be charmed to make the Captain's acquaintance.

LADY P. I shall, at all times, be delighted at an introduction to any friend of my husband's.

SIR W. (*aside.*) I am astonished!

MARG. I couldn't make believe like that!

LORD P. You see my dear nephew, (*crosses to SIR WILLIAM,*) you perceive what sweetness, what refined obedience; ah! a thousand pities *you* did not make such a selection; but as we say in the classics, *A fronte precipitatum a tergo lupus*. I need say no more.

SIR W. (*aside.*) Indeed you need not, I am perfectly satisfied with my unfortunate choice. (*aloud.*) Margaret, my dear, will you kiss me?

MARG. Oh, won't I—there! (*kisses him.*)

SIR W. (*embracing her.*) And there, you don't want to kiss cousin Joe, now, I hope!

JOE. I wouldn't let you kiss me now, if you wanted to ever so much!

MARG. Bless his heart, I think no more of kissing him than I should of kissing my grand-mother; but he must not forget himself!

SIR W. I forgive him, and if agreeable, he may stay and dine with us.

MARG. There, Joe, you may stay and dine with us, if you will!

JOE. Very well, if I can't be revenged upon him, I will upon his wittles.

SIR W. And are you happier in your country attire?

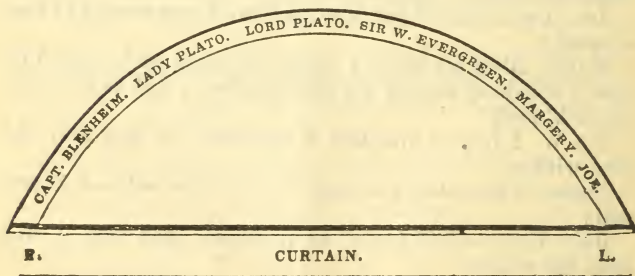
MARG. Oh, that I am! if only because 'twas what I wore when you first loved me.

SIR W. And you will be happier still if I allow you to

follow the dictates of your heart and feelings, without the directions of masters or of books?

MARG. Oh, that I shall! yet I'll try my hardest to be as you wish me, if you but let me try my own way. And I'm sure in time you will not be ashamed of me. Don't give me masters, don't give me books; but when you want me to learn, teach me *yourself*. A loving word and gentle patience—and all from you, will make us both happy, and me, I hope, sincere; and (*to the audience*) what will be better still, let but the Rough Diamond be firmly set in your golden opinions, and she will be sufficiently polished to shine as long as you will permit her.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.



6371 113

VOL. XLI.	VOL. XLII.	VOL. XLIII.	
321 The Pirate's Legacy	329 Ticket of Leave Man	337 Pearl of Savoy	Hamlet, in Three Acts
322 The Charcoal Burner	330 Fool's Revenge	338 Dead Heart	The Oath of Office
323 Adelgitha	331 O'Neil the Great		Guttle & Gulpit
324 Senor Vallente	332 Handy Andy		
325 Forest Rose	333 Pirate of the Isles		
326 Duke's Daughter	334 Fanchon		
327 Camilla's Husband	335 Little Barefoot		
328 Pure Gold	336 Wild Irish Girl		

Bound Volumes, containing Eight Plays..... \$1 25

The Guide to the Stage, by **LEMAN THOMAS REDE**. Containing Clear and Full Directions for obtaining Theatrical Engagements, with complete and valuable instructions for beginners, relative to salaries, rules, manner of going through Rehearsals, securing proper dresses, conduct at a first appearance, &c., &c. To which is added a list of the principal English and American Theatres. Edited and adapted the American Stage by **FRANCIS C. WEMYSS**. Price 15 Cents.

Massey's Exhibition Reciter and Drawing Room Entertainments. CTS.

Being choice Recitations in prose and verse. Together with an unique collection of Petite Comedies, Dramas and Farces, adapted for the use of Schools and Families. By CHARLES MASSEY , Professor of Elocution at Burlington College, N. J., and Mechanics' Society School, New York City. Two numbers.....	per number,	30
The Two numbers, bound in cloth, School style.....		75
Dramas for the Drawing Room, by MISS KEATING		40
Plays for the Parlor, by MISS KEATING		40
Acting Charades, by MISS PICKERING		40
Joe Miller's Own Jest Book.....		40
Life of a Showman, by DAVID PRINCE MILLER		40
Punch and Judy, Illustrated.....		40
Comic Dramas, for College, Camp, or Cabin, (Male Characters only,).....		40
Dramas for Boys, (Male Characters only,) by MISS KEATING		40
Home Plays for Ladies, (Female Characters only,) complete in 2 parts.....	each	40
An Evening's Entertainment, an original Comedy, a Burlesque and Farce....		40
Shakspeare's Proverbs, by MRS. COWDIN CLARKE		30
Playgoer's Journal, 3 parts.....	each	30

THE ETHIOPIAN DRAMA.

No. 1. Robert Make-Airs.

2. Box and Cox.
3. Mazeppa.
4. United States Mail.
5. The Coopers.
6. Old Dad's Cabin.
7. The Rival Lovers.
8. The Sham Doctor.
9. Jolly Millers.
10. Villikins and his Dinnah.
11. The Quack Doctor.
12. The Mystic Spell.
13. The Black Statue.

No. 14. Uncle Jeff.

15. The Mischievous Nigger.
16. The Black Shoemaker.
17. The Magic Penny.
18. The Wreck.
19. Oh, Hush! or, The Virginny Cupids.
20. The Portrait Painter.
21. The Hop of Fashion.
22. Bone Squash.
23. The Virginia Mummy.
24. Thieves at the Mill.
25. Comedy of Errors.

The above Dramas have been produced with the utmost care, not only to the correctness to the text, but to all the Stage Directions, Properties, and other minutiae, pertaining to their being properly placed on the Stage. Although these Dramas are specially adapted for Ethiopian entertainments, they are well fitted for Private Theatricals.

NOTICE.—Owing to the continued increase in price of PRESS WORK, PAPER and BINDING, we shall be obliged to charge Fifteen Cents at Retail, for the STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.—January 1st, 1864.

Any of the above sent by Mail or Express on receipt of price.

SAMUEL FRENCH, Publisher,

122 NASSAU STREET, (Up Stairs.)

Agent for Lacy's, Cumberland's, and Webster's English Plays.

FRENCH'S MIN

Price 15 Cents each.—Bo

VOL. I.

- 1 The Irish Attorney
- 2 Boots at the Swan
- 3 How to pay the Rent
- 4 The Loan of a Lover
- 5 The Dead Shot
- 6 His Last Legs
- 7 The Invisible Prince
- 8 The Golden Farmer

VOL. II.

- 9 Pride of the Market
- 10 Used Up
- 11 The Irish Tutor
- 12 The Barrack Room
- 13 Luke the Laborer
- 14 Beauty and the Beast
- 15 St. Patrick's Eve
- 16 Captain of the Watch

VOL. III.

- 17 The Secret [pers]
- 18 White Horse of the Pep-
- 19 The Jacobite
- 20 The Bottle
- 21 Box and Cox
- 22 Bamboozling
- 23 Widow's Victim
- 24 Robert Macaire

VOL. IV.

- 25 Secret Service
- 26 Omnibus
- 27 Irish Lion
- 28 Maid of Croissy
- 29 The Old Guard
- 30 Raising the Wind
- 31 slasher and Crasher
- 32 Naval Engagements

VOL. V.

- 33 Cocknies in California
- 34 Who Speaks First
- 35 Bombastes Furioso
- 36 Macbeth Travestie
- 37 Irish Ambassador
- 38 Delicate Ground
- 39 The Westhercock [Gold]
- 40 All that Glitters is Not

VOL. VI.

- 41 Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw
- 42 Rough Diamond
- 43 Bloomer Costume
- 44 I go to-bed Tom
- 45 Born to Good Luck
- 46 Kiss in the Dark [jurer]
- 47 'Twould Puzzle a Con-
- 48 Kill or Cure

VOL. VII.

- 49 Box and Cox Married and 50 St. Cupid [Settled]
- 51 Go-to-bed Tom
- 52 The Lawyers
- 53 Jack Sheppard
- 54 The Toodles
- 55 The Mobcap
- 56 Ladies Beware

VOL. VIII.

- 57 Morning Call
- 58 Popping the Question
- 59 Deaf as a Post
- 60 New Footman
- 61 Pleasant Neighbor
- 62 Paddy the Piper
- 63 Brian O'Linn
- 64 Irish Assurance

VOL. IX.

- 65 Temptation
- 66 Paddy Carey
- 67 Two Gregories
- 68 King Charming
- 69 Po-ca-hon-tas
- 70 Clockmaker's Hat
- 71 Married Rake
- 72 Love and Murder

VOL. XXXVII.

- 289 All the World's a Stage
- 290 Quash, or Nigger Practice
- 291 Turn Him Out
- 292 Pretty Girls of Stillberg
- 293 Angel of the Attic
- 294 Circumstances Alter Cases
- 295 Katty O'Sheal
- 296 A Supper in Dixie

VOL. X.

- 73 Ireland and America
- 74 Pretty Piece of Business
- 75 Irish Broom-maker
- 76 To Paris and Back for Five Pounds
- 77 That Blessed Baby
- 78 Our Gal
- 79 Swiss Cottage
- 80 Young Widow

VOL. XI.

- 81 O'Flannigan and the Fa-
- 82 Irish Post [ries]
- 83 My Neighbor's Wife
- 84 Irish Tiger
- 85 P. P., or Man and Tiger
- 86 To Oblige Benson
- 87 State Secrets
- 88 Irish Yankee

VOL. XII.

- 89 A Good Fellow
- 90 Cherry and Fair Star
- 91 Gale Breezely
- 92 Our Jeminy
- 93 Miller's Maid
- 94 Awkward Arrival
- 95 Crossing the Line
- 96 Conjugal Lesson

VOL. XIII.

- 97 My Wife's Mirror
- 98 Life in New York
- 99 Midday Ashore
- 100 Crown Prince
- 101 Two Queens
- 102 Thumping Legacy
- 103 Unfinished Gentleman
- 104 House Dog

VOL. XIV.

- 105 The Demon Lover
- 106 Matrimony
- 107 In and Out of Place
- 108 I Dine with My Mother
- 109 Hi-a-wa-tha
- 110 Andy Blake
- 111 Love in '76 [ties]
- 112 Romance under Difficul-

VOL. XV.

- 113 One Coat for 2 Suits
- 114 A Decided Case
- 115 Daughter [nority]
- 116 No; or, the Glorious Mi-
- 117 Coroner's Inquisition
- 118 Love in Humble Life
- 119 Family Jars
- 120 Personation

VOL. XVI.

- 121 Children in the Wood
- 122 Winning a Husband
- 123 Day after the Fair
- 124 Make Your Wills
- 125 Rendezvous
- 126 My Wife's Husband
- 127 Monsieur Tonson
- 128 Illustrious Stranger

VOL. XVII.

- 129 Mischief-Making [Mines]
- 130 A Live Woman in the
- 131 The Corsair
- 132 Shylock
- 133 Spoiled Child
- 134 Evil Eye
- 135 Nothing to Nurse
- 136 Wanted a Widow

VOL. XVIII.

- 137 Lottery Ticket
- 138 Fortune's Frolic
- 139 Is he Jealous?
- 140 Married Bachelor
- 141 Husband at Sight
- 142 Irishman in London
- 143 Animal Magnetism
- 144 Highways and By-Ways

VOL. XIX.

- 145 Columbus
- 146 Harlequin Bluebeard
- 147 Ladies at Home
- 148 Phenomenon in a Smock Frock
- 149 Comedy and Tragedy
- 150 Opposite Neighbors
- 151 Dutchman's Ghost
- 152 Persecuted Dutchman

VOL. XX.

- 153 Musard Ball
- 154 Great Tragic Revival
- 155 High Low Jack & Game
- 156 A Gentleman from Ire-
- 157 Tom and Jerry [land]
- 158 Village Lawyer
- 159 Captain's not A-miss
- 160 Amateurs and Actors

VOL. XXI.

- 161 Promotion [ual]
- 162 A Fascinating Individ-
- 163 Mrs. Caudle
- 164 Shakspeare's Dream
- 165 Neptune's Defeat
- 166 Lady of Bedchamber
- 167 Take Care of Little
- 168 Irish Widow [Charley]

VOL. XXII.

- 169 Yankee Peddlar
- 170 Hiram Hireout
- 171 Double-Bedded Room
- 172 The Drama Defended
- 173 Vermont Wool Dealer
- 174 Ebenezer Venture [ter]
- 175 Principles from Charac-
- 176 Lady of the Lake (Trav)

VOL. XXIII.

- 177 Mad Dogs
- 178 Barney the Baron
- 179 Swiss Swains
- 180 Bachelor's Bedroom
- 181 A Roland for an Oliver
- 182 More Blunders than One
- 183 Dumb Belle
- 184 Limerick Boy

VOL. XXIV.

- 185 Nature and Philosophy
- 186 Teddy the Tiler
- 187 Spectre Bridgroom
- 188 Matteo Falcone
- 189 Jenny Lind
- 190 Two Buzzards
- 191 Happy Man
- 192 Betsy Baker

VOL. XXV.

- 193 No. 1 Round the Corner
- 194 Teddy Roe
- 195 Object of Interest
- 196 My Fellow Clerk
- 197 Bengal Tiger
- 198 Laughing Hyena
- 199 The Victor Vanquished
- 200 Our Wife

VOL. XXVI.

- 201 My Husband's Mirror
- 202 Yankee Land
- 203 Norah Creina
- 204 Good for Nothing
- 205 The First Night
- 206 The Eton Boy
- 207 Wandering Minstrel
- 208 Wanted, 1000 Milliners

VOL. XXVII.

- 209 Poor Pileoddy
- 210 The Mummy [Glasses]
- 211 Don't Forget your Opera
- 212 Love in Livery
- 213 Anthony and Cleopatra
- 214 Trying It On
- 215 Stage Struck Yankee
- 216 Young Wife & Old Umbrella

VOL. XXVIII.

- 217 Crinoline
- 218 A Family Failing
- 219 Adopted Child
- 220 Turned Heads
- 221 A Match in the Dark
- 222 Advice to Husbands
- 223 Siamese Twins
- 224 Sent to the Tower

VOL. XXIX.

- 225 Somebody Else
- 226 Ladies' Battle
- 227 Art of Acting
- 228 The Lady of the Lions
- 229 The Rights of Man
- 230 My Husband's Ghost
- 231 Two Can Play at that Game
- 232 Fighting by Proxy

VOL. XXX.

- 233 Unprotected Female
- 234 Pet of the Petticoats
- 235 Forty and Fifty [book]
- 236 Who Stole the Pocket-
- 237 My Son Diana [sion]
- 238 Unwarrantable Intru-
- 239 Mr. and Mrs. White
- 240 A Quiet Family

VOL. XXXI.

- 241 Cool as Cucumber
- 242 Sudden Thoughts
- 243 Jumbo Jum
- 244 A Blighted Being
- 245 Little Toddlekins
- 246 A Lover by Proxy [Pail]
- 247 Maid with the Milking
- 248 Perplexing Predicament

VOL. XXXII.

- 249 Dr. Dilworth
- 250 Out to Nurse
- 251 A Lucky Hit
- 252 The Dowager
- 253 Metamora (Burlesque)
- 254 Dreams of Delusion
- 255 The Shaker Lovers
- 256 Ticklish Times

VOL. XXXIII.

- 257 20 Minutes with a Tiger
- 258 Miralda; or, the Justice of Tacon
- 259 A Soldier's Courtship
- 260 Servants by Legacy
- 261 Dying for Love
- 262 Alarming Sacrifice
- 263 Valet de Sham
- 264 Nicholas Nickleby

VOL. XXXIV.

- 265 The Last of the Pigtales
- 266 King Rene's Daughter
- 267 The Grotto Nymph
- 268 A Devilish Good Joke
- 269 A Twice Told Tale
- 270 Pas de Fascination
- 271 Revolutionary Soldier
- 272 A Man Without a Head

VOL. XXXV.

- 273 The Olio, Part 1
- 274 The Olio, Part 2
- 275 The Olio, Part 3 [ter]
- 276 The Trumpeter's Daugh-
- 277 Seeing Warren
- 278 Green Mountain Boy
- 279 That Nose
- 280 Tom Noddy's Secret

VOL. XXXVI.

- 281 Shocking Events
- 282 A Regular Fix
- 283 Dick Turpin
- 284 Young Scamp
- 285 Young Actress
- 286 Call at No. 1-7
- 287 One Touch of Nature.
- 288 Two B'boys

Any Play sent by Mail or Express, on receipt of 15 cents, in money or stamps. All orders will receive prompt attention.

* * An Alphabetical List of 3000 Plays sent by Mail on receipt of a Postage Stamp.

SAMUEL FRENCH, Publisher, 122 Nassau St. (up stairs).

[illegible]

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

