

DRAMAS AND FARCES

— FOR —
PRIVATE REPRESENTATION.

Two Characters Each.

Bachelor's Bedroom,
No. 1, Round the Corner,
Conjugal Lesson,
Morning Call,
Antony and Cleopatra,
A Lady and Gentleman in
a Perplexing Predicament.

Three Characters.

Box and Cox,
Love in Humble Life,
Dellente Ground,
Taming a Tiger,
Good Little Wife,
My Wife's Diary,
Opposite Neighbor,
A Soldier's Courtship.

Four Characters.

Betsey Baker,
Bombastes Furioso,
Victor Vanquished,
Comedy and Tragedy,
A Good Fellow,
Romance Under Difficulties,
Laughing Hyena,
Cosy Couple.

Five Characters.

Poor Philicoddy,
Swiss Swains,
Nature and Philosophy,
Eton Boy,
Bloomer Costume,
A Kiss in the Dark,
Swiss Cottage.

Ladies Beware,
Two Buzzards,
Young wife & Old Umbrella,
Two Gregories,
Who Speaks First,
White Bait at Greenwich,
In for a Holiday,
Two Heads better than One.

Six Characters.

Mr. & Mrs. White,
My Husband's Mirror,
My Aunt,
Dumb Belle,
Stage Struck Yankee,
Trying it On,
Teddy Roe,
Box & Cox Married & Settled,
Loan of a Lover, [shaw,
Grimsshaw, Bagshaw & Brad-
My Neighbour's Wife,
The Secret,
Two Friends,
Two Bonneycastles,
Widow's Victim,
A Fasinating Individual,
Match Making,
A Match in the Dark,
Bengal Tiger.

Seven Characters.

The Scholar,
The Limerick Boy,
Spring and Autumn,
Object of Interest,
Grist to the Mill,
Wandering Minstrel,
Clock Maker's Hat,

Irish Tiger,
Norah Creina,
Family Jars,
Irish Tutor,
Irish Assurance,
Slasher and Crusher,
Hunting a Turtle,
Second Love,
Our Wife.

Eight Characters.

Love and Liberty,
A Roland for an Oliver,
Barrack Room,
Dead Shot,
First Night,
The Mummy,
Our Jewellery,
Spectre Bridegroom,
Fish Out of Water.

Nine Characters.

My Fellow Clerk,
Rough Diamond,
Bamboozling,
Deaf as a Post,
Happy Man,
Irish Lion,
Idiot Witness,
Lady of the Lions,
Omnibus,
Old Guard,
Little Treasure,
Sophia's Supper,
Temptation,
Used Up,
Weathercock,
John Jones,
Still Waters Run Deep.

Price, 12 1-2 Cents, each.....Ten for One Dollar.

On hand a large assortment of
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN EDITIONS OF
PLAYS.

All New Plays for sale as soon as issued.

WILLIAM V. SPENCER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

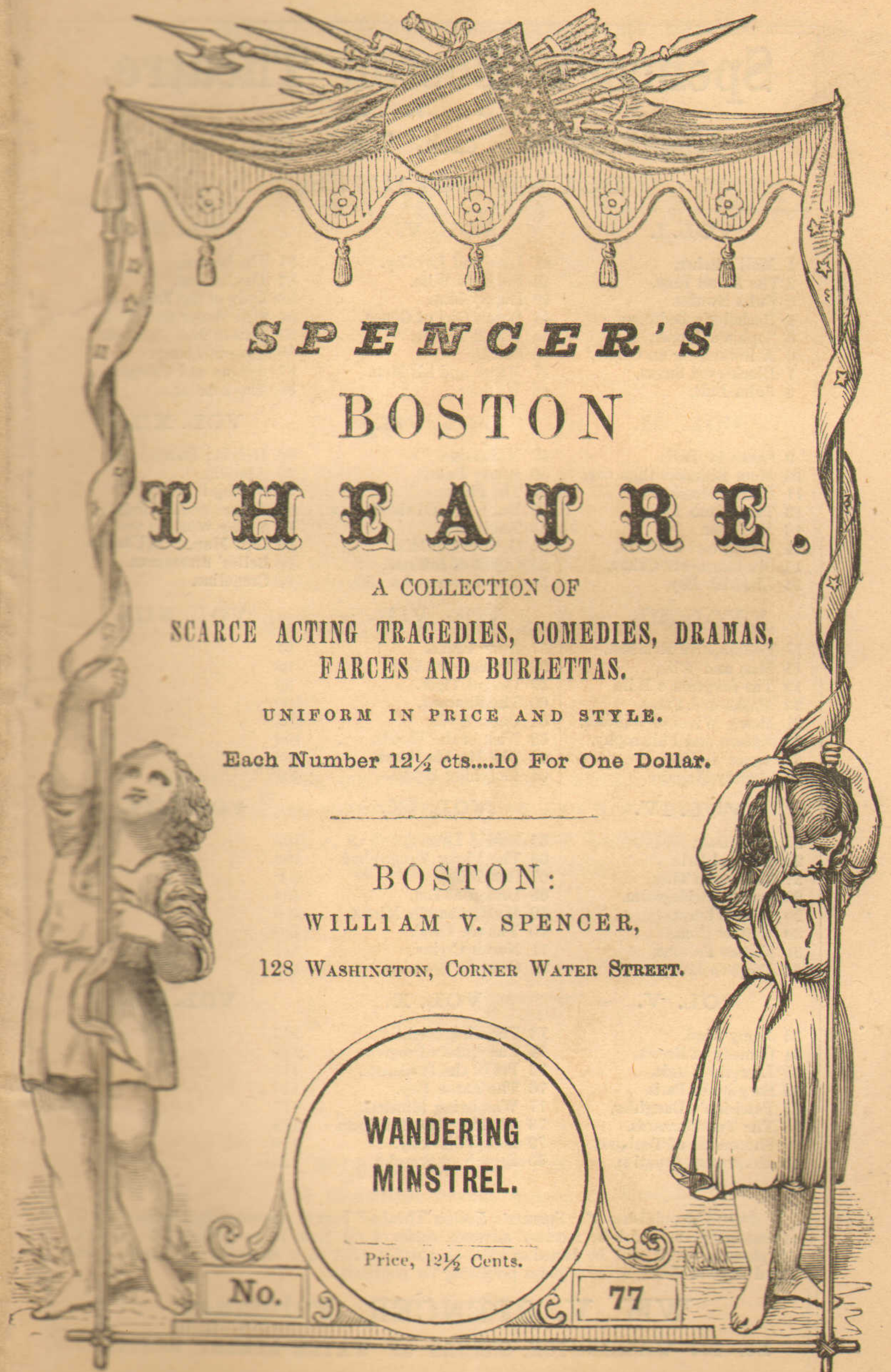
Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Plays and

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.

128 WASHINGTON STREET.

(Corner of Water St.)

BOSTON.



SPENCER'S
BOSTON
THEATRE.

A COLLECTION OF
SCARCE ACTING TRAGEDIES, COMEDIES, DRAMAS,
FARCES AND BURLETTAS.

UNIFORM IN PRICE AND STYLE.

Each Number 12½ cts....10 For One Dollar.

BOSTON:
WILLIAM V. SPENCER,
128 WASHINGTON, CORNER WATER STREET.

WANDERING MINSTREL.

Price, 12½ Cents.

No. 77

Spencer's Boston Theatre.

Price, 12 1-2 Cents, each. Ten for One Dollar.

BOUND VOLUMES, \$1.

VOL. I.

- 1 Moll Pitcher,
- 2 The Forest Rose,
- 3 Swiss Swains,
- 4 Bachelor's Bedroom,
- 5 Sophia's Supper,
- 6 A Roland for an Oliver,
- 7 Black-eyed Susan,
- 8 John Bell,

VOL. II.

- 9 Satan in Paris,
- 10 More Blunders than one,
- 11 Bodina Meadows,
- 12 The Dumb Belle,
- 13 My Aunt,
- 14 Spring and Autumn,
- 15 Six Degrees of Crime,
- 16 Libby's Boy,

VOL. III.

- 17 Presumptive Evidence,
- 18 Man and Wife,
- 19 The Sergeant's Wife,
- 20 Masks and Faces,
- 21 Merry Wives of Windsor,
- 22 Nature and Philosophy,
- 23 Agnes de Vere,
- 24 Shandy Maguire,

VOL. IV.

- 25 Wild Oats,
- 26 Michael Erle,
- 27 Teddy the Tiler,
- 28 Spectre Bridegroom,
- 29 Idiot Witness,
- 30 Willow Copse,
- 31 Matteo Falcone,
- 32 People's Lawyer,

VOL. V.

- 33 Jenny Lind,
- 34 Comedy of Errors,
- 35 Lucretia Borgia,
- 36 Surgeon of Paris,
- 37 Patrician's Daughter,
- 38 The Two Buzzards,
- 39 Shoemaker of Toulouse,
- 40 Momentous Question,

VOL. VI.

- 41 Love and Loyalty,
- 42 Robber's Wife,
- 43 Happy Man,
- 44 Dumb Girl of Genoa,
- 45 Wreck Ashore,
- 46 Clari,
- 47 Miller and his Men,
- 48 Wallace,

VOL. VII.

- 49 Madeline,
- 50 Betsey Baker,
- 51 The Fireman,
- 52 No. 1. Round the Corner,
- 53 Teddy Eoc,
- 54 Grist to the Mill,
- 55 Object of Interest,
- 56 Two Loves and a Life,

VOL. VIII.

- 57 Anne Blake,
- 58 My Fellow Clerk,
- 59 Bengal Tiger,
- 60 The Steward,
- 61 Capt. Kyd,
- 62 Nick of the Woods,
- 63 The Marble Heart,
- 64 Laughing Hyena,

VOL. IX.

- 65 Second Love,
- 66 The Victor Vanquished,
- 67 Our Wife,
- 68 Dream at Sea,
- 69 My Husband's Mirror,
- 70 Yankee Land,
- 71 Norah Crina,
- 72 Good for Nothing,

VOL. X.

- 73 The First Night,
- 74 The Rake's Progress,
- 75 Pet of the Petticoats,
- 76 The Eaton Boy,
- 77 Wandering Minstrel,
- 78 Wanted 1000 Milliners,
- 79 Poor Pillicoddy,
- 80 Breach of Promise,

VOL. XI.

- 81 The Mummy,
- 82 The Review,
- 83 Lady of the Lake,
- 84 Still Water Runs Deep,
- 85 Man of Many Friends,
- 86 Love in Livery,
- 87 Antony and Cleopatra,
- 88 The Scholar,

VOL. XII.

- 89 Helping Hands,
- 90 Aladdin,
- 91 Trying it on,
- 92 Stage Struck Yankee,
- 93 Young Wife and Old
- 94 Last Man, (Umb'la
- 95 Belles' Stratagem,
- 96 Crenoline,

VOL. XIII.

- 97
- 98
- 99
- 100
- 101
- 102
- 103
- 104

VOL. XIV.

- 105
- 106
- 107
- 108
- 109
- 110
- 111
- 112

VOL. XV.

- 113
- 114
- 115
- 116
- 117
- 118
- 119
- 120

The publisher of "Spencer's Boston Theatre" begs to announce that he has effected arrangements, by which he receives advance copies of all New Plays published in England. All pieces of merit will be issued as soon as possible after their receipt in this country. See Third Page of Cover, a list of plays preparing for publication.

WM. V. SPENCER, Publisher,

No. 128 WASHINGTON, CORNER OF WATER STREET, BOSTON.

SPENCER'S BOSTON THEATRE.....No. LXXVII.

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

A Farce,

IN ONE ACT

WRITTEN BY

HENRY MAYHEW.

WITH

ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY
MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER
OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

BOSTON:

WILLIAM V. SPENCER,
128 WASHINGTON STREET, (CORNER OF WATER.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MR. CRINCUM,.....	Original Cast, London, 1834.	National, Boston, 1844.	Walnut Street, Philadelphia, 1854.	Boston Theatre, 1854.	Burton's New York, 1855.
HERBERT CAROL,.....	Mr. Hughes	Mr. J. G. Cartlitch	Mr. Eberle	Mr. G. W. Johnson	Mr. Russell
TWEEDLE,.....	Miss Crisp	" E. F. Keach	Mrs. King	" J. B. Howe	" Holman
JEM BAGE,.....	Mr. Holmes	" S. D. Johnson	Mr. Wallis	" S. D. Johnson	" Gourlay
	" Mitchell	" Chapman	" Chapman	" John Wood	" Burton
MRS. CRINCUM,.....	Mrs. Brindal	Mrs. John Gilbert	Mrs. Muzzy	Mrs. Dixon	Mrs. Hughes
JULIA,.....	" Manders	" Abbott	Miss Tyson	Miss Clara Biddles	Miss Florence
PEGGY,.....	Miss Cooke	Miss Ayres	" Folrode	Mrs. Fiske	Mrs. Hough

TIME OF REPRESENTATION. — 45 minutes.

COSTUMES. — Modere.

(2)

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. — *An apartment in MR. CRINCUM'S House, 2 G. A table in C., covered with white cloth; breakfast things laid for three; a newspaper hanging over the back of chair, L. H.; three chairs on.*

Enter JULIA and MRS. CRINCUM, R. H. 1 E.

Mrs. C. (R. H.) I tell you, Julia, had you the eloquence of Demosthenes, combined with the lungs of Boreas, you might talk yourself out of breath and argument before I would consent to the match. Are you aware Mr. Carol's father was an attorney?

Julia. (L. H.) Well! — and is not an attorney a gentleman by act of Parliament?

Mrs. C. Yes! and by act of Parliament only — certainly never by any act of his own. The very "Gent., one, &c.," after an attorney's name, proves how bad the portrait is, since it requires the title to be tacked to its tail.

Julia. But Herbert, my dear aunt, inherits only the money and not the nature — the specie, without the species of his father.

Mrs. C. Well! be he as rich and as liberal withal as you please, the blood of the Crincums shall never be diluted with the wash that flows in the veins of the Carols; but what else could be expected from a hard-hearted attorney, like the father — it's impossible to get blood from a stone!

Julia. But it's money, nowadays, that makes the man.

Mrs. C. In my eyes it is the family, not the fortune. I confess I think with Shylock, that flesh is preferable to money.

Julia. That may be your opinion; but I hold —

Mrs. C. You hold, indeed! — hold your tongue!

Julia. But let me beg you not to be so hasty in your judgment of Herbert. I'll promise to obtain his whole pedigree, and who knows but that he may yet turn out the scion of some illustrious house.

Mrs. C. Of some public house more likely! Hold your tongue, miss! — your conduct was bad enough before, but now it is abandoned!

Julia. Well, I should say, the sooner bad conduct was abandoned the better. But here comes uncle. *(Crosses to R. H.)*

(3)

Enter MR. CRINCUM, R. H. 1 E.

Mrs. C. So you've found your way down at last, have you, Mr. C.?

Mr. C. I hope I have not kept you waiting, my dear?

Mrs. C. Yes, you have kept me waiting, my dear — here's all the breakfast as cold as one's ancestors!

Mr. C. Indeed, my love! I'm very sorry! *(They sit down to breakfast.)* Come, Julia, dear! — Heyday! What's the matter here? What! Are you and your aunt cool as well as the breakfast? Quarrelling again, eh? 'Pon my life this house is a perfect college for dissension; and you, Mrs. C., you are a senior wrangler.

Mrs. C. *(In c., at back.)* Now, I'll put it to you, Mr. C. You are a man of sound sense and discretion — a man whose only care, through life, has been the happiness of his niece; a man — *(Helps him to butter.)*

Mr. C. *(L. H., at table.)* There's quite enough butter, thank ye, my dear.

Mrs. C. I put it to you, Mr. C. If you had a pipe of fine old port, would you think of adulterating it with sloe juice? Are you attending, Mr. C.? Would you, I say, sacrifice the quality merely to gain a little in quantity?

Mr. C. Most unquestionably not, my love.

Mrs. C. Then that's exactly my argument with regard to young Mr. Carol.

Mr. C. What! the old story, eh? — but we'll talk of that another time. Let us see what the news is. *(Takes up the paper and reads.)* "Fashionable Intelligence" — "A Regular Flare Up" — "Marriages" — "Amusements for the Week" — "Pugilism" — "Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Hamlet" — "Horrible Murder" — "Paganini's Concert" — "Extraordinary Charge" — eh! What's all this about? *(Looking up the paper.)* Why, there's no head to this article. O, I see! — it's one of the parliamentary speeches, and they certainly don't require any.

Mrs. C. Pooh! Can't you find something more amusing than that to read? Give me the paper. *(Takes it, and looks over it.)* I always look for the murders, crim. cons., &c. — O! what do I see? Well, now, this is delightful!

Julia. *(R. H. of table.)* Read it out, aunt, pray.

Mrs. C. "Is expected every day." How I long to see the dear.

Mr. C. And who may this dear of yours be?

Mrs. C. "Apollo" — ah, "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." — Are you attending, Mr. C.? Do you hear me, I say? *(Reads.)* "We understand that a bet is on the tapis between two persons of distinction, that a well-known musical nobleman will collect a certain sum of money by travelling through the country, under the disguise of a Wandering Minstrel; the titled votary of Apollo is now on his tours, and invariably experiences the kindest receptions from the gentry of the different towns he visits, it being easy to perceive, from his noble air and courtly demeanor, that his character is

assumed — he is now journeying towards Worthing, where he is expected every day." What do you think of that, Mr. C.?

Mr. C. Why, I think the fellow's a pretty vagabond, whoever he be.

Mrs. C. Pshaw! Doesn't the paper say he is a nobleman in disguise? — but your soul was ever dead to romance.

Mr. C. Romance! — fiddlestick! Where's the romance, I should like to know, in a fellow's rendering himself amenable to the vagrant act?

Mrs. C. I declare, Mr. C., your ideas are as ancient as your face. Haven't you heard he's a nobleman trying to collect a certain sum of money, under the disguise of a Wandering Minstrel?

Mr. C. Well, then, he ought to be indicted for obtaining money under false pretences! and, if I had my way, he should be. *(They rise and come forward.)*

Mrs. C. If you had your way, indeed! — O, you poor, weak old man — but I never intend you to have your way, Mr. C. No, no; the conduct you must adopt is, directly you hear of his arrival, to go yourself and place your house at his service.

Mr. C. And have him continually caterwauling under my roof! — not if it was Apollo himself, instead of the votary.

Mrs. C. You won't — won't you? — but you shall, Mr. C. Do you hear that? you shall. Only imagine reading in the Court Journal that "Mr. Crincum was the distinguished host, at whose mansion the Wandering Minstrel was so hospitably entertained during his stay at Worthing." But he may be in town at this very moment. Why don't you fly, Mr. C.? Why don't you fly, I say? Julia, my dear, follow us! Who knows but that the dear creature might take a fancy to you! — Your arm, Mr. C. *(Exeunt, L. H.)*

SCENE II. — Landscape, 5 G. Railings across stage, 4 G., and gate in C.; set house, 3 E. L. H.

Enter JEM BAGS, C. R. H., playing the clarinet very badly.

Jem B. Vell! now, that's what I calls werry tidy work! two bobs and a tanner for seven doors isn't so bad, blow me! summat better, this ere, than wending three yards of new fav'rite songs for a hapny; what miserable work that was, to be sure — I was always a crying about the streets "Here you has 'em — here's one hundred and fifty new and pop'lar hairs for a hapny — here's 'Mary I believes thee true,' 'Hookey Valker,' 'Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown,' 'On the Banks of the Blue Moselle,' 'Barclay and Perkins' drayman,' 'He vas famed for deeds of harms,' 'His there a heart vot never lov'd,' 'The dandy dog's meat man,' 'If I had a donkey vhat wouldn't go,' 'Hover the hills and far away,' 'O, say not woman's love is bought,' for the small charge of one hapny, — and I dare say I might a been a following that are calling to this werry day, if it arn't a been for Bill Raven. I never shall forget Bill Raven's a saying to me — says he — 'I say, Jem Bags, vhy doesn't you take to the

singing line! 'Vhy,' says I, 'vhy, coz I sings vorser than an old tin tea kettle.' 'Vorsen!' says he, 'so much the betterer — O, yours's a belegant voice for ballad singing! a sartin fortune to any one, blow me!' 'Jist show a light,' says I. 'Vell, then,' says he, 'I means to say as how if one vith a voice like yours was to strike up afore the houses — and, 'specially them vith the knoeckers tied up — they'd villingly give sixpence to get rid on you.' 'I twigs,' says I; howsomdever, I says to myself, says I, 'if my voice is a sartin fortun' — what 'ud a old clarinet be, as I can't play much,' — and I was right — what a jolly row it does kick up, to be sure! In a quiet place like this 'ere they'd give any thing to get rid on me! Directly I strikes up, out comes the sarvint with a tuppence or thruppence, and horders me to move on. "Don't you vish you may git it?" says I; 'Move on for a tuppence or thruppence! Vhy, does you think now I'm hintirely hignorant of the walley of peace and quietness? I never moves on under sixpence.' " (Looking up at the house, L. H.) But they seems summat in the quiet vay here — I thinks as how they'd stand a shilling. (He strikes up, taking care to make all the noise possible; presently Mr. and Mrs. CRINCUM, the former very much annoyed at the noise, enter from the house, L. H. 3 E.) I knew they couldn't stand that werry long.

Mrs. C. See there, Mr. C. — there he is — there's the Wandering Minstrel! — O, the dear melodious creature!

Jem B. She says I'm a hodious screecher. I sartinly must ax 'em a shilling!

Mrs. C. And now, Mr. C., you go and place your house at the disposal of the titled votary of Apollo, assuring him your constant study shall be to endow it with all the comforts of a home.

Jem B. Vell! — if she isn't a talking about the comforts of a home. Now, there arn't no one sets a higher walley on the comforts of a home than I does; I couldn't think of moving on under a shilling.

Mrs. C. Why don't you do as I bid you? — Why don't you stir yourself, Mr. C.?

Mr. C. What! — make my house a home for such a vagabond as that! better convert it into a refuge for the destitute at once —

Mrs. C. To call him a vagabond! Was there ever such a lamentable want of discernment! when it's so easy to perceive his character is assumed? O, you poor, blind, old man, you! — (Courtesies to JEM.) I fear, sir, unaccustomed as you are to your present mode of life, you must feel yourself rather fatigued.

Jem B. (Aside.) She's a trying to get rid on me vith a bit of blarney! but it von't do, Mrs.! Fatigued, marm! — quite the contrary! I'm as fresh as an oyster on the fifth of August! Bless you! I could keep all night at this ere! (Pointing to his clarinet.)

Mrs. C. The paper was very right — he certainly has all the air of the nobleman —

Jem B. The hair of the nobleman, marm — nothing like it, I can assure you! That there was the hair of "the dog's meat man!" but the old gentleman there doesn't seem werry pleased.

Mrs. C. I can assure you he is quite delighted, sir —

Mr. C. No, I ain't — no, I ain't.

Mrs. C. Hold your tongue, or I'll send you to bed.

Jem B. Howsomdever, I'm particular easy to get rid on. (Shake out his hand.)

Mrs. C. There, Mr. C., I knew you'd insult the gentleman with your nonsense! — (To JEM.) But I trust, sir, we are not to shake hands just yet. Believe me, if there be one instrument to which Mr. C. and myself are more partial than another, it is the clarinet —

Mr. C. (L. H.) No, it isn't — no, it isn't.

Mrs. C. (C., checking him.) Only wait till I get you alone, that's all, Mr. C.

Jem B. (R. H.) Then the sooner I'm off the better!

Mrs. C. But you will not leave us thus abruptly, sir, without even taking any refreshment?

Jem B. O, if you're going to stand summat, I'm your man!

Mrs. C. My house is at your command, sir; but first allow me to inquire under what name you are at present travelling?

Jem B. Vhy, marm, I answers to the name of Jem Bags, for vant of a betterer.

Mrs. C. Jem Bags! Ha! ha! an excellent soubriquet, indeed! And your other name, I —

Jem B. O, you means the name I in general goes by?

Mrs. C. Ah! that I presume neither love nor money could tempt you to disclose —

Jem B. Wouldn't they, though? I can't say nothing about the love; but just you fork out the brads, and see if they von't.

Mrs. C. Willingly would I give my purse to solve the mystery —

Jem B. Would you, though? Hand it here, marm. (MRS. CRINCUM takes purse out of Mr. C.'s pocket.)

Mr. C. But I must beg you do not squander my money upon any such foolery, Mrs. C.

Jem B. Pooh! hold your tongue, old guy, now — and think yourself werry vell off I don't take the love into the bargain.

Mrs. C. There is the purse, (gives it;) and now the name by which you are commonly known — is —

Jem B. Is Old Bags, marm.

Mr. C. Now, my dear, are you convinced?

Mrs. C. Yes, now I'm convinced that he is, indeed, a nobleman in disguise. I recollect hearing Mr. Carol, the attorney, say "Old Bags" was the name of a great lord. — I trust, sir, you have every hope of being successful with your bet!

Jem B. (Aside.) My Bet! How should she know any thing about Bet? — my intended, Betsy Bags, what is to be? Successful, marm! It won't be long, now I've got this ere purse, afore I has a better half.

Mrs. C. Indeed! it will not be many days before you have the better half! And yet your bet must be a good round one.

Jem B. Vhy, yes, Bet sartinly is rather roundish, marm; but, bless your heart! sich a figure! the greatest vaist I ever seed.

Mrs. C. Ah, sir, there I agree with you — bets certainly are the greatest waste possible! — a shameful extravagance! If I am not presuming, sir, how heavy may your bet run?

Jem B. How heavy, marm? Vhy, let me see — about fourteen or fifteen stone — say two hundred pounds.

Mrs. C. Two hundred pounds, sir!

Jem B. Yes, that's about the cut, I think.

Mrs. C. O, that's a mere trifle!

Jem B. Is it, though?

Mrs. C. Now, my thoughts, sir, ran nearer two thousand.

Jem B. Two thousand pounds, marm! Vhy, Dan Lambert never made that ere.

Mrs. C. Dan Lambert! Who does he mean by Dan Lambert, Mr. C.?

Mr. C. I don't know Danny Lambert.

Mrs. C. No, nor any thing else! He's some great sporting character, I dare say. — But you must feel the want of some refreshment, sir?

Jem B. Vhy, I sartinly should like a drop of heavy.

Mrs. C. A drop of heavy! What's heavy, Mr. C.?

Mr. C. I don't know — I ain't got any heavy.

Mrs. C. We have some excellent light wines, sir, though I am afraid we can offer you no heavy.

Jem B. Bless you! I'm not partic'lar to a shade. (*Mrs. C. gives her arm to JEM BAGS, and leads him to the door of her house, which MR. C. has closed. Mrs. C. pushes him aside, and goes off with JEM into house, 3 E. L. H., who exclaims, "My heyes, here's a go!"*)

Mr. C. (Solus.) Well, thus it is when an old man forgets himself and marries a young wife; it's ten to one but she follows his example, and forgets him, too. My wife's voice was shrill enough before: there was no need of the clarinet for an accompaniment! A wandering minstrel and a lord! A pretty lord! The Lord knows who! However, if he be a lord, he supports the character of a blackguard with a great deal of spirit. (*Exit MR. CRINCUM into house, 3 E. L. H.*)

SCENE III. — A Drawing Room, 2 G. Table and chairs on R. H. C.

Enter PEGGY, showing in JEM BAGS, L. H. 1 E.

Peg. Will you look this way, if you please, sir?

Jem B. Bless you! when there's a pretty girl to be seed, I don't want axing to look that way. Ah! I sees you doesn't know Jem Bags!

Peg. Jem Bags! What! him as used to go crying of ballads? Indeed, but I do, though!

Jem B. You does! Let me examine you! Vhy, blow me, if it arn't Peg! — the werry Peg as I used to hang my affections on!

Peg. But how comes it, Jem, you've givin' up a crying them ere ballads?

Jem B. Vhy, you sees, they writes such stuff nowadays for sentimental ballads they actually arn't worth while crying about, and so as I could do nothing in that there vay —

Peg. You comed down here to see if you couldn't do master and missus by a passing yourself off for a nobleman.

Jem B. Come out of the cart, now! I pass myself off for a nobleman! Do you think I'd make such a thorough blackguard of myself as that?

Peg. Why, hasn't you been making missus believe you're the handsome Wandering Minstrel what's travelling through the country for a wager?

Jem B. I make your missus believe I was the handsome Wandering Minstrel! — why, I arn't got the face to do it! But only to think of my being taken for a lord? Howsomdever, since it is so, you know, I shall embrace the opportunity —

Peg. Well! I should have thought you might have found something better than that to embrace.

Jem B. Ah! I'm fly! It's the vay vith all the gals directly they sets eyes on me; they're never heasy. But, bless her little heart, she shall have a kiss. (*He takes hold of her hand.*)

Peg. No; but she won't, now. (*She snatches her hand away, runs round the stage, and exit, L. H. 1 E. JEM follows her, and goes violently into the arms of MRS. CRINCUM, who is entering with MR. C., L. H. 1 E.*)

Mr. C. (L. H.) Hollo, sir! what are you after?

Jem B. (R. H.) What am I arter, old gemman? Now I dare say you thinks I was arter that there sarvint of your'n?

Mrs. C. (c.) It was too plain, sir; and, I must say, it surprises me to see a gentleman of your rank let himself down in such a way.

Jem B. Lawks, marm! there wasn't no letting down in the case. Quite the contrary. I was a keeping up my character. You see, marm, ve vandering minstrels is so famous for running arter the gals, that one is hobligated to do it, vether he likes it or not.

Mrs. C. True, sir, I forgot. There, Mr. C., don't you hear; he acknowledges himself to be the Wandering Minstrel — don't you hear, Mr. C.? — I came, sir, to say, we purpose having a small concert this evening, and to beg that we may be allowed the valuable aid of your musical abilities.

Jem B. My musical abilities — ha, ha! My clarinet is at your service, marm.

Mrs. C. Ah, sir, I knew we might count upon your acquiescence. I have desired the leader to wait your instructions about the music.

Jem B. (Aside.) Vait my instructions! Then hang me if I don't think he vill have to vait a precious long time!

Mrs. C. You will find, him, I believe, sir, a gentleman of some skill. But here he is to speak for himself.

Enter TWEEDLE, L. H. 1 E.

Mr. C. Mr. Tweedle — the —

Mrs. C. (Pushing MR. C. aside.) Mr. Tweedle — that is the real Wandering Minstrel. (*MR. and MRS. C. retire up c. TWEEDLE bows, JEM touches his hat; they advance and shake hands.*)

Jem B. How are you? Are you hearty?

Tweed. I am delighted, sir, to have the honor of meeting a gentleman whose musical talents promise so much.

Jem B. (Aside.) They may promise a great deal; but hang me if they don't perform very little!

Tweed. Respecting the selection of music for this evening — what school do you prefer?

Jem B. What school? — (*Aside.*) Blow me if I was ever inside on one! But I must not let him know nothing about that. Vy, I thinks as how the parish school is a pretty tidy 'un.

Tweed. The parish school! Ay, sir, France certainly contains some very excellent masters — Auber, Hertz —

Jem B. (*Aside.*) Auber hurts! What does he mean by Auber hurts? O, I see! Old Auber must be the chap vot flogs the boys at that there school. Auber hurts! I believe you, he just does hurt! Laws! how he used to make me sing out, to be sure!

Tweed. Used to make you sing out, did he, sir? A plan I always adopt myself. Throw the voice well out from the chest — excellent exercise, sir!

Jem B. You may say that, old chap! Bless you, old Auber used only to give it us for the exercise! The doctors used to recommend it!

Tweed. Certainly, sir; Dr. Arne —

Jem B. Ah! I didn't know his name.

Tweed. And many other equally eminent professors did so. Pray, sir, what may be your opinion of the doctor's compositions?

Jem B. (*Makes a face expressive of disgust.*) Why, my opinion is, the doctor's compositions is all werry filthy stuff.

Tweed. Filthy stuff! Indeed, sir, but you surely would not apply so harsh a term to all the doctor's works. Do you consider his Artaxerxes?

Jem B. Consider he's arter who?

Tweed. Artaxerxes, sir!

Jem B. In course I does. I consider he's arter Xerxes, and arter every body else, too.

Tweed. Then, sir, since you do not seem to approve of the doctor's works, what may be your opinion of Bishop's?

Jem B. Of bishops! — (*Aside.*) Well, if he isn't a going to politics now! Howsomdever, so long as he fights shy of that musical work, I doesn't mind. What does I think of bishops? Why, I thinks they're just as bad, if not worserer, than doctors.

Tweed. Indeed, sir! Perhaps you are no admirer of the English style. May be you do not approve of "The Sea! the Sea!" of Neukomn?

Jem B. Didn't I say I wouldn't have nothing to say about bishops! Where's the use, then, of talking to me about the see of Neukomn? I tell you I don't want nothing to do with the see of Neukomn, or the see of Durham, either!

Tweed. The Sea of Durham! I never recollect hearing it.

Jem B. But a great many people does, though.

Tweed. Well, sir, since nothing English seems to please you, what may you think of Paganini?

Jem B. What ninny?

Tweed. Paganini, sir, the great violinist, who has lately drawn such large houses with his one string. What may be your opinion of his powers?

Jem B. Why, my opinion is, that his powers must be be werry great if he draws a house with one string.

Tweed. (L. H.) Truly, sir; and as a harpist, what think you of Bochsa's science?

Jem B. (R. H.) Boxers' science! Now, you've just hit it! Your boxers', I thinks, is one of the prettiest sciences going; and, if you've a mind for any thing in that there way, why, I'm you're man! (*Squares at TWEEDLE. MR. and MRS. C. come down in centre and push TWEEDLE off. Exit TWEEDLE, L. H. 1 E.*)

Mr. C. (L. H.) Really, this behavior surpasses every thing, sir; the lowest vagabond would beat you!

Jem B. (R. H.) Beat me, would he? Just you come and try, old chap, and see how I would pummel that there ugly face of yourn! (*JEM BAGS and MR. C. square at each other. MRS. C. interposes.*)

Mr. C. (L. H.) You impudent scoundrel!

Mrs. C. (c.) I beg you'll keep your temper, Mr. C.

Jem B. (R. H.) Keep his temper? Well, I think the sooner he loses such a temper the better!

Mrs. C. (*Coaxingly.*) Let us leave him to himself for a while, my dear! At present you perceive he is rather excited. I will go and see after the gentleman's refreshment. Now, pray don't exasperate the gentleman, Mr. C. (*Exit MRS. C., L. H. 1 E.*)

Mr. C. I won't, my dear! (*CRINCUM squares at JEM, and then runs off, L. H. 1 E.*)

Jem B. Go along with you, you old fool, you! That chap's a regular human wen — nothing more nor a lump of superfluous flesh upon the face of natur!

Enter PEGGY, slyly, L. H. 1 E.

Peg. Whisht, Jem! Is any one with you?

Jem B. Any one with me! No, they vas all agin me!

Peg. Against you! What for? Why, you arn't a been forgetting yourself, have you, Jem?

Jem B. Forgetting myself! Never fear, Peggy! I thinks a great deal too much of myself to do that!

Peg. And so I do! La! all the time you've been away, I never done nothing but remember how happy I was when first you made overtures to me.

Jem B. Well, if she arn't music mad as well as the rest on 'em! I tell you I don't know nothing about music!

Peg. Who was a talking of music, pray?

Jem B. Why, you! Didn't you say I made overtures?

Peg. Lord bless your innocence!

Jem B. Vell, I hopes he vill.

Peg. Making overtures means pledging your love.

Jem B. Pledging your love! Why, they wouldn't lend you nothing on it!

Peg. Pshaw! it means popping the question.

Jem B. Popping! In course it does. Arn't pledging and popping all the same?

Peg. Well, then, I mean you used to come a courting of me. Don't you remember our nice trips to Bagnigge Wells?

Jem B. Yes; and don't you remember my calling for two teas and a pot of heavy, and hadn't got no blunt; and I was obliged to leave my handkerchief until Monday? And don't you remember the dances we used to have? — don't I? — and the tune, too? This was it. *(They go off into a jig, JEM accompanying them on the clarinet; in the middle of which a servant enters, L. H. 1 E., with refreshment, which JEM, in the heat of his merriment, upsets. JEM and PEGGY run off, L. H. 1 E. SERVANT picks up the pieces, pockets the cakes, and exits, R. H. 1 E.)*

SCENE IV. — (1 G.) *A romantic landscape.*

Enter JULIA, R. H. 1 E.

Julia. This is the hour Herbert appointed, and yet no signs of him. Would I could hear his guitar!

SONG. — JULIA.

The sun's dying fast,
In his blood bathed he lies;
And eve with her clouds
'Gins to shadow the skies.
But, hush! that music stealing,
Sweetly to me revealing —
'Tis my true love's guitar,
La, la, la, la, la, la.
Sing away, dearest love,
For most sweet to me are
The soft fairy-like notes
Of thy plaintive guitar.

The sun's dying fast —
The fair moon leaves her bed —
The lily o'er-cast
Droops, with envy, her head.
But, hush! that step betraying —
Hither some foot is straying —
'Tis my love, from afar,
La, la, la, la, la, la.
Hurry on, dearest love!
For, though sweet's thy guitar,
The dear sound of thy step
Is to me sweeter far!

Enter HERBERT CAROL, L. H. 1 E.

Herb. Ah! Julia, my dear! — What! beautiful and smiling as

Herb. No wonder at my dying of love for you! Would not such bewitching smiles kill any man? I declare one might well say of you what Shakespeare says of Richard — "You can smile, and murder while you smile."

Julia. But I fear all our smiles will soon be at an end. My aunt will not listen to your addresses, and has forbidden my seeing you for the future.

Herb. What is to be done?

Julia. I have thought of a stratagem. My aunt gives a concert this evening, in honor of a fellow whom she has found strolling about the village, and whom she calls the "Wandering Minstrel;" but which, I am convinced, is not the fact. Now, if you could only obtain admission to the house, disguised as the real Wanderer, I think two or three songs on your guitar would be certain to gain her consent.

Herb. And you really imagine you are to be bought for a song, do you? However, there is no harm in trying. What think you if I sing my ballad of Gaston and Isabel? Listen.

SONG. — HERBERT.

To war against the infidel
All Christian knights their arms prepare,
And Gaston leaves fair Isabel
The danger of the fray to share.
List ye, lady, list to the tale I tell
Of Gaston the brave, and the fair Isabel.

Years pass, and yet no tidings tell
The fate of her beloved young knight;
But now they sound the passing knell
Of brave ones fallen in the fight.
List ye, lady, list to the tale I tell —
O! broken-hearted died poor Isabel!

'Tis midnight, and a dying yell
Breaks suddenly the silent gloom;
Victorious o'er the infidel,
Gaston returns to share her tomb.
Weep ye, lady, weep for the tale I tell
Of Gaston the brave, and the fair Isabel.

Julia. That will do excellently.

Herb. And when does this said concert take place?

Julia. Almost immediately! Not a moment is to be lost; so hurry you to your toilet!

Herb. But you will grant me one kiss ere I go, as an encouragement?

Julia. No, not one!

Herb. Well, then, I must e'en console myself with the one you gave me yesterday.

Julia. The one I gave you! The one you stole, you mean.

Herb. That may be; but you know, Julia, "the receiver of stolen goods is as bad as a thief."

(*Exeunt JULIA, R. H. 1 E., HERBERT, L. H. 1 E.*)

SCENE V. — (3 G.) Handsome parlor. Musicians in the background, with music stands arranged before them. Company, &c., discovered seated on sofas R. and L. Chairs on R. and L. H.

Enter TWEEDLE and JULIA. MRS. CRINCUM conducting JEM BAGS. MR. C. following, R. H. 1 E.

Mrs. C. Every thing is arranged, sir, and only waits your commands to commence our feast of Apollo.

Jem B. Feast of Apollo! Ah, marm, I believe you. Directly I strike up with this here thing-me-jig, (*pointing to his clarinet,*) there will be a precious blow out!

Mrs. C. Mr. Tweedle, do you conduct the Wandering Minstrel to his seat.

Jem B. Thank'ye, marm; I knows how to conduct myself. (*Tweedle and Jem join the musicians, Jem taking his seat in the centre.*) How art you, my reg'lars? Now, marm, vot vill you have? (*As if crying ballads.*) "Ere you has 'em here — "Nancy Dawson," "I met her at the Fancy Fair" — "My Love is like the Red, Red Rose," — "D'ye call that nothing" — "The merry Swiss Boy," — "What a shocking bad hat" — "Alice Gray," "Does you ever think of me, love" — "Poor Marian," "Flare up" — "I have had a pint of Sherry" with a "Goblet of Burgundy," "and all for the small charge of one penny." — (*Aside.*) At my old work agin, blow me! What will you have, marm?

Mrs. C. Any thing you please, sir; consult yourself.

Jem B. Well, then, old Tweedle, I'm for "Barney Brallaghan."

Tweed. "Barney Brallaghan!" I am afraid it is not among our collection, sir.

Jem B. Now arn't you a pretty kind of a chap, to set up yourself for a musicianer, and arn't got the overture of "Barney Brallaghan"!

Tweed. However, sir, we'll do our best.

Jem B. And who axed you to do any more? — (*Pointing to music before him.*) Is this "Barney Brallaghan"?

Tweed. No, sir.

Jem B. Never mind; I can make "Barney Brallaghan" of it. Now, then, my reg'lars, all at once! (*They commence playing, JEM BAGS accompanying most discordantly with his clarinet; after the first or second bar, he blows in TWEEDLE'S ears — begins dancing, in the course of which he kicks down several of the music stands and scatters most of the performers, who run off, R. and L. He dances down to the front of the stage.*)

Enter PEGGY, L. H. 1 E.

What are you interrupting the consart for?

Peg. Please, marm, here's a gentleman wishes to see you, that calls himself the real Wandering Minstrel, and says Mr. Bags is only an impostor.

Jem B. (Aside.) Blow me, if it isn't all over with me, then! You're a nice harticle, ain't you? When do you expect to go to Bagnigge Vells to tea with me again? Can't you get rid on him no how? Say your missus is out. — (*To Mrs. C.*) It's all gammon, marm, every vord on it; send for the beadle, and have the vagabond taken up.

Mrs. C. First let me judge whether his story be totally without foundation. Show him up, Peggy.

Jem B. What! are you going to see him, then?
(*Exit Peggy, L. H. 1 E. — HERBERT CAROL is heard singing without.*)

Enter HERBERT CAROL, L. H. 1 E., disguised as the Wandering Minstrel.

Do you call that chap a singer, marm? Vy, I'll soon show you he arn't got no more ear for music than a costermonger's donkey!

Herb. I trust, madam, I shall be able to convince you of the error you have committed, and prove to you which of the two has the greater claim upon your hospitality.

Mr. C. There, my dear, I always told you I could see through that fellow.

Jem B. See through me! What a piercing eye he must have! — a regular gimlet eye!

Mrs. C. However, to dissipate every possible doubt, we will make trial of your skill, on which Mr. Tweedle shall decide; and the reward of the winner shall be the hand of my niece. What say you, sir?

Herb. Cheerfully, madam, do I consent.

SONG. — HERBERT.

Hark! the young Troubadour
Hastens home from afar,
With his heart bounding light
As his own gay guitar;
Sad his lady love lists
For the sound of his strings,
But she hears them not yet,
And despairingly sings:
Troubadour! minstrel dear!
Shall I ever see thee more?
Shall I list e'er again
To my young Troubadour?

See! from whence comes that form
 That now moves o'er the plain?
 'Tis the young Troubadour —
 He's at home once again.
 Hark! from whence comes that song?
 Whose hand wakes those fond strings?
 'Tis the young Troubadour
 That so cheerfully sings:
 Lady love, never fear —
 I am with thee once more;
 List again to the voice
 Of the young Troubadour!

Mrs. C. Beautiful, indeed! And now, Mr. Bags, let us see whether you can equal such strains; surpass them I am convinced no mortal can. Remember, the hand of this dear girl is the prize.

Joe B. Dear girl! I believe you — dear at nothin'. Howsom-ever, here goes! Silence there! (*JEM sings comic song.*)

VILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

It's of a rich merchant I am going for to tell,
 Who had for a daughter an unkimmin nice young gal;
 Her name it was Dinah, just sixteen years old,
 With a very large fortin in silver and gold.
 (*Spoken*) — Two shares in the Crystal Palace.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li-da.

Chorus — which I sing by myself, in consequence of the exorbitant price of Italian singers.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li-da.

Now as Dinah was a waliking in the garding one day,
 [The front garding.]

Her papa came up to her and to her did say, —
 "Go dress yourself, Dinah, in gorgeous array,

[Take your hair out of paper, and put on a clean pair of stockings.]
 And I'll bring you a husbiand both galliant and gay."

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Chorus — in favor of the parient's desire and the wedding breakfast he had ordered of Sir Isaac Newton, round the corner.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

[Now this is what the infant progeny said in reply to the horthur of her being:]

"O, papa, O, papa," [Papa is the French for father.]

"O, papa, O, papa, I've not made up my mind
 To marry just now — why, I don't feel inclined;

And all my large fortin I'll gladly give o'er,
 If you'll let me live single a year or two more."

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Wheedling and persuasive chorus — on behalf of the offspring's remonstrance to the horthur of her being.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

[Now this is the way the parricidal papa spoke, parenthically and paregorically, to his daughter:]

"Go, go, boldest daughter!" the parient he cried;
 "If you won't consent to be this here young man's bride,
 I'll give your large fortin to nearest of kin,
 And you shan't reap the benefit of one single pin."

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Chorus of the enraged parient against the progeny:

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

[Now this is the most melancholy part of it, and shows what the progeny was druv to in consequence of the mingled ferocity of the inconsiderable parient:]

As Villikins was a walking the garding around,

[This was the back garding.]

He saw his dear Dinah lying dead on the ground,
 With a cup of cold pison lying down by her side,
 With a billet dux, which said as how 'twas by pison she died.

[Schiedam Schnapps.]

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Chorus — expressive of Schiedam Schnapps.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

[This here is what the lovyer did on the diskivery:]

He kissed her cold corpus a thousand times o'er,
 And called her his Dinah, though she was no more;
 Then swallowed the pison like a lovyer so brave,
 And Villikins and his Dinah are both laid in one grave.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Dismal, duplicate, defunct chorus — in consequence of the double event.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

MORALE.

Now, all you young men, don't you thus fall in love, nor
 Do not, by no means, disobey your guv'nor;

And all you young maidens, mind who you clap eyes on;
Think of Villikins and his Dinah, not forgetting the pison.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Moriale chorus — fearfully impressive.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

ENCORE.

[Now this is the superlatively supernatural visitation which appeared to the parient at midnight, after the decease of his only progeny:]

At twelve the next night, by a tall popular tree,
The ghost of Miss Dinah the parient did see,
Arm in arm with her Villikins, and both looking blue, [you."
Saying, "We wouldn't have been pisoned if it hadn't been for

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Sepulchral chorus — to astonish the weak nerves of the parient.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

[The parient's fate, and what he thought he would do, but he did'nt:]

Now the parient was struck with horror of home,
So he packed up his portmanteau, around the world to roam;
But as he was starting he was seized with a shiver,
Which shook him to pieces and ended him forivir.

[And those who came to pick up the bits could only sing]

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Sympathetic chorus — for the parient's fragments, though the verdict of the jury what sot on him was, "Sarved him right:"

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

ANOTHER MORIALE — NO. 2.

Now the Moriale is this — No. 1 is not reckoned;
So this is the first Moriale, though it comes the second:
You may learn from my story, which is true every word,
All this wouldn't have happened if it hadn't have occurred.

[And thgre wouldn't have been no occasion for singing]

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Conclusive chorus of every body.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

(At the conclusion of which Mrs. CRINCUM approaches him.)

Mrs. C. Thank you, sir; that will do; we will not trouble you for any more.

Jem B. Ah, I knew I should vin in an instant!

Mrs. C. The servant will show you the door, sir.

All. Ay, turn him out — turn him out!

Jem B. Let me finish it. Vy, there's sixteen worses, and I should be sartin to vin in that time!

Tweed. Come, sirrah, move on!

Jem B. Move on! I never moves on under sixpence!

Tweed. Stir yourself, sir, or I shall send for the proper authorities.

Jem B. You're a nice man, now I don't think, to talk about proper authorities — a chap here as doesn't know "Barney Brallaghan," the most helegantest overture wot is! Send for your thorties; I doesn't care that for 'em!

Tweed. How, sirrah?

Jem B. Come here. These ere — (pointing to the audience) — these ere is the thorties I cares about! — (To the house.) I say, whisper, blow me if I von't come and strike up afore this werry house every night for a week to come, just to wex that old chap, providing you won't say nothin' to the contrary!

SITUATIONS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

MR. CRINCUM. MRS. CRINCUM. JEM BAGS. TWEEDLE. JULIA. HERBERT.
R. H. L. H.

CURTAIN.

SPENCER'S BOSTON THEATRE.

PLAYS IN PRESS.

Zelina,
 Twas I,
 Mr. & Mrs. White,
 Jones the Avenger,
 Turned Head,
 Nix's Mate,
 New Notions,
 Battle of Still Water,
 Backing Your Friend,
 A Blow in the Dark,
 The Templar, [as they are,
 Wives as they were and Maids
 School of Reform,
 Match Making,
 A Match in the Dark,
 Mary Tudor,
 Bohemian Mother,
 My Precious Betsey,
 The Noble Heart,
 The Gnome King,
 A Winter's Tale,
 Young Scamp,
 Fortunio,
 Nicholas Flam,
 Climbing Boy,
 Bessy Moore,
 Jessy Vere,
 Governor's Wife,
 Belphegor,
 Servants by Legacy,
 Enchanted Isle,
 Little Dorrit,
 Jersey Girl,
 A Family Failing,
 Half Caste,
 Frost of Youth,
 The Adventurer,
 The Iron Mask,
 The Egyptian,
 The Country Squire,
 The Queer Subject,
 The Bottle Imp,
 The Spitfire,
 Advice Gratis,
 Our Mary Anne,
 Shocking Events,
 The Rifle Brigade,
 Weak Points,
 One Hour,
 A Lesson for Ladies,
 Blanche Marion,
 Husband on Trial.

Alonzo the Brave,
 Grace Darling,
 Jane Lomax,
 Single Life,
 Dr. Dilworth,
 King O'Neil,
 The Woman Hater,
 A Lover by Proxy,
 Who is your Friend,
 Miseries of Human Life,
 Lioness of the North,
 The Cabin Boy,
 Dearest Elizabeth,
 Catching a Governor,
 Hearts are Trumps,
 The Loving Woman,
 My Friend in the Straps,
 Presented at Court,
 An Alarming Sacrifice,
 Knight of Arva,
 Americans Abroad,
 Eveleen Wilson,
 The Chaste Salute,
 Who do they take me for,
 The Parson's Nose,
 Betty Martin,
 Little Jockey,
 Touch and Take, [nett.
 Retribution, by George Ben-
 Lost Letter,
 The Thimble Rig,
 The Christening,
 Valet de Sham,
 Hunting a Turtle,
 Ladies' Battle,
 Raffaele the Reprobate,
 Advice to Husbands,
 Siamese Twins,
 Green Buses,
 Flowers of the Forest,
 Green Mountain Boy,
 Rural Felicity,
 Ella Rosenberg,
 Forty and Fifty,
 Adrienne, the Actress,
 Strathmore,
 The Wonder,
 John Jones,
 Pleasant Dreams,
 Benlah Spa,
 Irish Widow,
 Young and Handsome,
 Ruth Oakley.

Secrets Worth Knowing,
 Village Doctor,
 Bear Hunters,
 Nicholas Nickleby,
 Foundling of the Forest,
 Adopted Child,
 Lucky Horse Shoe,
 Cramond Brig,
 Lucille,
 Love and Charity,
 Sent to the Tower,
 Norman Leslie,
 Peter Bell,
 Time Tries all,
 Woman's Love,
 Fire Eater,
 Who Stole the Pocket Book,
 Charcoal Burner,
 Unwarrantable Intrusion,
 Two can Play at that Game,
 John Dobbs,
 Diamond Cut Diamond,
 Gale Breezley,
 Not a Bad Judge,
 Woman I Adore,
 Capital Match,
 Lucky Stars,
 Bachelor of Arts,
 Plot and Passion,
 Storm in a Tea-Cup,
 As Like as Two Peas,
 A Blighted Being,
 Secret Agent,
 Wonderful Woman,
 Game of Romps,
 Muleteer of Toledo,
 Lost Ship,
 Four Sisters,
 Dowager,
 How Stout You are Getting,
 Uncle Fozzie, [Not,
 She Would and she Would
 Petticoat Government,
 Don't Judge by Appearances,
 Somebody Else,
 Twice Killed,
 Old House at Home,
 Done on Both Sides,
 Shaker Lovers,
 Ask no Questions,
 The Golden Mary,
 The Cagot,