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POLLOCK'S JUVENILE DRAMA.

KING HENRY.

OR THE

MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

A COMIC DRAMA

IN ONE ACT.

3 Plates Characters, 5 Scenes, 2 Wings.
Total, 10 Plates.

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CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

THE KING.

THE MILLER.

RICHARD (The Miller's Son).

LORD LUREWELL.

COURTIERS, KEEPERS, &c.

WOMEN.

PEGGY.

MARGERY.

KATE.

The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing
the Audience.

N.B.—Care should be taken in cutting out the Characters, that the Number of Plate, or Set Pieces, &c., be marked on the back, that they may correspond with the Book,

— POLLOCK'S JUVENILE DRAMA. —

KING HENRY,

OR THE

MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

SCENE 1. No. 1. THE FOREST OF SHERWOOD.

(Cut Scene.)

SCENE No. 2. THICK WOOD.

To be placed at the Back.

Wings No. 1.

Proscenium Wings, No. 2, to be placed in Front.

Enter Courtiers, Right Hand, Plate 2.

Enter Lord Lurewell, Right Hand, Plate 1.

✧ *1st Courtier.* 'Tis horrid dark, and this wood, I believe has neither end nor side.

✓ *2nd Courtier.* You mean to get out at, for we have found one in, you see.

Lurewell. I wish our good King Harry had kept nearer home to hunt ; in my mind, the pretty tame deer in London make better sport than the wild ones in Sherwood Forest.

✓ *3rd Courtier.* I can't tell which way his Majesty went, nor whether anybody is with him ; but let us keep together,

✓ *4th Courtier.* Aye, aye ; like true courtiers, take care of ourselves, whatever becomes of our master. Exit all.

Enter the King, alone, Right Hand, Plate 1.

King. This can be no public road, that's certain. I am lost ! Of what advantage is it now to be a King ? Night shows me no respect. What is a King ? Is he not wiser than another man ? Not without his counsellors, I plainly find. Is he not more powerful ? I have often been told so ; but what now can my power command ? Is he not greater, and more magnificent ? When seated on his throne, and surrounded by nobles and flatterers, he may think so ; but when lost in a wood, alas ! what is he but a common man ? Hark ! some villian sure is near ! What were it best to do ? Will my Majesty protect me ? No. Throw Majesty aside, then, and let manhood do it.

Enter the Miller, Left Hand, Plate 1.

✓ *Miller.* I believe I heard the rogue. Who's there ?

King. No rogue, I assure you.

✓ *Miller.* Little better, I believe. Who fired that gun ?

King. Not I, indeed ; I owe the King more respect. I heard a gun go off, and was afraid robbers were near.

✓ *Miller.* I'm not bound to believe this, friend. Pray, who are you ? What's your name, and what is your business here ?

King. These are questions I have not been used to.

✓ *Miller.* May be so ; but they are questions no honest man would be afraid to answer, I think, so if you can give no better account of yourself, I shall make bold to take you along with me, if you please.

King. With you ! What authority have you to——

✓ *Miller.* The King's authority. I am John Cockle, the Millor of Mansfield, one of His Majesty's keepers in the Forest of Sherwood.

King (aside). I must submit to my own authority. Very well, sir, I am glad to hear the King has so good an officer ; if you will do me the favour to hear me, I will give you a better account of myself.

✓ *Miller.* It's more than you deserve ; but let's hear it.

King. I have the honour to belong to the King. I

came down with him to hunt in this forest, and the chase leading us a great way from home, I have lost my way.

✓ *Miller.* This does not sound well; if you have been hunting, pray, where is your horse?

King. I have tired my horse, so that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

✓ *Miller.* If I thought I might believe this now.

King. I am not used to lie, honest man. I am going to Nottingham, if you will attend with me, I will convince you of the truth.

✓ *Miller.* You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way through this thick wood. If you will accept of such poor entertainment as a miller can give, you shall be welcome to stay all night, and in the morning, I will go with you myself.

King. I will accept your offer.

Exit all.

SCENE 2. No. 3. THE TOWN OF MANSFIELD.

Wings No. 1.

Enter Richard (reading a letter), Left Hand, Plate 2.

Richard. Well, dear Mansfield, I am glad to see it again. But my heart aches, for fear this should be only a trick to get me in their power. Yet the letter seems to be wrote with an air of sincerity. There can be no cheat in this, sure. Well, I will go to her; I cannot think she will again betray me. I am not far from the house.

Exit.

SCENE 3. No. 4. A ROOM.

Wings No. 1.

Enter Phoebe, Left Hand, Plate 3.

Enter Peggy, Right Hand, Plate 2.

✓ *Phoebe.* Pray make yourself easy. I hope you will shortly be revenged on that deceitful lord!

✓ *Peggy.* I hope I shall, for that were just revenge. But will revenge make me happy? Will it excuse my jealous pride? Will it restore me to the heart of my much-injured love? Ah! no.

(*Knocking at the door.*)

See who's there. O Heavens! 'tis he. Alas! that ever I should be ashamed to see the man I love!

Enter Richard, Left Hand, Plate 1.

Richard. Well, Peggy, you see you have brought me back; is it to triumph in your falsehood?

✓ *Peggy.* Oh, Richard! after the injury I have done you, I cannot look on you without confusion. But when you consider the wicked stratagem he contrived to make me think you base and deceitful, I hope you will pity and forgive me.

Richard. To be forced to fly from my friends for a crime that I was innocent of, is an injury I cannot easily forgive. But if you are less guilty than I thought, and your design be really to clear me, I will join with you with all my heart. But how do you propose to do this?

✓ *Peggy.* The King is now in this forest hunting. If we could take some opportunity of throwing ourselves at his Majesty's feet, and complain of the injustice of one of his courtiers, it might, perhaps, have some effect upon him.

Richard. The complaints of such little folks as we seldom reach the ears of Majesty.

✓ *Peggy.* We can but try.

Richard. Well, if you will go with me to my father, and stay there till such an opportunity happens, I shall believe you in earnest, and will join you in your designs.

✓ *Peggy.* I will do anything to convince you of my sincerity, and make satisfaction for the injuries I have done you.

Richard. Will you go now?

✓ *Peggy.* I'll be with you in less than an hour.

Exit all.

SCENE 4. No. 5. THE INTERIOR OF THE MILL.

Wings No. 2.

Enter Margery and Kate, Right Hand, Plate 1.

✓ *Kate.* Oh dear, I would not see a spirit for all the world but I love dearly to hear stories of them.

(*A knocking heard.*)

Margery. Lord bless us ! What's that ?

✓ *Kate.* Oh dear, mother, it's some judgment upon us, I'm afraid. They say, talk of the devil, and he'll appear.

Margery. Kate, go and see who's at the door.

✓ *Kate.* I durst not go, mother—do you go.

Richard (without). What ! wont you let me in ?

✓ *Kate.* Oh gemini ! it's like our Dick, I think—he's certainly dead, and it's his spirit.

Margery. Heaven forbid ! I think in my heart it's he himself. Open the door, Kate.

Enter Richard, Left Hand, Plate 1.

Richard. Dear mother, how do ye do ? I thought you would not have let me in.

Margery. Dear child, I'm overjoyed to see thee—but I was so frightened, I did not know what to do.

✓ *Kate.* Dear brother, I am glad to see you—how have you been this long while ?

Richard. Very well, Kate. But where's my father ?

Margery. He heard a gun go off just now, and he's gone to see who it is.

Richard. What, they still love venison at Mansfield.

✓ *Kate.* Aye, and they will have it, too.

✓ *Miller (without).* Ho ! Madge ! Kate ! bring a light.

Margery. Yonder he is.

✓ *Kate.* Has he caught the rogue, I wonder ?

Enter the Miller, Left Hand, Plate I.

Enter the King, Left Hand, Plate 1.

Margery. Who have you got?

✓ *Miller.* I have brought thee a stranger, Madge—thou must give him a supper and lodging, if thou can'st.

Margery. You have got a better stranger of your own, I can tell you: Dick's come.

✓ *Miller.* Where is he? Why, Dick, how is it, my lad?

Richard. Very well, I thank you, father.

King. A little more, and you had pushed me down.

✓ *Miller.* Sir, you must excuse me; I was overjoyed to see my boy. He has been in London these four years.

King (aside). Well, I shall once in my life have the happiness of being treated as a common man, and of seeing human nature without disguise.

✓ *Miller.* What has brought thee home so unexpected?

Richard. You will know that presently.

✓ *Miller.* We have got the King down in the forest a hunting this season, and this honest gentleman, who came down with his Majesty from London, has been with him to-day, it seems, and has lost his way. Come, Madge, see what thou can'st get for supper. Kill a couple of the best fowls; and go you, Kate, and draw a pitcher of ale.

King. Good ale will be acceptable, for I am very dry. But how came your son to leave you, and go to London?

✓ *Miller.* Why, that's a story which Richard, perhaps, wont like to have told.

King. Then I don't desire to hear it.

Take off the King, Miller, Richard, Margery, and Kate.

And put them on Sitting at Table, Plate 2.

✓ *Miller.* Sir, my hearty service to you.

King. Thank ye, sir (*aside*). This plain sincerity and freedom is a happiness unknown to Kings.

✓ *Miller.* Come, sir.

King. Richard, my service to you.

Richard. Thank you, sir.

✓ *Miller.* Well, Richard, and how dost thou like London ? Come, tell us what thou hast seen.

Richard. Seen ! I have seen the land of promise

✓ *Miller.* The land of promise ! What does thou mean ?

Richard. The Court, father. To be serious, then, I have seen the disappointment of my hopes and expectations.

✓ *Miller.* What ! would the great man thou wast recommended to, do nothing at all for thee at last.

Richard. No. I have dangled after his lordship several years, tantalised with hopes and expectations. But I found, so far from having it in his power to get a place for me, he had been all this while seeking after one for himself.

✓ *Miller.* Poor Richard ! and is plain honesty then a recommendation to no place at Court.

Richard. It may recommend you to be a footman, perhaps, but nothing further, indeed.

King. You don't consider I am a courtier.

Richard. Not I, indeed. If my character of the Court is true, 'tis not my fault if it's disagreeable to your worship.

King. Here's better success to you the next time you come to London.

Richard. Thank ye ; but I don't want to see it again.

✓ *Miller.* No, no, Dick ; instead of depending upon Lords' promises, depend upon the labour of thy own hands. But, come, I want a description of London, thou has told us nothing thou hast seen yet.

Richard. O ! 'tis a fine place ! I have seen large houses with small hospitality, great men do little actions, and fine ladies do nothing at all. I have seen merry tragedies and sad comedies. I have seen fine clothes at St. James's, and long bills at Ludgate Hill. I have seen poor grandeur and rich poverty ; high honours and low flattery ; great pride, and no merit. I have seen a fool with a title, a knave with a pension, and an honest man with a thread-bare coat.

✓ *Miller.* Is this the best description thou canst give of it ?

King. Why, Richard, you are a satirist, I find.

Richard. I love to speak truth, sir ; if that happens to be satire, I can't help it.

Miller. Well ! if this is London, give me my country cottage. But come, sir, our supper ; and to such as I have, you're welcome as a prince.

King. I thank you.

✓ *Miller.* You must mend a bad supper, sir, with a glass of good ale. Here's King Harry's health.

King. With all my heart. Come, Richard, here's King Harry's health.

Richard. I'll drink the King's health with all my heart.

Margery. Come, sir, my humble service to you, and much good may it do you. I wish it had been better.

King. You need not make any apologies. Compliments in discourse, I believe, are like ceremonies in religion—the one has destroyed all true piety, and the other, all sincerity and plain dealing.

✓ *Miller.* Then a fig for all ceremony and compliments too ; give us thy hand, and let us drink and be merry.

King. Right, honest Miller, let us drink, and be merry. Come, have you got e'er a good song ?

Miller. Ah ? my singing days are over ; but my man Joe has got one, and if you wish to hear it, I'll call him in.

King. With all my heart !

Miller. Joe !

Enter Joe, Left Hand, Plate 1.

Miller. Come, Joe, drink, boy ! I have promised this gentleman that you shall sing him your last new song.

Joe. Well, master, if you have promised it him, he shall have it.

SONG—JOE.

How happy a state does the Miller possess,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less !
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than survilely cringing at Court.

What, though he all dusty and whiten'd does go ?
The more he's be-powdered, the more like a beau :
A clown in his dress may be honester far
Than a Courtier who struts in his Garter and Star.

Though his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
 The hands of his betters are not very clean :
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal ;
 Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like meal.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He cribs, without scruple, from other men's sacks ?
 In this of right noble examples he braggs,
 Who borrows as freely from other men's bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
 In this he would mimic the tools of the State,
 Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
 As all his concerns to bring grist to the mill.

He eats when he's hungry—he drinks when he's dry—
 And down, when he's weary, contented does lie ;
 Then rises up cheerful, to work and to sing :
 If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King ?

Miller. There's a song for you !

Exit Joe.

Enter Peggy, Left Hand, Plate 3.

Miller. What wind blew you hither, pray ? You have a good share of impudence, or you would be ashamed to set you foot within my house, methinks.

Peggy. I am, indeed, but do not call me impudent.

Richard. Dear father, suspend your anger for the present—that she is here now to do me justice.

Peggy. To do that, is all that is now in my power.

King. Pray let me know the story of your misfortunes ?

Peggy. That you may learn from him whom I have wronged.

Exit Peggy.

King. She's very pretty.

Richard. Oh, sir, I once loved her dearer than my life ! but a young nobleman, happening to see her, her youth and beauty struck his fancy. A thousand artifices were employed to win her. But all his arts were vain ; in a little time he found out her love to me ; and, imagining this was the cause of her refusal, he, by forged letters and feigned stories, contrived to make her believe I was on the point of marriage with another. Possessed with this opinion, she, in a rage, writes to me never to see her more. This was the occasion of my leaving my friends, and flying to London.

King. And how does she propose to do you justice ?

Richard. Why, the King being now in the forest hunting, we design to complain to his Majesty of the injustice done us by this noble villian.

Miller. Ah, Dick ! I expect but little redress there. Things of this nature are so common amongst the great.

Richard. If you belong to the Court, sir, you, perhaps, may know something of the King's temper.

King. Why, if I can judge of his temper at all, I think he would not suffer the greatest nobleman in his Court to do an injustice to the meanest subject. But, pray who is this nobleman that is capable of such actions as these ?

Richard. It is Lord Lurewell ; that is the man.

King. 'Tis my opinion the King would not only hear your complaint, but redress your injuries.

Miller. I wish it may prove so.

Take off Richard, King, Miller, Margery, and Kate
at Table—and

Enter King, Left Hand, and Miller Right Hand, Plate 3.

Enter Richard, Left Hand, Plate 1.

Enter the Keepers, Left Hand, Plates 2 & 3.

Enter Courtiers, Right Hand, Plate 3.

Enter Lord Lurewell, Right Hand, Plate 1.

Keepers. Holloa ! Cockle ! Where are ye ? Why, man, we have nabbed a pair of rogues here just in the fact.

King. Ha, ha, ha ! What turned highwaymen, my lords ? or deer-stealers ?

Lurewell. I am very glad to find your Majesty in health and safety.

Miller and Richard. What ! Is this the King ?

King. I am very glad to see you, my lords, I confess—and particularly you, my Lord Lurewell. Your honour has been highly wronged by this young man.

Lurewell. Wronged, my liege !

King. I hope so, my lord ; for I would fain believe you cannot be guilty of baseness and treachery.

Lurewell. I hope your Majesty will never find me so. What does this villian say ?

Richard. I am not to be frightened, my lord. I dare speak truth at any time.

King. My lord, this man, not knowing who I was, presumed to charge your lordship with traducing his character to an innocent girl whom he loved, and who was to have been his wife ; but I know 'tis false, and therefore leave it to your lordship to say what punishment I shall inflict upon him for the injury done to your honour.

Lurewell. I thank your Majesty. I will not be severe ; he shall only ask my pardon, and to-morrow morning be obliged to marry the girl he has traduced me with.

King. This is mild. Well, you hear your sentence.

Richard. May I not have leave to speak before your Majesty ? I believe I have certain witnesses who will undeniably prove the truth of all I have accused his lordship of.

King. Produce them.

Richard. Peggy.

Take off Richard, and bring on Richard with letter,
Right Hand, Plate 3.

Enter Peggy, Left Hand, Plate 3.

King. Do you know this woman, my lord ?

Lurewell. I know her, please your Majesty, by sight—she is a tenant's daughter.

Peggy (aside). Majesty ! What, is this the King ?

Richard. Yes.

King. Have you no particular acquaintance with her ?

Lurewell. I have not seen her these several months.

Richard. True, my lord ; and that is part of your accusation ! for, I believe, I have some letters which will prove your lordship once had a more particular acquaintance with her. Here is one of the first his lordship wrote to her, full of the tenderest and most solemn protestations of love and constancy ; here is another, in which he informs her of my pretended engagement to another.

Take off King, and put on King, Reading a Letter,

Left Hand, Plate 3.

King. What say you, my lord, are these your hand ?

Lurewell. I believe, please your Majesty, I might have a little love affair with the girl some time ago.

King. It was a mean affair, my lord ; I call it infamy. Do you think, my lord, that greatness gives a sanction to wickedness ? You remember the sentence you pronounced upon this innocent man ; you cannot think it hard that it should pass on you who are guilty.

Lurewell. I hope your Majesty will consider my rank, and not obliged me to marry her.

King. Your rank ? my lord. What makes your lordship great ? Is it your gilded dress ? Then put it on your meanest slave, and he's as great as you. Is it your riches or estate ? The villian that should plunder you of all, would then be as great as you. No, my lord, he that acts greatly, is the true man. I therefore think, you ought, in justice, to marry her you have thus wronged.

Peggy. Let my tears thank your Majesty. But, alas ! I am afraid to marry this young lord : that would only give him power to use me worse, and increase my misery. I therefore beg your Majesty will not command him to do it.

King. My lord, you see how low the greatest nobleman may be reduced by ungenerous actions. Here is a poor young woman, who, from a knowledge of your unworthiness, declines riches if shared with you. I shall therefore not insist upon it; but I command you, upon pain of my displeasure, to fix on her three hundred pounds a year.

Peggy. May Heaven reward your Majesty's goodness. But if your Majesty thinks fit, let it be settled upon this much-injured man, to make some satisfaction for the wrongs which have been done him. As to myself, I only sought to clear the innocence of him I loved and wronged.

Richard. This act of generosity cancels all past failings; come to my arms, and be as dear as ever.

King. May you be happy.

Take off Miller and King, and put on Miller, kneeling.

Plate 3.

And King, with drawn sword, Right Hand, Plate 3.

Miller. After I have seen so much of your Majesty's goodness, I cannot despair of pardon, even for the rough usage your Majesty received from me.

The Miller is about to rise, thinking the King is going to kill him.

King. Kneel without fear. I cannot but think so good and honest a man will make a worthy and honourable knight; and to support your state, and in some sort requite the pleasure you have done us, a thousand marks a year shall be your revenue.

Miller. Your Majesty's bounty I receive with thankfulness; I have been guilty of no meanness to obtain it, and hope I shall not be obliged to keep it upon base conditions; for though I am willing to be a faithful subject, I am resolved to be a free and honest man.

King. I rely upon your being so ; and, to gain the friendship of such an one, I shall always think an addition to my happiness, though a King.

Worth, in whatever state, is sure a prize,
Which Kings, of all men, ought not to despise ;
By selfish sycophants so closely beseiged,
'Tis by mere chance a worthy man's obliged ;
But hence to every courtier be it known.
Virtue shall find protection from the throne.

The Characters to be placed thus at the

Fall of the Curtain :—

Keepers.

Courtiers.

Peggy. Richard. Dame. Miller. King. Lurewell.

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