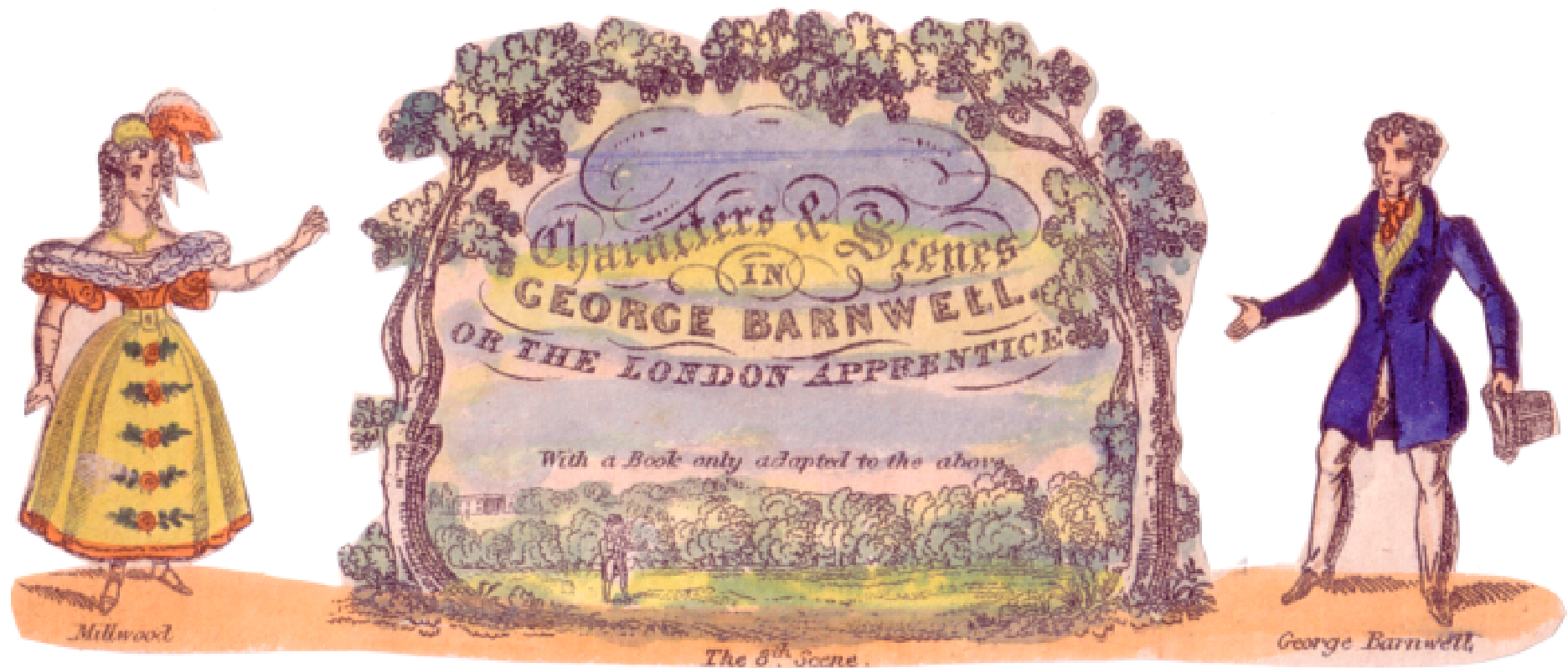


SKELT'S JUVENILE DRAMA



Reprint of a 19th century Toy Theatre play



Characters & Scenes
IN
GEORGE BARNWELL
OR THE LONDON APPRENTICE

With a Book only adapted to the above

The 3rd Scene

Millwood

George Barnwell

Threeman

Thorowood

Maria

Blunt

Lucy





Barnwell

Trueman

Millwood

Barnwell

Servant

Uncle

Thorowgood

Trueman

Barnwell

Millwood

Lucy



Trueman & Millwood

Officer

Officer

Barnwell

Millwood



Officers with Barnwell in Custody.

Barnwell & his Uncle

Barnwell



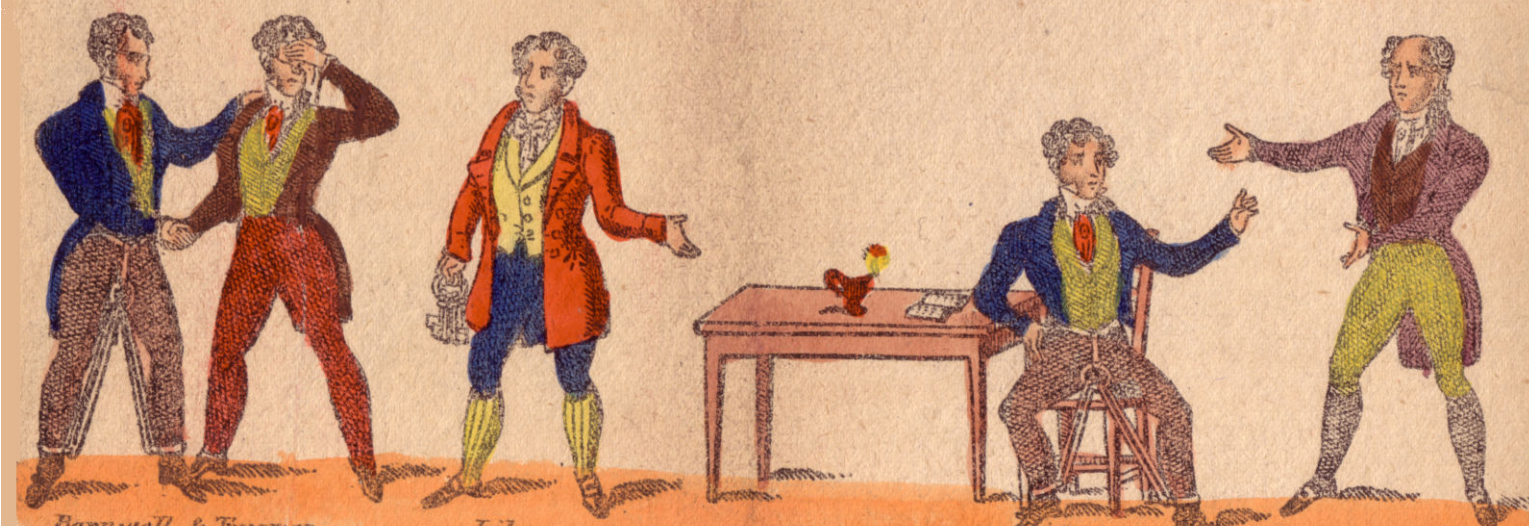
Thorowgood

Barnwell 2nd Dress

Maria 2nd Dress

Maria & Barnwell

Trueman 2nd Dress

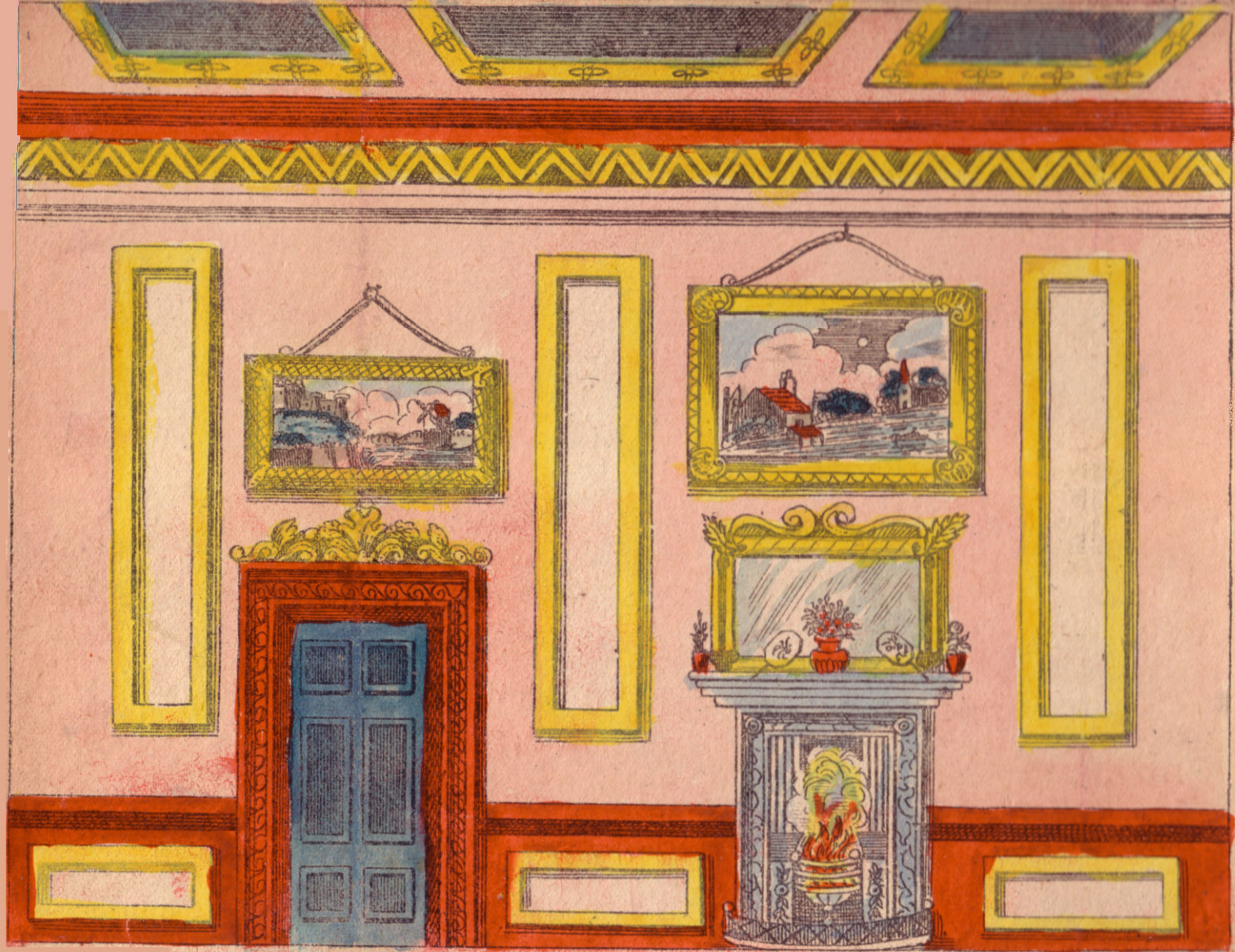


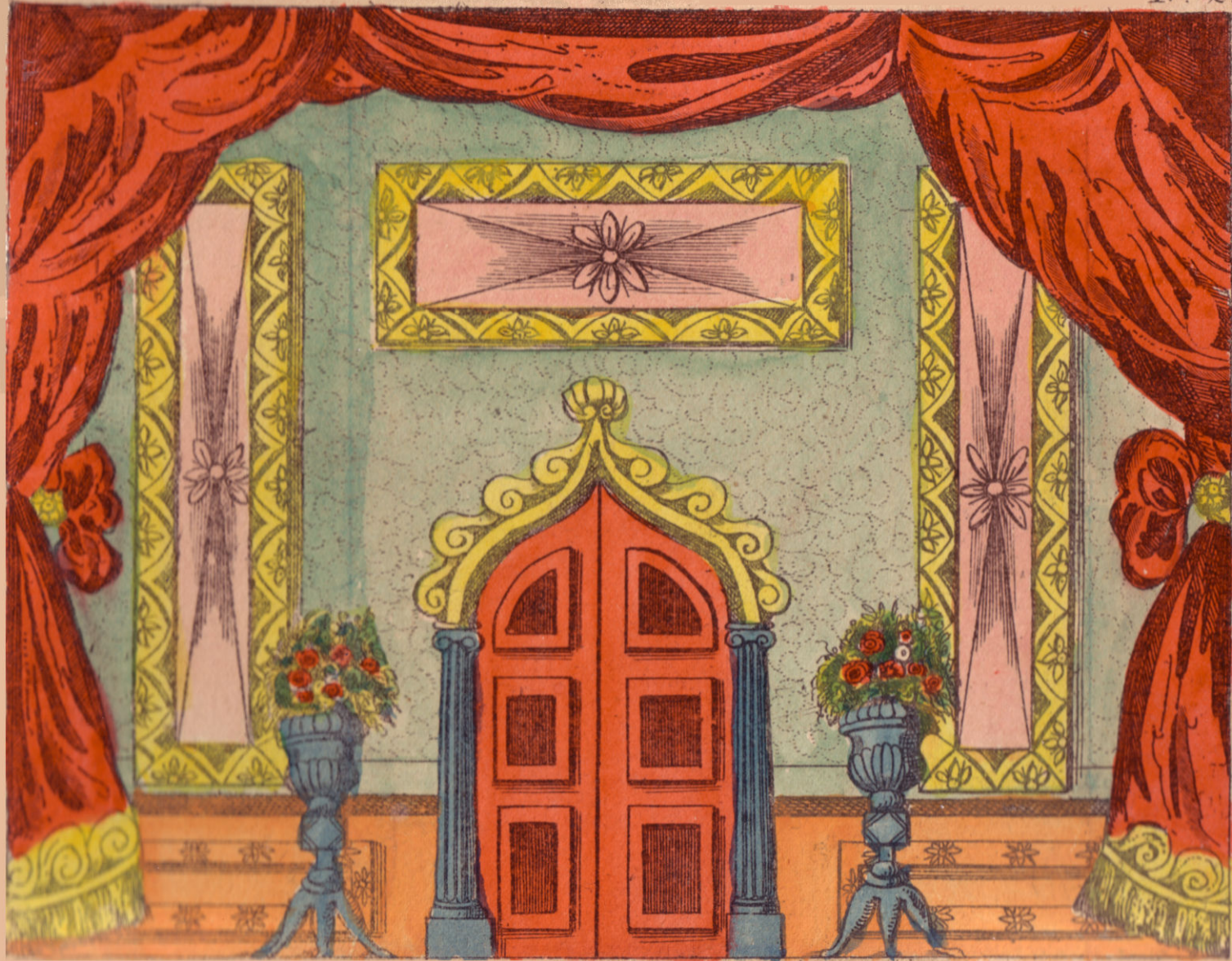
Barnwell & Trueman

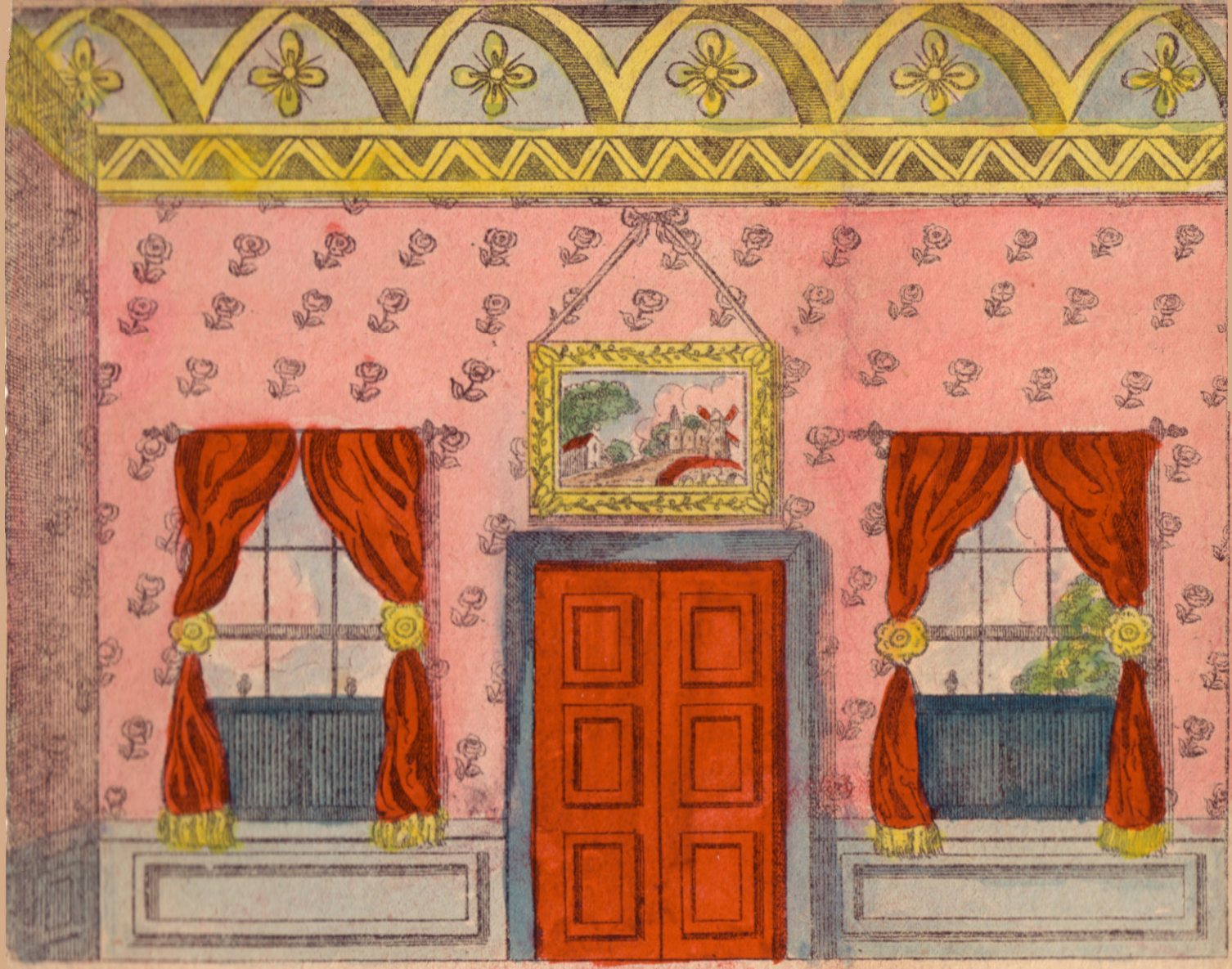
Tailor

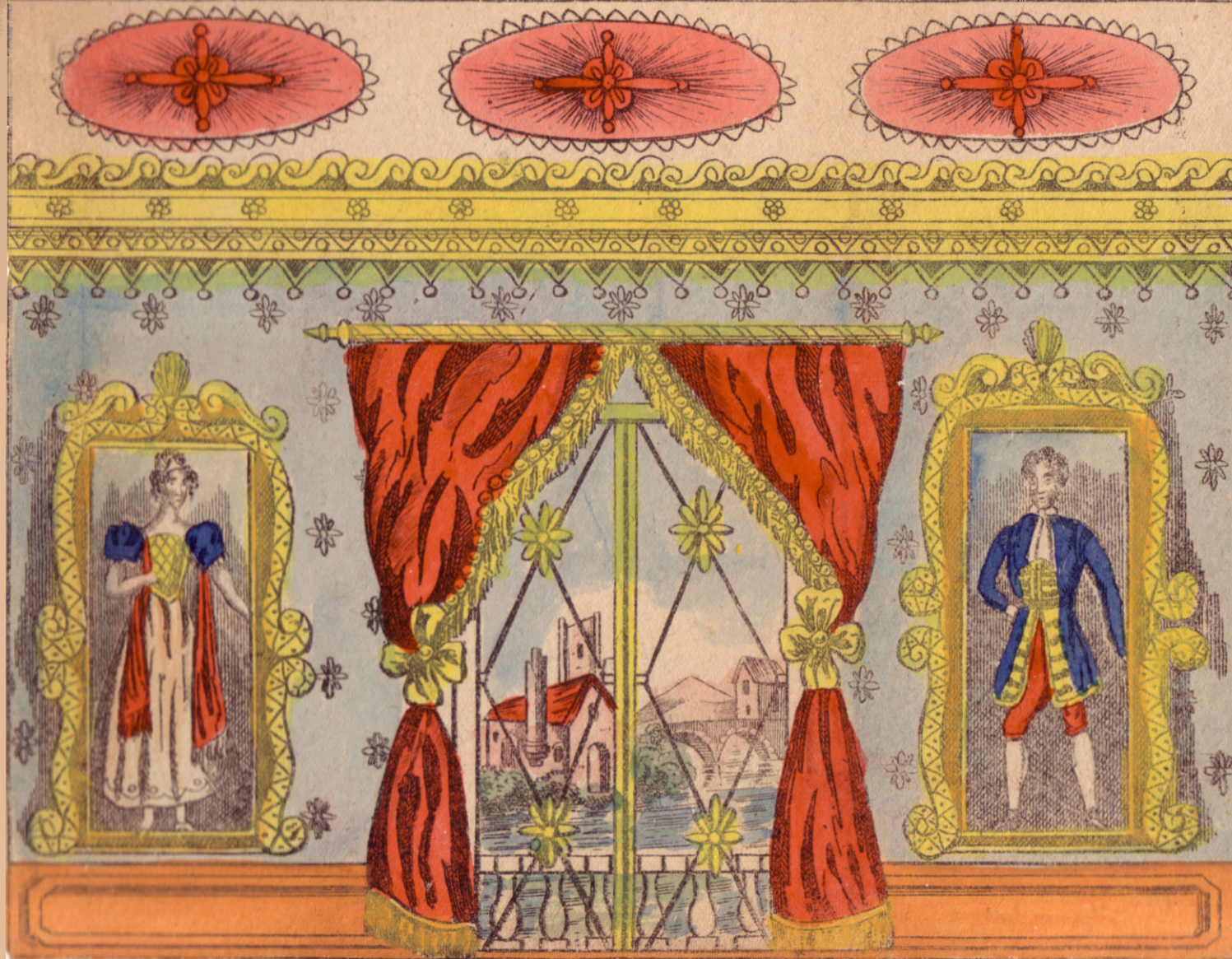
Barnwell

Thorowgood 2nd Dress













SKEET'S PRISON WINGS.

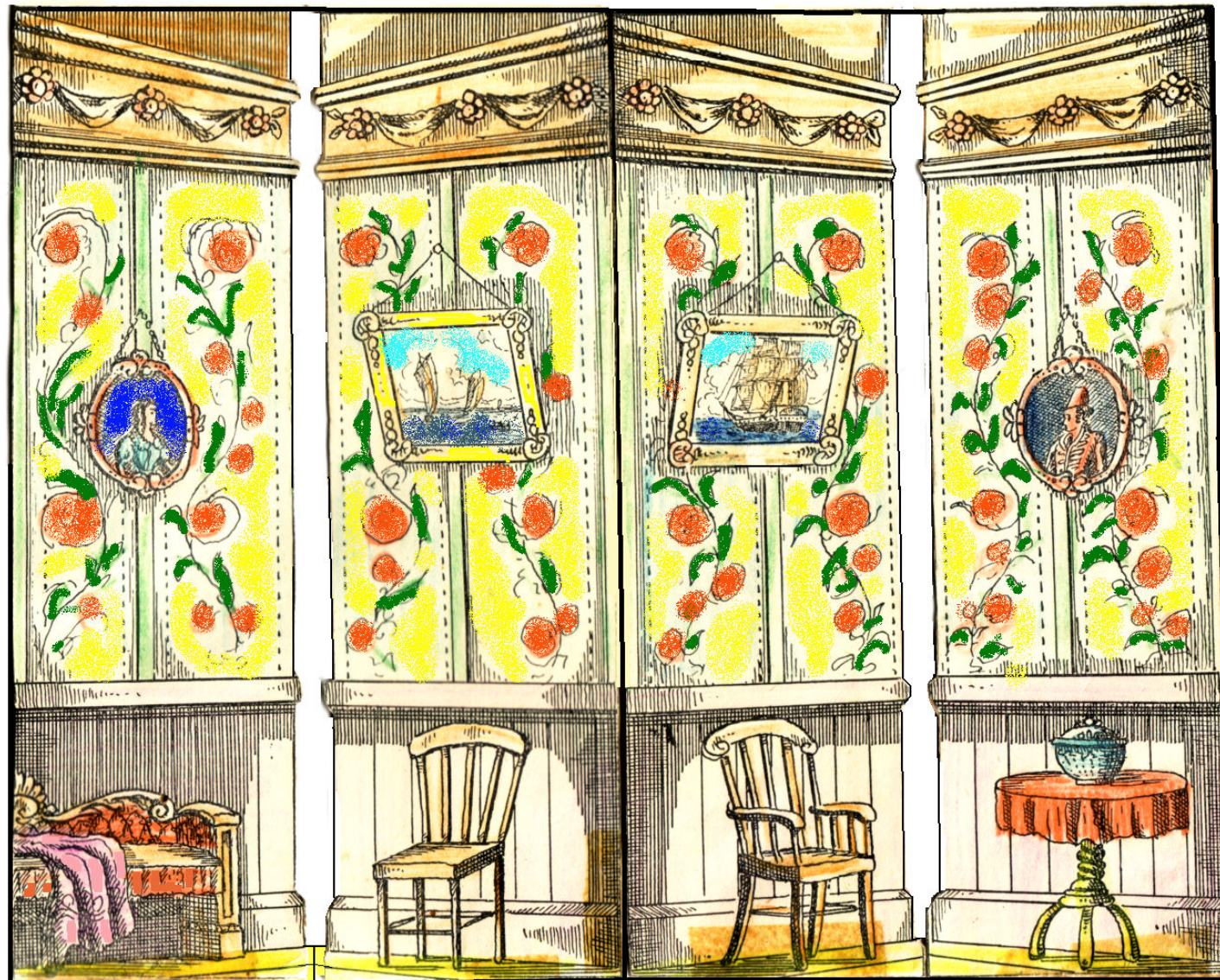
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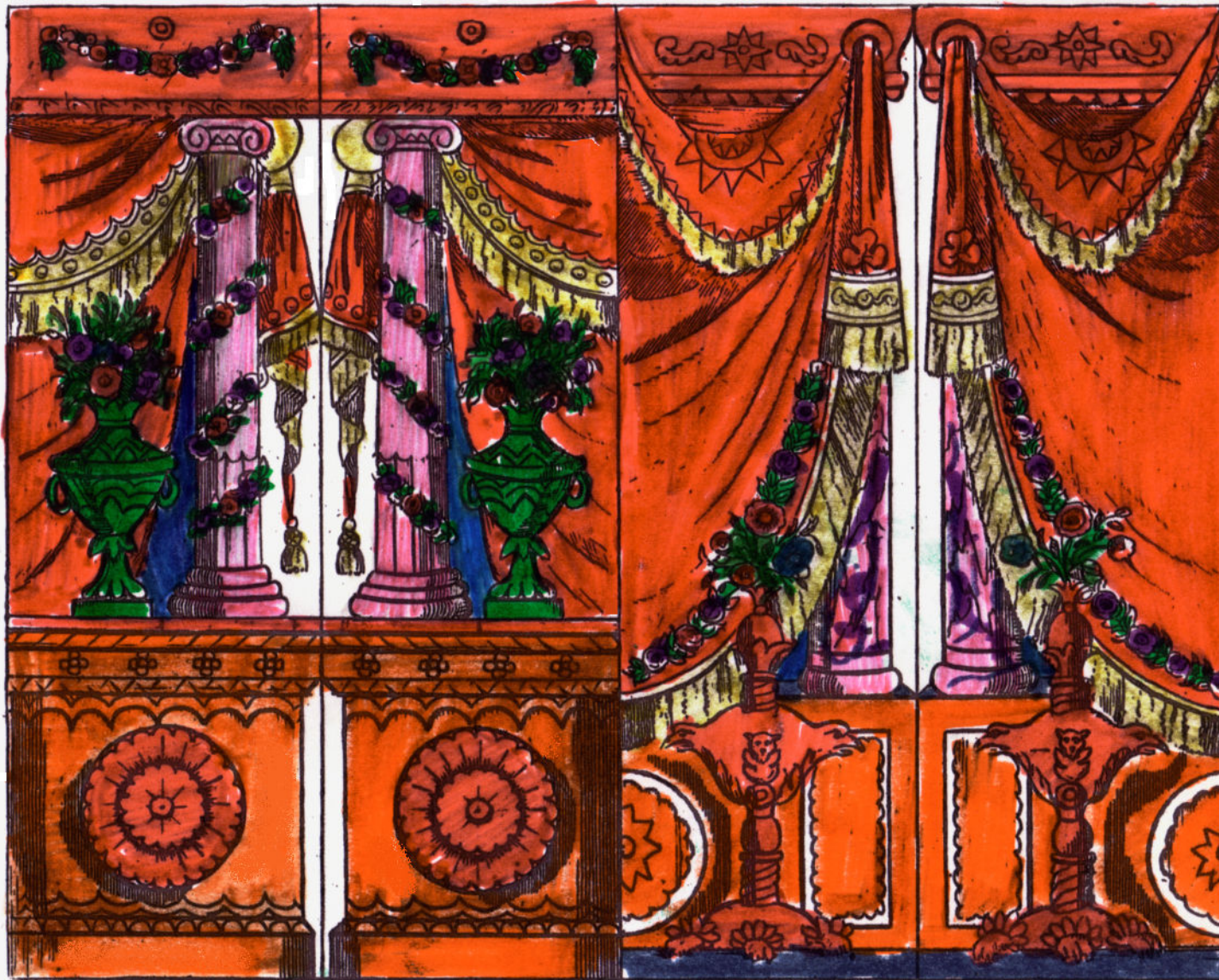
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SKELT'S CURTAIN WINGS.

Nº 20



Price Halfpenny

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George Barnwell,

THE LONDON APPRENTICE.

Founded on Fact.

A Play in 5 Acts.

5 Scenes and 4 Plates of Characters.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Thorougood, a London Merchant.
George Barnwell, an Apprentice.
Uncle Barnwell, a Merchant.
Trueman, Barnwell's Friend.
Blunt, a Servant.
Jailor.
Millwood, an Adventuress.
Lucy, her Maid.
Maria, Uncle Barnwell's Daughter.
Servants, Police Officers, &c.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Reader is supposed to face the audience.
R.H. means Right Hand ; L.H. Left hand ; c. Centre ; r.c. Right Centre ;
l.c. Left Centre ; P.O.C. Plate of Characters ; P.O.S. Plate of Scenes.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—P.O.S. No. 2. Millwood (L.H.) and Lucy (R.H.), discovered P.O.C. No. 1.

Mil.—How do I look to-day, Lucy?

Lucy—Oh, killing, madam! A little more rouge, and you'll be irresistible. What new conquest are you aiming at?

Mil.—A conquest would be new indeed.

Lucy—Not to you, who make them every day, why your wit and beauty—

Mil.—First made me a wretch, and still continue to. Men are all selfish hypocrites in their affairs with women. What arts will they not use to tempt us from our innocence. Then is it not just, that to their cost, they should find us so. But their own guilt makes them suspicious, therefore, we can only take advantage of the young and inexperienced of mankind.

Lucy—They must be young, indeed.

Mil.—Such a one I think I have found. In my visits to the City I have often observed him receiving and paying away considerable sums of money.

Lucy—Is he handsome?

Mil.—As Apollo! Young and ignorant of the ways of the world. Having long had a design on him, and meeting him yesterday, I made a dead stop and timidly asked his name. He actually blushed, and bowing low, answered, "George Barnwell." I begged his pardon for the liberty I had taken, and asked that he was the person to whom I had a matter of importance to communicate, and invited him to my house; he swallowed the bait. (Knock at door.) A knock, run Lucy, (exit Lucy). The fates are disposed to serve me—for I doubt not 'tis he.

[Enter Barnwell (L.H.), P.O.C. No. 1, and Lucy No. 1.]

Mil.—Sir! The surprise and joy—

Bar.—Madam, the pleasure—

Mil.—So unhoped for—pray be seated. I am as much at a loss how to receive this honour, as I am surprised at your goodness in conferring it.

Bar.—Did I not promise to come?

Mil.—True, but few men are such strict observers of their word.

Bar.—All who are honest are.

Mil.—To one another; but we silly women are seldom thought of consequence enough to retain a place in your remembrance (places her hand on his).

Bar. (aside)—Her embarrassment is so great, she knows not her hand is on mine! Heavens how she trembles.

Mil.—You—you may think me very bold, but I should like to know your sentiments on a very important subject.

Bar.—Madam, pray command me.

Mil.—You will think me bold?

Bar.—No, indeed.

Mil.—What then are your thoughts of love?

Bar.—If you mean the love of women, in truth I have scarce thought of them at all. But if you mean the general love we owe mankind, I know no one who has more of it than myself. In an especial manner, for instance, I love my uncle, my master, but above all, my friend.

Mil.—Happy, happy friend, whoever he may be, I envy him. What have I lost by being a woman! Had I been a man, I might, perhaps, have been as happy in your friendship as he who now enjoys it—but alas!—(emotion).

Bar. (aside)—Little as I have noticed women, this is surely the most beautiful of her sex. (Aloud) You seem distressed. May I not know the cause?

Mil.—Do not ask me. I wish for things impossible. I would be a servant bound to the same master as you are, to live in the same dear house with you.

Bar. (side)—How strange, and yet how kind her words and actions are, I am spellbound, fascinated by her—I must go while I have yet the power to leave (Aloud) Madam, I respectfully take my leave.

Mil.—You cannot be so cruel to leave me so soon, I have prepared supper at which I promised my poor self your cherished company.

Bar.—I am sorry I must refuse, but duty to my worthy master calls me hence.

Mil.—Am I refused the first favour I ask. Go then, proud, hard hearted youth! But know you are the only man who would let me sue twice for even a far greater favour.

Bar.—What—what shall I do?

Mil.—Ah do not leave me. When I look upon you and see those eyes. Oh, spare my tongue, and let my blushes speak.

Bar.—Heavens, she loves me—her words, her looks all confess it; and can I leave her thus? Oh, never, never.

Mil.—Ah, now you are kind, indeed; but I mean not to detain you always, tho' I would have you shake off all slavish obedience to your master, or I shall be jealous. But I would have you serve him still.

Lucy (aside)—Serve him still. Yes, or he'll have no opportunity of fingering his master's cash, and then he'll not serve your ends.

[Enter Blunt, P.O.C. No. 1.]

Blunt—Madam, supper's on the table.

Mil.—Come, young sir, you will excuse all defects my thoughts were too much employed in you to observe the entertainment.

Bar.—My lovely guardian angel of purity and innocence lead me where you will, I follow. [Exit all.]

CURTAIN.

SCENE I.—P.O.S. No. 3.

[Enter Barnwell, (L.H.), P.O.C. No. 3.]

Bar.—The dark clouds of regret and remorse close around me. Like some stealthy robber who treads forbidden ground, fearful, I enter this well-known house. To guilty love already have I added breach of trust. Dazzled, mad-dened by this beautiful siren, reason and sense seem lost, I am her very slave, and to supply her extravagant desires, I have robbed the good master I loved. Heavens what a wretch I am. Yet I cannot give her up, but like the poor moth that burns its wings in the flame, still rushes on to my doom.

[Enter Trueman, P.O.C. No. 3.]

True.—Ah George, how glad I am to see you safe, so also will be our master

and his gentle daughter, who have missed you greatly.

Bar. (aside)—Would he were gone, his officious love will pry into the secrets of my soul.

True. Why do you turn away? What have I done, or rather what have you done? And why are you thus changed?

Bar. (aside)—What have I done, indeed? (Aloud) I am not well, sleep has been a stranger to my eyes since you last saw me.

True.—Rightly did my sympathising heart forbode last night when you were absent, something fatal to our peace.

Bar.—Much as I appreciate your friendship, it engages me too far. My troubles, whatever they are, are mine alone.

True.—I pray you to forgive me, Barnwell if I appear intrusive, but 'tis only out of love for you. Something dreadful is labouring in your breast. Let me share your grief that I may make it lighter by the part I bear.

Bar.—If still you urge me on this hated subject, I will never again enter beneath this roof.

True.—I have done; but say you hate me not.

Bar.—Hate you! I am not that monster yet.

True.—Shall our friendship still continue?

Bar.—Upon one condition—tho' 'twas a blessing I was never worthy of. Hereafter, though you should wonder at my conduct, desire to know no more than I am willing to reveal.

True.—Be it so, for I must ever be your friend—may Heaven restore your peace. But business requires our attention. Business, the youth's best preservative from ill, as idleness is his worse snare.

Bar.—A moment I will follow you. (Exit Trueman.) I might have troubled Trueman to have applied to my uncle to have repaired the wrong I have done my master. Agony, he's here.

[Enter Thorogood (L.H.) P.O.C. No. 1.]

Thor.—I came to chide you, George, for absence of last night, but hope I am prevented. That modest blush, the confusion so visible in your face, speak grief and shame, a fault confessed. Therefore

if my pardon or love be of moment to your peace, look up secure of both.

Bar. (aside).—This goodness has overcome me. (Aloud). Oh, sir, you know not the nature of my offence; and I should abuse your mistaken bounty to receive them.

Thor.—Enough! How painful is the sense of guilt to an ingenuous mind! Some youthful folly which it would be prudent not to inquire into.

Bar.—Did you know all, you would abhor me.

Thor.—I never will, heaven be my witness. Yet be upon your guard in this gay and thoughtless season of your life. When vice becomes habitual, the very power of leaving it is lost.

Bar.—This generosity amazes and distracts me. Hear me on my kness confess.

Thor.—No more. This remorse makes you dearer to me than if you had never offended. Whatever your fault, of this I am certain, 'twas harder for you to offend than me to pardon. [Exit.

Bar.—Oh, villain! villain that I am to wrong so excellent a man. Should I again return to folly—detested thought! But what of Millwood then? Why, I renounce her. Reason may convince, but gratitude compels. This unlooked for generosity has saved me from destruction.

SCENE 3.—P.O.S. No. 1.

[Enter Millwood and Lucy (R.H.) P.O.C. No. 3.]

(Servant ushers them in.)

Ser.—Ladies, Mr. Barnwell will see you immediately. [Exit.

(Enter Barnwell (R.H.) P.O.C. No. 3.)

Bar.—You here, Millwood?

Mill.—That angry look tells me I am not welcome; I feared as much.

Bar.—Will nothing but my utter ruin content you?

Mill.—Cruel and unkind! Lost myself, your happiness is now my only care.

Bar.—Why did you come at all?

Mill.—I shall never trouble you more. I'm come to take my leave for ever. One short hour is all that I have to bestow on love and you.

Lucy—Ah, sir, she's going, she knows not whither. She must quit the town immediately.

Bar.—For my sake! Oh, why am I so cursed as to bring such ruin on her?

Mill.—To know it will but increase your troubles.

Bar.—My troubles cannot be greater than they are.

Lucy—Well, sir, if she won't satisfy you I will. Her guardian is a well favoured man, but she can't endure him; and her scornful treatment has made him bring in an account of his executorship, wherein he makes her his debtor.

Mill.—And by this unjust account he has stripped me of all I had.

Lucy—And now he threatens since he knows that you were entertained at her house last night that unless she becomes his he will turn her into the street to starve.

Bar.—Heavens, the monster! Must she be ruined to find refuge in another's arms?

Mill.—He gave me an hour to decide. That's happily spent with you; and now I go.

Bar.—To wander friendless through the pitiless world in misery and want. You would do all this for me, and I can do nothing to prevent it.

Lucy—Now I advised her, sir, to comply with her guardian.

Bar.—Fiend, away! I would rather see her perish! I will prevent her ruin, though it be with my own. The safe! The money! I will return in a moment. [Exit.

Lucy—'Twas well you come, or, by what I perceive, you had lost him.

Mill.—'Twas a close shave; but we played our parts well. Here he is.

[Enter Barnwell (L.H.) with bag of money P.O.C. No. 3.]

Bar.—I am distracted. Here, quick! Take this, and with it purchase your deliverance. Return to your house, and live in peace and safety.

Mill.—My saviour! And I may hope to see you again, dear one.

Bar.—You are my fate! Fly, lest in the agonies of my remorse I take again what is not mine to give.

Mill.—I look for our next meeting.

[Exit Millwood and Lucy.

Barn.—What have I done? Yet, if my heart deceives me not, compassion and generosity were my motives. But why should I attempt to reason? All is confusion, horror, and remorse. I am lost, cast down from all my late erected hopes, and plunged again in guilt, yet scarce know how or why

Such undistinguished horrors rack my brain,
Like hell, the seat of darkness and of pain.

CURTAIN.

SCENE 1.—P.O.S. No. 4.

[Enter Trueman, meeting Maria P.O.C. No. 2.]

True.—Oh, Barnwell, my friend, how are you fallen!

Maria—Mr. Barnwell. Speak! What of him?

True.—Alas! I have news to tell of him that will afflict all who knew him. See, here is a letter. (Giving letter.)

Maria—(reads). Trueman, the cause of my absence is my having embezzled part of the cash with which I was entrusted. After this, 'tis needless to inform you that I intend never to return again. From your lost and guilty friend,
BARNWELL.

Maria—Poor ruined Barnwell! To think a soul so sensible to shame can ever submit to live a slave to vice.

True.—Yes, indeed. He was the delight of every eye, the joy of every heart.

Maria—If I should supply the missing money could you so contrive to conceal this unhappy mismanagement from my father?

True.—Nothing more easy. Oh, 'twere an act worthy such exalted virtue as Maria's. Sure heaven, in mercy to my friend, inspired the generous thought.

Maria—In attempting to save from shame one whom we hope may yet return to virtue, to heaven and you I appeal whether I have done anything misbecoming my sex and character.

True.—Earth must approve the deed, and heaven, I doubt not will reward it.

[Exit.

SCENE 2.—P.O.S. Nos. 3 and 7

[Enter Barnwell (L.H.) No. 2. Lights down.]

Bar.—A dismal gloom obscures the moon's pale rays as though to hide the sight of what I am doomed to act. Murder my uncle that I might inherit his fortune. That is what the temptress hinted in my ear. My good kind uncle who took me an orphan, and reared me with tenderest care. I stiffen with horror at my own impiety. 'Tis yet unperformed. What if I fly the place? But whither shall I go? My master's once friendly doors are closed against me, and without money Millwood will never see me more. She's got such firm possession of my heart, and governs there with despotic sway. 'Tis more than love; 'tis the fever of the soul. The madness of desire. Ha! yonder comes my uncle. Now for my disguise. Hence remorse, and every thought that's good. The storm that sin began must end in blood. [Exit.

[Enter uncle with book P.O.C. No. 2.]

Uncle—If I were superstitious I should fear some danger lurked unseen, or death were nigh. My imagination is filled with ghastly forms, of dreary graves, and bodies changed by death.

[Enter Barnwell masked, at back, and with pistol, which he presents at uncle, then drops it, P.O.C. No. 2.]

Bar.—Oh, 'tis impossible. I cannot do it.

Uncle—A strange man so near me armed and masked (Draws his sword, P.O.C. No. 2.)

Bar.—Nay, then, there's no retreat. (Stabs him with dagger—draw both off, and replace Barnwell stabbing uncle, P.O.C. No. 2.)

Uncle—Oh, I am slain! Gracious heaven regard the prayer of thy dying servant. Bless my dear nephew. Forgive my murderer, and take my soul to endless mercy. (Take off and replace dead uncle, P.O.C. No. 2, and Barn. kneeling, P.O.C. No. 4.)

Bar. Oh, murdered, martyred uncle! Lift up your dying eyes and behold in your nephew your murderer. Let indignation lighten from your eyes and blast

me ere you die. Tears—tears for blood. The murdered, in the agonies of death, weeps for his murderer. Oh, let heaven from its high throne, in justice or in mercy, now look down on that dear murdered saint, and me the murderer, and if his vengeance spares, let pity strike and end my blood-guilty wretchedness.

CURTAIN.

ACT 4.

SCENE I.—Repeat Scene No. 2.

[Enter Millwood, P. O. C. No. 3.]

Mill.—I am impatient to know the result of my design; the attempt without success, would ruin him, and his friends in pity for his youth turn all their rage on me. But I alarm myself without cause. He is here, his blood-stained hands show he has done the deed.

[Enter Barwell P. O. C. No. 4.]

Bar.—Where shall I hide—whither shall I fly to escape the swift and unerring hand of justice.

Mill.—Dismiss those fears, I have a secret hiding place where the piercing eye of the law may search in vain.

Bar.—Oh, hide me from myself if that were possible. Behold these hands are all crimsoned over with my uncle's blood. Though to man unknown I did the accursed deed, what can we hide from heaven's omniscient eye?

Mill.—No more of this, what advantage have you made of his death? Did you secure the keys of his treasure? What gold—what jewels have you brought me?

Bar.—Think you I would add sacrilege to murder? Oh, had you seen him die, heard him praying for me, his unknown murderer, what would I not then have given to have recalled him to life. But not to have gained the empire of the world could I have violated by theft his sacred copse.

Mill.—Whining, oating villain, to murder your uncle, then fear to take what he no longer wanted and bring to

me your poverty and guilt. Do you think I'll hazard my life to entertain you.

Bar.—Oh Millwood, this from you.

Mill.—In his frenzy he will discover all and involve me in his ruin, we are on a precipice from whence there is no retreat for both. Yes, it must be done. (rings.)

[Enter Servant P.O.C. No. 3.]

Mill.—Fetch me an officer, this villain has confessed himself a murderer and I would give him up to justice.

Bar.—Oh Millwood, you cannot mean it, upon my knees (kneeling) I beg you call him back. 'Tis fit I should die indeed, but not by you, I will instantly deliver myself up, but your ingratitude so tears my soul, 'tis worse than death with torture.

Mill.—I wish to live secure, which nothing but your death can warrant.

Bar.—Heavens, this is worse than all. A dismal dungeon, hard galling fetters, an ignominious death, the warning and horror of a gaping crowd. This I can bear had it come from any hand but thine.

[Enter Blunt and Officers P.O.C. No. 4.]

Mill.—Seize that man, officer, I accuse him of murder, and will appear to make good my charge.

[Replace officers seizing Barwell No. 4.]

Bar.—How shall I complain, I'll not accuse her, the hand of heaven is in it, and this the punishment of unholy love and the parricide. Take me hence—to death—to death. [exit all.]

[Re-enter Millwood with pistol P.O.C. No. 4.]

True. (holding her)—Here your power of doing mischief ends, vile, deceitful, cruel woman.

Mill.—Fool, villain. Man! That imaginary being is an emblem of your cursed sex collected.

True.—Think not by aggravating the faults of others to extenuate your own.

Mill.—If I have, well may I curse your hated sex. Another and another spoiler came and all my gain was poverty and reproach.

True.—Surely none but the worst of men conversed with such as you.

Mill.—Men of all degrees I have known yet found no difference, all were alike wicked to the utmost of their power. What are your laws? You punish in others what you act yourselves, or would have acted had you been in their circumstances. Thus you go on deceiving harrassing, plaguing and destroying one another. But women are your universal prey.

By flattery, faithless, barb'rous man betrayed;

When robbed of innocence, and virgin fame.

From your destruction rises a nobler name,

To right the sex's wrongs devote your mind.

And future Millwoods prove to plague mankind.

Curtain.

ACT 5.

SCENE I.—P. O. C. No. 8 and 2. Barnwell at table P.O.C. No 5. Thoroughgood, 2nd Dress.

Thor.—Much loved and much lamented youth, your sincere repentance has earned my pardon. Heaven strengthen you, farewell, my eternal farewell.

Bar.—My kind friend and best of Masters, farewell, (they embrace, exit Thor.)

Bar.—I now find a power within that bears my soul above the fears of death and gives me a taste of joy more than mortal.

[Enter jailor and Trueman, P.O.C. No. 5.]

True.—Oh, Barnwell; Barnwell, (embrace.)

Bar.—Mercy! Mercy—gracious Heavens. For death was I prepared but not this.

True.—What have I suffered since I saw you last. But, oh, to see you thus

Bar.—I feel the anguish of your gracious soul; but I was born to murder all who love me.

True.—I came not to reproach you. But oh, had you trusted me when the fair temptress bewitched you, all might have been prevented.

Bar.—Alas! did you know what a wretch I've been—so devoted to the fair author of my ruin, that had she insisted I felt I could have committed any crime.

True.—My poor, ill-fated friend—I dread to tell you, yet it must be known, our master's fair and innocent daughter—

Bar.—The gentle Maria—I hope no misfortune has befallen the lovely maiden.

True.—Whatever you and I have felt George, she feels for you.

Bar.—This is indeed the bitterness of death.

True.—She waits for me to fetch her to you. [exit L.H.]

Bar.—What avails it to think on what I might have been, I now am what I have made myself.

[Enter Trueman and Maria L. H. P. O. C. No. 5.]

Maria.—Why are your streaming eyes, dear George, fixed on the ground? look upon me, that I may share your sorrow.

Bar.—I am not fit for the presence of such purity—fly from me, leave me to my fate.

Maria.—When I forget you, may kind heaven forget me. Let women like Millwood, smile in prosperity and in adversity forsake, be it the pride of virtue to share the ruin it has made.

Bar.—Lovely, ill-fated maid.

Maria.—Yes, fruitless in my love, and unavailing all my sighs and tears; can they save thee from approaching death; from such a death! oh, sorrow unsurpassable. [Bell tolls.]

[Enter Jailor L.H. P.O.C. No. 5.]

Jailor.—The officers attend you, sir, Millwood is already summoned to execution.

Bar.—Tell them I am ready, and now dear, Maria, farewell (embracing her, P.O.C. No. 5.) Trueman, my true friend, do your best to support and comfort this sorrowing girl. No more, forget not to pray for me, early my race of wickedness began, and soon it has reached the summit.

<p>And justice in compassion to mankind cuts off a wretch like me, by one such example to secure thousands from future ruin.</p> <p>Be warn'd ye youths, who see my sad despair, Avoid bad women, false as they are fair.</p> <p>By reason guided, honest joys pursue, The fair to honour and to virtue true, Just to herself, will ne'er be false to you.</p>	<p>By my example learn to shun my fate, (How wretched is the man whose wisdom comes too late.) Ere innocence, and fame and life be lost, Here purchase wisdom cheaply at my cost.</p> <p>[Bell tolls—Curtain.] Trueman B. Barnwell & Maria L. Jailor L.C.</p> <p>THE END.</p>
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George Barnwell

Although not a well-known Toy Theatre play this story was a favourite morality tale of the Victorian era. It demonstrated the dreadful consequences that might arise when young people mis-behaved. This is surprising perhaps considering that the play was written in the early part of the eighteenth century, originally had a very adult theme and broke the mould of what was acceptable on the stage.

The original play was written by George Lilo, said to be the son of a Dutch jeweller, as “The London Merchant or the History of George Barnwell”. It had 5 acts with numerous “scenes” as actors and actresses entered and exited and a total of nine settings. It was first performed at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane in 1731. It was revolutionary at the time in that instead of telling a story about the nobility, which had been the norm, it was based on middle class society. It was the pioneer of a long tradition of bourgeois drama that developed over the next 200 years.

The Skelt play was the only original one produced for the Toy Theatre. It had 5 plates of characters, 8 scenes and 4 wings (Nos. 12,13, 19 and 20). It had the same basic plot as the domestic tragedy by George Lilo..

The play was later reprinted by Andrews as part of their “Champion Parlour Dramas” series, together with a more abbreviated book, which was simplified to focus on the relationship between George Barnwell, Sarah Millward, the murder of his uncle and the inevitability of his execution. Ironically however there are speeches that are actually longer than in the Lilo play! It used to be thought that Andrews had obtained Skelt’s plates but new evidence suggests that he simply copied original sheets by photolithography. Our version reproduces the original Andrews sheets as they were hand coloured. It demonstrates the relatively simple form of colouring used by the later “Penny packet” publishers which is less well known than the colouring of Pollock and others. The wings were not included so we have coloured reproductions of the original Skelt wings from other plays.

The original George Lilo text can be downloaded from internet sources and makes an interesting comparison with the short Andrews play. We have provided a table to enable you to work out how the scenes and wings match the Andrews play text. This is needed because although the Andrews scenes are referred to in the book (not always correctly) the scenes still have the original Skelt numbering.



TOY THEATRE

A Toy Theatre is a miniature stage, built in card or wood and brightly coloured. Children perform plays on it using characters and scenes cut out from printed sheets and text written in a simple "playbook". The audience would normally be family and friends and the auditorium the front room. Adults too are known to use them, especially the large elaborate versions published in Germany and Denmark.

As well as being a flexible means of expression, the sheets represent a vibrant folk art derived from the full size theatre. It is a unique record of real plays and stage presentations, particularly of the nineteenth century. Many enthusiasts collect and study old sheets for this reason.

Web pages that will tell you more:

www.pollocks-coventgarden.co.uk

<http://www.pollocksmuseum.co.uk>

www.toytheatre.net

SKELT'S JUVENILE DRAMA

This is one of a series of reprints of the plays produced for the Toy Theatre by the Skelt family who were perhaps the most famous and most prolific of the publishers. The currently available plays are:

Mary the Maid of the Inn

Wood Demon

Floating Beacon

Miller's Maid

Robinson Crusoe

Captain Ross

Prisoner of Rochelle

Lodoiska

George Barnwell

Der Freischutz

Reprints of stage fronts, orchestras, act drops, setpieces, tricks, portraits, combats etc. are also available.

For full details please contact
the publisher:

www.toytheatre.co.uk