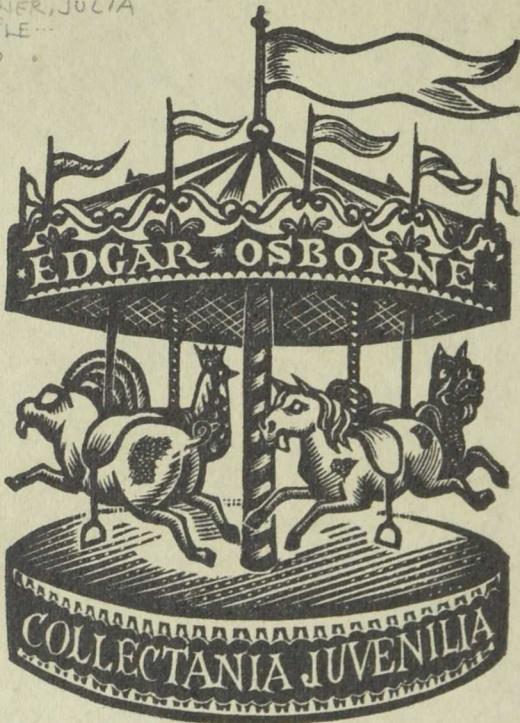




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CORNER, JULIA
LITTLE...
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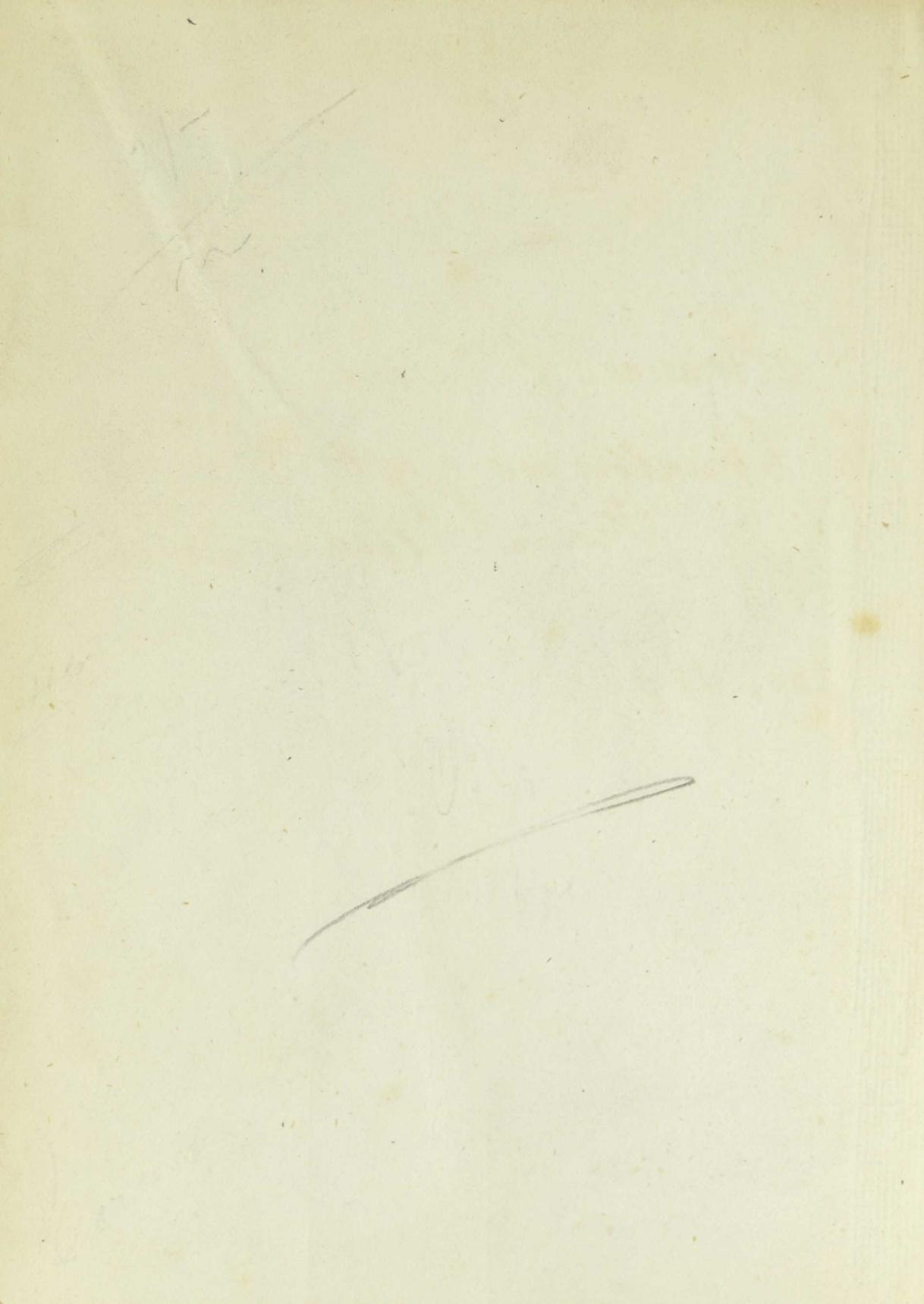


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Florence A Reeve
A Christmas gift
From Manassa

Dec. 1872





WHITTINGTON
&

HIS CAT



Lee Jr.

BY MISS CORNER AND ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Little Plays for Little People.

BY MISS CORNER.

AND EMBELLISHED

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL, Esq.

Series the First.

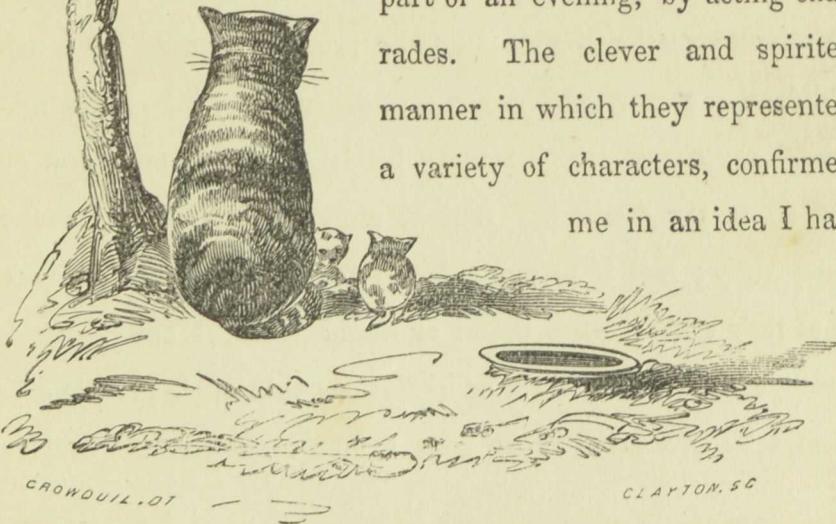
LONDON:

DEAN AND SON, 65, LUDGATE HILL, E. C.



PREFACE

IT happened, during the last Christmas holidays, that I was present on several occasions when a party of young people, from about eight to twelve years of age, contrived to amuse themselves, as well as the elder portion of the company, very agreeably for the greater part of an evening, by acting charades. The clever and spirited manner in which they represented a variety of characters, confirmed me in an idea I had

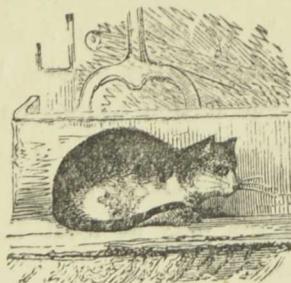


previously entertained, of arranging some of the most popular and favourite stories of our childhood for similar performances. It struck me, that, in personating our old friends Whittington, Mr. Fitzwarren, and the cross Cook, or Cinderella, her proud Sisters, and her fairy Godmother—the younger branches of many a family, especially in the country, might, during the winter season, find an innocent and lively recreation. Their memories would be improved by the necessity of learning perfectly the parts assigned them ; and their ingenuity would be exercised in adapting their resources to the arrangement of the scenes to be represented.

I am aware that some persons object to juvenile amusements that bear any affinity to theatricals ; but this appears to me an objection that favours the present purpose, since most children of talent and lively disposition are fond of assuming imaginary characters, inventing incidents, and framing dialogue suited to the illusion. Acting, among children, is therefore no novelty ; and if proper subjects be selected, and care taken that they convey some useful or moral lesson, I am convinced, from experience as well as reflection, that such performances would be calculated to do good rather than harm. Children

want to be amused; and I believe that amusement is beneficial to them, provided it has no bad tendency. I also believe that a very important part of education consists in promoting innocent and agreeable occupation for leisure hours, in order to prevent any disposition to indolence, either of mind or body. With these views and opinions, I offer my little plays as a pastime for the approaching holidays; and I sincerely hope they may prove the means of furnishing entertainment for many of my young friends in the long evenings of the present winter.

JULIA CORNER.

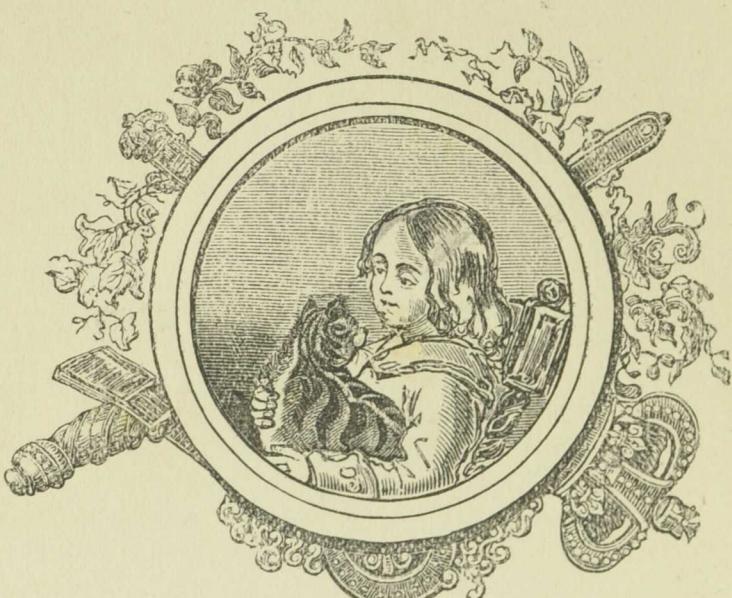


General Directions.



IN the getting up of these plays, the arrangement of the scenes must of course depend in great measure on the sort of room in which the performance takes place. Nothing could be better adapted to the purpose than two rooms opening into each other with folding doors, the stage being that into which the doors open, as they would form places for the exit of different actors, who might retire behind the doors instead of all going off the stage at the same point. These would also answer the purpose of a curtain, some person being stationed behind each to open and close them between the scenes. The prompter might also stand behind one of the doors. If, however, the play is to be acted in a single room, a curtain might be contrived to separate the stage from the part occupied by the audience; or rather two curtains to close in the middle, and draw to each side. They might be drawn on a string fastened by hooks from one side of the room to the other. Painted scenery would be a great advantage, but if this cannot be obtained, a few hints are given at the beginning of each scene as to the best mode of supplying the deficiency. The actors should learn their parts very perfectly, and rehearse the play at least three times before performing it to an audience.

Whittington and his Cat.



CHARACTERS.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON	<i>A poor country boy.</i>
MR. FITZWARREN	<i>A London merchant.</i>
CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP.	
THOMAS	<i>Mr. Fitzwarren's footman.</i>
SAILOR.	
COUNTRYMAN.	
ALICE	<i>Mr. Fitzwarren's daughter.</i>
COOK.	
DAME HOMELY.	

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

SCENE THE FIRST.

[This scene being intended to represent the vicinity of a country village, a few broken boughs of trees, two or three handfuls of straw, some baskets, gardening tools, and other signs of rustic occupation should be strewn over the stage; and the effect might be heightened by making a green hedge, which could be done with very little trouble by getting some large bunches of laurel, holly, and other evergreens, tying them to the backs of chairs, and placing them in a row at the back of the stage.]

[*The doors open and discover WHITTINGTON in ragged clothes sitting on the ground.*]

[*Enter COUNTRYMAN, in a blouse and wideawake hat, with a whip in his hand.*]

Countryman. The waggon's loaded, and I'm ready quite
To start for London now—so that's all right.

[*Looks at WHITTINGTON.*

Well, my fine fellow, what have you to say ?
Have you a mind to go to London—hey ?

Whittington (rising.) Yes, I should like it—but I do
not know

How far it is, sir, nor which way to go.



Countryman. Why, what can such a little chap as you
In that great city be agoing to do?
Who do you know there; come, speak out my lad,
And if I can, I'll help you, and be glad.

Whittington. I don't know anybcdy there, I'm sure,
I am an orphan boy and very poor;
But perhaps I may get rich, for I've been told
The streets of London are all paved with gold.

Countryman. Pooh! nonsense! gold, indeed—why, if
they were,
I'd get some on't myself when I go there;
The silly folks are very much to blame
Who fill boys' heads with fancies—what's your name?

Whittington. Dick Whittington.

Countryman. Dick, is it? well I'll show
The way to London if you wish to go;
So, come with me, and you shall walk beside
My waggon—when you're tired, you may ride. [Exit.]

Whittington. That's kind indeed—so I'll to London go,
Whether the streets are paved with gold or no. [Exit.]

[The curtain is then drawn, or folding doors are closed, and as the next scene is supposed to be a street in London, all signs of the country village must be removed. The room door will serve for the door of Mr. Fitzwarren's house, and a step may be easily made by placing two foot stools before it and covering them with a white cloth to look like white stone.]

~~~~~

#### SCENE THE SECOND.

[When the doors open, WHITTINGTON is on the stage.]

*Whittington.* Oh, dear! I am so tired, and hungry too;  
I don't know where to go—what shall I do?  
How busy all the people seem to be,  
Perhaps they have no time to notice me.  
For if I ask for work, they say they've none;  
And if I beg, they tell me to be gone.

Suppose I should not meet with any pity,  
What will become of me in this great city?  
I shall be almost starved to death, I fear.  
Oh! how I wish I never had come here.

[*He sits down on the step of the door.*



*Enter Mr. FITZWARREN.*

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* How now, young fellow, what are you about,  
Loitering at people's doors? no good, I doubt.

It is such idle vagabonds as you,  
Who will not work, that so much mischief do ;  
Be gone at once, or I'll to prison send you ;  
A little wholesome punishment may mend you.

[WHITTINGTON rises while Mr. FITZWARREN is speaking  
and moves a few paces.]

*Whittington.* Send me to prison ! oh, no ; pray, sir, don't,  
I won't come here again, indeed I won't ;  
I am not idle, but a country boy  
Come up to London, sir, to seek employ,  
And should be very glad to work for you,  
If you could give me anything to do.

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* To work, you say ? ah, that's a different case ;  
If you want work, I'll soon find you a place.  
What are your parents ?

*Whittington* (*wiping his eyes with the back of his hand*).  
Please, sir, they are dead.

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* You are an orphan, then, in want of bread,  
Willing to work for lodgings, food and clothes,  
If any one will take you, I suppose ?

*Whittington.* Yes, sir, indeed ; I should be very glad,  
And would do anything——

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* That's right, my lad.  
What do you say to living here with me ?

*Whittington.* Oh ! thank you, sir ! how happy I should be !

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* My servants will, perhaps, find you  
of use

To run on errands, and to brush the shoes.

I hope you are an honest boy, and then

You'll prosper—honest boys make thriving men.

*Whittington.* Yes, sir, my mother always told me so,  
And I am very honest, that I know.

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* Well, then, I think I'll trust you, so  
come in,

And you shall have some dinner to begin ;

Then you may go to work, my little man,

And make yourself as useful as you can.

[*He goes into the house, and WHITTINGTON follows him.*

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SCENE THE THIRD.—*A Kitchen.*

[A common table, two wooden chairs, and any other kitchen furniture  
might be introduced in this scene, so as to give the stage the  
appearance of a kitchen.]

[*WHITTINGTON runs in followed by the Cook, who is beating  
him with a large wooden spoon or a ladle.*]

*Cook.* You idle jackanapes—what; muttering still :  
I'll teach you to be saucy—that I will.

*Whittington.* I was not saucy, Mrs. Cook——

*Cook.*                                    You were.  
 Now let me see you crying, if you dare—  
 For here comes Mistress Alice ; I will tell her  
 You are a lazy good-for-nothing fellow.

[*The Cook, being an ignorant person, may pronounce this word feller.*]



*Enter ALICE.*

*Alice.* What is the matter, Richard ?

[*He turns away wiping his eyes.*

Nay, come here ;

You have not been behaving well, I fear.  
 What has he done, Cook ? let me hear the truth,  
 But pray remember, he's a friendless youth,  
 And should be kindly treated.

*Whittington.*

Thank you, ma'am.

I'm sure I did not think it any harm  
To run into the street to see a show—

*Cook.* He idles all his time away, ma'am, so.

*Alice.* You should not leave your work to look at shows,  
But it was very tempting, I suppose.  
There, dry your tears, look cheerful, and we'll see  
If you can do an errand well for me ;  
Carry this medicine to Mistress Payne,  
Ask how she is, and make haste back again.

[*He takes the bottle which ALICE gives him, bows,*  
*and goes out.*]

Cook, you are cross to that poor boy, I think ;  
I hope he has enough to eat and drink ;  
If he does wrong, me or my father tell ;  
But I desire that you will use him well.

[*Exit.*]

*Cook.* So here's a pretty piece of work she makes  
About a paltry beggar boy—he takes  
Her fancy I suppose—but I'll soon show  
Who's mistress in the kitchen, or I'll know  
The reason—use him well, too—lack-a-daisy !  
Such fellows are enough to drive one crazy.

[*Exit.*]

WHITTINGTON returns.

*Whittington.* That cross, ill-natured cook—I do my best  
To please her, yet she lets me have no rest ;

And sometimes for my dinner makes me eat  
Dry crusts of bread without a bit of meat.  
And if I can't help crying, then she beats me ;  
I'd tell young Mistress Alice how she treats me,  
But that would make her worse, I am afraid ;  
Besides she'd contradict all that I said,  
So I must bear it.

*Enter Dame Homely with a cat in her arms.*



*Whittington.*

What a pretty cat !

*Dame H.* Yes, she's a perfect beauty—sleek—and fat !

And gentle as a lamb ; just feel her paw.

'Tis soft as velvet, yet you never saw

A better mouser,

*Whittington.*  
The mice, I wonder ?

*Dame H.* Ay, boy, that she will ;  
So if the cook's at home, just go and tell her  
I have a cat that I should like to sell her.

*Whittington (eagerly).* What would you sell her for ?  
*Dame H.* Why, let me see,  
Sixpence ; and a great bargain she would be.

*Whittington (in a tone of disappointment).* Sixpence ;  
oh dear ! I've only got a penny,  
Or else I'd buy her—for there are so many  
Mice in the loft, that all night long they keep  
Running about me so, I cannot sleep ;  
And then I am so tired in the morning,  
Cook often scolds, and beats me too, for yawning.

*Dame H.* If that's the case, poor boy, I pity you ;  
And though I am in want of money too,  
I willingly would help you for all that,  
So I will take your penny for the cat  
And trust you for the rest ; perhaps some day  
You may be rich enough the debt to pay.

*Whittington.* Then I may have her ; oh, I am so glad !  
Here is the penny. [Gives it and takes the cat.

*Dame H.* Well, good-bye, my lad ;  
My name is Homely, you can hear of me  
From Davy Wright, the blacksmith ; so, you see,

When you grow richer you need not forget  
You are a trifle in Dame Homely's debt.

[*Exit.*]

*Whittington (stroking the cat).* Poor puss ! your coat  
is very nice and soft,  
But I must go and hide you in the loft,  
Where you must kill the mice, puss, if you please,  
That I may sleep a little more at ease.  
Of all my victuals you shall have a share,  
But cook must never know that you are there :  
For, if she did, I don't know what she'd say,  
But I'm quite sure she'd soon take you away. [*Exit.*]

[In the foregoing scene the exit and entrances must not all be by the same door ; and this may be easily avoided by leaving sufficient space behind the folding doors for any one to stand, or contriving a screen at one side of the room. The cat may be a real one, if there should happen to be one in the house quiet enough to perform the part with credit; if not, a toy cat should be procured.]

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SCENE THE FOURTH.—*A Counting-house.*

[Mr. FITZWARREN is sitting at a table covered with books and papers, reading a letter. He rises, and comes forward.]

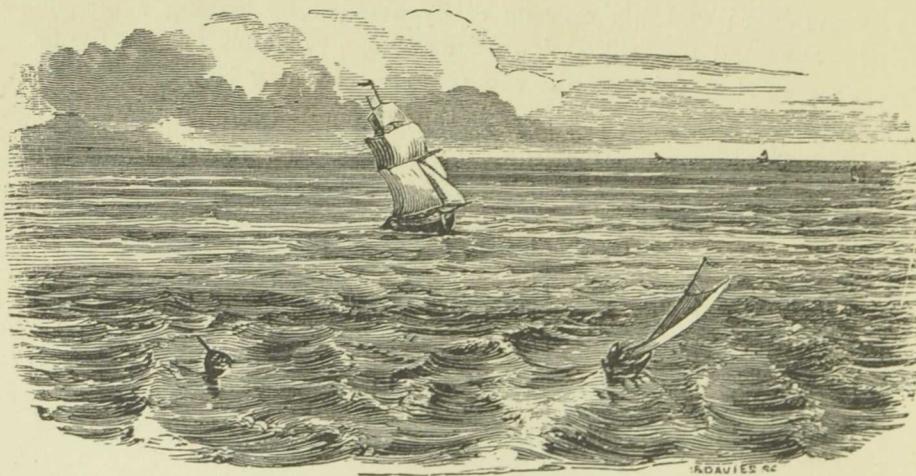
*Mr. Fitzwarren.* This letter tells me that my ship will sail To-morrow ; may it be a prosperous gale

To fill her sails, and waft her o'er the sea!  
The Captain's trusty, and if this should be  
A profitable voyage, I shall clear  
At least a thousand pounds: but who comes here?

*Enter CAPTAIN.*

Good morning, Captain. Well, what news?

*Captain.* All's right;  
We've shipped the cargo, and shall sail to-night  
Just down the river; so I've come to see  
If you have any more commands for me.



*Mr. Fitzwarren.* This only; all my people have a mind  
To send out something in this ship, I find,  
Hoping to make a little money by it.

*Captain.* Well, there is no objection, they should try it ;  
I like their spirit : and will surely do  
The best I can for them, I promise you.  
Where are their packages ? for they must go  
Directly—I've a sailor down below  
Will take them—

*Mr. Fitzwarren* (*pointing to some boxes or packages in a corner*). Here they are : one, two, three, four, five, six—there certainly should be one more ; I've seven servants here in my employ : Oh ! I perceive it is the errand-boy Who is left out ; but that must never be.

[He goes to the door and calls.]

Here, Thomas ! send up Whittington to me.

[Shuts the door and comes back.]

The lad shall have his chance, as well as they.

*Captain.* Yes, to be sure ; I like to see fair play.

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* And so do I—

*Whittington* (*opens the door*). Please, sir, do you want me ?

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* Yes, boy, come in ; how is it that I see nothing of yours here ?

*Captain.* Would you like to send Something to sea with me, my little friend ? The merest trifle may sometimes be sold Among the blacks for a large piece of gold.

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* What have you got?

*Whittington.* I've nothing but a cat,  
And please, sir, I don't like to part with that.

*Captain (laughing).* A cat! ha, ha!—a cat! I hardly  
know

What we could do with her——

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* Well, let her go.  
At least you'll have your chance, my boy; and what  
You send, in my opinion, matters not.  
Go fetch your cat.

[*Exit WHITTINGTON, slowly and sorrowfully.*

Now, Captain, let us see  
If everything is right 'twixt you and me.

[*They sit down to the table, and busy themselves in looking over some papers, occasionally handing them over to each other. While they are thus occupied, WHITTINGTON comes in with the cat in his arms, and comes to the front of the stage.*]

*Whittington.* Oh, pussy, dear, it almost breaks my heart  
To think that you and I are going to part.  
The nasty mice will come again, I know,  
As soon as you are gone. Why must you go?  
I wish I had not said a word about you,  
And then the Captain would have gone without you.

*Enter ALICE. (She admires and strokes the cat.)*

*Alice.* What a sweet pretty creature! who does she Belong to?

*Whittington.* Please, ma'am, she belongs to me; But I'm afraid that she is going away, Unless you would be kind enough to say I'd rather keep her here; and then I know My master would not say that she must go.

*Alice.* But, Richard, he is doing it for your good: Perhaps you have not rightly understood Why she's to go abroad. Have you been told What she is going for?

*Whittington.* Yes, ma'am; to be sold.

*Alice.* Well, that is what the Captain means to do, And then he'll bring the money home to you. Suppose he makes your fortune; you would be Extremely glad you sent her then, you see.

*Whittington.* I'll do what you think best——

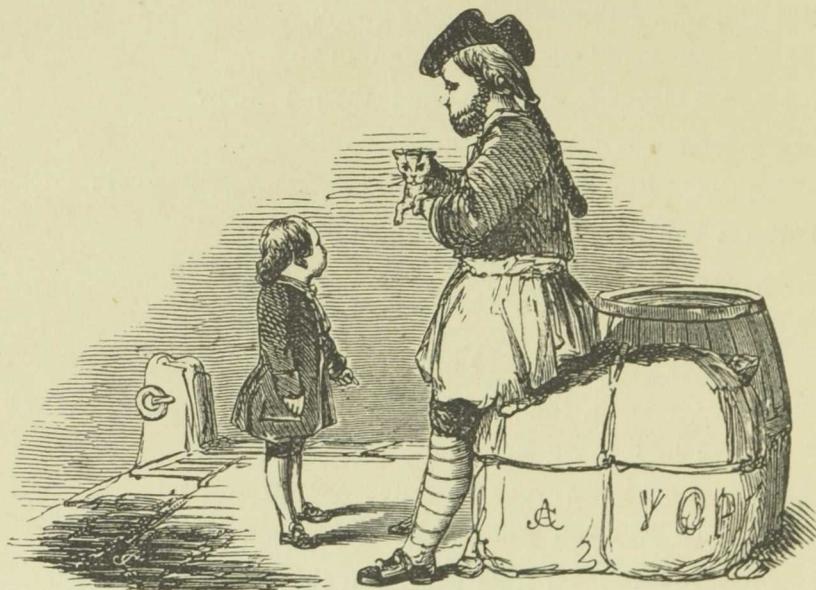
*Alice.* Then, let her go; The Captain will be kind to her, I know.

*Captain (rising and coming forward).* Yes, pretty mistress Alice; I would do Anything in the world to pleasure you. So, only say the word; and for your sake, I'd feed the animal on wine and cake.

*Alice (laughing).* Nay, I don't wish you should with kindness kill her.

*Captain.* Well then, I must not with such dainties  
fill her.

Now, run down stairs, boy ; give her to the care  
Of a young sailor you'll find waiting there.



*Mr. Fitzwarren.* Then come and take these boxes ; but  
make haste,  
For there is not a moment's time to waste.

*Alice* (*giving her hand to the Captain*). Well, good  
bye, Captain, may your courage earn,  
A happy voyage, and a safe return.

*Captain.* Fair lady, your kind wishes I receive  
With many thanks, and thus I take my leave.

[Kisses her hand. She makes a parting curtsey and leaves the room. WHITTINGTON meanwhile is coming in and out, taking away the packages.]

*Captain.* Mr. Fitzwarren, I await your leisure.

*Mr. Fitzwarren* (*rises from the table*). I will attend you, Captain, now with pleasure,

And, ere we part, we'll drink a cup of wine  
To the success of this good ship of mine.

[They go out together.

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SCENE THE FIFTH.—*Holloway.*

[In this scene the most conspicuous object must be the famous stone, on which WHITTINGTON was seated when he heard the bells proclaiming his future dignity as Lord Mayor of London. The stage should be arranged much the same as in the first scene; and the stone, which should be placed in the centre, might be very well represented by a music stool with a white cloth pinned closely round it.]

*Enter WHITTINGTON.*—(*He looks about him.*)

*Whittington.* It is broad daylight now—this place looks dreary,

And I begin to feel quite sad and weary.

When they find out I'm gone, what will they say?

I almost wish I had not run away.

[*Sits down on the stone.*



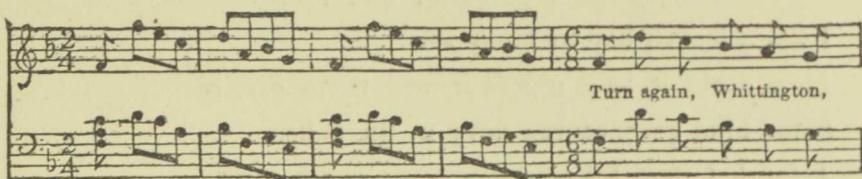
Yet Cook's ill-usage was so hard to bear—  
I dare say breakfast is just ready there ;  
I'm getting hungry—hark ! Bow bells are ringing,  
They sound to me like merry voices singing.

[Some young lady must play the bells upon the piano, and sing to them :—

“ Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London ;  
Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London ; ”

While WHITTINGTON gets up and listens, turning from side to side, and looking up in the air.]

## THE BELLS.



Musical notation for the second part of 'The Bells'. The music continues in common time. The lyrics 'Lord Mayor of London, Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London.' are written below the music.

Musical notation for the third part of 'The Bells'. The music continues in common time. The lyrics 'Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, Turn again Whittington,' are written below the music.

Musical notation for the final part of 'The Bells'. The music is in common time. The lyrics 'Lord Mayor of London.' are written below the music. The instruction 'Very softly; the sound gradually dying away' is written at the end of the staff.

How very strange—I thought I heard them say  
Lord Mayor of London,—can it be that they  
Do really warn me to go back! oh! no;  
I am a foolish boy to fancy so.  
How could it be; unless indeed there dwells  
Some kind goodnatured fairy in the bells.  
I fancied that I heard my name quite plain—  
But hush! I think they're going to ring again.

[*The bells exactly as before.* WHITTINGTON listens attentively till the sound dies away—then says—

The very words again—then I'll go back  
And never mind the Cook—however black  
She looks, her scolding I will try to bear  
With patience, if I am to be Lord Mayor.

[*Exit.*



SCENE THE SIXTH.—Mr. FITZWARREN'S *Counting House.*

[*Mr. FITZWARREN is sitting at the table writing.*]

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* How rapidly the time has passed away;  
I find it is two years this very day,  
Since the ship sailed; I surely ought to hear  
Some tidings of her soon, or I shall fear  
All is not right!

[*A knocking at the door.*

Come in!

*Enter CAPTAIN.*

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* Ah ! is it you,  
My noble Captain ? Welcome !

[*He rises, and they shake hands.*

*Captain.* How d'ye do,  
Mr. Fitzwarren ? Here I am, you see,  
All safe and sound, right glad once more to be  
On shore ; and I am happy, sir, to state  
Our voyage has turned out most fortunate ;  
We've traded with some rich, though barbarous nations,  
And bring you wealth beyond your expectations.

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* This is good news indeed !

*Captain.* But more than that ;  
You recollect the boy who sent his cat ?

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* What, Whittington ? oh, yes ! he lives  
here yet,  
Poor fellow !

*Captain.* Poor no more ; for he has met  
With such rare luck, that even you will be  
Not half so rich a man, my friend, as he !  
That cat has made his fortune.

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* Nay, you joke.

*Captain.* It is as true a word as e'er I spoke.

Mr. FITZWARREN places chairs, and they sit down, the  
CAPTAIN still continuing to speak.]

In a small island we the creature sold  
To a black monarch for a chest of gold.  
We landed ; and the king and queen invited  
Me and my mate to dine ; being much delighted  
With a few trifling presents I had sent them—  
Brass buttons, bells, and beads, will quite content them ;  
But scarce was dinner served, when there rushed out  
From every hole and corner, round about,  
Hundreds of mice that jumped into the dishes,  
Making sad hvaoc 'mongst the loaves and fishes.  
Of course we were surprised, and asked the king  
If this invasion was a usual thing.  
He told us that it happened every day,  
And said that he would freely give away  
Half of his treasures, if he could but know  
Of any means to drive away the foe.  
I sent for puss—and when the mice came out  
Again, she quickly put them to the rout ;  
I never shall forget what famous fun  
It was to see the little creatures run,  
While king and queen, and courtiers, all amazed,  
Upon the cat in silent wonder gazed ;  
And, scarcely daring to believe their eyes,  
Pronounced her some magician in disguise.  
At length their majesties displayed to me  
A chest of gold, and asked if that would be

Enough to buy her. I was very glad  
To take the offer—so your lucky lad  
Thus made his fortune in a single day.

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* And we will wish him joy without  
delay. [He goes to the door and calls.  
Here, Thomas !

*Thomas (outside the door):* Yes, sir.

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* I should like to speak  
To Whittington (*shuts the door*): this is a curious freak  
Of Fortune's wheel.

*Enter ALICE.*

*Alice (shaking hands with the CAPTAIN).* Oh, captain,  
I've just heard  
Of your return, and come to say a word  
Of welcome.

*Captain.* —Thank you, fairest Alice, you  
Are always charming, whatsoe'er you do.

*Alice (laughing).* You have not left off flattery, I fear ;  
But first, about your voyage let me hear.

*Captain.* I am rejoiced to say, all has gone well ;  
In fact, I've nothing but good news to tell.  
Your wealth's increased—and Whittington has made  
A splendid fortune by his stock in trade.

*Alice.* Has he, indeed ? I'm very glad of that ;  
How did it happen ?

*Captain.*

Why, I sold his cat

For such a heap of treasure ; he'll turn out  
As rich as Crœsus—and as proud, no doubt.

[WHITTINGTON appears at the door.

*Whittington.* Do you want me, sir ?

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* Yes, come here, my boy,  
Give me your hand, and let me wish you joy.

[*He holds out his hand to WHITTINGTON, who looks at his own, wipes it on his apron, and gives it timidly and hesitatingly to his master.*]

*Alice.* And, Richard, I congratulate you too ;  
The Captain has some pleasant news for you.

*Captain.* Yes, Mr. Whittington, you have become  
A man of consequence ; I've brought you home  
A chest of gold—and here it comes you see.

[Enter SAILOR with a box on his shoulder.

All right, my lad (*speaking to SAILOR*).

*Whittington* (*who looks in astonishment from one to another*). A chest of gold for me !

*Sailor* (*putting down the box*). It's very heavy, sir ;  
I'm rather warm,

A glass of grog won't do me any harm.

*Mr. Fitzwarren (giving him money).* There, drink the health of Mr. Whittington.

*Sailor.* I thank ye kindly, sir,—it shall be done.

[*Exit.*]

[WHITTINGTON comes to the front and speaks to himself, while the CAPTAIN unlocks the box, and the others look into it.]

*Whittington.* What can this mean ; my health is he to drink ?

They must be making sport of me, I think ;  
And yet my master is too kind for that,  
It must be some good news about the cat.

*Captain.* Now, Mr. Whittington, you may behold Your treasure ; see, this box is filled with gold, And you may fairly claim it as your own, The price a monarch for your cat paid down.

*Whittington.* Oh ! goodness, what a sight ! but can it be That all this glitt'ring gold belongs to me ?

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* It does so ; and, if wisely you employ it, I most sincerely hope you will enjoy it.  
Now take this purse—go, get yourself some clothes More fitting for a gentleman than those ; Then come and dine with me—and, Captain, you I shall expect to dinner here at two.

[WHITTINGTON and the CAPTAIN go off the stage one way,—  
ALICE and Mr. FITZWARREN the other.]

SCENE THE SEVENTH.—*The Kitchen.*

[*The Cook is sitting by the table at work—THOMAS enters.*]

*Thomas.* Well, Mrs. Cook, what think you of all this ?  
A pretty piece of business, that it is.  
There's Dick is Master Richard now, forsooth,  
And sits at table there like any youth  
That's born a gentleman ; there's something strange  
And laughable in such a sudden change.

*Cook.* Laughable ! Mr. Thomas ; I could cry  
With sheer vexation ; who'd have thought that I  
Should live to see the day when he would be  
Set up—the saucy varlet—above me.

*Thomas.* Why, as to that, I own I am rather glad ;  
He always was a very civil lad.  
Besides, he's going to make, I heard them say,  
Large presents to us all this very day.

*Cook (aside).* Presents ! good luck—I wish I had not  
beat him  
This morning—

*Thomas.* Pity, Cook, you didn't treat him  
A little better—don't you think so—heym?

(*Aside.*) I wonder what the vixen now will say.

*Cook.* Well, Mr. Thomas, you've no need to flout one—  
And as to presents—I can do without one.

I'd scorn to touch his gifts—but surely, he  
Won't dare to offer anything to me.

[*This is said indignantly.*

*Enter WHITTINGTON, dressed like a gentleman.*

*Whittington.* Thomas, you have been very kind to me,  
And I am not ungrateful, you shall see;  
Here is a parting gift—(*gives him a little bag of money.*)

It is but fair

You all should in my happy fortune share.

*Thomas.* Well, thank you, Master Richard, I must say  
You've acted like a gentleman to-day.  
I wish you health and happiness—but look!  
What is the matter with our cross-grained cook?

[*He touches WHITTINGTON'S arm and points to the COOK,*  
*who has covered her face with her apron.*]

*Cook.* Now, Thomas, I can very plainly see  
You're setting Master Richard against me.  
And though my temper is a little warm  
Sometimes, I'm sure I never meant no harm.

*Whittington.* Come, Cook, I bear no malice—so take  
this. [Giving her a purse.]

*Thomas.* 'Tis more than she deserves then, that it is.

[*The COOK rises, and takes the purse with a low curtsey.*]

*Whittington.* One word in parting I should like to say :  
When next an orphan boy comes in your way,  
Though wretched, poor, and friendless he may be,  
Treat him more kindly than you've treated me. [Exit.]

*Cook.* Well, after all, he has a noble air,  
Like a born gentleman, I do declare.

*Thomas.* You see it in that purse, I have no doubt,  
Or else you never would have found it out. [Exit.]

*Cook.* And if your saucy tongue you don't keep still,  
I'll spoil your dinner for you—that I will. [Exit.]



SCENE THE EIGHTH.—*A Room in a Cottage.*

[DAME HOMELY sitting on a wooden chair or stool, knitting.]

*Dame H.* Ah ! what a happy day for me was that,  
When I, from pure compassion, sold my cat  
To that poor little fellow for a penny !  
'Twas all he had, but it has brought him many ;  
And he deserves it, for a heart more kind  
You might go far to seek, yet never find.  
How very good it was of him to give  
To me this pretty cottage, where I live  
In comfort now, with twenty pounds a-year  
For life ! so that I have no more to fear  
From poverty——

*Enter THOMAS.*

Ah, Thomas, how d'ye do ?

*Thomas.* I thank ye, Mrs. Homely, how are you ?  
I come to bring you news——

*Dame H.* What can that be ?

*Thomas.* Something that's sure to please you ; let us see  
If you can guess——

*Dame H.* Why yes, I think I can ;  
It is about a certain gentleman  
And a fair lady—who, indeed, but she  
The wife of Richard Whittington should be ?  
Sweet Mistress Alice, your good master's daughter ;  
A charming lady I have always thought her.

*Thomas.* Well, you are pretty right ; I came to say  
That Whittington was married yesterday  
To Madam Alice, and there were at least  
Fifty grand' people at the wedding-feast.

*Dame H.* Now, heaven bless them both ; and may  
they be  
As happy, Thomas, as they have made me !

*Thomas.* You'll get some wedding presents, Dame, I  
know—  
A cap and gown, for Jenny told me so ;  
A bridal cake, and a good cask of ale ;  
Which all will come to-morrow, without fail.

*Dame H.* How very kind they are to think of me—  
And the good master, Thomas, how is he ?

*Thomas.* Never was better: but I must not stay,  
For we shall have enough to do to-day;  
And Cook's as cross as in those days of old,  
When she used poor Dick Whittington to scold.  
So, fare the well, Dame Homely—

*Dame H.* Fare the well!  
Good Master Thomas, don't forget to tell  
Your gentle mistress, I sincerely pray  
She may see many a happy wedding day.

[*Exit Thomas.*]

Well, I declare, I thought it would be so  
When they came here about a year ago;  
They looked so fondly then at one another,  
And treated me as if I'd been their mother.  
(*Rising*) It was a lucky day, I must say that,  
When unto Whittington I sold my cat.

[*Exit.*]

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SCENE THE NINTH.—*Guildhall.*

[The decorations of this scene must be left to the taste of the managers, who should make it as brilliant as they possibly can. Two or three standard-bearers, displaying banners of different colours, should be ranged on each side of the stage. They might wear short kilts, made of any gay looking materials, and long scarfs, crossing over one shoulder, and tied under the arm on the opposite side. The flags should be large and showy, attached to long staves, with streamers of coloured paper, or ribbons, hanging from the top.]

(*Shouting outside*). Hurra ! hurra ! Whittington for ever !  
Lord Mayor of London ! hurra ! hurra !!!

[*The bells are now played the same as in the fifth scene, but without the singing.*]

*Enter LORD MAYOR and LADY MAYORESS, followed by Mr. FITZWARREN, and the CAPTAIN.*

[The LORD MAYOR should be dressed in a long scarlet robe, which might be made of cotton ; or a red shawl, gathered up on one side and fastened round the neck, would make a very good LORD MAYOR's gown. He should wear a gold chain. The LADY MAYORESS must have a long train, of some gay colour, and a head-dress, with two or three ostrich feathers. Mr. FITZWARREN and the CAPTAIN might wear short cloaks, of any colour, trimmed with fringe. These cloaks would look very well made of light blue cotton, fringed with gold colour, and studded with stars cut out of gold paper, and put on with gum. Four little girls, with baskets of flowers, might walk in front of the MAYOR and MAYORESS, strewing flowers before them.]

*Whittington.* Those bells call back to memory the day  
When from my master's house I ran away,  
And heard them as I sat upon a stone,  
Telling me to return in that same tone.  
It must have been a spirit in the air  
That said or sung, " Turn, Whittington, lord mayor."

And I have now good reason to rejoice  
That I then listened to the friendly voice.  
To you, my friends (*speaking to Mr. FITZWARREN and the CAPTAIN*) much gratitude is due;  
Mr. Fitzwarren, first of all, to you,  
My generous benefactor, I must say,  
I chiefly owe the blessings of this day.

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* I'm well repaid for anything I've done,  
In calling the Lord Mayor of London—son.

*Whittington.* Captain, accept my grateful thanks once  
more,  
For, without you, I still might have been poor.

*Captain.* Nay, my good lord, no thanks are due to me;  
For though I was so happy as to be  
The means by which you rose, 'twas chance that threw  
Into my way the power of serving you.

*Alice.* Nay, you must not disclaim the debt we owe you.

*Whittington.* And, I assure you, Alice means to show  
you,  
The compliments you paid Fitzwarren's heiress  
Are not forgotten by the Lady Mayoress.

*Enter an ATTENDANT.*

*Attendant.* My lord, the barges wait.

*Whittington.* Then we'll proceed :  
Fitzwarren, you must the procession lead.

*Mr. Fitzwarren.* And, as we go, I hope our friends  
will say,

Long life to Richard Whittington.

*Mob (outside).*

Hurra !!!



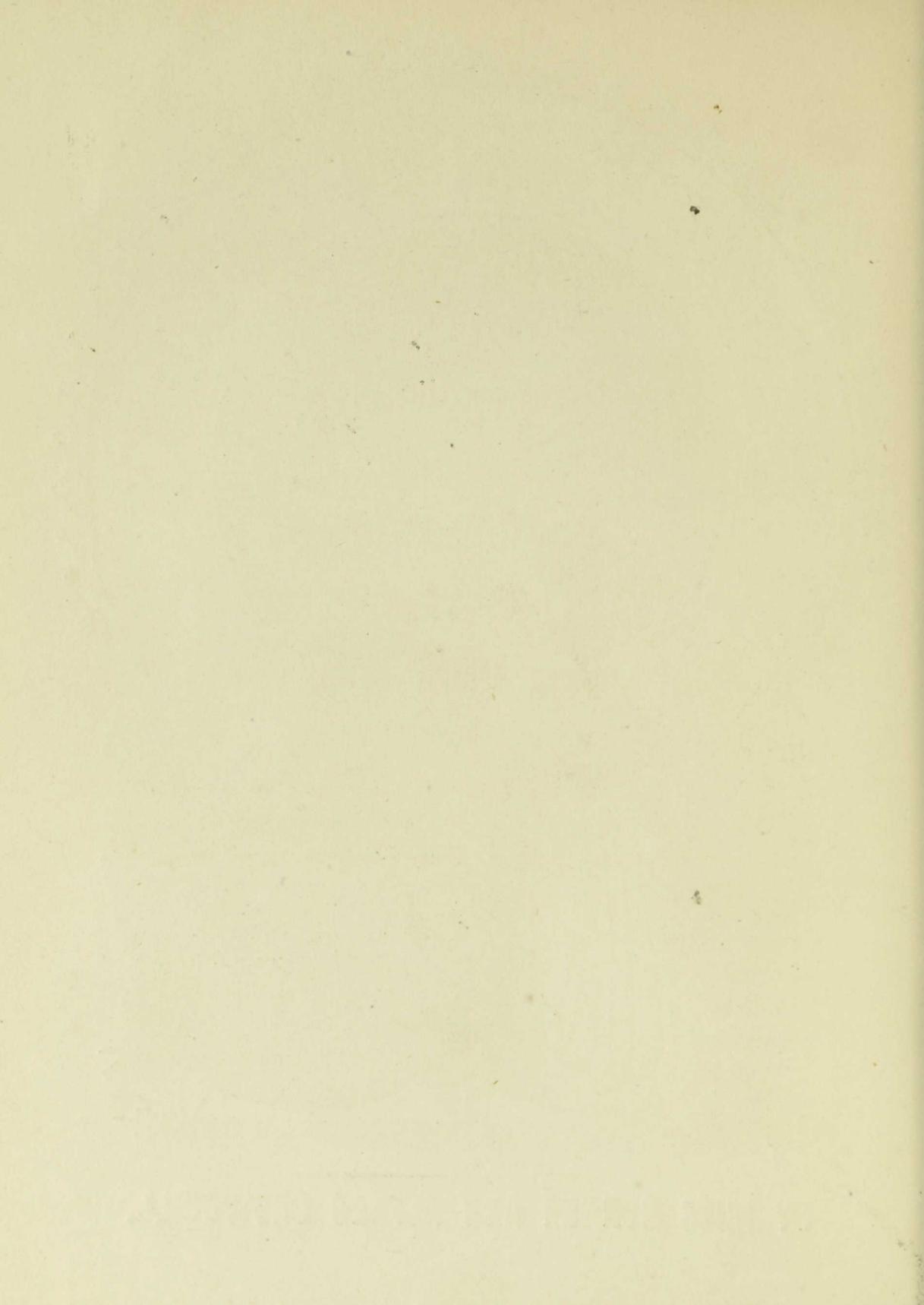








BY MISS CORNER AND ALFRED CROWQUILL.



# Beauty and the Beast;

AN ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MISS CORNER,

AND EMBELLISHED

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL, ESQ.

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The First of the Series of Little Plays for Little People.

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## PREFACE.

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IT happened, during the last Christmas holidays, that I was present on several occasions, when a party of young people, from about eight to twelve years of age, contrived to amuse themselves, as well as the elder portion of the company, very agreeably, for the greater part of an evening by acting charades. The clever and spirited manner in which they represented a variety of characters, confirmed me in an idea I had previously entertained, of arranging some of the most popular and favourite stories of our childhood for similar performances. It struck me, that, in personating our old friends, Whittington, Mr. Fitzwarren, and the cross Cook ; or Cinderella, her proud Sisters, and her fairy Godmother,—the younger branches of many a family, especially in the country, might, during the winter season, find an innocent and lively recreation. Their memories would be improved by the necessity of learning perfectly the parts assigned them ; and their ingenuity would be exercised in adapting their resources to the arrangement of the scenes to be represented.

I am aware that some persons object to juvenile amusements that bear any affinity to theatricals ; but this appears to me an

objection that favours the present purpose, since most children of talent and lively disposition are fond of assuming imaginary characters, inventing incidents, and framing dialogue suited to the illusion. Acting, among children, is therefore no novelty ; and if proper subjects be selected, and care taken that they convey some useful or moral lesson, I am convinced, from experience as well as reflection, that such performances would be calculated to do good rather than harm. Children want to be amused ; and I believe that amusement is beneficial to them, provided it has no bad tendency. I also believe that a very important part of education consists in promoting innocent and agreeable occupation for leisure hours, in order to prevent any disposition to indolence, either in mind or body. With these views and opinions, I offer my little plays as a pastime for the approaching holidays ; and I sincerely hope that they may prove the means of furnishing entertainment for many of my young friends in the long evenings.

JULIA CORNER.

# Beauty and the Beast.

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|            |   |   |   |                                  |
|------------|---|---|---|----------------------------------|
| ZIMRI      | . | . | . | <i>A Merchant.</i>               |
| AZOR       | . | . | . | <i>The Beast.</i>                |
| ANNA       |   |   |   |                                  |
| LOLO       |   |   |   |                                  |
| BEAUTY     |   |   |   | <i>The Merchant's Daughters.</i> |
| SILVERSTAR | . | . | . | <i>A beneficent Fairy.</i>       |
|            |   |   |   | <i>Four Attendant Fairies.</i>   |

## C O S T U M E .

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ZIMRI.—A long flowing dress of some dark colour, fastened round the waist with a wide red or yellow sash or scarf. A turban, or a cap of black cloth or velvet.

AZOR.—He must wear a mask, and be able to look as rough and as much like a monster as possible. A covering for the head might be made of shaggy fur, and he should have coarse brown woollen gloves. His disguise must be so contrived that he may be able to throw it off easily in the last scene, when he is restored to his natural form, and becomes a Prince; in which character he should wear a short tunic of some gay colour, with a tight vest, which might be made of white calico, slashed with the same colour as the tunic. A border of gold paper cut in vandykes would look very well round the bottom of the dress; and some gold paper bordering might be tastefully arranged on the vest, so as to make a brilliant appearance. A velvet cap with a white ostrich feather might also be put on in the last scene under the fur head-dress.

The Three Daughters may dress according to fancy; only keeping in mind that BEAUTY should be plainer and neater in her attire than her sisters.

SILVERSTAR.—Her fairy dress should be two or three very full skirts, each shorter than the other, of white tarleton edged with light blue, and a blue scarf of the same light material passed over one shoulder and tied under the arm on the other side; a wreath of white roses on her head, and a white wand twisted with silver paper in her hand. Any glittering ornaments may be worn, and the upper skirt should be ornamented with stars of silver paper; or a row of silver stars might be put on the blue edges of the skirts with gum. To personate the old beggar-woman, she must wrap herself in a large dark-coloured cloak, and wear a black hood over her head. The wand can easily be concealed in a pasteboard sheath painted black, which will serve for a stick to lean on; and when she throws off her disguise, she can draw the wand from the sheath and unbend it, as it should be

made twice the length of the stick, and doubled to go into it. There will be no difficulty in this if the wand is made of several thicknesses of pasteboard pasted together, so as to be quite stiff; and when undoubled it can be held firmly at the place where it was bent.

The Attendant Fairies should all be dressed alike, in white, ornamented with artificial flowers and ribbons. They should hold between them chains of flowers, which might easily be made, as roses of coloured paper with some ivy leaves tacked on tape, would form very showy wreaths.

SCENE THE FIRST.—*A room in a cottage, meanly furnished.*

[ANNA and LOLO sitting idly, one on each side the table.]

*Anna.* Really, it is a shame and a disgrace  
To make us live in such a wretched place.  
What furniture! and then, a sanded floor!  
I never shall be happy any more.

*Lolo.* Depend upon it, this is Beauty's malice;  
She likes a cottage better than a palace;  
I heard her say to father yesterday,  
It was a charming place,—

*Anna.* Yes, that's her way,  
An artful puss; to make him think that she  
Is so much better, I suppose, than we.

*Lolo.* Then only fancy this: he says we must  
Do all the housework: sweep, and clean, and dust,  
And cook the dinner too—

*Anna.* I'd rather die.  
I, cook the dinner! no, indeed, not I.

*Enter BEAUTY, singing.*

"Home, home ; sweet, home :  
There's no place like home—there's no place like home."

[BEAUTY may carry a little basket, as anything in the hand assists the action, when there are rather long speeches to make.]

*Anna.* Oh ! pr'ythee, child, cease that eternal song ;  
I cannot bear to hear you all day long.  
The house is never quiet for a minute :  
"Sweet home," indeed ! there's not much sweetness in it.

*Beauty.* Oh, yes, it has a thousand charms for me ;  
I should be happy if I could but see  
My dearest father cheerful and content :  
'Tis only for his sake that I lament  
Our loss of fortune. As for wealth or station,  
I care but little—

*Lolo.* Lor, what affectation !

*Beauty.* We do not tread on velvet, it is true ;—  
But there's the soft grass spangled with the dew !  
The sun, too, looks as bright upon these walls,  
As when it shone on our grand marble halls ;  
And though we can't wear jewels, silks, and lace,  
We do not need them in this quiet place.

*Anna.* Oh, pray miss, don't annoy us with your folly,  
It is enough to make one melancholy  
To hear you prating in that silly manner.

*Lolo.* I'm glad you've spoken to her, sister Anna ;

For I've no patience with such airs and graces,  
And younger sisters ought to know their places.

*Enter ZIMRI—(The sisters rise and come forward.)*

*Beauty.* Your supper's ready, father; it is laid  
In the green arbour, where you'll find the shade  
Extremely pleasant—

*Zimri.* Thank you, Beauty, dear;  
You always try your father's heart to cheer.  
And, for my other daughters, how have they  
Employed themselves this lovely summer day?

*Anna.* Oh, really, sir, this cottage is so dreary,  
It makes me feel extremely dull and weary.

*Lolo.* I'm sure I have been crying all day long.

*Zimri.* My children, you are acting very wrong.  
We ought to bear misfortune patiently;  
And, since my vessels have been lost at sea,  
And I'm a poor man now, it is your duty  
To take a lesson from your sister Beauty,  
And cheerfully to bear this great reverse;  
For discontent will only make it worse.

[*Exit ZIMRI with BEAUTY on his arm.*

*Anna.* A lesson from that minx! upon my word,  
What next, I wonder—

*Lolo.* It is quite absurd;  
He'll make her so exceeding pert and vain,  
There'll be no bearing with her, that is plain.



*Enter Fairy SILVERSTAR, disguised as an old beggar-woman, leaning on a stick, and bending almost double.*

*Fairy.* Ladies, bestow your charity, I pray;  
I have not tasted any food to-day;  
And I am very old, as you may see;  
Full ninety winters have passed over me,  
So I'm too feeble now to earn my bread.  
Nay, lady, do not turn away your head:  
It is but very little that I need:  
If I could work, I would not beg, indeed.

*Anna.* Pray, my good woman, don't stand chattering there,  
I'm sure we have not anything to spare.

*Fairy.* Yet surely you might give me, ere I go,  
A little bit of bread—

*Anna (sharply).* I tell you, no!

[*The FAIRY still lingers at the door.*

*Lolo.* What are you staying for, when you are told  
To go? You beggars are exceeding bold.

*Fairy.* Well, I am going. It is a monstrous pity  
When girls are not so good as they are pretty. [Exit.]

*Anna.* Girls, too! I think she might have had the grace  
To say "young ladies," speaking to one's face.

*Lolo.* And taking us to task in that way, too.  
I hate the sight of beggars, that I do!

[*While speaking the last line, Lolo walks towards the door  
followed by ANNA, and they go off the stage.*]

---

### SCENE THE SECOND.—*An Arbour.*

*ZIMRI and BEAUTY at supper.*

[The arbour might be easily constructed by covering two ladders or long boards with branches of trees, and large red and white roses, and setting them up against the wall some distance apart. A string from one to the other, with branches and flowers tied thickly upon it, would form the top. This could also be used in the garden scene of the BEAST's palace.]

*Zimri.* And so, my child, you can be quite content,  
You say, to live in this retirement,  
With all the household drudgery to do?

*Beauty.* I'm happy father, anywhere with you ;  
And as to household work, I really find it  
So easy, that, indeed, I do not mind it.

*Enter FAIRY.*

*Fairy.* Kind gentlefolks, if you 've a crust of bread  
To spare, I'd thank you, for I'm almost dead  
With hunger and fatigue ; for I am old,  
You see, or else I would not make so bold.

*Beauty.* You do seem very old, good dame, indeed ;  
Sit down and rest, and take what food you need.

[Places a stool for her.]

You are quite welcome to some bread and meat.

*Zimri.* Yes, that you are, good woman, so pray eat  
As much as you desire. Meantime, I'll walk,  
And leave you with my daughter here to talk. [Exit.]

*Fairy.* Maiden, your father has of late, I'm told,  
Lost, by his ships being wrecked, a store of gold,  
Besides two gallant vessels ; is this true ?

*Beauty.* Alas ! it is, indeed ; but who told you ?

*Fairy.* It little matters, child, who told me so ;  
Bad news is sure to travel fast, we know.  
But I have heard, too, that all is not lost,  
And that the ships, after being tempest tossed  
For many days, were safely brought to shore,  
Distant from hence a hundred miles or more.

*Beauty.* My father ought to know, without delay;  
I'll go and seek him——(rises).

*Fairy (rises also).* Stay, dear Beauty, stay!

[*She throws off her cloak and hood, and drawing her wand from the sheath, appears in her fairy costume.* BEAUTY looks in astonishment for a few moments, then bends gracefully on one knee.]



*Fairy.* Rise, gentle maiden, you've no cause to fear me;  
I am the Fairy Silverstar: now hear me.

The news that I have told you is quite true,  
But it may bring much trouble upon you.  
Should you be willing, do you think, to make  
Great sacrifices for your father's sake ?

*Beauty.* I would, indeed : even my life I'd give,  
That he might once again in comfort live.

*Fairy.* That's well : I now am satisfied that you,  
Whatever happens, will your duty do.  
But I have yet another word to say ;  
Tell no one what you've heard and seen this day—  
Not e'en your father—

*Beauty.* Nay, then, how will he  
Be told this happy news ?

*Fairy.* Leave that to me.  
A single word from you would break the spell ;  
Be silent and discreet. So fare ye well. [Exit.]

[BEAUTY stands for a short time gazing intently at the place where the Fairy made her exit; then rubs her eyes, as if trying to awaken herself.

*Beauty.* I hope it is not all a dream ! Oh, no—  
I'm certainly awake ; it must be so.  
And if this charming Fairy should befriend us,  
No doubt good fortune will again attend us.  
She said it would bring troubles upon me :  
I wonder what those troubles are to be !  
Well, never mind ; no selfish thoughts shall make  
Me fear to suffer for my father's sake. [Exit.]

SCENE THE THIRD.—*The Room in the Cottage.*

*Enter ZIMRI, with a letter open in his hand.—(Reads).*

Zimri. “Zimri, your ships are lying on the strand  
Of the Black Island ; 'tis enchanted land :  
But if you 've courage for the enterprise,  
The road to fortune now before you lies.  
You must depart before the dawn of day,  
And through the great Pine Forest take your way :  
Follow the path where purple flowers you 'll find,  
But do not pluck them, if you have a mind  
The dangers of that forest to escape ;  
For dangers hover there in many a shape.  
Then go, and prosper. Ere twelve months are o'er,  
You may be richer than you were before.”

[Having read the letter aloud, he folds it and puts it in his bosom.

This is surprising, and perhaps may be  
All false ; but that I am resolved to see :  
For, true or false, I 'll go, at any rate,  
And take the chance of what may be my fate.

*Enter LOLO, ANNA, and BEAUTY.*

Zimri. Children, I 've news, and if it should prove true,  
It will be happy news indeed for you.

Lolo. Oh ! pray, sir, let us hear it quickly, do !

Anna. What is it, sir ? I 'm all impatience too.

Zimri. My ships are safely come to land, I 'm told :  
And what is more, they are well stored with gold.

*Anna.* Lor, that is nice. What lovely gowns I'll wear !  
And I must have some jewels for my hair.

*Lolo.* I will have feathers, and a train of lace  
Full three yards long, that I may walk with grace.

[Walks about affectedly, as if holding a train.]

*Zimri.* Hold ! not so fast—there's much yet to be done ;  
And I shall have, I fear, great risks to run.  
A long and dangerous journey I must make,  
To learn if this be true, or a mistake.

*Beauty* (in a tone of alarm). Dangerous ! then, dear  
father, do not go.

*Anna.* How very silly, Beauty, to talk so.  
But surely, father you will never miss  
So fine an opportunity as this.

*Zimri.* By no means, child ; I shall set out to-night,  
And if I find the vessels are all right,  
I'll bring you each a present from the town.  
What would you like ?

*Anna.* I'll have a velvet gown,  
Spangled with gold.

*Lolo.* My taste is simpler far ;  
A robe of velvet, with a silver star  
Embroidered o'er, would be my delight,  
That I might represent the Queen of Night.

*Zimri.* And what for you, my Beauty, shall I bring !  
A rich pearl necklace, or a diamond ring ?

*Beauty.* No, sir ; it will be time enough for me,  
When you come back, to think of finery.

Jewels and laces I can do without;  
To see you safe, is all I care about.

*Zimri.* My dearest daughter, that is kindly spoken;  
Yet I should like to bring you some small token.

*Beauty.* Well, then, if I may choose what it shall be,  
I beg you'll bring a white moss rose for me.

*Zimri.* If I return, though fortune be denied,  
Your wish, my darling, shall be gratified.  
Now, children, come and help me to prepare  
For this long journey: there's no time to spare.

[*Exit with BEAUTY.*

*Lolo (in a contemptuous tone).* A white moss rose! How  
utterly absurd!

*Anna.* A more affected thing I never heard!

[*While speaking, they follow ZIMRI, and go off the stage in  
saying the last word.*

#### SCENE THE FOURTH.

[This may be the arbour scene, with as much green about as possible.  
A polka should be played, and the four Attendant Fairies come in  
dancing two-and-two, holding chains of flowers between them.  
Having danced round the stage, two go to one side and two to the  
other; then all bend on one knee to the ground as SILVERSTAR  
enters.

*Silverstar.* You've all obeyed my summons—that is right,  
For you will have some work to do to-night; [They rise.  
And it must be well done. At evening tide,  
A traveller will then through the forest ride;

The magic path to him you must disclose,  
Where the blue heath-bell in abundance blows :  
Tempt him to pick the flowers, then you may raise  
A storm, and set the forest in a blaze ;  
Lead him to turn his steed towards the east,  
And bring him to the castle of the Beast ;  
Take care to serve him with a splendid supper there,  
And the best chamber for his use prepare.  
But do it all in silence and unseen :  
It is the order of our Fairy Queen.

*First Fairy.* It shall be done. I'll hide within a flower,  
And make it look so bright, he 'll not have power  
To pass it by.

*Second Fairy.* And I will shout and scream,  
So that the air shall full of noises seem.

*Third Fairy.* And I will shake and bend the trees  
around,  
Until their topmost branches touch the ground.

*Fourth Fairy.* I will a thousand flaming torches bear,  
And flash them round and round him in the air,  
West, north, and south, so that he needs must go  
Towards the east, whether he will or no.

*Silverstar.* 'Tis well ; I am now satisfied that you  
Quite understand what you have got to do.  
Then go ! for look, the sun is on the wane ;  
At midnight I will see you all again. [Exit.

[The same polka as before, and the Fairies go off dancing.

SCENE THE FIFTH.—*Interior of the Beast's palace.*

[This scene should be made as brilliant as possible, with as many lights as can conveniently be placed. Any gay-looking covering may be thrown over the chairs; and the table should be laid out for supper, with some plate, vases of flowers, and lights. Some of the small coloured wax candles would have a pretty effect. It must be made apparent that the supper is only meant for one person.]

*Enter ZIMRI.*

[*He looks about him bewildered.*

*Zimri.* It is a fearful night. The forest seemed  
To be on fire, or else I must have dreamed;  
And in this noble palace I have seen  
No living creature yet. What can it mean?  
My horse has found provision in the stable,  
And here appears to be a sumptuous table  
Spread for one guest. It cannot be for me;  
Yet there is no one else that I can see.

[*He goes to the table and takes up a written paper.*  
Hold! what is this? (*Reads*). “Zimri, you need not fear  
To take what fate has set before you here.  
Sup freely, then; and when to rest inclined,  
In the long gallery above, you'll find  
A chamber with a hundred tapers lighted;  
It is the room for travellers benighted,  
Who by some chance are to this castle led:  
There you will find your couch already spread.

Repose in peace, until the morning light  
Shall warn you to depart. And so, good night."

[*Folding the paper, and seating himself at the table.*  
Good night, kind host, whoever you may be;  
I thank you for your hospitality,  
And will enjoy it: though I know I stand  
In peril now, upon enchanted land.

[While ZIMRI sups, a fairy song might be introduced with good effect by some young lady, who should place herself so as not to be seen. The accompaniment should be played very softly, "Where the bee sucks," or "Oh, 'tis pleasant to float on the sea," (from Oberon) would be appropriate. If there are no singers, some very soft airs might be played on the piano; or a musical box would make good music for this scene. When the music ceases, ZIMRI rises apparently much refreshed.

I never heard a strain so truly sweet!  
Thank you, kind fairies, for this charming treat.  
Good night, once more. (*He bows round*). I now will go to rest,  
And hope that everything is for the best.

[*Exit.*

[A lively waltz or polka is now played, and the four Fairies appear. Each takes something from the table and carries it off, returning immediately for something more, till the table is cleared.

Enter SILVERSTAR, (*The Fairies kneel, and the music ceases.*)  
Silverstar. Rise, my good sprites (*they rise*); your task is bravely done,  
And you a merry holiday have won.

But, ere you go, there is more work to do :  
The merchant takes his breakfast here, and you  
Must get it ready by the break of day ;  
Then you 're at liberty to go and play. [Exit.]

*All the Fairies.* Thanks ! thanks !

*First Fairy.* Now, fairy sisters, let us haste  
In search for food to suit this mortal's taste,  
For day will soon appear—

*Second Fairy.* Then we are free !  
Oh ! what a merry holiday 'twill be.

[*Music as before; the Fairies go off dancing.*

---

SCENE THE SIXTH.—*The Garden of the Palace.*

[As many flowers and shrubs should be brought into this scene as can conveniently be managed ;—the arbour used in the second scene, and a large tree of white roses in the centre of the stage. This tree may easily be made by setting up some branches of laurel, or any evergreen, in a flower-pot, and tying a number of artificial white roses upon it, which could be made of tissue paper.]

*Enter ZIMRI.*

*Zimri.* So far all's well—my breakfast might have graced  
A monarch's table—fairies have good taste.  
But what a splendid garden !—trees and flowers  
Like these are worth Arcadian bowers ;  
And here's a white moss rose—the very thing  
Beauty requested me for her to bring.



[*He gathers a rose, and a loud roaring is immediately heard—  
the BEAST enters, and ZIMRI affrighted, retreats to the  
farthest corner of the stage.*]

*Beast.* Presumptuous mortal! Have I not bestowed  
Enough upon you here, in my abode,  
That now, with base ingratitude, you try  
To rob me of my treasures?—you must die!

*Zimri.* Indeed, my lord, I've robbed you of no treasure,  
Nor do I know what causes your displeasure.

*Beast.* Is it a trifle, then, do you suppose,  
To rob my garden of its fairest rose?

*Zimri.* Why, here are more than fifty on the tree,  
All quite as beautiful—

*Beast.* Don't talk to me,  
Oh, wretched man ! But this is my reward  
For entertaining you—

*Zimri.* Really, my Lord—

*Beast (interrupting him).* My title is not *Lord*—'tis  
simply Beast ;

And so you 'll call me, if you 're wise, at least.

*Zimri.* Well, then, good Beast, I hope you will forgive  
The wrong I 've done, and suffer me to live.  
How could I guess that it was any harm  
To pluck one rose ?

*Beast.* It bears a fatal charm,  
And he who gathers it is doomed to die.

*Zimri.* Ah ! what a miserable man am I !  
Poor Beauty, too ! her tender heart will break,  
If she should learn I 've perished for her sake.

*Beast.* How so ? And who is Beauty ? merchant, say.

*Zimri.* She is my youngest daughter : yesterday  
The dear child begged that I would bring her back  
A white moss rose—

*Beast.* Then, be it understood,  
If you 've a daughter who is fair and good,  
And dutiful withal, so that, to save  
Her father, she would come to be my slave,  
I 'll take her in your stead—

*Zimri.*                            No! I will die,  
Rather than doom my child to slavery—  
That would be worse than death.—Yet, I implore  
You, Beast, to let me see her face once more.

*Beast.* Go, then—ten days I give you—and take heed  
How you attempt that limit to exceed;  
It would be useless, for I have the power  
To bring you here again at any hour;  
So, if the maiden comes not in your room,  
On the tenth day from this, you meet your doom.

[*Exit BEAST.*]

*Zimri.* Ten days! alas! then every chance is over  
My ships and missing treasurers to discover,  
For it would take a hundred days or more,  
The coast of the Black Island to explore;  
And then I might not find them: for I fear  
That letter was a bait to lure me here;  
And yet, I recollect, it warned me not  
To touch the purple flowers—but I forgot  
That warning to regard—Ah! cruel fate!  
I see my error now it is too late.

[*Exit.*]

~~~~~

SCENE THE SEVENTH.—*The Merchant's Cottage.*

[ANNA is sitting at the table reading.—LOLO enters, and ANNA throws her book on the table and rises.]

Anna. Well, is it settled whether she's to go?

Lolo. It is: for she is bent upon it, so

He has consented ; and I heard him say
Their journey must commence at break of day.

Anna. If that is certain, Lolo, it is plain
That we shall never see her back again.

Lolo. So much the better ; yet, how can she go
To face that horrid monster, I don't know.
I'm glad it is not me he fixed upon,
For I am sure I never could have gone.

Anna. Nor I : my nerves are far too delicate,
And so my father must have borne his fate.

Enter ZIMRI and BEAUTY.

Beauty. Take courage, father, this will all end well ;
For I know something more than I may tell ;
So do not fear for me—

Zimri. I wish, my dear,
That I could see so little cause to fear ;
Believe me, my child, you will not feel so bold,
When this terrific monster you behold.

Lolo. Ah ! poor dear sister Beauty : it will grieve us,
For you in such a shocking way to leave us ;
I hope you will come back again some day.

Beauty. I thank you, sisters ; possibly I may.
Come, my dear father, let us take a walk
Through the green meadow, and then we can talk
About this Beast, and his fine fairy bowers ;
I 'm very glad that he is fond of flowers.

[She takes her father's arm, and they walk out together.]

Enter FAIRY as the Beggar Woman.

Anna. Why, here's that beggar woman, I declare;
(sharply) What do you want?

Fairy. I come, my ladies fair,
To offer my services.

Anna. In what?

Fairy. To save your sister from a wretched lot;
But you will have to lend me your assistance,
Or else it can't be done. [She draws near to them.

Anna. Pray keep your distance—
You save her! how excessively absurd!
Begone at once, without another word.

Lolo. You are a vile imposter, that is plain;
So never let us see your face again.

Fairy. I did it but to try you; and, I find
You both are truly selfish and unkind;
The time may come when you will rue the day
You treat me with scorn.

Lolo. Begone, I say!

[They push the Fairy out, and follow her.

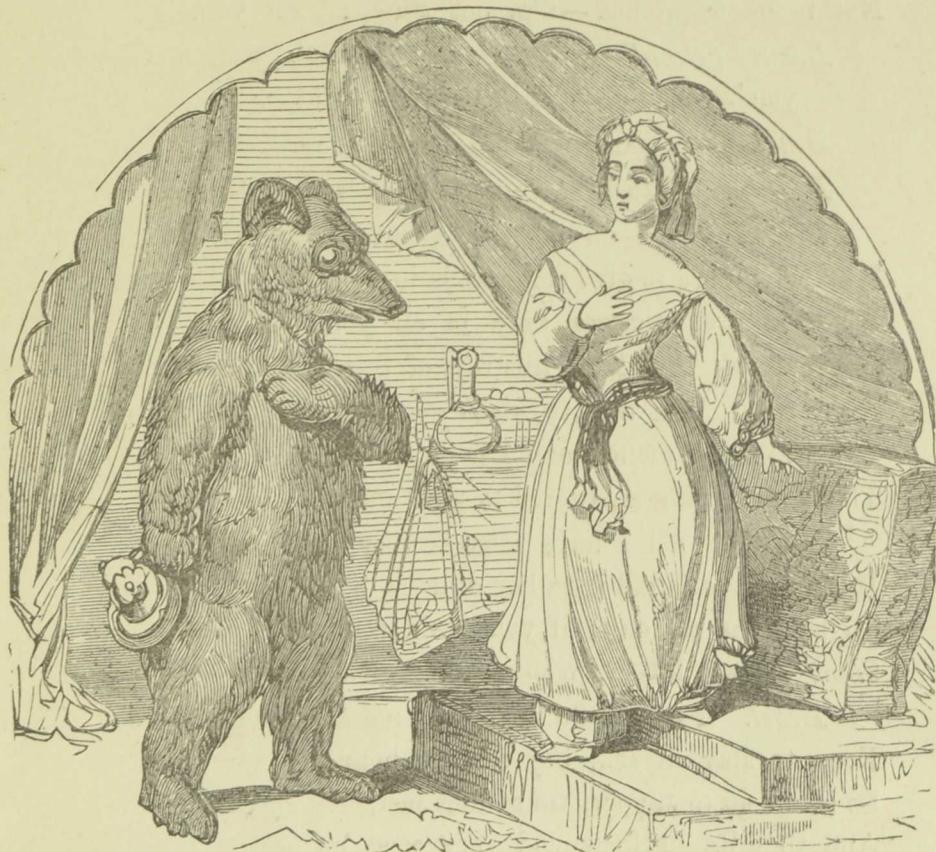
SCENE THE EIGHTH.—*The Hall in the Palace, and the table laid for supper as before, but for two persons.*

Enter BEAUTY.

Beauty. Alas! I fear my courage is all gone,
Now I am left in this large place alone;
And yet, if I may judge from all I see,
Surely no harm can be intended me.

There's one apartment decked with flowers in bloom,
And over it is written, "Beauty's room;"
With many costly ornaments 'tis graced;
And books, and music too, are in it placed—
Ah! what is that?

[A loud roar is heard outside.]



Enter BEAST.

Beast (in a gruff tone.) Beauty, how do you do ?
I've come, my pretty maid, to sup with you.

Beauty (retreating in alarm). My Lord—I'm very happy—I am sure—

Beast. That is not true. I see you can't endure
This ugly form of mine : but I entreat you
Not to be frightened—I'm not going to eat you.

Beauty (timidly approaching). Thank you, my Lord,
you're very good, I know.

Beast. My name is Beast, and you must call me so.

Beauty. If such be your commands, I shall obey.

Beast. Nay—do not talk about commands, I pray ;
It is your place to give commands to me,
For you are mistress here of all you see,

Beauty. Am I the mistress of this noble place ?

Beast. Yes, Beauty, since you condescend to grace
It with your presence, and I hope you 'll find
That every thing is ordered to your mind.

Beauty. All I have seen is very beautiful ;
But I confess I find it rather dull
To be alone all day ; if you could send
Some damsel hither, who would be my friend—

Beast. I cannot do it, I have not the power,
Even to stay myself, beyond one hour ;
So let us go to supper, times flies fast,
And that bright hour will very soon be past,

[They sit down to supper, and the BEAST is very attentive in helping BEAUTY to the nicest things, and pours out wine for her. While they sup, some light lively music should be played, and another fairy song might be introduced. "Oh, bid your faithful Ariel fly," "Deep in the Forest Dell," or "Through the Wood," are good songs for the purpose; but the singer should not be seen, unless she is one of the fairies; then it must be supposed that BEAUTY does not see her.]

[*When the music ceases they both rise from the table.*

Beast. It is now time for me to say adieu;
To-morrow I shall sup again with you.

Beauty. I'm glad of that, and shall feel much delight
If you would come to supper every night.

Beast. At nine o'clock the Beast you'll always see.

Beauty. Good night.

[*The Beast, who is going towards the door, turns back.*

Beast. Dear Beauty, will you marry me?

Beauty (in terror). No, Beast, ! I can't, indeed——

Beast. Ah! cruel fate!

I'm destined still to be unfortunate.

[*Exit, making a dismal moaning noise.*

Beauty (as if recovering from her fright). Oh, dear ! I
hope he'll not ask that again !

The very thought has almost turned my brain.

Yet he's more gentle than I thought to find him,
And, but for this, I think I should not mind him.

Well, after all, I could but loose my life ;

And I would rather die than be his wife.

[*Exit.*

SCENE THE NINTH.—*The Merchant's Cottage.*

[ZIMRI is sitting at a table in deep thought, leaning his head on his hand, with a book open before him. His soliloquy might be written in the book, which would save the trouble of learning it.

Zimri. My poor dear child ; could I but hope to see
Her face once more, how happy I should be.
It is a twelvemonth now, this very day,
A joyless twelvemonth since she went away ;
And though I've tried to find the path again
That led me to the castle, 'tis in vain ;
No trace of it remains. The forest wild
Separates me for ever from my child.
There's nothing now but misery in store !

Enter SILVERSTAR.

[ZIMRI rises, and gazes on her with astonishment.

Fairy. You are mistaken, merchant ; grieve no more ;
Beauty is safe, and you will soon behold
A daughter who is worth her weight in gold.
No evil has befallen the charming maid,
Whose duteous conduct will be well repaid.
So, sleep in peace to-night, and banish sorrow :
You will embrace your long-lost child to-morrow.

Zimri. What happy words are these ! and who art thou
Bright vision ?

Fairy. I'm a fairy, you must know;
My name is Silverstar.

Zimri, (kneeling). Then let me kneel,
To thank you with the gratitude I feel.

Fairy. Nay, rise; we fairies no such homage crave;
'Tis our delight to help the good and brave,
And break the spells that wicked spirits weave,
Unwary mortals to torment and grieve.

Zimri (rising). My child is safe, you say?—

Fairy. You need not doubt it;
From her own lips you'll soon hear all about it,
Farewell. [Exit.

Zimri (following). One moment, gentle fairy, stay!
[He returns, looking amazed.

Sure she has melted into air away.
I fear I did not thank her as I ought,
But joy has banished every other thought;
This can be no delusion of the brain,
And I shall be a happy man again. [Exit.

SCENE THE TENTH.—BEAUTY and the BEAST at supper.
[They rise from the table as if they had finished their repast,
and come to the front of the stage.

Beast. The hour is nearly past, and I must go.

Beauty. Nay, stay a little longer. Do you know,
I'm going to ask a boon, which you must grant,

Beast. Speak, dearest Beauty, what is it you want?

Beauty. It is to go and see my father——

BEAST (*turns away from her slowly, and goes towards the door; she follows, and lays her hand on his arm to detain him. He comes back, and after looking at her for a little while in silence, shakes his head, and says*)

No!

Beauty, indeed, I cannot let you go.

Ask anything but that, and I'll comply,

But if you were to leave me, I should die.

Beauty. Surely a few days you might live, at least,
Without me; then I would return, good Beast.

Beast. I am afraid that, if you once depart,
You'll not come back, and that would break my heart.

Beauty. Indeed I will, you are so kind to me,
I would not for the world, ungrateful be.
I'm sure you will consent——

Beast. Well, be it so;
I can deny you nothing, therefore go;
And, if you like, you may depart to-night;

Beauty. Surely I do not understand you right!
How can I go to-night, at this late hour?

Beast. I'm going to place the means within your power,
[He gives her a ring.

Beneath your pillow lay this golden ring,
'Twas given to me by the fairy King,
And will convey you with the greatest ease,
The while you sleep, to any place you please.

Beauty. Thank you, that is delightful!

Beast. Now, adieu—

Remember, three days hence, I look for you;
And if you come not, it will cost my life.

[*He is going, but turns back when at the door.*

Beauty, will you consent to be my wife?

Beauty. No, Beast; I've told you many times before!
Pray do not ask that question any more.

Beast. Ah, wretched Beast, when will thy sorrows end?

Beauty. I love you very dearly as a friend,
And do not like to give you any pain;
So never speak of marrying, again.

[*They go off different ways, the BEAST moaning.*

SCENE THE ELEVENTH.—*The Cottage.*

Enter LOLO, talking to herself.

Lolo. I wish that I had seen the Fairy, she
Might have bestowed some gift, perhaps, on me.
I hope she'll come again—then I would try
To win her favour; and who knows but I
May come to be a princess, or a queen;
I'm sure I've heard such things have sometimes been.
And why I should not have good luck, as well
As any body else, I cannot tell.

Enter ANNA, running and out of breath.

Lolo. Good gracious me ! what is the matter, child ?
Really you look as if you had gone wild.

Anna. Beauty is come, and brought us such fine things ;
Such caps and dresses, necklaces and rings——

Lolo. Brought them for us ?

Anna. Yes, there's a box below :
How it came there I'm sure I do not know,
Unless it dropped down from the skies ; for, see,
The gate is locked, and I have got the key ;
So that I'm certain no one has been here ;
Is it not very wonderful, my dear ?

Lolo. It is, indeed ; but sister, without joking,
This girl's good fortune really is provoking.
How handsomely this monster seems to treat her !

Anna. Yes, when we both believed that he would eat her.
But since she has a Fairy for her friend,
We must make much of her——

Lolo. So I intend. [*Exeunt LOLO and ANNA.*

Enter ZIMRI and BEAUTY.

Beauty. I am so glad to be at home again——
But, sir, you must not ask me to remain
More than three days——

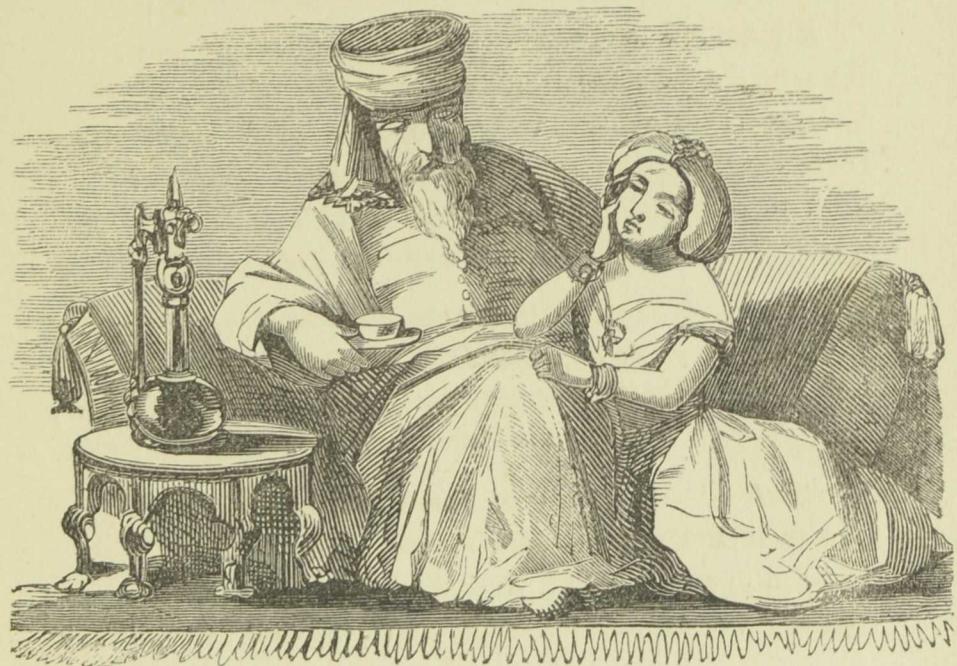
Zimri. Dear daughter, say not so,
I cannot part with you so soon ; oh, no !
You must stay longer with us ; your good Beast
May spare you for a fortnight at the least.

Beauty. Well, let us now rejoice that we have met,
And not begin to think of parting yet.
Besides, I think you must be glad to hear
I am so kindly treated, father, dear,
That I am not afraid of going again.

Zimri. Indeed I am ; still, it would give me pain
To find this monster, with his luxury,
Has made you think the less of home and me.

Beauty. Oh ! sir, how can you fancy such a thing !
That could not be, even were he a king.

Zimri. I hope not ; yet if it be really so,
You will not be in so much haste to go.



Beauty. I would not go, if I could have my will !
But though he's kind, I am his captive still ;
Nor do I know how long I must remain,
Or if I ever shall be free again.
Now let us go to breakfast, sir, and pray
Don't talk of parting any more to-day.

[She takes his arm, and they go off the stage together.]



SCENE THE TWELFTH.—*The Palace, with the table laid for supper.*

Enter BEAST. (*He looks mournfully at the table*).

Beast. She is not here, and now ten days are past,
Ten weary days, since I beheld her last.
Ah ! cruel Beauty—who would have believed
Those charming lips could ever have deceived ?
Now, there is nothing more to hope, so I
May bid adieu to all my cares, and die.

He seats himself at the table, but does not touch the supper, and remains there in an attitude of melancholy and profound meditation, while some very plaintive music is performed; after which he rises and comes forward.

Beast. Thank you, good Faries, but it is in vain ;
I ne'er shall listen to those sounds again.
A victim to enchantment, Azor dies ;
And she who might have saved, unpitying flies.

[Exit.]

SCENE THE THIRTEENTH.—*The Cottage.* BEAUTY
asleep on a couch.

Enter FAIRY SILVERSTAR. She approaches the couch and waves her wand over it.

Fairy. Dream, Beauty, dream, the noble Beast is dying :
Under the fatal rose, behold him lying.
Dream that while you are here in peace reposing,
His eyes in death are now for ever closing.
Dream of the promise by your own lips spoken,—
Dream of the promise so unkindly broken ;
Repair the fatal error while you have the power,
For it will be too late if you delay one hour. [Exit.

BEAUTY wakes and starts as if in terror.

Beauty. Ah ! what is this ? surely I must have dreamed.
I thought I saw him dying, and I felt
So sad, as weeping by his side I knelt :
I hope it is not true. What can it mean ?
How selfish and ungrateful I have been !
I will return this night, and he shall see
His kindness has not been quite lost on me,
He must not die ; this dream is not in vain ;
This magic ring shall take me back again.

[She takes the ring from her finger, places it under the pillow
and lies down again.

[If the performance should happen to be in a room where there is neither curtain nor folding doors, two of the Attendant Fairies might appear, and, raising BEAUTY from the couch, lead her off the stage in her sleep.]

THE LAST SCENE.—*The Garden of the Palace.*

[*The Beast is discovered lying under a white rose tree, apparently lifeless. Beauty is kneeling by his side.*]



Beauty. I fear it is all over. Oh! how wrong
It was to break my word, and stay so long.
Yet hark! I hear him breathe—he is not dead!—
He may revive. Dear Beast, lift up your head,
And speak to me—

Beast (faintly and without moving). Ah! Beauty, is it you,
Come back to bid the Beast a last adieu?
Beauty. Oh! do not say the last—it must not be:
Forgive me dearest Beast, and live for me.
Beast (raising himself a little). One word might save
me yet: but say that you
Consent to be my wife—
Beauty. I do! I do!

[The Beast starts up, and, throwing off his disguise, appears in his proper form as PRINCE AZOR. He kneels at the feet of BEAUTY, who has risen, and regards him with astonishment.



Azor. A thousand thanks, sweet maid; once more I'm free
From the Enchanter's power: and thus, you see,
To no rude monster have you given your hand;
But unto Azor, Prince of Silverland.

Beauty. Rise, noble Prince. It is, indeed, most strange;
But what has brought about this happy change?

Azor. I was condemned that hideous form to bear,
Until I found a maiden, good and fair,
Willing to be my bride. Thus you've released
From vile enchantment your most grateful Beast.

Enter ZIMRI, LOLO, and ANNA.

(*They all look bewildered.*)

Lolo. Where are we now, I wonder?—

Anna. Gracious me!
Why, Lolo, here is Beauty! only see!

Zimri. The friendly Fairy, then, has kept her word.

Enter SILVERSTAR.

Fairy. Yes, merchant, all your fortune is restored:
The same Enchanter who is Azor's foe
Waylaid your ships, so that they could not go
Beyond his island: but they now are free,
And, richly laden, soon in port will be.

Lolo (advancing pertly towards the Fairy). Oh, charming Fairy!

Fairy (in a loud stern tone). Silence, girl!

[A short pause, during which all stand gazing at the FAIRY, who, after looking at the two sisters in silence for a few moments, speaks again in her usual manner,

Behold

In me the beggar you called rude and poor,
Unpitying you turned me from the door.

Now hear your doom—

Beauty (interposing). Nay, gentle Fairy, stay;
For my sake, pity and forgive them, pray.

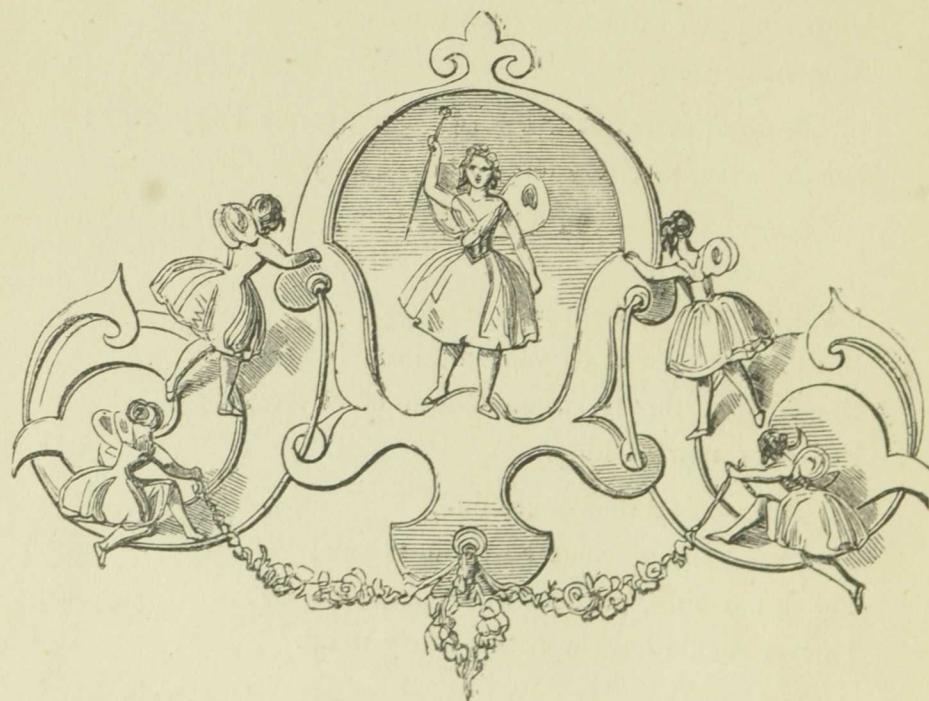
Fairy. Since you plead for them, though they have offended,
I will not punish them as I intended;
But they must wait on you, and humbly stand
Beside your throne, when Queen of Silverland;
For Azor now is king.

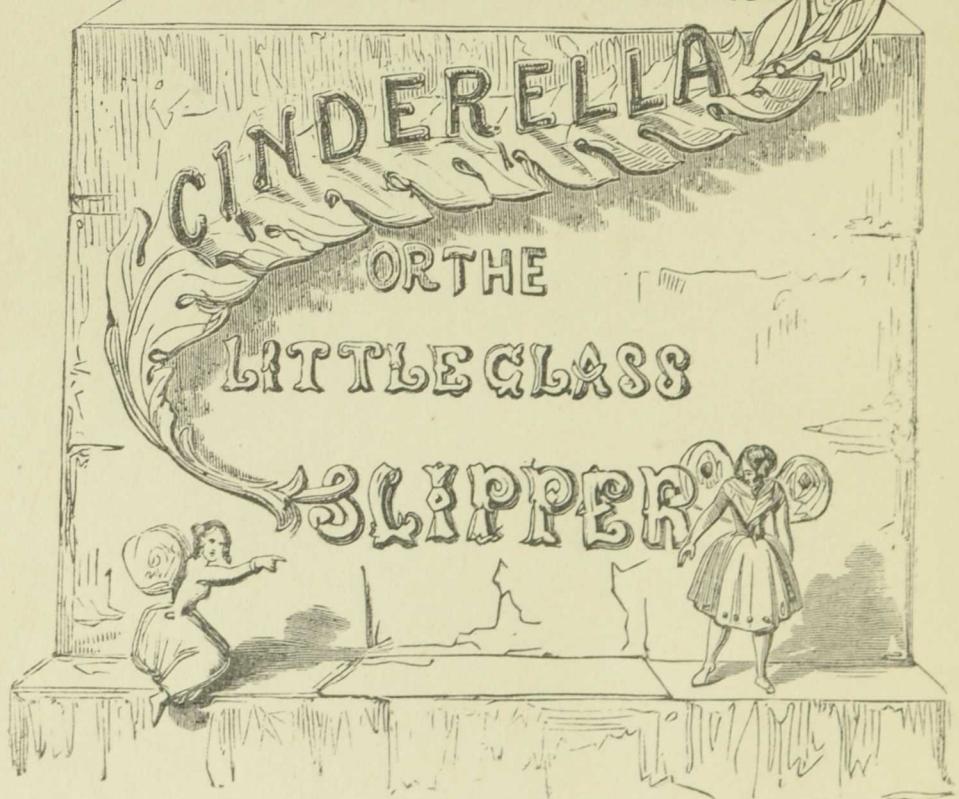
Azor. My thanks are due,
Most kind and gracious Fairy, unto you;
For I am sure, without your generous aid,
I never should have won this lovely maid.

[He takes BEAUTY's hand.

Silverstar. True, Prince, and now you've gained your liberty,
Long may you live, and happy may you be.
It was my mission to dissolve the spell;
My task is ended; and so, fare ye well.

[She retires slowly towards the back of the stage, while AZOR, BEAUTY, and ZIMRI, bend gracefully, partly to her, and partly to the audience. The two sisters stand aside, as if ashamed, hiding their faces in their handkerchiefs; and thus the scene closes.]

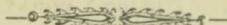




Cinderella & the Glass Slipper;

OR,

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GENERAL DIRECTIONS.



IN the getting up of these plays, the arrangement of the scenes must of course depend in great measure on the sort of room in which the performance takes place. Nothing could be better adapted to the purpose than two rooms opening into each other with folding doors, the stage being that into which the doors open, as they would form places for the exit of the different actors, who might retire behind the doors, instead of all going off the stage at the same point. These would also answer the purpose of a curtain, some person being stationed behind each to open and close them between the scenes. The prompter might also stand behind one of the doors. If, however, the play is to be acted in a single room, a curtain might be contrived to separate the stage from the part occupied by the audience ; or rather, two curtains to close in the middle and draw to each side. They might be drawn on a string fastened by hooks from one side of the room to the other. Painted scenery would be a great advantage ; but if this cannot be obtained, a few hints are given at the beginning of each scene as to the best mode of supplying the deficiency. The actors should learn their parts very perfectly, and rehearse the play at least three times before performing it to an audience.

Cinderella & the Glass Slipper:

OR, PRIDE PUNISHED.



THE PRINCE.

MULEY *An Officer of the Court.*

THE BARONESS.

ULRICA }
CHARLOTTE } . *Daughters of the Baroness.*

CINDERELLA . . *Step-daughter of the Baroness.*

FAIRY *Cinderella's Godmother.*

C O S T U M E.

PRINCE.—White trousers, a coat, red or light blue, with a full skirt down to the knees, with a border of gold paper; a black velvet cap and white ostrich feather, and some glittering ornament in front; a scarf tied over one shoulder, and a lace collar turned down.

MULEY.—The ordinary dress would do, with a short cloak of some gay colour.

THE BARONESS.—A high turban on her head: a silk dress, and a thin shawl or lace cloak.

ULRICA and CHARLOTTE.—At first they should wear morning dresses, and change them for the ball, when they can dress according to fancy.

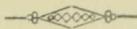
CINDERELLA.—A long loose gown of dark stuff or cotton with long sleeves. This must go over the ball dress, and be made open in front and fastened round the waist with a band, that it may be easily thrown off. The ball dress should be white, ornamented with flowers and white satin ribbon, or silver ribbon, and she should have some glittering ornaments about her. White shoes, covered with silver ribbon, might be made to represent glass slippers.

FAIRY.—A cloak and hood, and a short wand.

Cinderella & the Glass Slipper;

OR,

PRIDE PUNISHED.



SCENE THE FIRST.

[CINDERELLA is discovered sitting on a low stool with her elbow on her knees, her head resting on her hands. She remains in this attitude silent for a short time, then raises her head and speaks.]

Cinderella. This is a wretched life: it can't be right
That I should have to scrub from morn till night,
And go in rags a beggar would disgrace,
Whilst my proud sisters dress in silk and lace.
They never have such dirty work to do;
And why should I not be a lady too? [She rises.]

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Charlotte. Pray, Cinderella, what are you about?
You know quite well that we are going out,

And you've not done down here. Do you suppose
That you can dress us with such hands as those?

Cinderella. I've almost done, Miss Charlotte.

Charlotte. Don't tell me
You've almost done, when I can plainly see
The grate is still to clean—the hearth to scour,
Dishes to wash—you'll not be done this hour.

Cinderella. I'll come and dress you first.

Enter the BARONESS and ULRICA.

Ulrica. Where's Cinderella,
I'm waiting for her, sister : did you tell her ?

Charlotte. Yes, but her work is not half done, I find.

Baroness. You idle little creature, I've a mind
To box your ears ; how dare you dawdle so ?
The fact is, you have been asleep—I know.

Cinderella. I've been at work since five o'clock this
morning.

Baroness. And so you ought, miss—now, don't stand
there, yawning,
But wash your hands directly, and make haste ;
My daughters have not any time to waste. [Exit.]

Ulrica. And mind, you must take pains to do your best,
That we may both be very nicely drest,
For this will be, I'm told, the grandest ball
We've ever been invited to at all. [Exit.]

Cinderella. And you will see the prince, too—Oh, dear me !

How very, very happy you must be.

Charlotte. Perhaps you'd like to go.

Cinderella. Indeed I should ;
Ah ! dear Miss Charlotte, if you'd be so good
As lend me your pink gauze just for to-night,
I might go in at least and see the sight.

Charlotte. Don't talk such nonsense, child, for goodness' sake !

A pretty figure at a ball you'd make !

[*Exit.*]

[CINDERELLA (*alone*) ; she washes her hands and puts on a clean apron ; and while she is doing so talks to herself.]

Cinderella. Plenty of work for me to night—heigh oh !
I hope it is not always to be so ;
However, I suppose that I must try
To do my best, and bear it patiently.

[*Exit.*]

Enter FAIRY.

Fairy. So, these two girls, if I have heard aright,
Are going to the prince's ball to-night,
Whilst Cinderella's kept at home, I find,
To wash the dishes—now, I have a mind
That she shall go as well as they. Poor dear !
They use her shamefully, that's very clear.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE THE SECOND.—*A Dressing Room.*

[In the middle is a dressing-table with a looking-glass and two tall candles. CHARLOTTE and ULRICA appear dressed for the ball. CHARLOTTE is standing putting on her gloves, and ULRICA is sitting before the glass, while CINDERELLA adjusts the flowers in her hair. When this is done she rises and comes forward.]

Ulrica (to Charlotte). How do I look?

Charlotte. Quite charming; but I think
You would look better if your wreath was pink.

Ulrica. I don't think so at all; but that's your way,
You always have some spiteful thing to say.

Charlotte (aside). I like to vex her, she's so very vain.

Ulrica (aside). Charlotte is jealous of me, that is plain.

Enter the BARONESS,—CINDERELLA sits down with a melancholy air by the dressing-table.

Baroness. Come, children, are you ready?

Charlotte. Yes, ma, quite.

Baroness. Now, mind you try and do your best to-night
To get good husbands—Charlotte, do you hear?
You poke your head most terribly, my dear.

Charlotte. I mean to hold it high enough, you'll see,
When I am married to some great grandee.

Ulrica (impatiently). Well, let us go—good night,
mamma.



Charlotte (they walk towards the door). Good bye.

Baroness. Good night, my dears.

[*Exeunt CHARLOTTE and ULRICA.*

They do look charmingly,

And who knows but the prince himself might fall

In love with one of them? 'tis not at all

Unlikely. (*Turns to Cinderella*) Well, Miss, sitting at your
ease,

As if you'd nothing else to do—now, please

To get my supper; (*Cinderella rises slowly*)—let me see no
airs!

Then go and finish all your work down stairs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE THIRD.—*The Kitchen.*

[CINDERELLA *is sitting by the fireplace, crying.*]

Enter FAIRY.

Fairy. Why, Cinderella, what's the matter, dear?

Cinderella (starting up in joyful surprise). Oh, God-mother, I am so glad you're here!

Fairy. But what have you been crying, child, about?
Is it because your sisters are gone out,
And left you here at home?

Cinderella. 'Tis wrong, I know;
But yet I can't help wishing I could go.

Fairy. Well, well, don't fret; we'll see what can be done!
But first into the garden you must run
And gather me a pumpkin—do you mind;
And let it be the largest you can find.

Exit CINDERELLA.

The mother's gone to bed, and she shall sleep
Until the morning sun begins to peep.

Enter CINDERELLA, with a large pumpkin in her arms.

[This might be a great ball about three feet in circumference, made in eight quarters, of green and yellow calico, and stuffed with wool.]

Cinderella. This is the very largest I could bring.

Fairy. Yes, that will do; it is the very thing
I want. Now, set it just outside the door,
Then I must send you to get me something more.

[CINDERELLA takes the pumpkin out, and returns.

Fairy. Down in the cellar there's a mouse-trap, dear,
With six brown mice in it; go, bring them here.

Exit CINDERELLA.

[*The FAIRY sits down, and in a few minutes CINDERELLA returns with the trap, which might be a bird cage.*]

Cinderella. Here they are : see how they run about.

Fairy. Aye, they will gallop famously, no doubt,
Now, go again, and if there is a rat
Caught in the trap, why, you may bring me that.

[*CINDERELLA goes, and returns immediately with another cage, which she puts down by the side of the FAIRY.*

Fairy. That's right ; but still, another thing we want,
Or else our equipage will be but scant.
Under the water-butt I think you'll see
Four fine green lizards ; bring them here to me.

[*CINDERELLA goes again, and returns with four lizards (cut out of green paper), and gives them to the FAIRY. The FAIRY, after looking closely at the lizards, gives them back to CINDERELLA.]*

Fairy. Put all these creatures in the doorway, too ;
And then, see what your godmother can do.

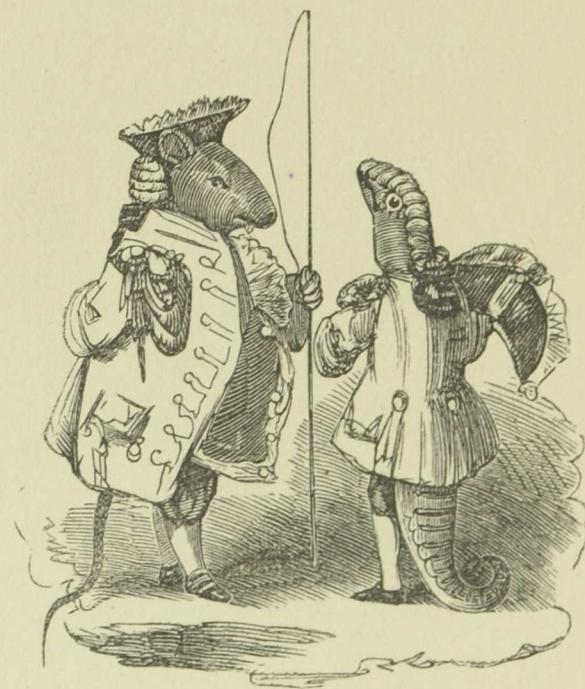
[*CINDERELLA carries out the lizards and the two cages, then places herself close to the FAIRY, who goes to the open door, and keeps waving her wand backwards and forwards.*]

Cinderella. Ah! what is that? look, look!—good gracious me!

The pumpkin's turned into a coach! and see,



The mice are horses ! and look there, the rat
A fine fat coachman—only think of that !
The lizards, too, four footmen ! oh, how grand
They look in green and gold !—see, see ! they stand
Behind the coach——



Fairy.

To take you to the ball ?

Cinderella.

To do so much for me ! but then, look here,
I have no gown but this, Godmother, dear.

Well, poppet, will it do

How kind of you

Fairy. Poor child! well, take it off, and then we'll see
What can be done.

[CINDERELLA throws off her old gown, and appears in a ball
dress, and the FAIRY takes a wreath of flowers from
under her cloak, and puts it on her head.]

Cinderella. Oh, goodness! look at me!
I never saw so beautiful a dress:
Why, I shall be as grand as a princess!
But these old shoes?

Fairy (*takes the glass slippers out of her pocket.*)
Behold, my pretty lass,
A pair of shining slippers made of glass.
Cinderella (*sorrowfully*). I cannot dance,
Fairy. You need not be distressed,
These fairy shoes will make you dance the best.

[CINDERELLA puts on the slippers, and looks at them admiringly.]

Fairy. Now, listen well to what I'm going to say;
Be very careful that you come away
Before the clock strikes twelve, for then the charm
Will cease, and you might come to some great harm,
The coach become a pumpkin in a trice,
The footmen lizards, and the horses mice.

No trace of those fine clothes will then remain ;
You'll be poor Cinderella once again.

Cinderella (kissing her). I'll come away in time, I
promise you. [Exit.]

Fairy. I shall be much mistaken if you do. [Exit.]

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#### SCENE THE FOURTH.—*The Ball Room.*

[This being a Court Ball, the scene should be made as brilliant as possible with lights, festoons of flowers, and drapery. Some of the young ladies and gentlemen who form the audience might assist by going upon the stage to dance, as the company should appear as numerous as possible. It would be easy to provide a few coloured gauze scarfs, ribbons, and flowers, to decorate these extra performers for this scene. At the upper end of the room should be a sofa, on which the PRINCE is discovered seated between the two sisters, to whom he seems paying attention. A polka is being played, and one or two couples are dancing, while others are sitting here and there.]

*Enter CINDERELLA.*

[*The PRINCE sees her, and rises; the music ceases, and those who are dancing walk round the room in pairs.*]

*Prince (aside).* What a sweet creature! but who can she be?

[*He approaches and takes her hand.*

Lady, permit me: I am proud to see

So fair a guest ; although with shame I own,  
Your name and rank are both to me unknown.

*Cinderella.* Prince, I am a stranger, and I came to see  
A Court so famed for hospitality.

Your kind reception charms me ; yet I fear,  
You'll think me bold to come unbidden here.

*Prince.* Not so, indeed ; it is a condescension  
That must command my very best attention.

[*He leads her to the sofa, and seats her between her sisters, who appear delighted as she talks to each in turn, and gives them flowers from her bouquet. The PRINCE stands by, and seems to join in the conversation. While this is passing, two couples are walking round the room, and as they pass along the front they speak.*]

*Gentleman.* She's very handsome——

*Lady.* Yes ; and then her dress  
Is costly ; she must be some great Princess.

[*That couple passes on, and another comes to the front.*

*Lady.* There's no one here can learn from whence  
she came ;  
Even the Prince himself don't know her name.

*Gentleman.* Perhaps a foreign Princess ; but, no doubt,  
His Highness will take care to find it out.

[They pass on; a polka is played, and the PRINCE dances with CINDERELLA; two gentlemen offer their hands to the sisters, and the dance continues for a moderate time, when the music stops. The sisters then sit down, and their partners stand by them talking, and all the company must appear to be engaged with each other, while the PRINCE and CINDERELLA come to the front of the stage.

Prince. But surely, lady, you will condescend  
To tell me who you are?

Cinderella (*laughingly*). Nay, I intend  
To try your patience for one hour more;  
Then, if you ask, I'll tell; but not before.  
(*Aside.*) He cannot ask, for I shall then be gone:  
'Tis past eleven—how the time runs on!

Prince (*doubtfully*). You mean to tell me?—

Cinderella. I mean what I say.

Prince (*to the company, and giving his arm to CINDERELLA*). Then now to supper, friends, we lead  
the way.

[He leads out CINDERELLA, and the rest follow in couples. A short time elapses, and the clock strikes twelve. This can be managed by striking twelve strokes on a glass tumbler. CINDERELLA enters hurriedly in her old dress, with the glass slippers in her hand. She goes to put them into her pocket, but in doing so, drops one without perceiving it.]



*Cinderella.* Oh, dear ! what shall I do ? I've stayed too late ;

I wish that I could find the palace gate :  
I must run home on foot—I know the way ;  
But if I'm seen, what will the servants say ?

*Enter MULEY.*

*Muley.* Why, who are you ? and what do you want here ?  
The scullery's your proper place, my dear.

[*Exit CINDERELLA.*]

*Enter PRINCE.*

*Prince.* This is most strange : I missed her from my side  
All in a moment. Muley, have you tried  
To find the lady.

*Muley.* Yes, your Highness : she  
 Must certainly be gone, for we don't see  
 Her carriage in the court, and it was there  
 Scarcely ten minutes since, they all declare.

*Prince.* How could it pass the gate without being seen ?

*Muley.* I do not know, my lord ; four men in green  
 There were, besides the coachman ; and, I'm told,  
 Their liveries were richly laced with gold.  
 The chariot was splendid too, they say ;  
 'Tis odd that no one saw it drive away.

*Prince.* I can't imagine which way she could pass,  
 But behold ! what's this ? (*takes up the shoe*), a slipper  
 made of glass.  
 'Tis her's—that's fortunate—for I will find her  
 By this small token she has left behind her.

[*Exit.*

SCENE THE FIFTH.—*The Dressing Room.*

CINDERELLA (*sitting.*)

Oh ! what a happy, happy night I've spent ;  
 I scarcely can believe I really went.  
 Who would suppose that, only two hours since,  
 I was so gaily dancing with a prince.

[*A loud knocking at the door.*  
 [She opens the door, and the two sisters enter.

*Cinderella* (*yawning*). Oh dear ! I am so tired—how late you've stayed.

I should have gone to sleep, but was afraid  
That if I did I should not hear you knock.  
I do believe it is past three o'clock.

*Ulrica.* It is not two.

*Charlotte.* We are not tired at all ;  
No more would you, if you'd been at the ball.

*Ulrica.* It would be strange indeed, if we were tired,  
When we have been so much admired.

*Charlotte.* Yes—and there was a beautiful princess ;  
I only wish you could have seen her dress :  
She came and sat by us—and was as free  
As if we'd been her equals.

*Cinderella* (*laughing aside*). That was me.

*Ulrica.* She gave us flowers from her own bouquet.

*Charlotte.* Mine was a rose.

*Ulrica.* And mine a sprig of May.

*Charlotte.* And then the most obliging things she said :  
Which plainly showed she had at court been bred.

*Cinderella.* 'Tis well for you—I wish I had been there.

*Charlotte.* It makes one laugh to hear you, I declare ;  
Come, let us go to bed.

*Cinderella.* Shall you want me  
To help you to undress ?

*Ulrica.* Yes ; certainly. [ *Exeunt.* ]

SCENE THE SIXTH.—*A Room in the Palace.*

[The PRINCE alone, sitting by a table, with his elbow resting upon it. He has the glass slipper in his hand.]

*Prince.* I shall have neither rest nor peace of mind,  
Until that lovely creature I can find ;  
For I am quite resolved that she alone  
Shall be my bride, and partner of my throne.

*Enter MULEY.*

Well Muley, what success ?

*Muley.* Your Highness, none ;  
Yet all that you commanded, I have done ;  
At every neighbouring Court I've made inquiries,  
But no princess can find.

*Prince.* Then my desire is,  
That there shall be a royal proclamation  
To all the single ladies of the nation,  
Declaring that my throne I mean to share  
With any one who can this slipper wear.

*Muley.* But, sir, it might a dozen ladies fit.

*Prince.* No, no, good Muley, there's no fear of it ;  
For there was not a single foot beside  
So small and beautiful. I'll have it tried,  
At any rate—and that without delay ;  
So you may send the heralds out to-day.

[*Exit.*

*Muley.* My royal master has gone mad—that's plain ;  
This fair unknown has fairly turned his brain.

[Exit.]



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SCENE THE SEVENTH.—*The Dressing Room.*

[CINDERELLA sitting at work. The BARONESS reading.]

*Baroness (looking up from her book and speaking sharply),*

You are not sewing very fast, I'm sure.

*Cinderella.* I am indeed. (*Aside*) I wonder who'd endure  
Such constant scolding.

*Enter CHARLOTTE.*

*Charlotte.* Oh, mamma, such news !  
I've hurried home that we no time may loose.  
It is about the Prince ; it seems he found,  
After the Ball, a slipper on the ground ;  
And now proclaims he'll marry any one,  
Whose foot is small enough to get it on.

*Enter ULRICA (hastily).*

*Ulrica.* I've heard it,—There's to be a public fête,  
When every girl, whate'er may be her state  
Will be at liberty the shoe to try.

*Charlotte.* I've a small foot, I'm sure, (*puts out her foot*).

*Ulrica (looks at her own foot).* And so have I.

*Baroness (rises).* Now, children, I will tell you what to do;  
Try very hard to squeeze your feet into  
The smallest ladies' shoes you can obtain,  
The chance of being a queen is worth some pain. [Exit.]

*Cinderella (without looking up from her work).* I  
wonder if the slipper would fit me ?

*Charlotte (laughing).* Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! How proud  
the Prince would be

Of such a bride; well, I shall be delighted  
To come to Court, whenever I'm invited.

(makes a very low curtsey).

Perhaps, Ulrica, we shall have the honour  
To be her train-bearers, and wait upon her.

*Ulrica (speaks in a tone of ill-humour).*

How can you talk such nonsense, Charlotte! You  
Encourage that girl's folly, that you do,

[*Exeunt CHARLOTTE and ULRICA.*

*Cinderella (throws down her work, and comes forward.*

So, they may scoff, but if they only knew  
I was the owner of that little shoe,  
Their tone would change. I am resolved to go,  
Whether I can see my godmother or no.  
No one can get that slipper on but me,  
And here's the other (*takes it out of her pocket*). So the  
Prince can see  
I'm no imposter, though my dress is mean;  
Then, if he keeps his word, I shall be queen. [Exit.



SCENE THE EIGHTH.—*The same Room in the Palace  
as before.*

[ULRICA, CHARLOTTE, and MULEY, are on the stage. CHARLOTTE is trying to get on the slipper, the others standing by.]

*Charlotte.* I'll try the other foot.



*Muley.*

It would not do if you should try all day;  
You are the twentieth lady who has tried,  
And there are many waiting now outside.

Nay, madam, nay,

*Charlotte (discontentedly).* Well, I must give it up, then,  
I suppose.

[She gives the shoe to MULEY, takes her sister's arm, and they go off.

Muley (*laughing*). I think you'd better—ha! ha! ha!  
there goes

Another would-be queen: 'Tis strange to see  
How people are misled by vanity.

*Enter CINDERELLA.*

Muley. Well, girl, what now? This is no place for you.

Cinderella. Sir, if you'd please to let me try the shoe,  
I think it would fit me.

Muley. Why, child, you're mad;  
Or else impertinent, which is as bad.

Cinderella. I understood that any one might try—

Muley. Not kitchen maids, my dear, decidedly.

Cinderella. Why, it could do no harm—

Muley (*laughing*). Upon my word  
You are a saucy baggage—How absurd!  
I can't help laughing—well—there—sit you down,  
A likely lass, indeed, to wear a crown.

*Enter PRINCE. He looks fixedly at CINDERELLA, who sits down and puts on the slipper.*

Prince. That face reminds me of my lady love.

Muley. Why it goes on as easy as a glove.

Prince (*advancing eagerly*). What do you say?—the  
slipper fits this maid?

Muley. It does indeed, your Highness, I'm afraid;

Yet more than twenty ladies have in vain  
Made the attempt—

*Prince (aside).* Then it is very plain  
That fate intends this damsel for my bride.

*Muley (aside).* It is a thousand pities that she tried.

*Enter ULRICA and CHARLOTTE.*

(They are astonished at seeing CINDERELLA).

*Ulrica.* Why, how is this? how dare you be so bold  
As to come here?

*Cinderella.* Nay, sister: do not scold;  
I thought it was no harm to come and see  
If the glass slipper would not do for me.

*Ulrica (in a passion).* For you, indeed; a dirty kitchen  
maid!

Go home and mind your work, you saucy jade.

*Prince (approaching Cinderella).* Pray, madam, tell  
me who and what you are.

*Cinderella.* Prince, I was once a little evening star,  
That with a borrowed lustre faintly shone  
In these bright halls awhile, and then was gone.

*Prince.* I'm still bewildered, how in this poor dress,  
Am I to recognize my fair princess?

*Charlotte.* Your Royal Highness, 'tis an imposition;  
This is a girl of very low condition,  
She is our servant, though her foot is small;  
And never in her life was at a ball.

*Prince (to Cinderella).* I'd give all I am worth to prove  
it true

That this glass slipper does belong to you.

*Cinderella.* Here is the proof.

[Shows the other shoe.]

*Muley (aside).* The fellow slipper ! truly  
She is a witch, or my name is not Muley.

*Enter FAIRY.*

*Cinderella.* Ah ! my kind, good old godmother is here ;  
Now, then, indeed, I have no more to fear.

*Fairy.* Pray stand aside, good folks, and let me see  
If I can solve this mighty mystery.  
Come hither, Cinderella ; prythee throw  
Aside those rags, my pretty child, and show  
That you are no imposter ; but may prove  
Quite worthy of this noble Prince's love.

[CINDERELLA throws off her old gown, and appears in the ball  
dress, having already put on the other glass slipper.]

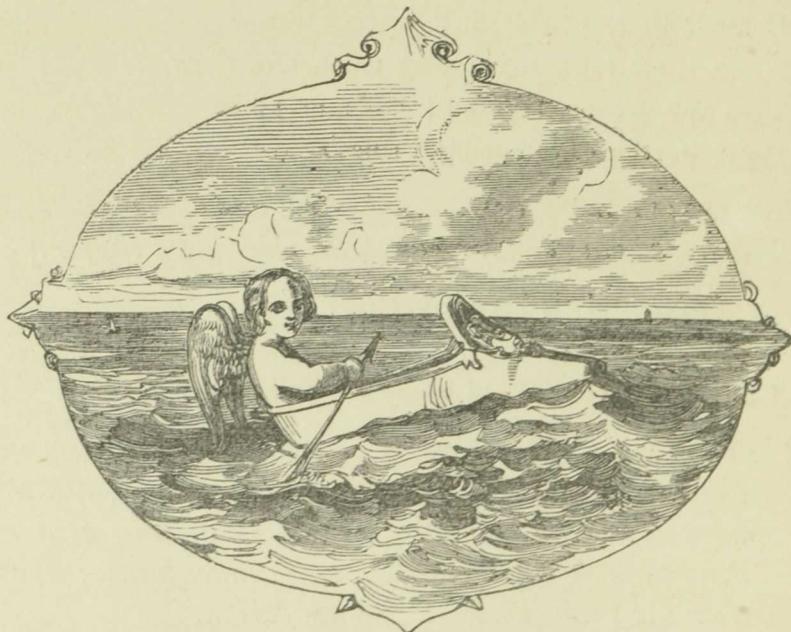
*Prince.* It is herself indeed !

*Muley (aside).* What shall I do ?  
I called her wench, and saucy baggage, too.

[The PRINCE takes the hand of CINDERELLA, and they stand  
in the centre; the FAIRY on one side of them, a little in  
advance; the two sisters on the other side, at a little  
distance, hanging down their heads in confusion; MULEY  
near the PRINCE'S elbow, rather behind.]

*Fairy.* Prince, I'm a fairy, and I hither came  
To raise the humble, and the proud to shame;  
In Cinderella you've a charming bride.  
Her goodness and her patience have been tried.  
You will be happy both—But, (*pointing to the sisters*),  
ladies, you  
Will meet the punishment that is your due.  
Scorned and neglected, it shall be your fate  
To envy Cinderella's happier fate.

[*The two sisters hide their faces with their handkerchiefs, and the scene closes.*]



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