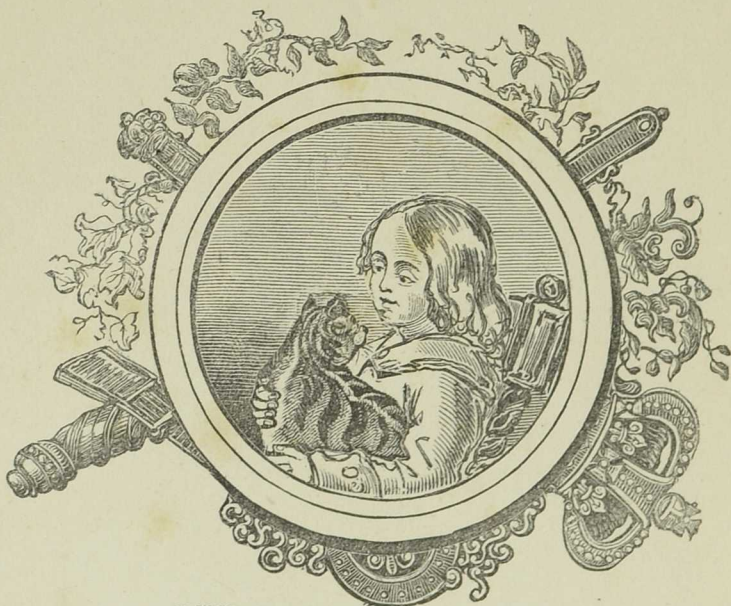




Whittington and his Cat.



CHARACTERS.

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

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.

Whittington and his Cat.

AN ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS CORNER,

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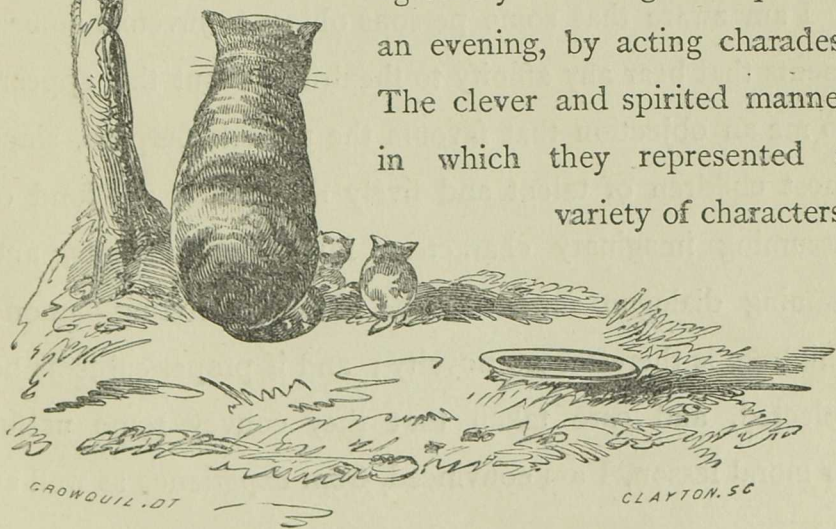
BY ALFRED CROWQUILL, Esq.

The Second of the Series of Little Plays for Little Actors.

LONDON: DEAN & SON, 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,



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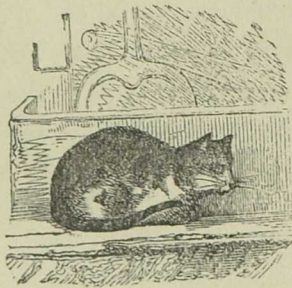
CLAYTON. SC

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 persons 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.



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 anybody 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 payed 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 footstools before it and covering them with a white cloth to look like white stone.]

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## SCENE THE SECOND.

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

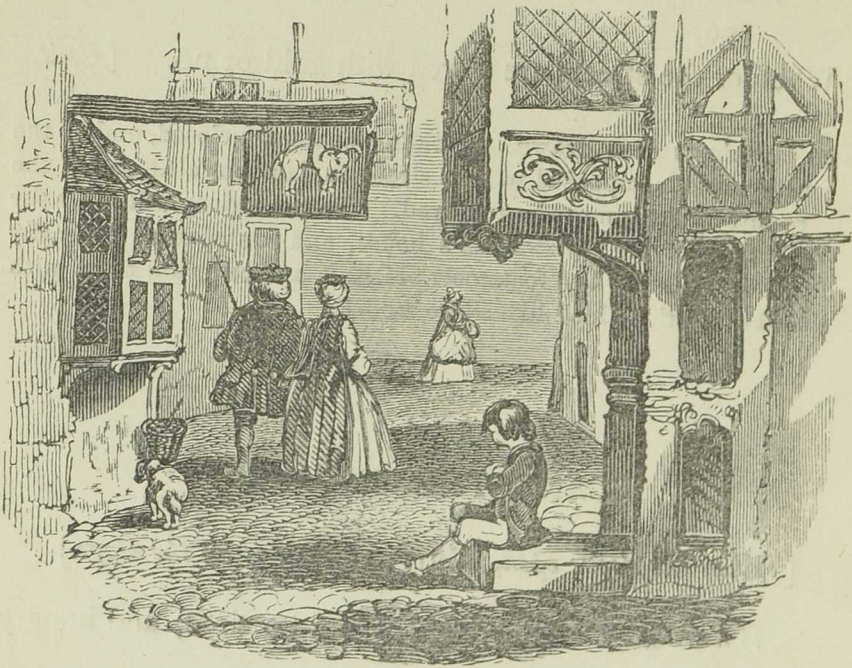
*Whittington.* Oh, dear! I am so tired, and hungry  
too ;

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 shall 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 lodging, 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.

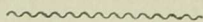
*Mr. Fitzwarren.* Well, then, I think I'll trust you, so come in,

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.*



### 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.* Will she really kill  
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 L.* Well, good-bye, my lad ;  
My name is Homely, you can hear of me  
From David 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.]



#### 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

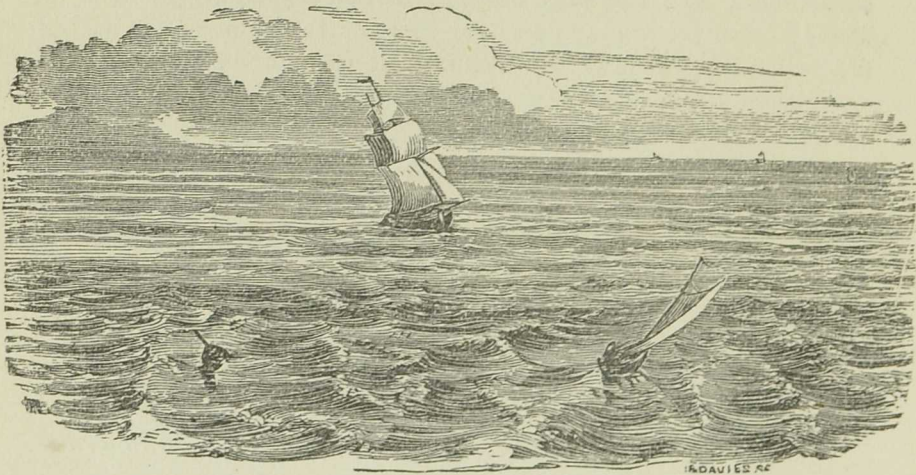


To fill her sails, and waft her o'er the sea !  
The Captain's trusty, and if this should be  
A profitable voyage, I shall clear  
At least a thousand pounds : but who comes here ?

*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 if 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.

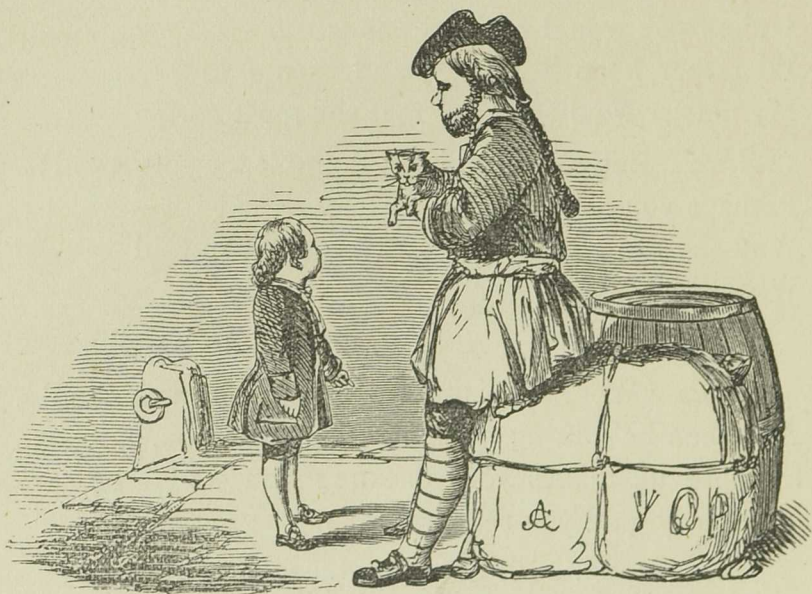
*Captain (rising and coming forward.)* Yes, pretty  
mistress Alice ; I would do  
Anything in the world to pleasure you.  
So, only say the word ; and for your sake,  
I'd feed the animal on wine and cake.

*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 curtsy 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.*]



#### 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.

Turn again, Whittington,

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bells'. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 2/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 2/4. The music features a melody in the upper staff and a bass line in the lower staff. The system ends with a repeat sign.

Lord Mayor of London, Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The upper staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 2/4. The lower staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 2/4. The system ends with a repeat sign.

Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, Turn again Whittington,

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line. The upper staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 2/4. The lower staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 2/4. The system ends with a repeat sign.

Lord Mayor of London.

The fourth system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line. The upper staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 2/4. The lower staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 2/4. The system ends with a repeat sign.

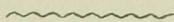
*Very softly; the sound gradually dying away.*



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 scolds 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 havoc '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 Croesus—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'm 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 lack, 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—hey?

(*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 fortunes 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 arm.

*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 curtsy.]*

*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 do 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-thee-well, Dame Homely——

*Dame H.* Fare-thee-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!!!





A. CROWWILL.

CLAYTON SC

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

A PLAY FOR HOME ACTING AND YOUNG PERFORMERS.

BY JULIA CORNER,

Author of "Beauty and the Beast," "Cinderella," and "Puss in Boots."

LONDON:
GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

CHARACTERS.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN ISLES.

PRINCE PHARAMOND.

LORD FANDANGO . . *Chief Minister of State.*

THE DRAGON OF THE WOOD.

RICK *A Sprite, Slave of the Dragon.*

GENTLEMEN OF THE COURT.

MESSENGER.

THE QUEEN OF THE GOLDEN ISLES.

THE PRINCESS FAIR STAR.

LADY CHRISTABEL . *Lady in Waiting to the Queen.*

FAIRY MOONBEAM.

SECOND FAIRY }
THIRD FAIRY } . . *Sisters of Moonbeam.*

THE FAIRY MILDEW *An old malignant Fairy.*

NURSE.

The mode of naming the infant Princess is made to be somewhat similar to the custom observed by the Ancient Greeks, as it would have been irreverent to make the slightest approach to our own baptismal rites.

HINTS RESPECTING THE COSTUME.

The FAIRIES should wear full, short dresses of white or light blue tarleton, ornamented with gold and silver, which is easily done by cutting stars, half-moons, and other devices, out of gold and silver paper, and sticking them on with gum-water. A pretty border may be formed in this manner with natural ivy leaves and gold or silver fruit or acorns, with artificial flowers intermixed. Green chaplets should encircle their heads, and each should carry a white wand, twisted with silver or gold.

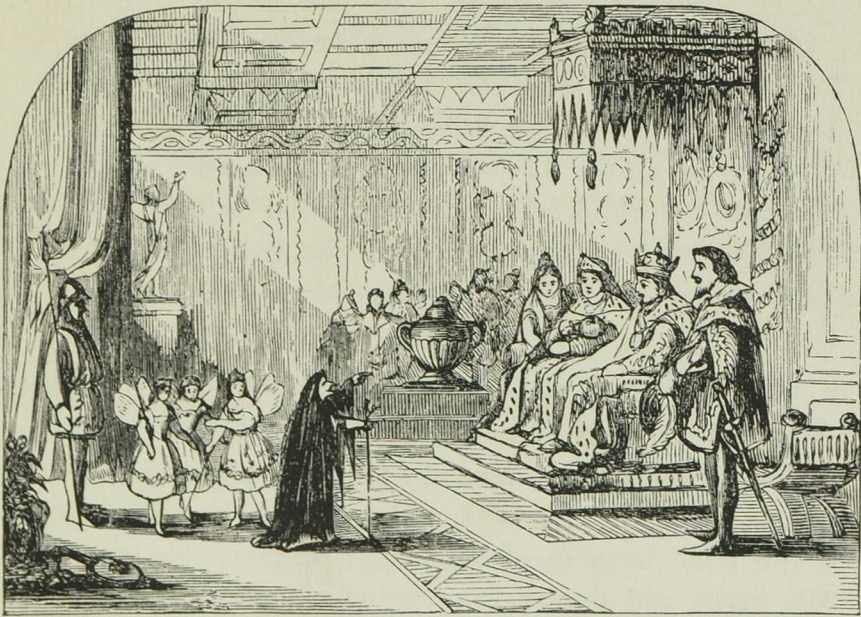
PRINCE PHARAMOND, when travelling, might put on over his state dress a long loose cotton garment, fastened round the waist with a coloured scarf, and a plain cap without feathers. This would save the trouble of changing his dress, as he ought to appear in the last scene in the proper costume of a Prince.

The DRAGON must be made to look as hideous as possible, with a frightful mask, from which should protrude a long red tongue. A close-fitting dress of some brown shaggy material, and large gloves of the same; and he should be provided with a flame-coloured sword.

The Sprite RICK may be habited in any fantastic apish fashion, and wear an ugly mask.

All the rest may safely be left to the good taste and resources of the performers, who will of course dress as much as possible in accordance with the characters they take. The KING and QUEEN, however, having to appear at three different periods of time, and not being supposed to be the same persons in the last scene as at first, should make some alteration in their dresses each time.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.



ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.—*A room in the palace.*

[*In the centre is a small raised platform, about three or four feet square, to represent a hearth, on which should be placed an urn, or anything that looks as if it would hold fire. On one side are chairs of state for the KING and*

QUEEN, *who are seated, the chief minister, LORD FANDANGO, standing by the KING, and LADY CHRISTABEL by the QUEEN. On the other side, and behind the altar or hearth, are ranged several ladies and gentlemen, supposed to have been invited to the ceremonial of naming the infant PRINCESS.*]

King. My lords and ladies, we've assembled here
To give a name unto our daughter dear.
I need not tell you it has always been
A cause of sorrow to your king and queen
To have no children. Now that grief is past;
The Fates have given us a child at last,
To our great joy; and we are glad to see
Our faithful people are as pleased as we.

Queen. How often I have wished for such a treasure,
And now I've got it.

Lord Fan. Madam, it gives pleasure
To all the nation; and I understand
There have been great rejoicings through the land—
Fireworks and feasting;—everywhere, they say,
Your loving subjects have made holiday.

King. 'Tis well. It shews their loyalty at least.

Queen. I think we ought to give a public feast
On this occasion.

King. Yes, I think so too;
Pray, my good Lord Fandango, what say you;

Lord Fan. That it would be a very glorious thing,
Well worthy so magnificent a king.

King. Then see it done. Let all have cause to bless
The birth of their illustrious princess.

Queen. She's three months old to-day, the pretty dear!
And that is why you are invited here,
To witness this, her solemn dedication,
To the presiding Genius of the nation.

King. Also, that no advantage may be missed,
We've asked three potent fairies to assist
At the sponsalia.

Lord Fan. It is wisely done—
Your Majesty's a second Solomon.

Lady Chris. I hope that she will have a pretty name.

King. We mean to call her Fair Star, for she came
Like a fair star to us—a gem of light
To make our home more beautiful and bright.

Lord Fan. Fair Star! It is a charming appellation.

King. So let it be proclaimed throughout the nation,
That unto all men it may be made known
She is the rightful heiress to the throne.

Enter NURSE with the baby (a large doll in long clothes,) in her arms.

Lady Chris. Here is the princess.

[*She goes up to the nurse, and looks at the child.*]

What a lovely creature!
The picture of the queen in every feature.

Nurse. Oh, yes, my lady, but her eyes, you see,
Are like His Majesty's as they can be.

Lord Fan. (*touching the infant.*) Pray can she walk and
talk?

Nurse. Dear heart, my lord!
She is too young as yet to speak a word.

Lord Fan. She must be young, indeed, if that's the
case.

Lady Chris. (*aside.*) Now I call that impertinent.
Your Grace
Is never very complimentary.

Lord Fan. Because I always speak the truth, you see;
Ladies *do* talk we know, and few so well
Can use their tongues as Lady Christabel.

[*He bows very low, and she turns away angrily.*]

Enter THREE FAIRIES, [*KING and QUEEN rise.*]

1st. Fairy. Hail, mighty sovereigns of this golden land!
It seems you have invited us to stand.
As sponsors for the royal babe, whose birth
Has brought much gladness to the sons of earth.
Behold us here, obedient to the call,
To lend our aid, and so we greet you all.

Queen. Kind fairies, we are proud of your attention,
And humbly thank you for your condescension.

King. This favour, which our gratitude doth claim,
Will give a lustre to our daughter's name;

She shall be taught to estimate the honour
Thus in her infancy conferred upon her.

2nd. Fairy. What is her name?

King. Fair Star is our selection,
If you, her Godmothers, have no objection.

2nd. Fairy. None in the least. Indeed, it is so pretty,
Methinks to alter it would be a pity.

King. All then is ready; everything unites
To bless our purpose. Now commence the rites.

[Slow, soft music is played, and the whole company walk in procession three times round the hearth in the following order:—The nurse with the child; the King and Queen; the three Fairies; Lord Fandango and Lady Christabel; the rest in couples. The King and Queen then take their seats, and the nurse gives the child to the Queen. The music ceases. The principal Fairy then advances towards the Queen, and waves her wand over the infant.]

1st. Fairy. Fair Star, I bestow on thee
Perfect beauty. Thou shalt be
Sweeter than the opening rose,
Fairer than the mountain snows.
Coral lips, and teeth like pearls,
Golden hair in waving curls,
Eyes of sapphire, cheeks more bright
Than Aurora's crimson light,
When she blushes in the sky
At morn, before the dew is dry;

Faultless form and face divine,
All these graces shall be thine.

[Some very soft and fairy-like music should be played as she retires, and second Fairy advances to bestow her gift in the like manner. Music ceases.]

2nd. Fairy. Princess, it shall be my part
To endow thy mind and heart
With talents great and virtues rare;
Be thou good, as well as fair.
Royal maid, I give to thee
Wit, with sense and modesty;
Brilliant as the stars above,
Gentle as the turtle dove,
Every mental charm possessing,
Thou shalt prove the nation's blessing.

[The same music repeated as she retires back, giving place to the third Fairy, who waves her wand two or three times over the child, until the music ceases, when she begins to speak. Then the old malignant Fairy, in a dark cloak and hood, and leaning on a staff, enters unobserved, and stands just within the door.]

3rd. Fairy. Princess of the Golden Isles
Bask in Fortune's sunny smiles;
Boundless riches, heaps of gold,
Jewels wondrous to behold,

All the treasures of the mine
Charming Fair Star, shall be thine.

[As she retires the old Fairy comes forward and looks first at the royal couple, then at the three beneficent Fairies, all seeming uneasy at her appearance.]

Old Fairy. Well, my fine ladies, now that you have done,

It is my turn to gift this little one.

(*Turns to the King and Queen.*) Pray why was I not asked to this grand feast?

You might have paid the compliment, at least.

I should be glad to know why I am slighted,

When any other fairies are invited?

King. Dear madam, pardon the mistake, I pray;

We are rejoiced to see you here to-day.

We did not know that you were near, or we

Should have requested your good company.

Old Fairy. That's not the truth. It is because I'm old,

And do not flaunt in silver or in gold,

Like these vain gaudy things, whose gay attire

You simple mortals foolishly admire.

But I will not be treated thus, depend on't.

Without resenting it,—so there's an end on't.

Queen. Good madam Fairy, do not be offended;

You must be sure there was no slight intended.

I'm sorry you have taken it amiss,
And do entreat——

Old Fairy (interrupting her.) You should have thought
of this

Before. It is quite useless now to prate,
You'll find repentance sometimes comes too late.
Revenge is sweet, and I intend to taste it;
My spell is woven. Pity 'twere to waste it.

Lady Chris. But this sweet innocent has done no
wrong;
Surely you will not harm her?

Old Fairy (sharply.) Hold your tongue!

[*LADY CHRISTABEL turns away disdainfully, and the OLD FAIRY then addresses the KING and QUEEN, at the same time pointing to the three good FAIRIES.*]

The gifts these have bestowed she will possess;
I cannot take them back, or make them less;
But her good fortune never shall be won
Until at least a hundred years are gone.

Nurse. A hundred years! Oh, what a frightful doom;
She'll then be old, and hovering on the tomb.

Fairy. Peace, chattering fool! Now listen, every one:
I can't undo what is already done;
It is forbidden, or I surely would.
This princess will be fair, wise, rich, and good;
But not for you, proud sovereigns, shall be
The glory of your child's prosperity.

Though all these blessings on her head may fall,
I can bestow a gift will spoil them all.—
'T is curiosity.—Aye, you may stare;
The quality is not so very rare
As to be made a fairy gift, you'll say:
However, that's the tribute I shall pay.

Lady Chris. (aside.) Bless me! Is that all, after so much
fuss:

She wanted, I suppose, to frighten us.

King. We thank you, madam, for your generosity;
There cannot be much harm in curiosity:
It is a fault, no doubt,—but not so bad
As many others that she might have had.

Old Fairy. Short-sighted mortal! you may some day
know
The fault is quite enough to work your woe.
My power is great, either to bless or ban;
You're welcome to escape it, if you can.

King (defiantly.) Say on, then, madam; do your worst
endeavour:
You may fail yet, although you are so clever,
For we have fairy friends, as you may see,
As great and powerful as you can be.

Old Fairy. Aha! So you defy me,—very well,
We'll see if they have power to break my spell.

King. What should we fear? Speak, prophetess of evil!

Old Fairy. I warn you, king, 't were better to be civil.

Lady Chris. (*aside.*) Civil indeed! as if our king could be Civil to such an ugly thing as she.

Old Fairy. I'll tell you what it is you have to fear.
Before this child completes her sixteenth year,
I am mistaken if you do not see
The fatal fruits of curiosity.
Of this beware.—A simple spinning-wheel
May a great danger possibly conceal;
For it is written in the Book of Fate
That if a spindle's point should perforate
The finger of the princess, and it draws
A single drop of blood, that prick will cause
A sleep like death, which, at the least, will last
Until a hundred years are gone and past,
When some brave prince the magic spell may break,
And then the Sleeping Beauty will awake. [*Exit.*]

Queen (*speaking to the beneficent FAIRIES.*) Alas! dear ladies, what is to be done?
Can you not save our precious little one
From such a cruel fate? Is there no chance?
Will she indeed fall into such a trance?

1st. Fairy. Do not despair,—the danger may pass by
If she is guarded with a watchful eye
Till she is full sixteen, for then the charm
Will cease to have the power of doing her harm.

Queen. A thousand thanks. She shall not quit our sight;
We'll guard her carefully, both day and night:
And since we know in what the danger lies,
No spinning-wheel shall ever meet her eyes.

2nd. Fairy. 'Tis wisely spoken.

1st. Fairy. Now our leave we take:
The moon is rising, and our queen doth wake,
So we must hasten to her fairy dell.

3rd. Fairy. May peace be on your dwelling!

All three Fairies. Fare ye well!

[*Exeunt FAIRIES.*]

[*As the FAIRIES go off the stage the KING and QUEEN rise, and they and all the COURTIERs make their bows and curtseys with profound respect. The QUEEN then resumes her seat, while the KING comes forward.*]

King. My Lord Fandango, we depend on you
For aid and counsel.—Say,—what shall we do?

Lord Fan. Your Majesty may reckon on my zeal.
You must decree that every spinning-wheel
Throughout the kingdom be at once destroyed,
And not a single distaff be employed,
On pain of death, for sixteen years to come.
But, as there probably might be some
Who would the royal mandate disobey
In secret, it must be enforced this way:
I will appoint commissioners to go
Into all people's houses, high and low,
To make strict search, and see that it is done.

King. And let our treasurer for every one
Give a full ounce of gold. We ought to pay
For all the property we take away.

Lord Fan. Your Majesty is ever kind and just.

King. We always wish to be so, and we trust
Our subjects have no reason to complain:
We would that they should glorify our reign.
Now for the feast.—It is in vain to fret;
At any rate there is no danger yet:
So, for the present, let us banish sorrow,
And drive dull care away until to-morrow.

[*The NURSE takes the baby from the QUEEN, who then rises, and, taking the KING's arm, they go off, the company preparing to follow in couples.*]

Lady Chris. The wisest thing His Majesty has said.

Lord Fan. (*offering her his arm.*) Permit me.

Lady Chris. (*taking it.*) Thank you. (*Aside.*) He is not ill bred.

[*They follow the KING and QUEEN, and the rest walk after them two and two, when the scene closes.*]

[Between the first and second acts sixteen years are supposed to have elapsed, the PRINCESS FAIR STAR being now a beautiful girl of that age. The KING, QUEEN, and other most prominent characters should make some little alteration in their costume, to mark the difference of time, and give them the appearance of being somewhat older than before.]



ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.—*A remote apartment in a castle.*

[*The room should have a dreary, deserted appearance, with no furniture but an old dingy couch, a large arm chair, and anything else that may look very antique. A recess at the back of the stage, with a curtain before it half drawn, and in the opening is discovered the OLD FAIRY sitting at a spinning-wheel. She rises and comes forward.*]

Old Fairy. So they are come; now I've my part to play.
The princess is sixteen this very day,

And I intend it shall be long before
The dainty little miss is any more.
A charming age to stop at, is it not?
Why, many ladies would give all they've got
Never to get beyond it. (*Calls*) Rick, my lamb,
Come hither!

Enter Rick.

Rick. Madam, Mildew, here I am.
What do you want with me?

Old Fairy. A service light
And easy, but it must be done to-night.
The King and Queen of the great Golden Isle
Have come to this old castle for awhile,
To give the Princess Fair Star change of air.
She shall have change enough, and some to spare.

Rick. What are you going to do, if I may ask?

Old Fairy (*in a loud gruff tone.*) Revenge myself!

Rick. A very pleasant task;
I always like to do so, when I can;
But please to tell me what may be your plan
About these royal visitors, since I
Am going to have a finger in the pie.

Old Fairy. Well, I have told you how I once was
slighted,
When Moonbeam and her sisters were invited
To name the precious bantling.

Rick. Yes, I know;
And how, without being asked, you chose to go.
I think you prophesied the babe would be
A sleeping beauty, for a century;
Yet she is still as wide awake as ever,
How's that, I pray you?

Old Fairy. Better late than never.
She has had so much care, that I, in vain,
Have watched for a fair chance my point to gain,
And now the time is running out so fast,
I am afraid of being foiled at last;
Another hour completes her sixteenth year.

Rick. Then you have not much time to lose, that's
clear;
For, if I comprehend aright, the charm
Has then no power to do the maiden harm.

Old Fairy. Harm! Why, 'tis nothing but a peaceful
sleep,
And she will still her youth and beauty keep
Until she wakes again.

Rick. Ah, yes! I see.
But what's the service you require of me?

Old Fairy. This.—If I should succeed, as yet I may,
For I expect she soon will come this way,
You must, at sunset, bring a car to bear
The sleeping damsel swiftly through the air,
Unto the dragon's castle in the wood;
There she will be well guarded.

Rick. Very good.

She will be safe enough when once she's there.
(*Aside.*) That dragon's an uncultivated bear.

Old Fairy. Take care that you are punctual.

Rick. Never fear;

At sunset I will certainly be here. [*Exit.*]

Old Fairy. Hark! Sure I heard a footstep—yes, 't is
she;

That's right, my beauty, you shall welcome be.

[*She sits down at the wheel.*]

Enter FAIR STAR, (she does not see the FAIRY.)

Fair Star. What a strange place is this. I should
delight

To ramble over it from morn till night.

Such antique furniture! such curious floors,
And painted walls, and long dark corridors!

I wonder where they lead to. I'd find out,

If they would only let me walk about

At liberty. How pleasant it would be

With nobody to interfere with me,

There are so many things I want to know,

So many places where I wish to go,

Within these castle walls, though rude and plain,

They may a number of fine sights contain.

I would see everything, were I but free.

Oh, why is such restraint imposed on me.

Even now I ought not to be here alone,
And it was very wrong to come, I own;
But when I saw that I should not be missed,
'Twas a temptation I could not resist.

[*Sees the FAIRY.*]

Hah! who is this! Good dame, what are you doing?
What funny work! Is it some kind of sewing?

Old Fairy. No, pretty Miss. I'm spinning flax, you see.

Fair Star. You're spinning flax? Whatever can that
be?

[*She touches, and examines the wheel.*]

This is the oddest thing I ever saw;
Is it of any use? What is it for?

Old Fairy. It is the way that thread is made, my dear;
When I was young such work was common here;
Even the greatest ladies in the land
Would often sit with spinning-wheel in hand;
Ah! those were good old times; but, well-a-day!
Spinning is out of fashion now, they say.

Fair Star. I should so like to do it. Let me try.

Old Fairy. With all my heart. Nothing like industry,
Especially in one so young as you.
Sit you down here, and see what you can do.

[*The FAIRY gets up, and the PRINCESS takes her seat.*]

Fair Star. Now, you must shew me how to turn the
wheel.

Oh, dear! I've pricked my finger, and I feel

So faint (*rises.*) What can it be?—the room goes round.
My eyes grow dim—I cannot see the ground.
And oh! look—look—here's blood! What shall I do?
I'm dying—Father—Mother—Where are you?

[*Falls on the couch asleep.*]

Fairy. 'Tis done: now I must vanish for awhile;
The simple child! It almost makes me smile
To think how very easily I've caught her;
When, if her foolish parents had but taught her
To know a spinning-wheel by sight, and shun it
As dangerous, I never should have done it. [*Exit.*]

Enter QUEEN and LADY CHRISTABEL.

Queen. I wonder where the princess can be gone;
I wish she would not roam about alone,
It makes me tremble still, although no harm
Has ever come of that old fairy's charm;
And, thank the Fates, she is sixteen to-day,
Therefore the danger has now passed away;
Still I am anxious she with us should keep.
Oh, here she is, and fallen fast asleep.
Poor child! she is quite tired, I dare say,
So I will not disturb her. You can stay
And watch until she wakes.

Lady Chris. Dear madam, look;
Here is a spinning-wheel in this dark nook!

Queen. A spinning-wheel! No, no, it cannot be!

Lady Chris. It is indeed, dear lady.—Come and see.

[*The QUEEN goes towards the recess, sees the wheel, and rushes towards the couch.*]

Queen. There's blood upon her hand! I shall go wild!
She's lost for ever—oh, my child! my child!

[*Throws herself on her knees by the side of the PRINCESS.*]

Enter KING.

King. What is the matter? Sure, I heard a cry,—
Where is my daughter?

Lady Chris. Ah! Your Majesty,
A shocking thing has happened; I'm afraid
Some fiend has been at work.—You are betrayed.

King. How say you, lady,—What is it you mean?
Has any accident befallen the queen?

Lady Chris. No, sire—not her; it is our sweet princess.
If you just cast your eyes on that recess
You will perceive how much we have to fear.

King (*going to the recess.*) Ah! what is this? Who
dared to bring it here?

Lady Chris. Some wicked wretch, whose aim it was,
no doubt,

The fatal augury should be made out.
The princess hath her finger pricked, that's plain,—
Upon her hand there is the crimson stain;
And there lies, in such a death-like trance,
She does not seem to breathe.

King (approaching the couch.) Oh, sad mischance!
Had we but watched her closely till to-morrow,
We should have all been spared this bitter sorrow.

[*He stands with his hands clasped together, looking mournfully at the inanimate form of the PRINCESS, whilst LADY CHRISTABEL comes to the front of the stage.*]

Lady Chris. It is indeed a lamentable case,
Would we had never come to this old place.
To think that malice has prevailed at last,
After so many years in safety passed!
That horrid witch! Of course her hand is in it.—
Who could have dreamed, that at the latest minute,
She would have found, with so much cunning skill,
The means of working out her wicked will?

King. Rise up, dear wife,—it is in vain to weep;
Perhaps she may be wakened from her sleep.
All the physicians in the realm shall be
Summoned to give their aid immediately:
In their great learning let us put our trust
To give her back to us,—they will—they must.

Queen (eagerly.) Let us depart, then, hence, without
delay.

A litter must be ready to convey
The princess to the palace: I will tell
Our people this. You, Lady Christabel,
Stay here and watch, whilst we go and prepare
All for departure.—We must not despair.

[*Exeunt KING and QUEEN.*]

Lady Chris. Perhaps, now, after all, there's no great harm;

It may be nothing but a false alarm:

Yet it seems strange that she should sleep like this,

Unless there's something very much amiss.

I've a great mind to try if I can wake her—

And yet it might not be quite right to shake her.

I'll see if speaking very loud will do.—

Princess! princess! the queen has sent for you!

Enter the OLD FAIRY.

Old Fairy. Aye, you may try—but it is all in vain.

Know that the girl will never wake again,

Until some prince, renowned as brave and good,

Shall slay the fiery dragon of the wood,

Whose dwelling is a thousand miles away,

In an enchanted land, where she must stay

Till the time comes. It is a safe retreat,

That never yet was trod by mortal feet.

So take your leave of Fair Star, pretty dear!

After the sun sets she will not be here.

Lady Chris. You are a wicked creature—that you are.

I don't believe you—

Old Fairy.

Do n't you? Ha! ha! ha!

Well, we shall see; perhaps you'll change your tone

When you wake up, and find that she is gone.

[*She raises her staff and touches LADY CHRISTABEL, who instantly sinks into the great arm chair, and falls asleep.*]

The FAIRY then goes to the recess where the wheel stands, and, holding aside the curtain, appears to look through a window.]

The sun is setting, my brave sprite must haste
To do his mission,—there's no time to waste.
So, here he comes,—the shadow of the car
Falls on the tree tops. Now, good-bye, Fair Star.

The scene closes.

SCENE II.—*Another room in the castle.*

[The KING and QUEEN are sitting down, apparently absorbed in grief. LORD FANDANGO and two or three gentlemen in waiting are standing about.]

Lord Fan. (to a gentleman.) This is a sad misfortune.

Gent.

Very true;

I don't know what to think of it—do you?

Lord Fan. I think that ugly witch has kept her word,
And what she threatened has at length occurred.

Gent. I fear, indeed, that such may be the case,
For she is one of the malignant race,
That always bear an enmity to man,
And will do all the mischief that they can.

[A MESSENGER rushes in with affrighted looks, and kneels before the KING and QUEEN, who rise in alarm.]

King. What is all this?

Queen. Where's Lady Christabel?

King. What new misfortune have you come to tell?

Mes. Your Majesty, I scarce know how to speak.
You sent me to the northern tower, to seek
The princess, and to have her brought away
Directly; so I hastened to obey,
Taking the litter that had been made ready,
With two strong men to bring it safe and steady;
But when we got there, the princess was gone,
And Lady Christabel was all alone,
Lying upon the floor quite motionless.
But what can have become of the princess,
I cannot say.

King. I'll go myself and see;
My lord, I beg that you will come with me;
It may be we shall find our daughter dear
Awake again, and coming to us here.

Lord Fan. Or, perhaps, she's gone to seek, if all is
well,
Assistance for the Lady Christabel.

King. True, true, my lord; we trust that it is so.

Enter the OLD FAIRY.

Old Fairy. You are all wrong, therefore you need
not go.

Queen. That cruel fairy here! Then all is o'er,
And I shall never see my darling more.

Old Fairy. No, lady, never. I have taken care
Of that. To-night she travels through the air,
O'er seas and deserts, plains of burning sand,
Rocks, mountains, wilds, to an enchanted land,
Ere break of day, a thousand miles will part
You from the petted darling of your heart.
But never fret.—She'll sleep more safely there
Than if she rested in your palace fair.
The dragon's castle is both high and strong;
She will be quite secure, however long
Her slumbers last: it is a fine stronghold,
And guarded well from all of mortal mould.
Now call your flaunting fairies, if you will,
And see if they can help you with their skill.
Why, all their strength combined would not suffice
To rouse the maiden, or unclothe her eyes;
Sealed by the Fates, they cannot opened be,
Until she has fulfilled her destiny.
Fair Star will wake again, but not till you
Shall long have been forgotten.—So adieu. [Exit.

Queen. Ah, woe is me! My heart will surely break;
It is so sad.

Lord Fan. Dear Madam, comfort take.

Queen. Speak not of comfort. There is nothing left
For me but sorrow, since I am bereft
Of my sweet child. There never more can be
Another hour of happiness for me.

King. Nor yet for me. We both shall be forlorn.
Better for us she never had been born;
And yet when childless, we were discontent;
Alas! this is perhaps a punishment
For daring to repine at Fate's decree.
Henceforth the world to us will joyless be.
This regal state is worthless to me now;
My crown sits heavily upon my brow;
I shall resign the throne.

Lord Fan. Oh, say not so,
Your Majesty. What will your people do?
Should you indeed resolve to abdicate,
Where will they find a king so good and great?
No, no, your words can never be intended.

King. The die is cast, my lord, our reign is ended.
Greatness would only sad remembrance bring,—
My brother will henceforward be your king.

Lord Fan. The Prince Abdallah is both good and wise;
His rare endowments every one must prize;
And if we lose Your Majesty, I own
None is more worthy to ascend the throne.

Queen (coming forward to the front of the stage.)
Then farewell pomp and splendour, farewell all
That would past days of happiness recal.
In some secluded spot we'll hide our grief,
And wait till death shall come to our relief.

King. Our glorious reign thus terminates in sorrow—
Let King Abdallah be proclaimed to-morrow.

The scene closes.



ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the Palace of the Golden Isles.*
[*A full length picture of the PRINCESS FAIR STAR hangs on the wall. The time is supposed to be one hundred years later than the last act.*]

PRINCE PHARAMOND *is discovered, gazing intently on the picture.*

Phar. (dreamily.) How beautiful it is.—They say that
she

Was once a princess of this dynasty,
And heiress to the throne. If it be so,
It must have been a hundred years ago;
For no princess is mentioned of our race
With such pretensions since Abdallah's days.
There is a very wild and wondrous tale
Which here among the peasants doth prevail,
That she is living yet, in sleep spell-bound,
Insensible alike to sight or sound,
Still young and beautiful, as on the day
She from the outer world was snatched away,
And that in some enchanted tower she lies,
Till Fate permits her to unclose her eyes.
I've often heard the legend when a boy,
And used to think how great would be the joy
To find her out, and bring her back to life,
And then, perhaps, to win her for my wife.
It haunts me still, that fancy of my youth:
Can it be possible there's any truth
In the strange story? No,—it cannot be.
Why do I let it take such hold of me?
I'll try to sleep awhile; and if I dream,
Fair Star, sweet Fair Star! may'st thou be my theme!

[He throws himself on a couch and goes to sleep.]

Enter the three beneficent FAIRIES.

1st. *Fairy*. He sleeps,—the dream must come upon
him now.

I'll pass my fingers softly o'er his brow;
And in his vision he will then behold
All that it is our mission to unfold.

[*She advances towards the PRINCE, and passes her hand across his forehead, then holds her wand over him and speaks.*]

Prince Pharamond, if you would hope to wake
The Sleeping Beauty, and the spell to break
That holds her bound in slumber to this hour,
Within the fiery dragon's lofty tower,
You will have need to be as brave and bold
As was Saint George, the champion of old.
The time is come when all this may be done—
The dragon may be slain—the maiden won.
Ride forth, then, noble Pharamond, with speed;
Take courage, and you surely will succeed.

[*She retires.* 2ND. FAIRY *approaches the couch, and waves her wand over the PRINCE.*]

2nd. *Fairy*. In a dense forest the Black Castle stands;
Its walls were never built by mortal hands.
There, in the eastern turret, may be found
The princess, buried in a sleep profound;
Still young and beautiful as when she fell
A victim to the fairy Mildew's spell;

For though a hundred years and more she numbers,
 Time has no power to change her whilst she slumbers.
 Full fifty knights, hoping the prize to gain,
 In combat with the dragon have been slain:
 It is a bold adventure,—they who try
 Must be resolved to conquer or to die.

[2ND. FAIRY *retires*, and 3RD. FAIRY *advances*.]

3rd. *Fairy*. The journey is a thousand miles at least,
 Through dreary, trackless deserts, in the east,
 And fearful dangers will beset the way
 To daunt the traveller, by night and day.
 Fearless must be the heart, and strong the arm
 Of him who would dissolve the magic charm;
 But richly will his labours be repaid,
 Whose valour brings to life the royal maid.

[1ST. FAIRY *goes to the side of the PRINCE, and raises the
 point of his sword*.]

1st. *Fairy*. Thy sword I charm. May it be firm
 and good,
 To cut thy passage through th'enchanted wood.
 And now, Prince Pharamond, awake! arise!
 Be thine the venture, and be thine the prize.

[*Exeunt FAIRIES*.]

[*The PRINCE awakes, rises, and looks round him as if in
 wonder*.]

Phar. 'T was but a dream—there are no fairies here,
Yet every word still dwells upon my ear.
A thousand miles towards the east, they said,
In a black castle I should find the maid.
It is well worth the trial. I will go.
The king, my father, will consent I know
To let me travel for a year or two.
I need not tell him what I mean to do,
For he would be alarmed, and might refuse
To give permission, so that I should lose
The promised blessing, if indeed it be
No fiction, but a sweet reality.
It would be madness, now I have the clue,
This wonderful adventure to pursue,
To slight the happy fortune that doth seem
To be revealed by this prophetic dream.
And so, the fiery dragon I defy.
Fair Star shall be released, or I will die. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A forest with the gate of the Black Castle.*

Enter DRAGON.

Dragon. The forest echoes to the sound of feet,
Some mortal is approaching my retreat;
For such presumption he must dearly pay—
Another victim will be mine to-day.

Already fifty knights of high renown
I have in single combat overthrown,
And he who comes here now shall meet the fate
Of all who try to pass my castle gate.
(*Calls*) Ho! Rick!

Enter RICK.

Rick. I'm here, my lord; what would you have?

Dragon. Go quickly and discover what vile slave
Dares to be coming hither, and for what.
Haste, and bring me the tidings—loiter not. [*Exit* RICK.
I'll teach him what it is for mortal bold
To come unbidden to the dragon's hold.

[*He stretches himself on the ground before the gate, and in
a few minutes the sprite returns.*]

Dragon. Well, what news have you brought? Who is
so rude
As on my privacy thus to intrude?

Rick. 'Tis Pharamond, Prince of the Golden Isles,
Come from his father's court, a thousand miles
Away, the Princess Fair Star to awaken.

Dragon. Ha! say you so? He'll find himself mistaken.

Rick (*comes to the front of the stage and speaks to
himself.*) I don't know that, for if I reckon
right,

It will be just a hundred years to-night

Since I conveyed her to this dismal place,
Where she was to abide for just that space
Of time, without being roused out of her trance;
But, after that, she was to get a chance;
So, Master Dragon, have a care, for you
Can hardly tell what this bold prince may do?

Dragon. How near doth he approach?

Rick. My lord, he is,
I fancy now, within a mile of this.

Dragon. Poor fool! He rushes madly on his fate,
And will repent it when it is too late.
Watch for his coming, and due notice give,
The caitiff has not many hours to live.

[*Exit into the castle.*]

Rick. That's as it may be. It would be rare fun,
If, after all, the dragon should be done.
Five hundred years this castle he has held,
And whilst he holds it I shall be compelled
To serve him. But he may be conquered yet,
And I, perchance, a better master get.
Hark! 'tis the footfall of a man I hear;
Now then, my master, Pharamond is near.

[*Exit into the castle.*]

Enter PRINCE PHARAMOND.

Phar. Yes, this must be the place—these dismal
towers
May well be the abode of evil powers.

I heard strange sounds as through the wood I passed.
Unearthly voices mingled with the blast,
And frightful forms seemed from the earth to rise
With fiery tongues, huge mouths, and threatening eyes;
But when I drew my sword they disappeared
As if before some object that they feared.
I think the weapon must enchanted be;
How easily it cut down every tree
That blocked my path. Now, if it should be so,
It might destroy the dragon at a blow,
If such a being exists, and is the keeper
Of her I've loved so long—the beauteous sleeper,
Who may perhaps be but a myth at last.
Yet surely all my toils and dangers past
Must lead to some good end.

[*A loud roar is heard within the gate.*]

Hah! what is that?

[*He retires out of sight, and the DRAGON appears.*]

Dragon. Who comes this way? Methinks I smell a
rat!

Advance, bold mortal, let me see your face—
What do you want in this my dwelling-place?

Phar. I seek a princess who is here confined
A captive, whom your arts in slumber bind.
It is my mission, as you soon will see,
To break the spell, and set the maiden free.

Dragon. Ho! ho! vain boaster, I shall quickly teach
You how to curb your tongue, and mend your speech.

[*Brandishes his flame-coloured sword.*]

Phar. Come on, then, monster, I despise your words,
And care not, though a host of fiery swords
Came in array against my single arm,
I am determined to dissolve the charm.

[*He draws his sword, and rushes upon the DRAGON, who retreats through the gate, PHARAMOND closely following. The gate is shut with violence, and a noise as of the clashing of swords is heard, then a heavy fall, and a deep groan.*]

Enter RICK, who dances about the stage in a variety of fantastic gestures.

Rick. The dragon's killed, oh, what a lucky chance!
Now Rick, my beauty, you may sing and dance,
And, like a merry bird, your life enjoy,
For you have got no master now, my boy. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*A room in the Black Castle.*

[FAIR STAR *asleep on a couch.*]

Enter PHARAMOND. He approaches the PRINCESS, and kneels.

Phar. Can this be real. Am I then so blest?
Sweet Fair Star, thus I wake thee from thy rest.

[*He kisses her hand. She moves, opens her eyes, then raises herself on her elbow.*]

Fair Star. Where am I? What has happened?

Surely I

Have been asleep. How was it? Let me try
To recollect.—Oh, yes—the spinning-wheel—
I hurt my finger, and it made me feel
So strangely. I believe I fainted. Where
Is the old woman who was spinning there?

[*She comes off the couch, and looks round wonderingly.*]

But this is not the room; who brought me here?
And who are you, sir? It is wrong, I fear,
To stay alone with one I've never seen
Before. Pray take me to the king and queen.

Phar. Dear princess Fair Star, calm yourself, I pray;
The king and queen are very far away.

Fair Star. That cannot be, sir; they would never go
And leave me here, oh, no! you do not know

How much they love me, or you would not say,
To frighten me, that they are gone away.
Besides, it can be scarcely half an hour
Since I came from them, just to see this tower,
And I must now return, or they will be
Afraid I'm lost. Will you go back with me?

Phar. Lady, I'll go wherever you desire,
Though it should be through water and through fire!

Fair Star (aside.) How kind he is, and, oh, how
handsome too;

(To him.) Thank you, fair gentleman, if I but knew
Where I could find my mother and my father,
Or Lady Christabel, for I would rather
She led me back, as they perhaps might be
Displeased to see a stranger come with me.
I dare say you can find her. If you do,
I shall be very much obliged to you.

[*She walks about, looking at and touching everything in the room, while the PRINCE comes forward and speaks in soliloquy.*]

Phar. Most wonderful, that a whole century
To her should as a single moment be!
How is it possible to let her know
She went to sleep a hundred years ago?
That all the friends she loved are long since dead?
It must be told—and yet, the task I dread.

Enter the three good FAIRIES.

1st. Fairy. Prince Pharamond, your work is nobly done;
You well deserve the prize that you have won.
Princess, you have a wondrous tale to hear,
But, happily, you've nothing more to fear;
All danger now is past, and you are free
From a long period of captivity.

Fair Star. What mean you, madam? Everything doth
seem
So strange around me. Am I in a dream?

1st. Fairy. It is no dream. By a most happy chance
You have been wakened from a long, deep trance.
A hundred years, dear child, have passed away
Since last your eyes beheld the light of day,
And all the people who were living then
Have long been dead.

Fair Star. Shall I not see again
My father, and my gentle mother? Oh,
Lady, dear lady, do not tell me so!

2nd. Fairy. Grieve not, sweet Fair Star, fourscore years
they numbered
Upon the earth, before in death they slumbered.

Fair Star (*pressing her hand on her brow as if
bewildered.*) I cannot understand it. Why
should I
Remain so young, whilst all grow old and die?

1st. Fairy. This you shall soon be shewn, then you
will know
How great the debt of gratitude you owe

To this right noble prince, whose valiant arm
Hath just released you from a cruel charm.

Fair Star. How shall I thank you, prince?

Phar. Nay, thank me not,
Sweet Fair Star, it has been my happy lot
From the enchanter's power to set you free:
And now, I hope, you will return with me
To your own kingdom, where my father reigns;
Its sunny hills, and verdant, flowery plains
You must have trodden, long ere I was born,
And still your youth is only in its dawn.

Fair Star. The Golden Islands! Ah, yes, I should say
It was but yesterday I came away
With my dear parents, from that lovely land
To the old castle where I pricked my hand.

3rd. Fairy. It was that prick which made you go to
sleep;
The spindle was enchanted.

1st. Fairy. Do not weep:
Your days of childhood you must now forget,
Like a past dream; and let no vain regret
Disturb the happiness you may enjoy
If you but wisely your new life employ.

Fair Star. Tell me, kind ladies, what I ought to do:
I will be guided, if you please, by you.

1st. Fairy. First, then, this noble prince you must reward,
For liberating you with his good sword.

Fair Star. Indeed I would most gladly do so now,

If he would condescend to tell me how.

[*The PRINCE takes her hand, and kneels gracefully on one knee at her feet.*]

Phar. Ah, charming princess! if I may decide,
'Tis thus.—I ask you to become my bride.
I offer you my heart's devoted love,
And hope these gentle fairies will approve.

Fair Star. Fairies!

2nd. Fairy. Yes, princess; and, moreover, know,
We are your godmothers.

Fair Star. Ah! is it so?
Then I shall willingly bestow my hand
On this brave prince, if such be your command.

1st. Fairy. 'Tis well,—The prince deserves to gain your
heart.

3rd. Fairy. Now it is time I should perform my part.
It was my province riches to bestow
On the princess. Down in the vaults below,
Of this dark castle, is concealed a treasure
In silver, gold, and jewels, without measure:
And, as the dragon has been overthrown,
These treasures, Fair Star, now are all your own.

Fair Star. Thanks, generous fairy,—not alone to me
Should this magnificent donation be.
He who destroyed the dragon with his spear
Has the best right to all the treasures here.

Phar. The greatest treasure is yourself, dear maid;
Give me your hand, and I am well repaid.

Riches and power we must henceforth share:
I am my father's only son and heir;
He will receive us both with welcome smiles,
And you shall be the queen of Golden Isles.

Fair Star. How shall I get there? is it very far?

Phar. Let not the distance fright you, dear Fair Star;
Trust to my arm and to my gallant steed—
Neither have ever failed me at my need.

1st. Fairy. The journey will both safe and easy be;
The way is now from dark enchantments free:
No longer will you find a thousand miles
Between this castle and the Golden Isles;
The road is clear—the distance is so short,
One hour will bring you to your father's court.

3rd. Fairy. And all the riches I have promised, too,
Shall be transported there, along with you.

2nd. Fairy. A carriage and full twenty horsemen wait
For your commands, down at the castle gate,
A proper escort for your bride, and we
Will meet you at the palace presently.

Phar. Kind friends, you are so generous, and so good,
I know not how to speak my gratitude.

[*Exeunt Fairies.*]

Fair Star. I'm lost in wonder!

Phar. Come, dear Fair Star, come;
Let me conduct you to your rightful home.

[*He leads her off, and the scene closes.*]

SCENE IV.—*The State Room in the Palace of the Golden Isles.*

[KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.]

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mes. My royal liege, Prince Pharamond, in state,
Has just arrived before the palace gate,
Bringing with him a princess, and a score
Of mounted knights, followed by many more
Of less degree, in charge of some great treasure.
The prince desires to know your will and pleasure.

King. Him and the lady to our presence shew;
The knights to the reception hall may go,
There to await our summons: for the rest,
You can dispose of them as may seem best.

[Exit Messenger.]

Queen. If Pharamond has brought him home a bride,
I trust she's one we may receive with pride.
He surely might have given me a voice
Before he actually fixed his choice.

King. There is not much to fear. I'd stake my life
Our noble son will choose a fitting wife.
You may be sure he never will disgrace,
By any act of his, our royal race.

Enter PHARAMOND, leading FAIR STAR by the hand.[*The KING and QUEEN rise from their seats.*]

Queen (aside.) How like the picture of the doomed princess!

[*PHARAMOND and the PRINCESS approach, and kneel gracefully.*]

Pha. Dear father—dearest mother—deign to bless
Your son and daughter.

King. Rise, my children, rise;
You both are welcome.

Queen. This is a surprise,
My son. Who is this maiden you have brought,
Without an introduction, to the court?

Enter three FAIRIES.

1st. Fairy. Content you, lady, you have nought to fear,
Fair Star should need no introduction here:
Her story to you all must be well known,
For she is the true heiress to the throne.

Queen. Is that mysterious tale then really true?

King. And you, most charming ladies, who are you?

2nd. Fairy. We are three sister fairies, and we come
To welcome Fair Star to her childhood's home.

3rd. Fairy. 'Tis upwards of a century since we
Stood last within these regal halls, to see
The princess named, and then we did confer
Some of our richest, choicest gifts on her.
But there was an old envious fairy, who
Bent upon mischief, came there to undo

All we had done, as far as she was able,
And caused the trance which you have deemed a fable.

1st. Fairy. To Pharamond was in a dream revealed
The place where the young princess was concealed;
And then he bravely ventured, for her sake,
A daring enterprise to undertake.
He journeyed far over enchanted ground,
Until her dreary prison-house was found;
To break the spell a monster dread he slew,
Severed her bonds, and brought her here to you.

Queen. This is in truth a wonderful romance;
I am rejoiced at her deliverance.
Fair Star, dear child, you shall my daughter be.

[*Embraces the PRINCESS.*]

Fair Star. Oh, this is too much happiness for me!

King. Give me your hand, my brave, my noble son,
I glory in the deed that you have done.

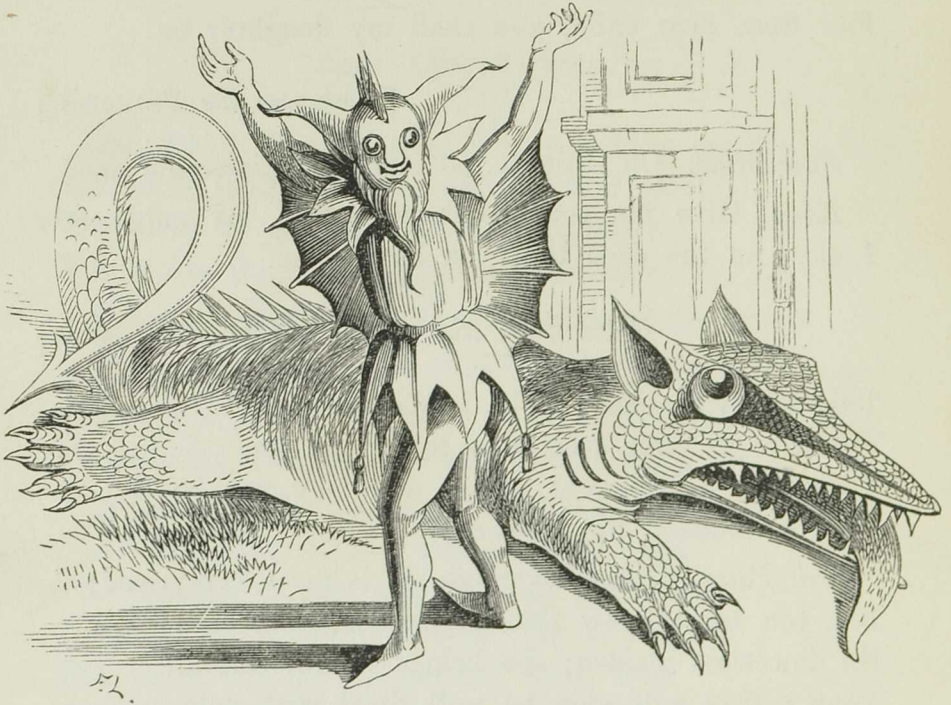
[*He gives his other hand to FAIR STAR.*]

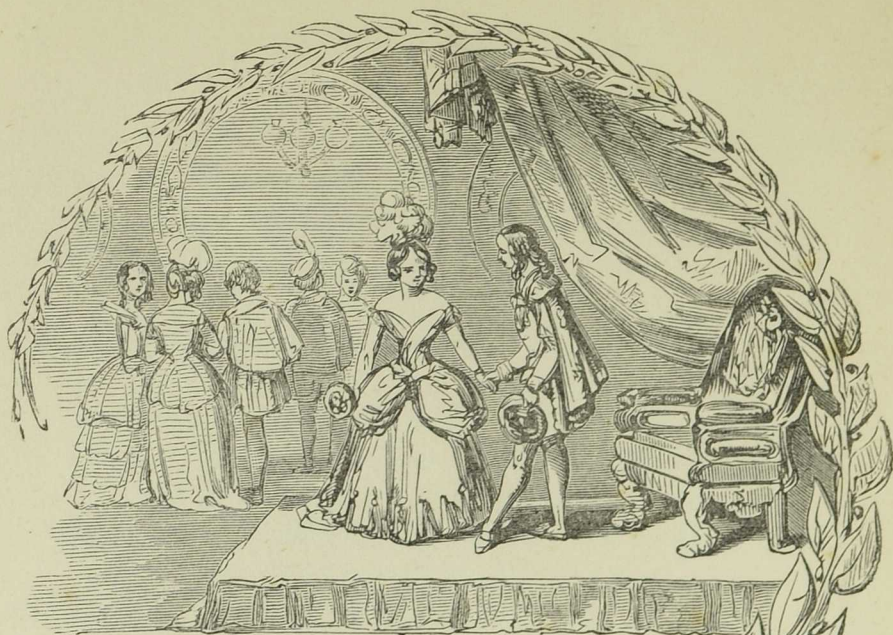
This lovely maiden's right I freely own
To share in your succession to the throne;
Thus then I join your hands; and may you be
Ever surrounded by prosperity.

3rd. Fairy. Great Sovereign, it is most nobly said;
But you must know that Pharamond doth wed
No dowerless maiden; she brings wealth untold;
Your coffers will soon be well filled with gold.

1st. Fairy. Let every one rejoice. No cause of dread
Remains; the spiteful fairy now is dead.
Proclaim the feast, and it shall be our care
To bless the nuptials of the royal pair.

[The arrangement of the characters as the curtain falls must be left to the good taste of the actors; but it may be suggested that the PRINCE and PRINCESS should be the centre of a semicircle, the QUEEN and KING on the right and left of them, and the FAIRIES a little in advance of the rest, but taking care not to hide the royal personages.]





CINDERELLA

OR THE

LITTLE GLASS

SLIPPER



Cinderella & the Glass Slipper ;

OR,

PRIDE PUNISHED.



AN ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

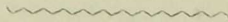
By MISS CORNER,

AND EMBELLISHED

By ALFRED CROWQUILL, Esq.

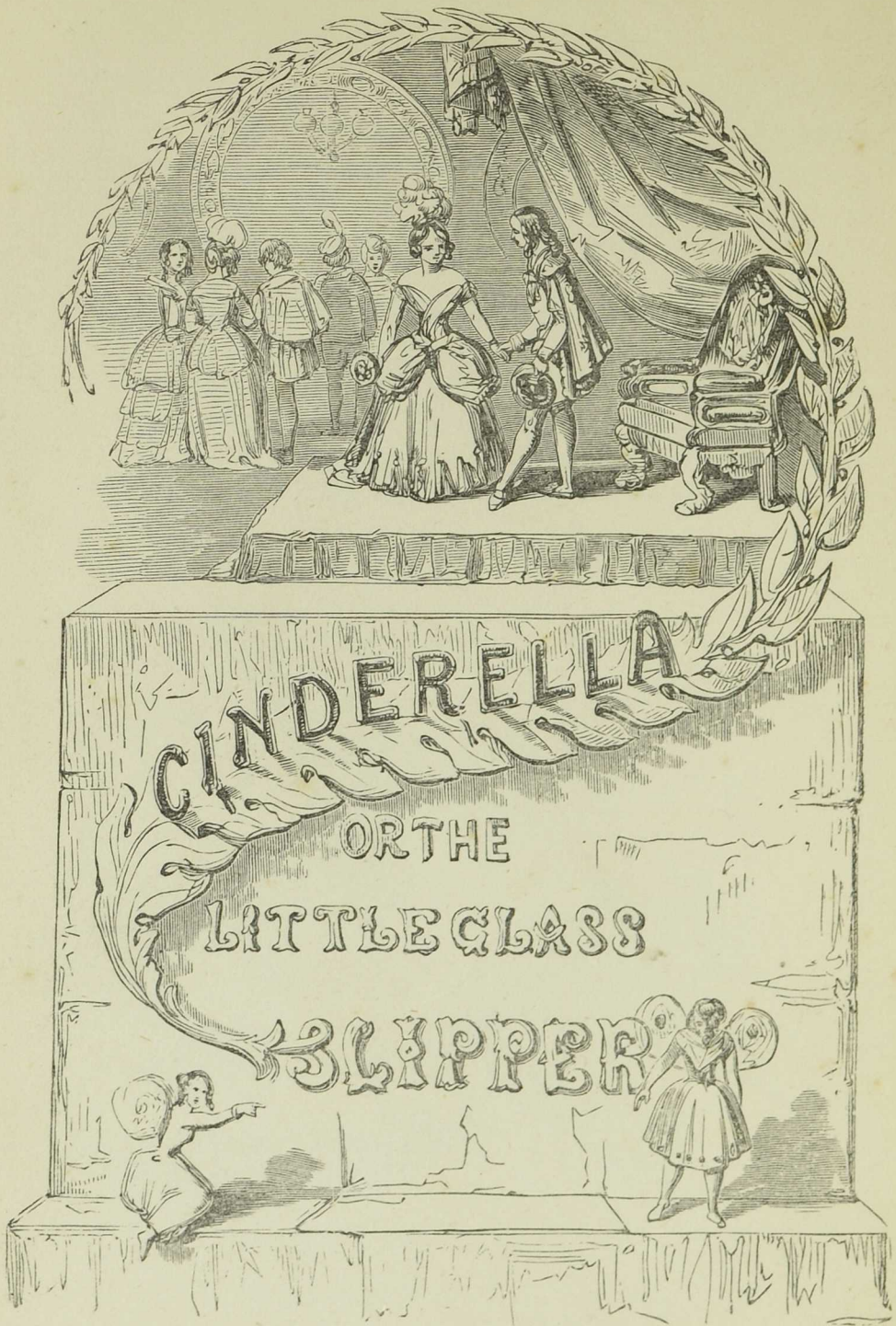


THE THIRD OF THE SERIES OF LITTLE PLAYS FOR LITTLE ACTORS.



LONDON :

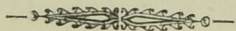
DEAN AND SON, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.



Cinderella & the Glass Slipper ;

OR,

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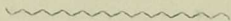
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GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

IN the getting up of these Plays, the arrangement of the scenes must of course depend in a 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 . } . *Daughters of the Baroness.*
CHARLOTTE }

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.

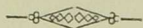
CINDERELLA.—A long loose gown of dark stuff or cotton with long sleeves. This must go over the ball dress, and be made open in front and fastened round the waist with a band, that it may be easily thrown off. The ball dress should be white, ornamented with flowers and white satin ribbon, or silver ribbon, 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 to 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 portions, 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.*]

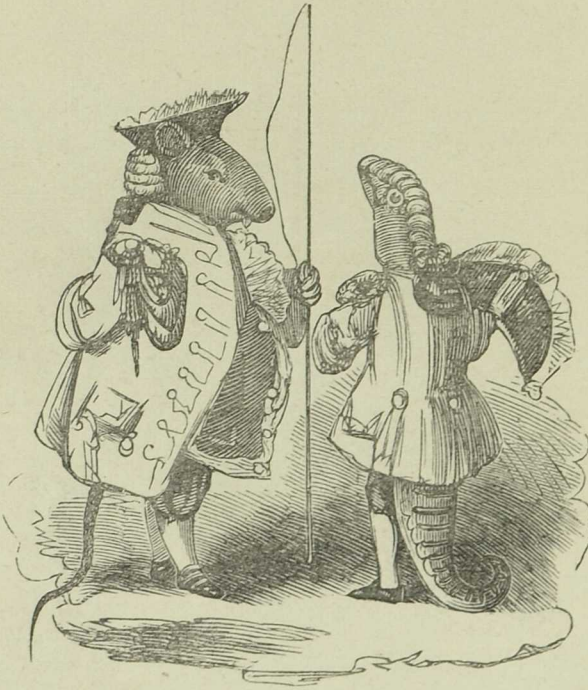
Fairy. Put all these creatures in the doorway, too ;
And then, see what your godmother can do.

[*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?

Well, poppet, will it do

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

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.

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 (doubtingly). 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.*



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 lose.  
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' shoe 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 curtsy).*

Perharps, 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. CHAR-  
LOTTE is trying to get on the slipper, the others standing by.]*

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



*Muley.* Nay, madam, nay  
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.

*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; pr'ythee 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 state.

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



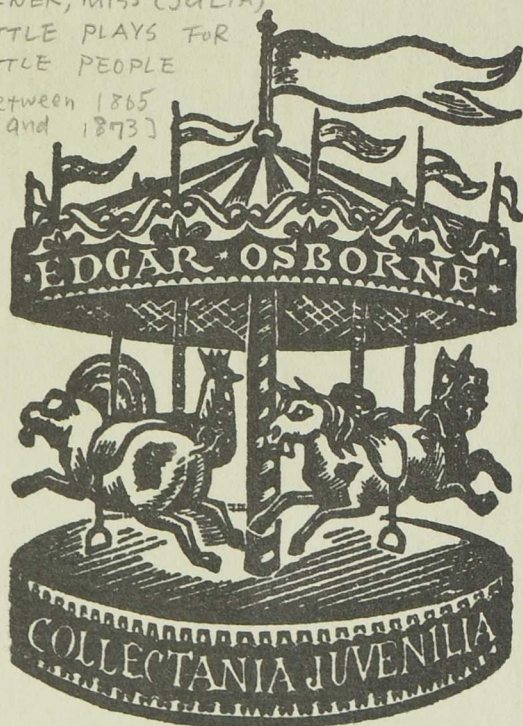








(FT)  
CORNER, MISS (JULIA)  
LITTLE PLAYS FOR  
LITTLE PEOPLE  
[between 1865  
and 1873]



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