

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

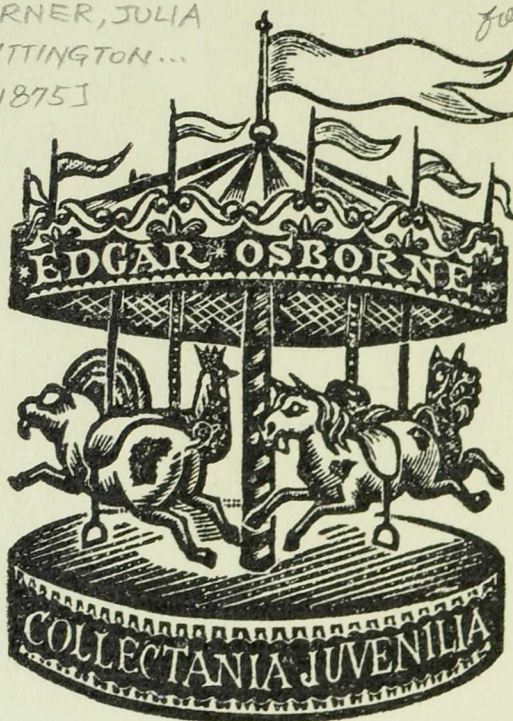
LITTLE PLAYS FOR LITTLE ACTORS



& HOME PERFORMANCE
BY MISS CORNER

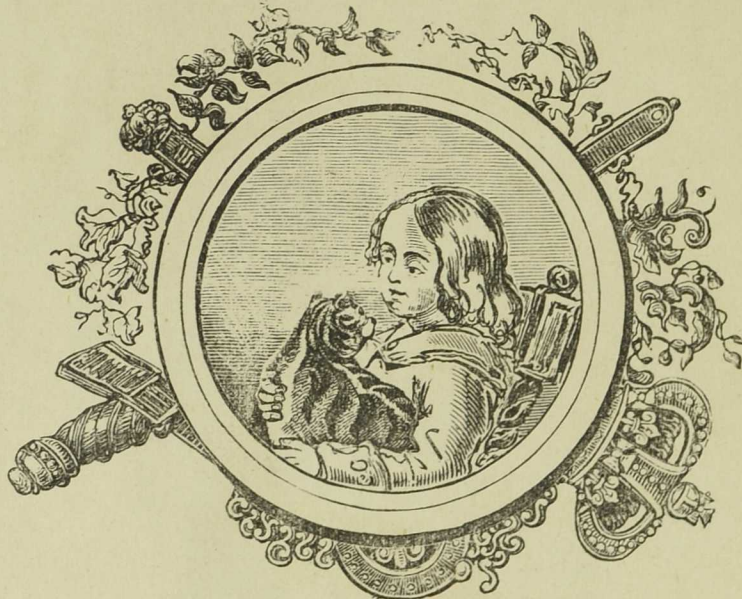
FT
CORNER, JULIA
WHITTINGTON...
[ca. 1875]

dr
fol



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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.



BY MISS CORNER AND ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Whittington and his Cat.

AN ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS CORNER,

AND EMBELLISHED

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL, Esq.

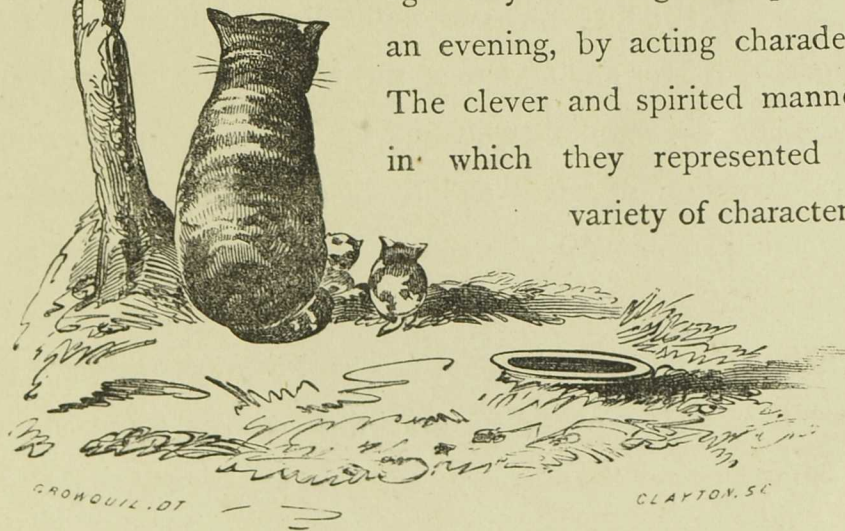
The Second of the Series of Little Plays for Little Actors.

LONDON: DEAN & SON, 160A, FLEET STREET.

PREFACE



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

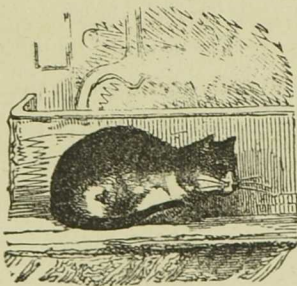


confirmed me in an idea I had previously entertained, of arranging some of the most popular and favourite stories of our childhood for similar performances. It struck me, that, in personating our old friends Whittington, Mr Fitzwarren, and the cross Cook, or Cinderella, her proud Sisters, and her fairy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

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

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

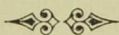
JULIA CORNER.



General Directions.

IN the getting up of these plays, the arrangement of the scenes must of course depend in great measure on the sort of room in which the performance takes place. Nothing could be better adapted to the purpose than two rooms opening into each other with folding doors, the stage being that into which the doors open, as they would form places for the exit of different actors, who might retire behind the doors instead of all going off the stage at the same point. These would also answer the purpose of a curtain, some 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.

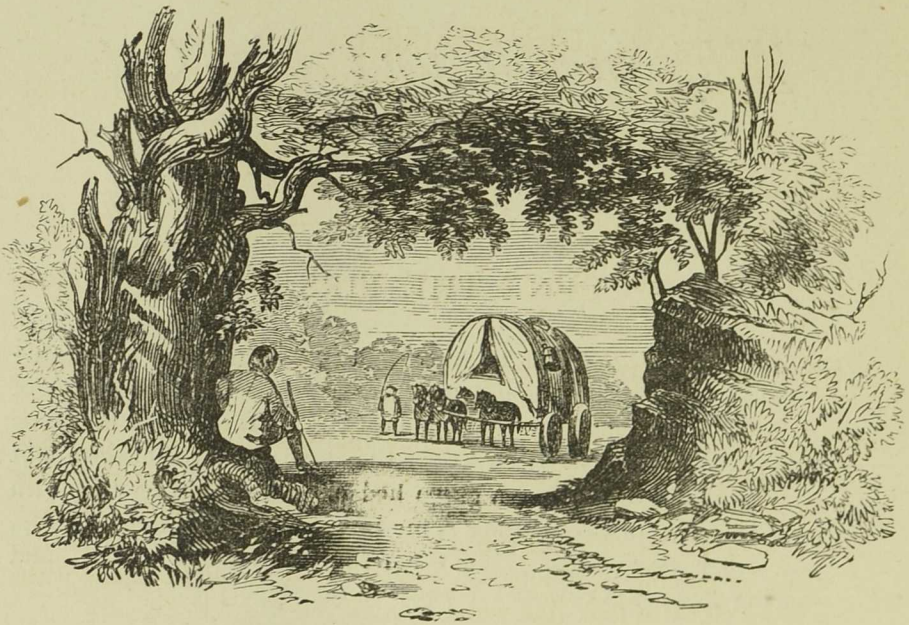
[*Looks at WHITTINGTON.*]

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 paved with gold or no. [*Exit.*

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

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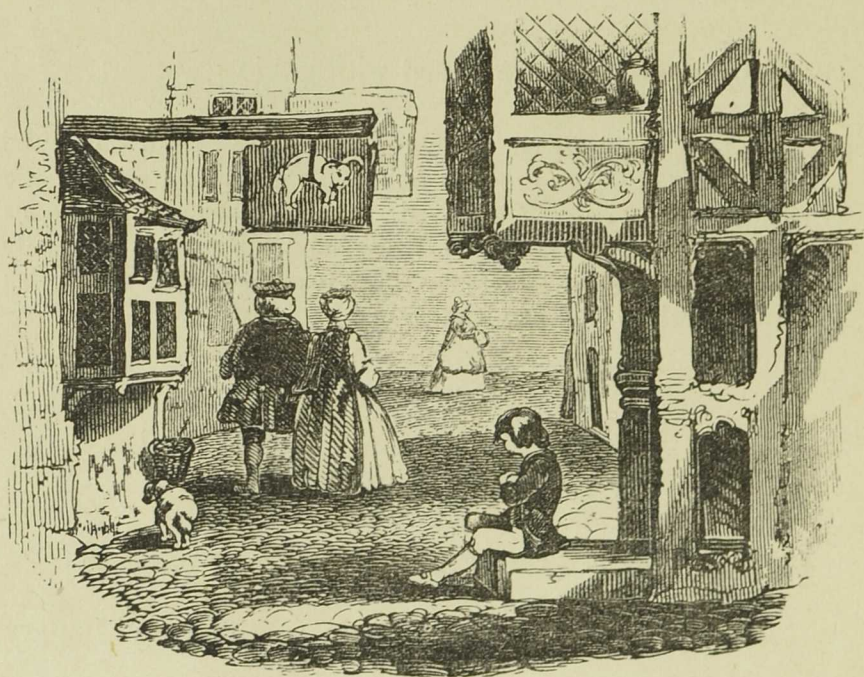
SCENE THE SECOND.

[*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.*

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SCENE THE THIRD.—*A Kitchen.*

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

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

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

Whittington. I was not saucy, Mrs. Cook—

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

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



Enter ALICE.

Alice. What is the matter, Richard ?

[*He turns away wiping his eyes.*]

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

Whittington

Thank you, ma'am.

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

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

Alice. You should not leave your work to look at
shows,

But it was very tempting, I suppose.
There, dry your tears, look cheerful, and we'll see
If you can do an errand well for me ;
Carry this medicine to Mistress Payne,
Ask how she is, and make haste back again.

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

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

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

WHITTINGTON *returns.*

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

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

Enter DAME HOMELY with a cat in her arms.



Whittington.

What a pretty cat !

Dame H. Yes, she's a perfect beauty—sleek—and fat !
And gentle as a lamb ; just feel her paw.
'Tis soft as velvet, yet you never saw
A better mouser.

Whittington 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.*]

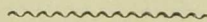
Dame L. Well, good-bye, my lad ;
My name is Homely, you can hear of me
From David Wright, the blacksmith ; so, you see,

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 ?

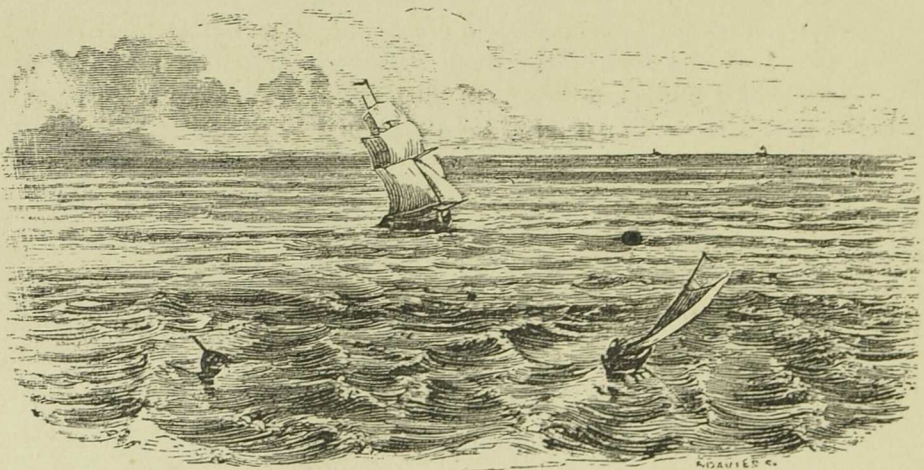
Enter CAPTAIN.

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 of the stage.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Whittington. I'll do what you think best—

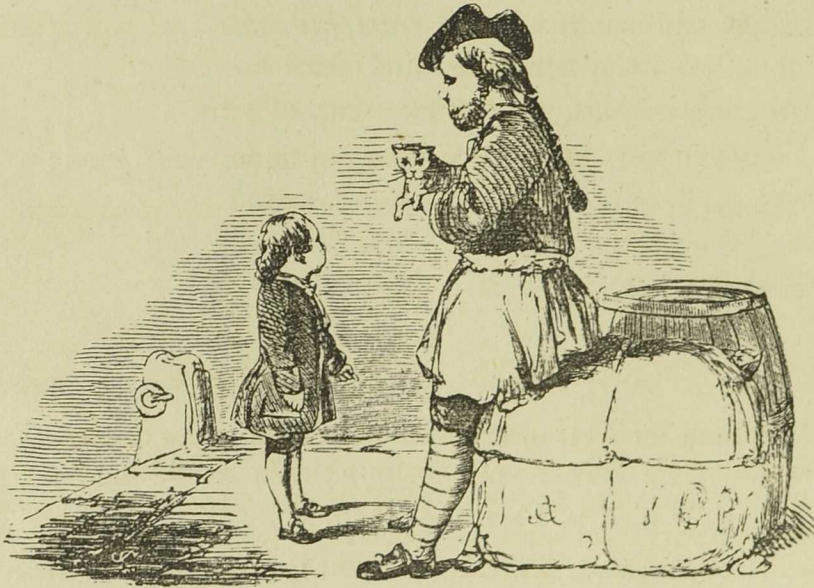
Alice. Then, let her go ;
The Captain will be kind to her, I know.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

Captain. Mr. Fitzwarren, I await your leisure.

Mr. Fitzwarren (rises from the table.) I will attend you, Captain, now with pleasure,
And, ere we part, we'll drink a cup of wine
To the success of this good ship of mine.

[*They go out together.*]

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SCENE THE FIFTH.—*Holloway.*

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

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

*Whittington.* It is broad daylight now—this place  
looks dreary,  
And I begin to feel quite sad and weary.  
When they find out I'm gone, what will they say?  
I almost wish I had not run away.

[*Sits down on the stone.*]



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

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

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

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

## THE BELLS.

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 (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and sixteenth notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

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

The second system of musical notation. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The music continues with a double bar line at the end.

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

The third system of musical notation. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The music continues with a double bar line at the end.

Lord Mayor of London.

The fourth system of musical notation. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The music continues with a double bar line at the end.

*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.

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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 narm.

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 no more to fear
From poverty———

Enter THOMAS.

Ah, Thomas, how d'ye do?

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

Dame H. What can that be?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

~~~~~

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!!!





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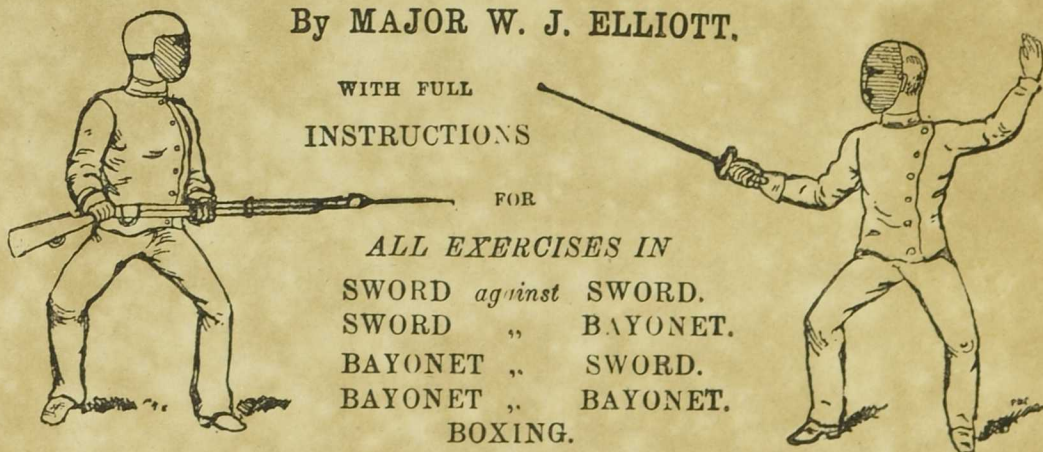
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