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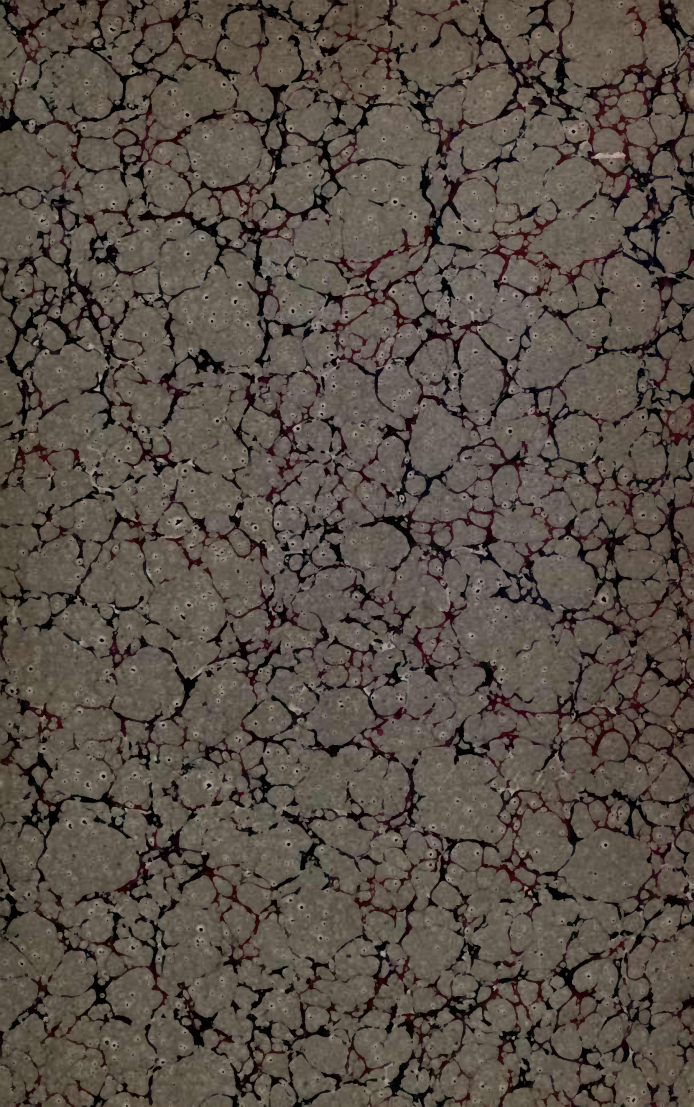


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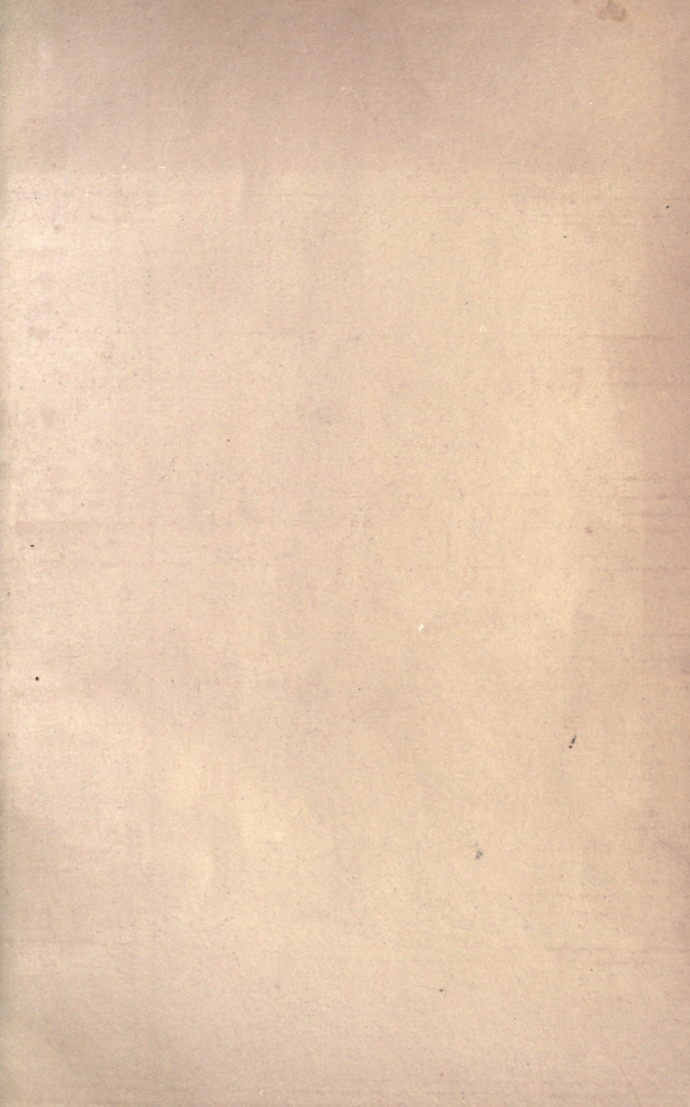


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J. G. MASON

John Pollock

THE

GOOD-NATURED BEAR.

A STORY

FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES.

[Home
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LONDON:

JOSEPH CUNDALL, 12, OLD BOND STREET.

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P R E F A C E .

Whatever country this GOOD-NATURED BEAR may claim as the place of his nativity; whatever parentage he may boast; and whatever spirit, whether national or individual, he may happen to display in the following simple and authentic account of himself; he humbly assures his kind and courteous READERS OF ALL AGES, that he is a citizen of the World, and that this is the first time his Story has ever been made public.

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The Good-natured Bear.

A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

AT a very neat white house, with blue shutters, in the best street of a pretty German village, about twenty miles from Dresden, a party of children were assembled one Christmas evening. This house, where the merry meeting was held, was the country residence of the celebrated Dr. Littlepump. Nancy, who had such very blue eyes, and her younger brother, little Valentine, were the children of Dr. and Mrs. Littlepump, and they had invited a number of other children to come and spend the evening with them.

Very happy they all were. They danced to the music of a flute and fiddle, and ran about and sang, and squeaked, and hopped upon one leg, and

crept upon all fours, and jumped over small cushions and stools, and then they sat down. They all sat in a circle round the stove, and laughed at the fire.

The stove was red hot in some places, so they were obliged to open its door widely, and then every body saw what a bustle the fire was in, puffing and blazing away inside. On the top of the stove was a large dish of stewed prunes, smoking hot, and all round the dish were chestnuts roasting as fast as ever they could roast, and sometimes cracking and flying over the children's heads in all directions, and sometimes right amongst them, which made a great shouting and scrambling out of the way, and great fun, of course.

Besides Dr. and Mrs. Littlepump and the children, there were several others in the room to join in the merriment. First, there was the sweet-voiced Gretchen, with her small but bright brown eyes, the dear pretty nursery governess of Nancy and little Valentine. All the children were so fond of her. She was about twenty years of age, and one of the nicest girls in Frolicksdorf. She was seated in the middle of all the children. Then, there was Lydia, the housemaid, and Dorothea, the cook, and Wallis, the gardener, in a new pair of very large spectacles. He was always obliged to wear

spectacles, in order to read the Latin names of the plants.

But we have forgotten to mention one person more who was present, and this one was uncle Abraham. He was the elder brother of Dr. Littlepump, and a Professor of the Mathematics. A very grave silent man was uncle Abraham; but he was always doing kind things in his quiet way, and every body was extremely fond of him. He was dressed in a long brown coat and long grey woollen gaiters, and wore a small auburn wig, though his own hair used to be flaxen. He sat in one corner of the room, with his elbow resting upon a little round table, smoking a large Dutch pipe, and saying nothing, and not seeming to notice anything, nor anybody. He was very busy with his own thoughts, and now and then his eyes gave a twinkle; as if he was pleased with something in his mind.

The children now all asked Gretchen to sing a pretty song, which she did at once in her own sweet voice; but the words were very odd. This was the song:—

There came a rough-faced Stranger
From the leafless winter woods,
And he told of many a danger
From the snow-storms and black floods.

On his back he bore the glory
Of his brothers, who were left
In a secret rocky cleft——
Now guess his name, and story!

CHORUS.

There came a rough-faced Stranger, &c.

“But who was the rough-faced Stranger?” asked Nancy;—“and what was the glory he carried pick-a-back?” cried little Valentine;—“And who were his brothers, and where was the rocky cleft?” cried three or four more of the children. “And who was?—Where from?—When did he?” cried all the rest of the children together. “Oh,” said Gretchen, “you must guess!” So all the children began guessing away at this song-riddle; but they could make nothing of it. Gretchen laughed when they all said, “Do tell us;” and promised to tell them another time. But this only produced more requests to be told now, till, at last, Gretchen said,—“Well, I promise to tell you all about the Stranger in half an hour, if nothing happens to make you forget to ask me.” “If nothing happens?” said Nancy; “Oh, we shall not forget to ask you, whatever happens.” “And what *should* happen?” asked Dr. Little-pump, in a dignified tone.

There was now a silence for a few minutes, as if the children were all thinking, during which, uncle Abraham, who sometimes went to bed very early, slowly rose from his chair, lighted his candle, carefully snuffed it, (and, as he did so, his eyes gave a twinkle,) and walking round the outside of all the circle, wished them good night, and away he went to bed.

“But what,” said little Valentine, “what *should* happen, Gretchen, dear?”

CHAPTER II.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and the snow lying deep upon the ground, when a stout gentleman, in a very rough coat and fur boots, got down from the outside of the Dresden diligence, which had stopped just in front of Dr. Littlepump's door. The large street lamp, that hung in the middle of the street by a chain, fixed to the upper part of the Doctor's house and the upper part of the house

opposite, was a very fine lamp with large reflectors inside, and an ornamental top of Prussian blue and gold. All the children were crowding round the windows in a trice, to look at the diligence, and the gentleman who had got down.

Besides his very rough coat and fur boots, the children now perceived that the stout gentleman had also a short cloak, and a pair of large fur gloves, and that he wore a white hunting hat, with the usual round crown and broad brim, but with an uncommonly handsome green cord and tassel. The hat was pulled down almost over his eyes, so that his face could not be seen, and he had an immense orange-coloured woollen comforter round his throat, which the yellow gleam of the lamp shone upon.

The diligence now drove on, and left the stout gentleman standing in the middle of the street. It was a fine clear winter's night, but he had, no doubt, found it very cold travelling outside, notwithstanding his rough coat, his fur boots and gloves, his short cloak, and his orange comforter.

The stout gentleman first shook the snow from his cloak, on the shoulder of which much snow had collected, and he made it fly about on all sides as he shook himself. After this, he began to stamp with his feet to warm them, and it looked like a clumsy

dance in a little circle, which made all the children laugh. The next thing he did was to give himself a good rubbing on the breast, and he did it in so awkward a way, that it had all the appearance of a great clumsy paw of some creature giving itself a scratch; and though the children thought, of course, that this clumsiness was only in consequence of the very thick sleeves of the rough coat, which would not allow the gentleman's arms and hands to move with ease and grace, still it looked so funny that the children laughed louder than before. They were almost afraid he would hear it through the windows. The next thing the stout gentleman did was to draw forth an immense pocket handkerchief of bright grass green, with a broad crimson border, and with this he began to dust his nose, to knock off the sleet and frostwork, and also to rub and warm his nose, which seemed to be very large and long, and to require great attention.

When the children saw the gentleman do this, they could contain themselves no longer, but all burst out into a loud shout of laughter.

The stout gentleman instantly stopped, and began to look around him in all directions, to see where the laughing came from. The children all ceased laughing, and became suddenly quiet. The stout

gentleman turned round and round, looking up and down at the windows of every house near him; till at last, his eyes rested upon the three parlour windows of Dr. Littlepump's house, which were crowded with faces. No sooner had he done this, than he advanced towards the house with a long stride and an angry air.

In an instant all the children ran away from the window, crying out,—“Here he comes! here he comes!”

Presently a scraping was heard upon the steps of the door, and then a loud knock! The children all ran to their seats and sat quite silent, looking at each other. Dr. Littlepump walked twice across the room with a serious face, and then stood still, looking down upon the floor. Not a word was spoken. Gretchen covered her face with her handkerchief, and Lydia, Dorothea, and Wallis, who were sitting huddled up almost behind the iron pipe of the stove, all pretended to be warming their hands. None of them liked to go to open the door. The room was so silent you might almost have heard a feather fall. Now came a louder knock! Then another! And then a ringing of the bell!

“I am sorry,” observed Mrs. Littlepump, “that the stout gentleman is so much offended.”

“I don’t know very well what to say to him,” said Dr. Littlepump.

Again came the ringing at the bell!

“Lydia,” said Dr. Littlepump, “you must open the door, I fancy.”

“Dorothea,” said Lydia, looking affectionately at the cook, “do just go to the door.”

“Wallis,” said Dorothea, looking affectionately at the gardener, “you know how many a nice baked potatoe I have given you, before and after dinner; do just open the door.” Wallis took off his spectacles, and sat with his mouth open.

Again came the ringing at the bell, and a knocking at the same time.

“Somebody,” exclaimed Dr. Littlepump, extending both hands, as if in the act of addressing a large assembly, “Somebody must go!”

Upon this, Gretchen rose. “Oh, don’t you go, Gretchen, dearest,” cried little Val.; “let Wallis go.” But Gretchen promised to run away as soon as she had opened the door, and with this assurance she was allowed to go; both Nancy and Valentine continuing to call after her,—“Be sure to run back to us as fast as ever you can!”

CHAPTER III.

The children sat listening with all their ears, sitting as still as mice who think they hear something. Presently they *did* hear something. It was the snap of the lock, the creaking of the door, and a scrambling noise! The scrambling noise was made by Gretchen, who came running back into the room quite out of breath, crying,—“ Oh, such a nose! —such a dirty face!—don’t ask me anything!”

There was no time for any questions,—a slow, heavy footstep was heard in the hall—then in the passage—then the parlour door opened wide, and in walked the stout gentleman with the rough coat! He had, indeed, a prodigious nose, both long and broad, and as dark as the shadow of a hill. He advanced only a pace or two into the room, and then stood still, looking at Dr. Littlepump, who was the only other person who ventured to stand up.

“ I believe I have the honour,” said the stout gentleman, making a low bow, but without taking off his hunting hat or comforter — “ I believe I have the honour of addressing no less a person than Mr. Dr. Littlepump, chief Counsellor to the Austrian Branch of the Tommy Mines of Seringapatam ! ”

Dr. Littlepump bowed. He held the office of Counsellor to a Board of Mines in Vienna, where he made a speech now and then in the summer months. The strange gentleman’s designation of his post, was not quite correct, nor did the Doctor even know, what a “ Tommy mine,” might be ; however, he thought it best not to interrupt.

“ If,” continued the stout gentleman, “ if I had not known it was impossible, that so learned a Counsellor could deliberately allow anybody to be insulted from the windows of his country-house, I should have felt myself extremely indignant upon the present very serious occasion. It may have produced merriment to our young friends here ; but it is a serious thing to me.”

“ Sir,” said Dr. Littlepump, recovering his usual composure,—“ it grieves me excessively, that your feelings should have been hurt by the laughter of my children, and their little friends ; but, Sir, I can assure you no harm was meant by it—in fact, they

did not intend to laugh—only it happened. Moreover, this is holiday time, and though you appear to be a foreign gentleman, yet you are, no doubt, also a gentleman, who has seen much of the world, and of society—”

“No, Sir; no, Mr. Doctor,” exclaimed the stout gentleman, clasping his fur gloves together, and speaking in a melancholy voice, “I have not seen much of society; it is true, too true, that I am a foreigner, in some respects, but from society, the misfortune of my birth has excluded me.”

“Oh, pray, Sir, do not concern yourself any further on this matter,” said Mrs. Littlepump, in a courteous voice, “a gentleman of your good feeling and polished address, can need no further introduction. I hope you will accept all our apologies.”

“Madam,” said the stout gentleman, “you are too kind. It is such very amiable persons as yourself, that reconcile me to my species—I mean, to the human species. What have I said?—how do I constantly betray myself! Not of my species, would I willingly speak. But in truth, Madam, it is my own consciousness of what I am, under my coat, that makes me always fear my secret has been discovered. I thought the children, with their little quick eyes, always looking about, had seen

who it was that lived under this rough coat I wear." So saying, the stout gentleman put one of his fur gloves to his left eye, and wiped away a large tear.

"Then pray, Sir," continued Mrs. Littlepump, "do take off your coat, and let me beg of you to let our gardener relieve you of your short cloak and fur boots. Lay your fur gloves, also, aside, and permit us to have the pleasure of seeing you take a seat among us round the stove."

"Oh, ye green woods, dark nights, and rocky caves hidden with hanging weeds, why do I so well remember ye!" exclaimed the stout gentleman, again clasping his fur gloves together. "I will relieve my mind and tell you all. My rough coat—companion of my childhood, and which has grown with my growth—I cannot lay aside. It grows to my skin, Madam. My fur gloves are nature's gift. They were bought at no shop, Mrs. Littlepump. My fur boots are as much a part of me as my beard. I cannot shave my feet, most respected and excellent married lady. I am, indeed, a foreigner, as to society. I was born in no city, town, or village, nor in a bed; but in a cave full of dry leaves and soft twigs. I left my native place, owing to a domestic calamity; I applied myself very hard to

study, till at last, by various means which I cannot now explain, I acquired the art of speaking the German language; but the truth is, I am not a man—but a Bear!”

As he uttered these words, the stout gentleman took off his orange-coloured comforter, his short coat, and his hat—and sure enough a Bear he was, and one of the largest that ever was seen!

CHAPTER IV.

In a very soft voice, so as scarcely to be heard by any one, except the children who had crowded round her, Gretchen began to sing,—

“There came a rough-faced Stranger
From the leafless winter woods.”

When the children heard Gretchen sing, and ventured to look up at the Bear, who continued to stand in a disconsolate attitude near the door, and without the least signs of anything savage in his

appearance or behaviour, their fear began to change into curiosity. Two of the youngest had hidden themselves in the folds of Mrs. Littlepump's dress, and little Val. had crept under the table; but when these found that nothing was going to happen, and that the other children did not cry out or seem terrified, first they peeped out at the Bear, till gradually, and at about the seventh peep, they all three left their hiding places and crowded in among the rest—all looking at the Bear!

“I trust,” said Dr. Littlepump, after a minute's reflection, “I trust that this discovery—this casting off all disguise—produces no change in the nature and habits you have acquired in civilized communities. It is impossible to think so. I feel sure that I am addressing a “gentleman,”—that is to say, a most gentlemanly specimen of your species.”

“Banish all unkind suspicions from your breast, Mr. Doctor,” said the Bear; “neither you, nor any of those I see around, ever need apprehend a single rude hug from me, such as many of my ancestors were too apt to give. But when I give a hug, it is only in the manner of the best-bred people of the time.” As the Bear said this, he cast a tender look sideways at Dorothea; and the thought of receiving such a mark of regard from the Bear, made her

face turn white and red by turns, and then a little blue.

“Oh, we feel quite satisfied,” said Mrs. Little-pump, with her most courteous smile, “that your conduct will be of the very best kind. Pray take a seat, near the fire. The children will all make room for you.”

She had scarcely uttered the last words when the children all made room enough in a trice, and more than enough, as they crowded back as far as they could, and left a large open circle opposite the stove.

The Bear laid one paw upon his grateful breast, and advanced towards the fire-place.

“Permit me,” said he, “to begin with warming my nose.” As the door of the stove was now closed, the Bear bent his head down, and moved his nose backwards and forwards in a sort of semi-circle, seeming to enjoy it very much. “As my nose,” said he, “is very long, the tip of it must necessarily be the first part that gets cold, because it is so far off from my face, where the circulation of the blood is rendered sufficiently quick and warm by the comfortable thickness of my beard. My nose, I fear, may not seem a well-shaped one, but it is a capital smeller. I used to be able, when

at the distance of several miles, to smell—a hem!” And here the Bear checked himself suddenly. He was evidently going to say something of his life at home in the woods that would not be thought very nice in Dr. Littlepump’s parlour. But he just caught himself up in time. In doing this, however, his confusion at the moment had made him neglect to observe that a part of the stove was again red hot; so that approaching too closely, he all at once burnt the tip of his nose!

The children would certainly have laughed, but as the Bear started back, he immediately looked round the room. So everybody was afraid to laugh. It was evident that the nose he had been boasting of so much could not smell fire.

“I hope, Sir,” said Mrs. Littlepump, wishing to relieve the Bear from his embarrassment, “I hope you did not hear any noise in the street to disturb you? The music in the streets of Frolicksdorf is not always equal to that of the opera at Berlin. You have, no doubt, a very fine and highly-cultivated ear.”

“I have, Madam,” said the Bear, “a pair of ears very much of the kind you are so obliging as to describe; though I am too well aware that they are rather of the largest as to size.”

“By no means too large, Sir, to be graceful as well as useful,” observed Mrs. Littlepump, with a gentle waving of the hand.

“The slightest good opinion is valuable,” replied the Bear, “when it is entertained by so wise and good a lady as the wife of Mr. Dr. Littlepump.”

“No opinion could be too high, I am sure,” rejoined the lady, “for a person of such fine attainments—who has so much good sense, and who speaks the German language with such elegance and accuracy.”

“If the whole world,” exclaimed the Bear, “were hunted through and through, I am convinced we should never find any other lady so capable of judging of all excellences, and so amiable in speaking graciously to one of the humblest of her servants, as Lady Littlepump!”

“We shall be proud, Sir,” said the Doctor’s lady, rising from her chair, “to place in the list, not of our mere acquaintances, but of our most particular friends, so accomplished, so modest, so polite, and so very handsome a Bear!”

As Mrs. Littlepump finished this last speech, the Bear looked at her for a moment with the most delighted and grateful expression of countenance; he then made three great steps backwards—slowly

extended the right leg to one side as far as he could, pointing his toe—then slowly drew the left leg close to it, till both heels touched, and the toes were properly turned out—and made a profound bow. His bow was so very low, and he remained with his head down, and his nose pointing to the floor, so very long, that all the children were ready to die with laughter, more especially as they were obliged to keep the laugh in, for fear of giving fresh offence. As for little Val., he fell upon the floor with keeping his laugh in, and there he lay kicking; and as for Gretchen, who had covered her face with her handkerchief, she was heard to give a sort of little scream; and as for Nancy, she had run to the sofa, and covered her head with one of the pillows; they all found it so difficult to help bursting into a peal of laughter.

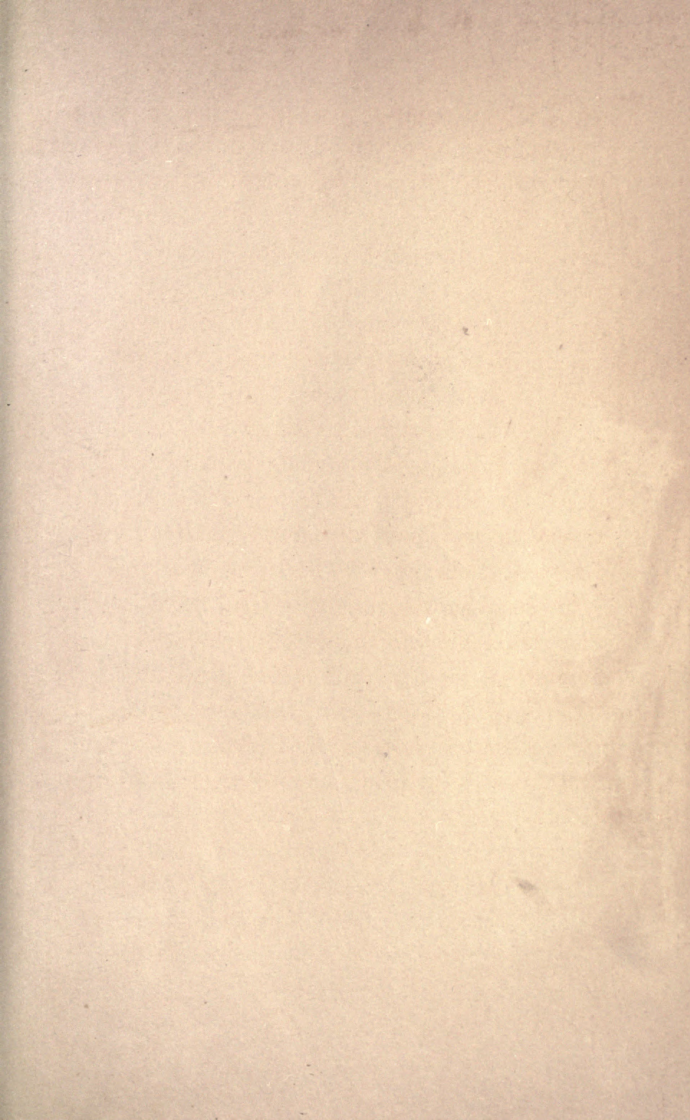
At length, the Bear raised his head with a countenance that looked most amiable, even through all that rough hair, and turning to Dr. Littlepump, he said,—

“ Oh, Mr. Doctor ! ” And after a little pause of emotion he continued thus : “ Mr. Dr. Littlepump, the extreme kindness of this reception of one who is a stranger—a foreigner—and, moreover, of a different race from yourselves—though of a kindred

heart, I humbly flatter my heart—has won upon my feeling so much, that I find myself disposed, if you will permit me, to confide all my secrets to you. I propose to tell you the whole story of my life. It contains several points of novel interest.”

At this speech, everybody looked anxiously at the Bear, and at each other, and everybody was in a great state of curiosity, and bustled about from one to the other, saying, “Oh, let him tell us!—let him tell us!—do let us hear the Bear’s story!”

It was agreed upon, with many thanks, from Dr. and Mrs. Littlepump. So they placed a large chair for the Bear in the middle of the room, and the Doctor taking down Uncle Abraham’s Dutch pipe from its nail on the wall, filled it with the very best Turkey tobacco, and handed it to the Bear. After carefully lighting it, and taking a few whiffs, and reflecting a little, the Bear thus addressed them.—





CHAPTER V.

“I am a native of Poland, and was born in one of the largest and most comfortable caves in the forest of Towskipowski. My father and mother were greatly respected by all the inhabitants of the forest, and were, in fact, regarded, not only by all their own species, but by every other animal, as persons of some consequence. I do not mention this little circumstance from any pride, but only out of filial affection for their memory.

My father was a man of a proud and resentful —my father, I meant to say, was a *person*, of a proud and resentful disposition, though of the greatest courage and honour; but my mother was one in whom all the qualities of the fairer, or at least, the softer sex, were united. I shall never forget the patience, the gentleness, the skill, and the firmness

with which she first taught me to walk alone. I mean to walk on all fours, of course; the upright manner of my present walking, was only learned afterwards. As this infant effort, however, is one of my very earliest recollections, I have mentioned it before all the rest, and if you please, I will give you a little account of it."

"Oh! *do*, Mr. Bear," cried Gretchen, and no sooner had she uttered the words, than all the children cried out at the same time. "Oh! please do, Sir," The Bear took several long whiffs at his pipe, and thus continued—

"My mother took me to a retired part of the forest, where few animals ever came, and telling me that I must now stand alone, extended both paws, and slowly lowered me towards the earth. The height as I looked down, seemed terrible, and I felt my legs kick in the air with fear of I did not know what, till suddenly I felt four hard things, and no motion. It was the fixed earth beneath my four infant legs. 'Now,' said my mother, 'you are what is called standing alone!' But what she said I heard as in a dream. With my back in the air, as though it rested on a wooden trussel,—with my nose poking out straight, snuffing the fresh breeze, and the many scents of the woods,—my ears pricking and

shooting with all sorts of new sounds, to wonder at, to want to have, to love, or to tumble down at,—and my eyes staring before me full of light, and confused gold, and dancing things, I seemed to be in a condition over which I had no power to effect the least change, and in which I must remain fixed till some wonderful thing happened. But the firm voice of my mother came to my assistance, and I heard her tell me to look upon the earth beneath me, and see where I was. First I looked up among the boughs, then sideways at my shoulder, then I squinted at the tip of my nose — all by mistake and innocence — at last, I bent my nose in despair, and saw my fore paws standing, and this of course was right. The first thing that caught my attention, being the first thing I saw distinctly, was a little blue flower with a bright jewel in the middle, which I afterwards found was a drop of dew. Sometimes I thought this little blue darling was so close that it almost touched my eyes; and certainly the odour of it was up in my head;—sometimes I thought it was deep down, a long way off. When I bent my face towards it to give it a kiss, it seemed just where it was, though I had not done what I had thought to do.

The next thing I saw upon the ground was a soft-looking little creature, that crawled along

with a round ball upon the middle of its back, of a beautiful white colour, with brown and red curling stripes. The creature moved very, very slowly, and appeared always to follow the opinion and advice of two long horns on its head, that went feeling about on all sides. Presently it slowly approached my right fore paw, and I wondered how I should feel, or smell, or hear it, as it went over my toes; but the instant one of the horns touched the hair of my paw, both horns shrunk into nothing, and presently came out again, and the creature slowly moved away in another direction. While I was wondering at this strange proceeding—for I never thought of hurting the creature, not knowing how to hurt anything, and what should have made the horn fancy otherwise—while, then, I was wondering at this, my attention was suddenly drawn to a tuft of moss on my right near a hollow tree-trunk. Out of this green tuft, looked a pair of very bright, round, small eyes, which were staring up at me.

If I had known how to walk, I should have stepped back a few steps when I saw those bright little eyes, but I never ventured to lift a paw from the earth, since my mother had first set me down, nor did I know how to do so, or what were the proper thoughts or motions to begin with. So I

stood looking at the eyes; and presently I saw that the head was yellow, and all the face and throat yellow, and that it had a large mouth. ‘What you have just seen,’ said my mother, ‘we call a snail; and what you now see is a frog.’ The names, however, did not help me at all to understand. Why the first should have turned from my paw so suddenly, and why this creature should continue to stare up at me in such a manner I could not conceive. I expected, however, that it would soon come slowly crawling forth, and then I should see whether it would also avoid me in the same manner. I now observed that its body and breast were double somehow, and that its paws were very large for its size, but had no hair upon them, which I thought was probably occasioned by its slow crawling having rubbed it all off. I had scarcely made these observations and reflections, when a beam of bright light breaking through the trees, the creature suddenly gave a great hop right up under my nose, and I, thinking the world was at an end, instantly fell flat down on one side, and lay there waiting!”

At this all the children set up a laugh, and Nancy and Val. were so delighted, that they threw their arms about each other’s necks, and danced

round and round. The Bear laughed too a little, but he soon resumed his gravity and proceeded.

“I tell you these things,” said he, “in as clear a manner as I can, that you may rightly understand them; but at that time they were by no means so clear to me, nor can I well tell you how strange, and confused, and beautiful, and wonderful, and delightful, and overcoming, everything seemed to me. My dear mother caught me up in her arms, saying,—‘Oh, thou small bear! and hast thou fallen flat down, on first seeing a frog hop?’”

The next day my mother gave me my first lesson in walking, as she considered that I had stood alone very well, and should not have fallen but for the accident of the sun beam and the frog. She took me to a nice smooth sandy place in the forest, not far from home, and setting me down carefully, said “Walk!” But I remained just where I was!

If a child with only *two* legs feels puzzled which leg it should move first, and how; or if it should move both together, and how,—whether by a jump or a slide; judge of the multiplied puzzles of a young bear under such circumstances. ‘Shall I,’ said I to myself,—or at least I felt as if I said so—‘shall I move my right front paw first, or my left;

or my right hind leg, or my left? Shall I first move the two front legs both at the same time, and then the two hind legs?—or my two hind legs first, and then my two front legs? Should I move the right front leg, and the right hind leg at the same time; or the left front leg and the right hind leg? Shall I try to move all four at once, and how, and which way? Or shall I move three legs at once, in order to push myself on, while one leg remains for me to balance my body upon; and if so, which three legs should move, and which one should be the leg to balance upon? Amidst all these confusing thoughts and feelings—common to all young bears, and many other quadrupeds, no doubt, but which the generations of mankind now hear of for the first time—I was afraid to move in any way whatever, and I believe I should have been standing there to this day, had not my mother, with a slow bowing and bending motion of the head and back bone, gracefully passed and repassed me several times, saying ‘*So, child!—leave off thinking, and walk!*’

My mother was right: directly I left off thinking about it, I found myself walking. O, what a wonderful and clever young gentleman I felt myself! I went ploughing along with such a serious

face upon the ground! I soon ran my head against one or two trees and a bit of rock, each of which I saw very well before I did so; only I thought they would get out of my way, or slip aside, or that my head would go softly through them; my mother, therefore, took me up and carried me, till we arrived within a short distance of our cave. In front of it there was a large space of high green grass, through which a regular path had been worn by the feet of my father and mother, who always liked to keep in the path as it was an old habit. At the beginning of this path, my mother placed me on the ground, and told me I must walk to the cave, along the pathway, all by myself. This was a great task for me; I thought I should never be able to keep in such a narrow line, and felt giddy as I looked first on one side, then on the other, expecting every instant to tumble over into the high green grass, on the right or left, and be drowned, or sink and roll away into some other state of existence. However, I managed to get to the cave without any accident.

As the Bear finished the last sentence, he suddenly rose, and drew out from beneath a thick tuft of hair on his right side, a very large watch, with a broad gold face and a tortoiseshell back. "I must go!" said he, hurrying on his short cloak,

his wide-brimmed hunter's hat, and his orange-coloured comforter; "I must bustle away as fast as I can, for it is nearly ten o'clock, and before I go to bed, I have a letter to write to a merchant in Cologne, concerning the purchase of a number of skins of red morocco leather, and another letter to my bookseller in Leipzig, concerning a second edition of a little work of mine, on the management of bees and silkworms. But I will come again to-morrow night and conclude my story. Mrs. Littlepump, I am your respectful and grateful humble servant!—Mr. Dr. Littlepump, I am also your's! Good night to you, Miss Nancy, and to you little Val., and to you, pretty Miss Gretchen, and to all my young friends, and all the rest. May you all sleep well, and with happy dreams!"

"Good night!" cried all the children in a loud chorus. "Oh, be sure to come to-morrow evening!" "Good night, Mr. Bear!" cried everybody, while the stout gentleman bustled, and hustled, and rustled, and scuffled out of the room, and along the passage, and out of the street door, and into the street, where he was soon lost sight of amidst the snow which was now falling very fast.

CHAPTER VI.

The next evening, about dusk, all the children who had been visiting Nancy and Valentine, came again in a troop, scrambling and crowding at the door to get in first. They were so anxious to hear the remainder of the Bear's story. As they all came pell-mell into the room, they cried out "Is he come?—when will he come?"

Dr. Littlepump walked up and down the room with an air of serious anxiety; calm to all appearance, yet evidently with much upon his mind. Mrs. Littlepump also expressed more than once a hope that no accident might happen on the road to prevent the arrival of Mr. Bear. Gretchen now became very anxious and fidgetty, and often looked very anxious at Uncle Abraham, as though she was a little vexed at his indifference about the event

in which everybody else took so much interest. Dorothea, and Lydia, and Wallis, all said they, for *their* parts, had been unable to sleep all last night for thinking of the stout gentleman's story. But nothing of all this seemed to move the Professor of Mathematics, who sat smoking his Dutch pipe, and twinkling his eyes, as if he was too much amused with his own thoughts to care about anything else. Presently, however, the clock struck five, and he rose from his chair, saying he must go and make a little visit a few doors off before he went to bed. They all begged him very hard to stay and see Mr. Bear, but he shook his head, and said "Pooh!" and walked away. Gretchen looked so pleased when he was gone, but the children said it was very naughty of dear Uncle Abraham not to stay.

Gretchen now proposed a little game to amuse them till Mr. Bear arrived. This was agreed upon, and they began; but they did not attend to it, their minds were too much occupied with expectation. Mrs. Littlepump then proposed a dance. This answered much better. Mrs. Littlepump played upon the piano-forte, and was accompanied on the flute by the Doctor, whose attitudes in performing on that elegant instrument had always been considered well worth seeing. In a short

time, however, the children stopped and would dance no more, and went to their seats and sat silently, and everybody became dreadfully dull. Two little boys were very cross; one of them bit his own thumb, to find an excuse for crying, and the other gave the leg of the table a kick, and called it a "a naughty table."

"Oh!" cried little Val., "I do hope the Gentleman Bear will be sure to come!" As he said this, they very plainly heard the sound of a horse's hoof coming up the street, and all ran to the windows. What was their surprise and delight to see that it was the Bear on horseback!

He rode with rather a round back, and his stirrups very short, but in other respects he sat well, like a portly gentleman on a journey, and held the reins with a great air of consequence. His method of dismounting, however, was not graceful. As the horse stopped before Dr. Littlepump's door, the stout gentleman in the rough coat bent forward and threw his arms with a good hug round the horse's neck, and so let himself slowly down, hanging carefully till his fur boots touched the ground. At this, all the children burst out laughing; but instantly recollecting themselves, they ran away from the windows, and scrambled into seats round the stove,

coughing a little, to pretend it had been only that. And now a knock was heard at the door, and a loud ring! Gretchen ran and opened the door, and in came the Bear.

Everybody was so glad to see him. Wallis and Gretchen helped him to take off his cloak and comforter; Mrs. Littlepump begged him to take a seat near the stove; Dorothea presented him with a large cup of nice coffee, hot and strong, and very sweet, and Dr. Littlepump, with a dignified and most courtly air, handed him Uncle Abraham's pipe—at least he *thought* he had done so, but in the confusion of the moment, he handed him his own flute instead, without observing what he had done. The Bear received it with a bow, and was so polite that he would not notice the mistake, but pretended to smoke the flute, till it was exchanged for the pipe by Mrs. Littlepump with a thousand apologies for the Doctor's absence of mind.

Everybody being now comfortably settled, and the general anxiety being very great, the Bear rose from his chair, and bowing all round, looked at Dr. Littlepump, and said,—“Mr. Dr. Littlepump, let me know what is the wish of our young friends here?” “Oh, Mr. Good-natured Bear!” cried Nancy, unable to contain herself, “do *pray* continue your delightful story!”

The Bear laid one paw upon his heart,—bowed,—sat down—and after looking thoughtfully into the bowl of his pipe for a few minutes, as if to collect his ideas, thus proceeded:—

“At the foot of our cave, there was, as I have informed you, a plot of high green grass with a path through it up to the entrance; and at the back of the rock in which our cave was, there grew several fine old oak trees, together with a great number of young elms, all promising to become very tall and beautiful. My father was very fond of walking alone among those trees, where he often meditated with his head on one side for hours together, sometimes leaning one shoulder against an oak trunk, sometimes resting his nose upon a knot in the wood, and occasionally scratching his ear with it. He thought he was thinking. But my father’s chief merit was in his honest, ardent, earnest, and determined character; in intellect he was not equal to my mother.

“One afternoon my father was taking a nap on our bed of leaves in the cave, when he was roused by a noise at the back of the rock, among the trees. The sound was that of a succession of hard blows. My father went to see what it was, and there he saw a woodman with an axe cutting down the young

elms. My father ran towards him in a perfect rage, and the man instantly scampered away as fast as he could, crying O! O! O!

“The next morning as soon as it was light, the same noise was heard again among the trees. Up jumped my father, but my mother, fearing some danger, went with him, and it was fortunate she did, as the woodman had brought his two sons with loaded guns to watch for my father, while the woodman was at work. My mother saw the two youths hiding each behind a large tree, and she persuaded my father, both for her sake and mine, to come away, which he at last did, though not without much gruffness and grumbling indignation.

“By the evening, the woodman had cut down about a third part of the young elms, and went away, intending to come and carry them off in the morning. My mother tried to persuade my father not to interfere, because it was too near our home. But my father refused to see the danger to our home, and declared that the nearness of the trees to our cave, was the very reason why he could not endure the thought of their being cut down. They were his trees, and he could not bear to lose them. So at night he went and collected all the trees that were cut down, and carried them in his arms, one or

two at a time, according to their size—to a river at a short distance where the current was strong, and threw them in with a great splash. Long before morning the current had carried them all far away.

“The next day the woodman came with his two sons, and a team of horses and ropes, to drag the trees away. But there was not one to be seen! After wondering, and sitting under an oak, and looking very stupid for an hour, the woodman again went to work with his axe, sending one son back with the horses, as they were wanted for the plough.

“In the evening, the woodman went away as before, leaving the trees, and thinking no one would steal them a second time. But at night my father went as before, and threw them all in the current. In the morning, the woodman came again with the team. ‘What!’ cried he, ‘all gone again!—it must be the work of some fairy—thieves could never carry away clean out of sight all those heavy young trees—unless indeed it were the Forty Thieves, for it would need as many.’

“Again the woodman cut down the trees, and now there was not an elm left standing. He went away in the evening as before, leaving the trees upon the ground. My father was sallying out to carry them off in the same way as hitherto, when my mother said—‘On *no* account, Benjamin, (we

always spoke in the Bear language, you know, and not as I talk to you,) on *no* account, Benjamin, go to-night!’ But my father said that the unfeeling rascal had cut down all his young elms, and the next thing would be, that he would cut down his oaks—and he could *not* endure it. ‘But this is by no means certain,’ reasoned my mother, ‘he seems only to want elms. And at the worst, we could find another cave with oaks near it.’ ‘But not with oaks, and a nice river too!’ exclaimed my father.

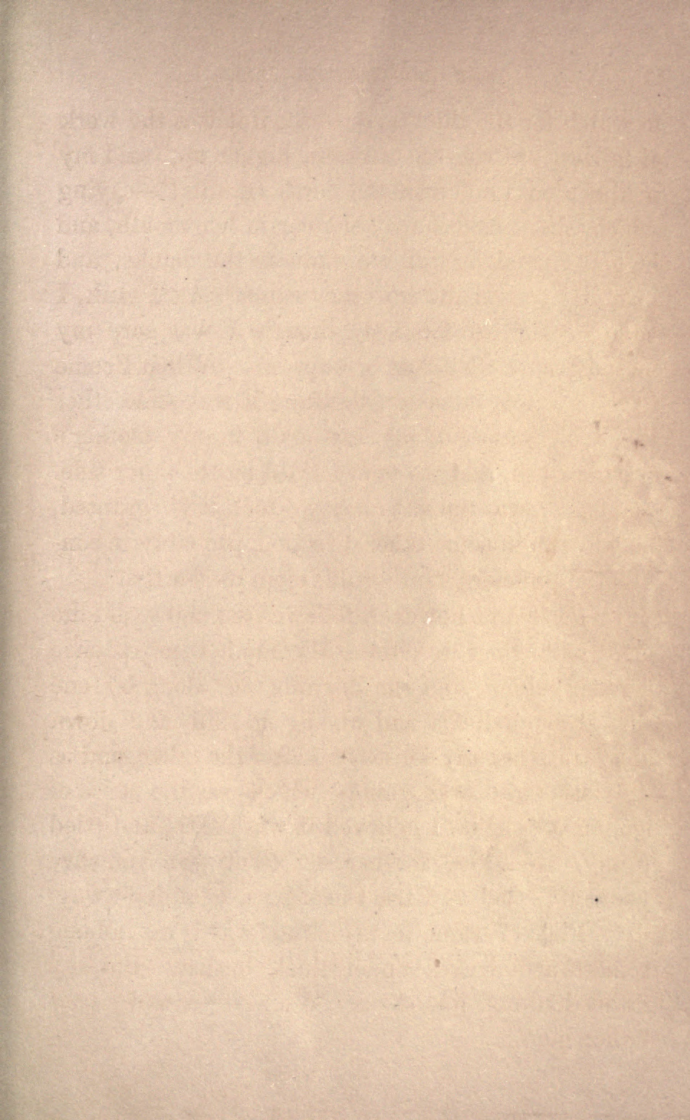
“‘Then,’ said my mother, ‘I and the child, (meaning me,) must go with you, and help to do it as quick as possible, and after it is done, we will go and sleep for a few nights in the forest over the northern hills, for my mind is very uneasy about matters.’ My father laughed and said, ‘Gooffzugdt,’ which, in the Bear language of Poland, signifies Nonsense!

“Accordingly we all went and worked away at a great rate, my father and mother carrying the largest of the young trees, and I such of the smallest as my tender years would allow. By midnight we had just finished, and my father was carrying the last tree, when suddenly a shout was heard, and we saw a flash of torches! The trees had been seen floating down the stream, by some men who were coming

to watch for the thieves, or to see if it was the work of fairies. ‘Cross the stream, higher up,’ said my mother, ‘and make for the northern hills!’—saying which, she seized me by one ear in her mouth, and lugged me along till we came to the banks, and instantly soused me into the water. As I sank, I gave myself up for lost, though I was sure my mother knew what was best for me. When I came to the surface, however, thinking it was some other life, I instantly felt my ear again in my mother’s warm mouth, and we soon landed on the other side. My father was not with us; we took it for granted, he had run in some other direction, probably to confuse the pursuers, and would rejoin us shortly.

“The shouts, however, followed us, and so did the men with their torches. My mother never once looked behind, but ran lugging me along by one ear, through fields and woods, up hill and down dale, till I lost my senses one after the other, and as the last sense was going—which was the sense of feeling or touch—I believed it was death, and tried to say ‘Good bye, mother! let go my ear, and save yourself!’” but as I tried to say so, I fainted away.

“When I came to myself, I was lying among some warm leaves under thick bushes. But my father had not joined us. We never saw my poor father more.





“ I mentioned that, when the woodman and the villagers, whom he had collected, had first surprised us, my father was in the act of carrying the last tree away ; and such was his earnest devotion to one idea at a time, and such his obstinacy of character, that he actually would not throw away the heavy tree he was carrying, but ran with it, even when the pursuers were close behind him, till arriving at the bank, he threw it in, and then endeavoured to save himself by swimming across, in order to follow us. But it was too late. They threw ropes over him while he was in the water, and half drowned my poor father, so that when at last he was landed on the other side, he was unable to make the great, the prodigious resistance he had so much relied upon. He was taken prisoner, and carried bound hand and foot into the village, amidst the blaze of torches, the shouts of the men, the barking of dogs, and the cries of wonder and curiosity of the women and children, who jumped out of bed to see him pass. Several children ran into the streets in their night-caps and nightgowns, and cried out.—

Look at the Bear, who stole the trees,
And pitched them into the wa-ter!

CHAPTER VII.

Dr. Littlepump rose from his chair, and extended one hand like a gentleman or senator about to make a fine speech, while with the thumb of his other hand he touched his forehead, to indicate wisdom. "I am of opinion," said he, "that men and bears, who give their whole minds up to one thing at a time, and will neither hear, see, smell, taste, touch, or think of anything else, are probably the best judges of this one thing, at that time—but not of its consequences." The Doctor was here taken with a violent fit of sneezing; he continued his philosophy, however, in spite of it. "And I think, moreover," said he, "that *pschew!*—that men and bears, who are always determined to have their *pschew!*—their rights, are apt to fancy everything right which

they wish to *pschew!*—to do, or to have. *Ah tschew!* And even when they really do see the *pschew!*—the truth, and what is actually *poo!*—what is actually *pschew!*—what I say, is actually *ah, tschew!*—I beg ten hundred thousand pardons, *poo!*—and even when they really do see what is true, and actually right in itself—that is, right for every body—they do not go the right way to obtain it. *Pschew!* I beg ten thousand *pschew-poops!*”

“I am exactly of your opinion, Mr. Doctor,” said the stout gentleman. “They try to obtain it by violence, which always fails, because the world is very strong, and will never be forced.”

The Doctor was about to reply, but the sneeze caught him, so that, instead of saying,—“Very true, Sir,” he said, “*Poo-poo, Sir!*”

“Don’t you think,” observed Mrs. Littlepump, “that it is often best not to make too much noise about a thing, and then, very likely, the right thing softly happens?”

“*Poo!*” sneezed the Doctor, “*ah!-ah!*—ten thousand *poos!* But pray, Sir, continue your very charming *ah!-ah!-ah!*—No, it has gone off,—continue your very charming narrative.”

The Bear bowed till his left eye nearly touched the bowl of his pipe, and then continued as follows:—

“ My poor father being thus lost to us, my mother set herself busily to work at my education. Besides teaching me all exercises of the limbs proper for my age, she sought to instil amiable principles into my mind. Taking care to preserve a due respect for my father’s memory, she nevertheless explained to me that our loss, both of him and our comfortable cave, was entirely occasioned by his hasty temper, his want of endurance and forbearance, and his obstinate character. My mother shed tears as she explained all this, but said it was only too true. We had lost him, and our home, and he had lost us and his home, and was now in a menagerie at Berlin.

“ My mother divided every day into various portions ; but although a considerable share was given to amusement, in which I played with several young bears of my own age, and had occasionally a gambol with other juvenile animals, still there was nothing that gave me more pleasure than the lessons I received from her. For this purpose, she would generally take me into some retired part of the wood, and seated under a wide-spreading tree, she taught my young ideas ‘ how to shoot.’ One lesson in particular, I remember, as she took great pains to impress it on my memory. The principle it inculcated has influenced my conduct through life, and I

can truly say, upon all occasions, with the best results to myself. It was conveyed in the following little verse :—

Oh! thou small Bear,
Learn to bear, and forbear,
And of good luck, or good friends, never despair.

“A few days after I had first received this lesson, I found myself placed in a situation to require the good advice it gave me. An extremely well-behaved young wild boar, and a very merry little fox, with whom I was playing, took the opportunity of asking me what I had been doing the other day near a certain hollow tree. I told them I often collected acorns there in the morning, and went in the evening to eat them. They said no more, and we went on playing round about the trees, and sometimes climbing up them,—that is, the merry little fox and I—the young wild pig could not. But after that day, whenever I collected acorns in the morning in the hollow tree, and went at night to eat them, they were all gone!

One evening, however, as I was returning home after my disappointment, and wondering who it could be, I heard a laughing amidst the thickets, and entering suddenly, there I saw the little fox and

my friend the wild pig, who were just going to run away when they saw me; and they both looked very foolish as our eyes met. So the thought struck me that *they* were the thieves, and I at once accused them. The wild pig indignantly denied that he had stolen a single acorn, and would not be called a thief by anybody. The little fox said the accusation was unjust and cruel, and also not good sense, as he had never eaten a single acorn in all his life, nor his father before him, and he would not be called a glutton by anybody. On hearing this, I, with an intelligence beyond my years, instantly understood how it all was. ‘Jemmy!’ said I, fixing my eyes upon the little fox, ‘Jemmy!—you know very well that you *stole* my acorns. We have often played together, and this is the first bad trick you have ever served me. You know I am quite able to punish you severely, and take your tail away from you. But I forgive you this time.’ Then turning to the young wild pig, who stood looking very stupid, and silent, and fierce, with his eyes half shut, and peeping out of the corners of them,—‘Hugo!’ said I, in a mild voice, and laying one paw upon the top of his bristling back,—‘you have *eaten* my acorns,—you know that I am stronger than you—that I could throw my arms round your neck,

and give you *such* a one! (meaning a hard hug)—but I forbear, for the sake of our previous friendship. I feel sure this will never happen again, and, no doubt, we shall all be better friends than ever.’ At this, the little fox shed a great many tears, and continued to rub his eyes with his little yellow brush for five minutes afterwards. The young wild pig stood silently for some time, as if he were trying to understand all about it; and when he did speak, it was only ‘*ouff!*’—but I thought he felt what I had said.

“At night, when we were going to bed, I told the whole story to my mother, who much commended me, and said that I had rightly acted according to what she had taught me in the verse. ‘For what,’ said she, ‘would have been the use of beating and squeezing the young thieves? It would not have brought back the acorns, and would have made them both enemies in future, ready to steal anything. But as it is, you have got two friends, and lost nothing.’ ‘Yes, mother,’ said I, after a moment’s reflection, ‘but I have lost my acorns!’ ‘Not more lost,’ replied my mother, ‘than if you had eaten them. When a thing is eaten, it is lost. All that you have to complain of is, that the young wild pig eat them *for* you; but as you have forgiven

him, of course you ought to think no more of the matter. Act thus through life; not only because you are sure to keep and to make friends by it, but also because it is the most amiable way to act towards your fellow-creatures, whether you gain by it or not. Do so, therefore, for the sake of the verse I taught you, and for the love of my memory when I am gone—and trust to nature for good results. Now, child, go to sleep.’

“In this manner I passed my éarly youth, and was just coming to the maturity of my size and strength, when the domestic calamity occurred, to which I once alluded the first time I had the honour of addressing the present company. It was a calamity which made me an orphan in the world.

“We were accosted one evening by a very ragged, but very intelligent old ape, who had contrived to effect his escape from the menagerie of Berlin, disguised as a Chinese tea-merchant, and who now begged a night’s lodging, as he considered himself out of all danger. From this gentleman we heard of the death of my poor father. He might have lived much longer, but his proud spirit, over which he had no command, killed him. He had quarrelled with all the keepers of the menagerie, one after

another, on account of some fancied insult or indignity; although, as the worthy ape informed us, my father had really been very well treated, and all his reasonable wants had been considered, as he had been looked upon as an extremely fine bear, and a credit to the establishment. First, he refused his food; then he would take no exercise, nor even stand up; and finally, did nothing but sleep. But that which the ape thought had at last killed him, was an angry dispute which he had with the trumpeter of the menagerie, as to the direction in which the mouth of the instrument ought to be pointed. The trumpeter chose always to point it towards my father's cage; whereas my father argued that the trumpet ought to be turned towards the elephant, who understood the noise. However, as my father could not have his own way, he was unable any longer to endure life, and so he died. Sick—sick of the perversity of all sorts of things.

“My mother never recovered this sad intelligence. She made no complaint, nor did she appear to give way to grief, but she gradually sunk, and sunk, and her age seemed in a few weeks to be actually doubled, so that everybody said she was dying of old age. Her feet failed her, and her teeth fell out. She took leave of me one night in a more

than usually affectionate manner. She told me to act always with honesty, truth, and good feeling towards every one; to bear all injuries and misfortunes as firmly as I could, and to forbear in all cases to revenge or retaliate. Even if I should ever meet with the trumpeter who had so vexed my poor father in his latter days, I was to take no notice of the circumstance, as the fellow was, no doubt, either a wicked or an ignorant animal, and therefore better let alone. She then gave me an embrace, and told me to sleep well, and remember her words. In the morning I found her lying dead upon the moist green grass, with her head gently resting upon one paw."

As the Bear uttered these last words, he seemed overcome with many feelings and thoughts of other years; then suddenly rising from his chair, he hastily put on his hat and cloak, and hurried out of the room, dragging his long orange-coloured comforter after him. They heard the sound of the street-door closing, and two of the children ran on tip-toe to the window; but he was out of sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

The next evening the children all met again, in the hope that the Good-natured Bear would come to finish his story.

“I am so much afraid he will never come again,” said Nancy. “What *shall* we do?”

“What *shall* we do?” echoed all the children.

“I think, for my part,” said Mrs. Littlepump, “that he will come.”

“I am sure I hope so,” said Gretchen. “Dear, dear, how my heart beats!”

“Your heart beats for Mr. Bear?” said Dr. Littlepump, looking hard at Gretchen, who instantly blushed up to the eyes, and her ears were as red as ripe cherries.

“I do *so* wish,” said little Val.;—and then he stopped.

“What do you wish, Valentine?” asked Mr. Doctor, looking at his watch.

“That we had Jemmy here!”

“Jemmy! what Jemmy?” inquired Mr. Doctor, with a serious face.

“Why, papa, don’t you recollect?—Jemmy, the merry little fox with the yellow brush tail!”

At this moment the clock struck six, and without any knocking, or ringing, or previous announcement, the parlour door opened, and in walked Mr. Bear!

He bowed with his habitual politeness; but he had a more than usual air of gravity, and some appearance of anxiety. Gretchen placed his chair for him, and this seemed to please him. “I thank you, Miss Gretchen,” said he; and he soon got better. Looking round with a smile, and particularly at Gretchen, he proposed to conclude his story. “Oh do, Sir!—please do!” cried a dozen voices at once; and accordingly the Bear thus proceeded:—

“Did I speak with any degree of severity concerning my father’s impatience under captivity?—Did I take upon myself in any way to cast a shade upon his memory, on account of his inability to endure the rude behaviour and freedoms of his keepers, and the insolence of the trumpeter? If I

did, forgive me; it was very wrong; I have now to tell of my own captivity, and I fear there were several occasions upon which I did not always follow my mother's precepts, but really lost my temper for some minutes. Not to keep you in suspense, I have to confess that I had scarcely attained my full growth, when a party of hunters surrounded the forest where I lived, and surprising me while I was asleep, caught me fast in a very strong rope net. I made a great resistance; upon which three of the hunters stepped a few paces back, and telling the others to stand out of the way, presented their guns, intending to shoot me. At this moment, however, a prodigious wild boar rushed out of a thicket, and crying "*ouff!*" charged right upon the three hunters—knocked them all three flat upon their backs like ninepins—and then dashed into a thicket on the opposite side!

“Up jumped the three hunters very angry and astonished, and instantly fired their guns into the thicket after the boar; but he was out of their reach.

“Another of the hunters was now about to thrust his spear at me, when suddenly he gave a loud cry, and flung his spear at a tree, close to the foot of which, we saw a large yellow and red brush

tail whisk round. ‘Oh!’ cried the hunter, ‘some rascal of a fox has bit off the toe of my boot, and a little bit of my great toe with it!’

“I need not tell you who these two forest friends were, who, having grown up, had thus saved my life, because you have already guessed. The hunters now began to consult together as to whether I might not be of more value to them alive than if they killed me; and at length they determined, as I was very young, and very large, and my fur of a rich bright brown colour, to send me to Berlin—to the menagerie in which my father had died. Still, some of them said that a live bear was a great trouble on a long journey. As I now perceived it was of no use to make any further resistance among so many armed men, I endeavoured to reconcile myself to my fate, and became quite quiet. The cords that bound me having become partially loose at the arms, and the son of the hunter who had been about to kill me with his spear, happening to come close to me, I slowly freed one paw, and instead of seizing the boy roughly, I slowly raised myself to an upright position behind his back, and then patted him gently upon the top of the head. This both surprised and amused, and won the hearts of all the hunters;—they said it was quite impossible to kill such a good-

natured bear, and from that day they always behaved kindly to me, and gave me plenty to eat and drink. Once, indeed, I have to confess, that I drank rather too much, and was a little intoxicated,—but innocently so, upon my honour. I could not think what they had put in my water that day to make it look so red, and taste so nice, and feel so warm when it went down ! Upon the same occasion also, one of the party, as we were all seated in a pleasant wood at sun-set, drew forth a clarionet, and another a horn, and began to play. I drank wine and heard music for the first time in my life ! Being quite unable to contain myself, I rose upon my hind legs of my own accord, and danced in the middle of the open green space ; at which the hunters all shouted and laughed, and laughed and shouted, and the music played louder and faster, and the trees all began to dance round me too, as I thought ; and the green ground spun round about, carrying all the hunters and the music in a swift dizzy circle round me, till fearing I was going perfectly mad, I determined to command myself and save my senses, and therefore I collected all my energies into one effort, and stopped dancing. The instant I stood still, I found the ground slip up from beneath my feet, and I seemed to roll to the bottom of a hill, where I went to sleep in a moment.

“From this time, being much encouraged to do it, I continually practised walking upright. At first it certainly was extremely difficult, and I could not help bending my nose and looking all down my right side, then all down my left side, and so from side to side, for I seemed such a height above the ground; and also, in order to keep my balance I was obliged to give my weight first on one leg, then on the other, without lifting them from the ground, and to do this many times before I could venture to take a step; and when I did walk, it was at first in this same way, not unlike the rocking of a boat's mast on the water. I ought to have begun when I was younger. The balance required is so fine and peculiar, that every one who wishes to walk well, should begin at two years of age. However, eventually, I mastered the difficulty.

“My position in the menagerie was more than comfortable. My food was much better than usual in establishments of that kind, and my water always clean and fresh from the pump. I also had far more liberty than any other animal; all of which things I attribute to the simple fact of having shewn no anger or animosity towards any one, and having been always careful not to hurt or frighten any children who came near me. I confess, that

I felt great anger at first seeing the trumpeter; however, I remembered my mother's injunctions, and governed myself. The fellow always pointed his trumpet towards me when he played, just as he had done to my father; but I rather liked to hear it—much as I disliked him. The knave played well. He was, however, soon afterwards dismissed, for teasing the parrots. He had often done this, till *one* day all the parrots, parroquets, and macaws in the menagerie, set up a terrific screaming and screeching at him, and all at the same moment, so that the police came in with drawn swords to see what dreadful thing was happening! The Knave of Trumpets was, of course, sent about his business directly.

I now became an object of principal attraction in the establishment, and I found that crowds came daily, and ranged themselves in front of my cell, and looked, and pointed, and often spoke to me, till at last I came to perceive that I was regarded as a surprising instance of sagacity, although I did not understand one word they addressed to me, except when they also made signs. From this circumstance, however, I was able sometimes to connect the sounds with the signs, so that I actually learnt the meaning of many words. Then first

dawned the great ambition within me of acquiring the faculty of human speech ; for I considered that if I had managed to learn the meaning of many words, why not of many more ?—and when I came to be thoroughly familiar with certain sounds, why not imitate those words, so as to speak as well as understand ?

“ I determined to accomplish this if possible, and studied very hard. I listened attentively all day to those whom I heard speaking, and at night I practised my voice. At first I was very unsuccessful, and only produced strange noises, so that it woke some of the animals, who made a great grumbling, and three of the monkeys mocked me for a week after, chattering, pointing, and making mouths at me. However, I persevered, and at the end of four years I understood nearly all that was said to me, even without signs, and could pronounce a number of words in the German language very intelligibly, though, of course, with rather a foreign accent. I proved this to my own satisfaction upon two or three occasions, when it was dark and no one knew where the voice came from ; but I always found by the answers I received, that what I had said was understood. Nevertheless, I kept all this a secret. I was, by this time, made a show of by

myself, and separated from all the other animals in one large corner, which was parted off by a green curtain in front, where an additional price was paid. I did not know what in the world they might do with me, if they found they possessed a Bear who could talk! I often longed for my liberty. I was sadly tired of this kind of crowding and staring life, and pined after the noble solitudes of my native woods. But there seemed no hope of escape.

“In the ninth year of my captivity, and I may add, of my private studies, I was sent round the country in a caravan, with three keepers, who made a great deal of money by me, at the various Fairs and Markets. I was called in the placards outside, “The Intellectual Prodigy!” There was also in the caravan one other captive, and this was a large Serpent. I made several friendly overtures towards this Serpent,—but he never noticed me. He was usually asleep in a long wooden box, rolled up in a heap of blankets. When he was awake, his eyes were generally half shut, and he seemed in a sort of stupid trance, so that we formed no acquaintance. I longed more than ever for my liberty.

One night—it was a hot night in June—after a long journey, and a very successful day’s show at

the Fair of Bonn, our keepers all went away to supper, each of us being fastened up as usual, and the window shutters and door closed. Towards midnight, and while everything was silent and dark, I heard the Serpent's box crack! Then all again was silent. The caravan was dreadfully hot—not a breath of fresh air could come in. It was shameful to leave us in such a state. For my part, I felt my fur coat dripping with the heat; so I thought it was this which had made the box crack. Presently it cracked again; and then slowly cracked once more, as if the Serpent was stretching himself inside. And all again was silent. But I soon found that the Serpent was out, and softly gliding about the bottom of the caravan! He had evidently burst his box, and there was something in his mind. I remained perfectly quiet, not knowing what he was about, and not wishing to meddle. He went inquiring in his silent way round and round the caravan, lifting his head up, first on one side, then on the other, with a dry scraping sound, but all very softly. His head now moved up to the lock of the door—then down to the crack underneath it—then again to the lock. Presently, his head went slowly gliding up to one of the windows, and moved all over the inside shutter. It had not been

properly locked, and it opened a little way. Upon this, the Serpent raised himself upwards by his mouth, opening the shutter gradually as he rose, till he had coiled about half his body up against the window-frame, and then with a slow pressure he burst it open. The next moment he dropped silently through the aperture,—and was gone!

“In an instant the thought of liberty, and the prospect of it, flashed upon my mind! I grasped the wooden bars of my cell with both arms, and crushed three of them together—I jumped down upon the floor of the caravan, and scrambled up to the window—it was too small to let my body through—but I tore away the frame-work and a plank or two besides—and out I got, and leaped down upon fresh cool grass, in the fresh cool night air!—oh, what delight after that steaming hot caravan!—I looked round for the Serpent, thinking that as we had been fellow prisoners, we ought to keep company in our escape—but there were no signs of him—so I ran off as fast as I could. A few stars were shining—luckily there was no moon.”

CHAPTER IX.



“ Our caravan had fortunately been fixed outside the town, so that I had no gates to pass through. The caravan had stood on the grass between two trees on the avenue leading to the village and castle of Popplesdorf, directly in front of the house of Mr. Doctor Wissbegierde, Professor of Impossible Science in the University of Bonn, who had taken a great fancy to me. Oh, if the good man had but known that I could speak German! Well, I scampered away, dodging between the trees of the avenue, just as if I had been pursued, though not a soul was to be seen at that hour, and passed to the left of the moat of the Castle, and cut across the fields till I got among the vineyards of Casenisch. It was so dark that I ran at a venture, and only found out in after years, the route I had taken on

that eventful night. I knew I could not hide safely here, so I went scrambling on through garden, and orchard, and wood, till I came into the high road to Coblenz, which I crossed, and again plunged into vineyards till I came suddenly upon the Rhine. I swam across without a moment's hesitation, and landed a little above Königswinter. I again lost myself in the vineyards, but I did the best I could to avoid both the village and the pathways to the Drachenfels, because, though it could not have been more than two o'clock in the morning, I still feared I might meet some party of English travellers, with donkeys and torches, going up the road to see the sun rise, for I had heard it said there was no knowing what the English people would *not* do when they were on the continent.

“I now made my way upward towards the furthest mountains. I was not satisfied with the size of the trees for some time. I knew there would be a prodigious search after me. At last I came to a forest, where the trees were very large, and had abundance of boughs and foliage. It was also the loftiest of the mountains. Up one of these trees I slowly climbed, being careful not to scrape or leave any marks upon the bark of the tree. Choosing a snug place where several large boughs crossed

each other, I bent some of the smaller ones round about, so that I was effectually hidden from all eyes below.

“ The next morning, as I was sure would be the case, I heard all sorts of noises of hunters and dogs, all over the country. Several parties passed directly beneath the tree where I was seated. I heard one of the dogs give *such* a sniff! Oh! how closely I hugged the trunk of the tree, with my nose pointing straight up the stem, and not once venturing to look down! I felt myself praying with all my heart not to be seen. This search continued for several days round about me. I never descended, and I had nothing to eat; but once it rained in the night, and I drank the water off the leaves, taking whole bunches into my mouth at a time, and this quite refreshed me. You know, my young friends, that some creatures are able to live a long time without food.

“ Nobody ever found me out—except that one morning, an old Crow with a bright black eye, came and peeped in at me,—but directly he saw who it was, he flew away, crying out ‘ *lauck ! lauck !* ’

“ At length the search after me was continued in other parts of the country, and one night I came down to stretch my legs, and sniff about a bit, and see what the world was made of — ahem !

“ I had not walked far before I came to a spot where the hunters had paused to rest and refresh themselves, and here I found two things which had been dropped by some accident—namely, a purse with some money in it, and a very large pork pie ! The purse I placed in a thicket under a stone, but I had an immediate need of the pie ; half of which I was obliged to eat that night, I was so very hungry. The remainder I carried with me up the tree, and made it last five days.

“ Though I never relaxed in my vigilance or forgot my caution, the fear I had at first had of being discovered and re-captured was very much diminished, so that my mind was free to pursue its own course of self-improvement. I continued my studies in speaking German, and with great assiduity, repeating all the sentences I knew, and every word I could recollect, and so often, in order to master the pronunciation, that sometimes when I ceased, I had a pain in my lower jaw that lasted for half an hour. However, I continually persevered, and thought no pains too great which might enable me some day to associate—for such was the high ambition that had dawned upon me—with the races of mankind. It was an ambition which often made me tremble, because I naturally regarded the man species as

possessing miraculous senses and unparalleled wisdom. But I was bent upon making the attempt very shortly. I had now practised speaking a human language nearly twelve years. I spoke very badly I knew; still I had sometimes found what I said in the dark when I was in the menagerie, had been intelligible, and I was full of hope. How, and in what manner, to make my first appearance among mankind, was at present quite a puzzle to me. One preparation as to personal appearance was also imperative. I grieved at it—I resented the prejudice which rendered it necessary—yet I knew I must submit. Excuse my agitation, dear Mr. Doctor and Mrs. Doctress Littlepump—I hardly know how to proceed with this part of my tale—narrative, I should have said.”

The Bear paused, evidently overcome by his feelings. Dr. Littlepump rose, and said—“Let me entreat of you to compose yourself, Sir. Would you like a glass of water?” Mr. Bear shook his head. “Or of wine?” said Mrs. Littlepump. “Or a cup of coffee, Sir?” said Gretchen. “Or a mug of beer?” said Wallis. “Nothing, I thank you all,” said the Bear, “I am better now, and will continue.” The Bear accordingly did continue, but they were all surprised to hear him assume rather a pompous tone.

“In the early morning of the world, and the infancy of nature and animal life,” proceeded the Bear, raising his head, and swelling out his chest, “everything was new and wonderful, beyond all doubt; but not more new and wonderful, than useful, and absolutely necessary, to carry out the future business of creation. Who can deny the high origin of tails? The first animal, who had any pretensions to an active and well proportioned form, *must* have had a tail. Of its great importance it would occupy too much time at present to speak, besides that the majority of the company are young, and cannot have read and thought deeply enough, to enter into the merits of this most ancient appendage. But even in these modern times, how much of utility and ornament it possesses must be perceptible to everybody, whether they contemplate the lion, the dog, the eagle, the swallow, the monkey, the squirrel, the fish. Running, leaping, flying, swimming, are all under unspeakable obligations to the tail. We see plainly that the skill, activity, and grace, of the serpent species, is attributable to the fact of their being nearly *all* tail. Then, what a tail the beaver has—and who more skilful than he? I will stop—I must not venture to dwell upon this subject, or I should talk the

whole night, and still not have half done. You see I have no tail. I perceived that, as mankind had none themselves in these modern days, whatever they might have had in the early ages of the world, there was now a prejudice against them. I saw no alternative. Since I had made up my mind to go among mankind, it was absolutely requisite that I should conform to most of their customs. To do anything important always requires some sacrifice of private feelings. In short, I found a sharp flint stone, and cut my tail off below the first joint. It did not bleed so much as I expected, and I was quite well and charming in about a fortnight.

“You must be curious, I think, to hear how I made my first appearance among the circles of mankind, and I will hasten to tell you. Most fortunately I had a little money, the value of which I pretty well knew, and with this I cautiously made my way across the country, and into the town one dark evening of a market-day. After lurking close to a quantity of old clothes that were hanging on a line for sale, I watched my opportunity, and creeping behind with half the contents of the purse in my hand, I suddenly threw it over the clothes line upon the heads of the Jewish salesmen, saying, “Count it!” But while they were

picking it up in surprise, I made a good grasp at a large cloak and hat, and away I scrambled as fast as I could, leaving the Jews in the full impression that it was some madman who had plenty of money. By means somewhat similar, I also possessed myself of a large pair of wooden shoes, a pair of cow-skin gloves, a piece of gingerbread, and a sheet of white paper. With these materials, I set off on my journey, but travelling chiefly by night. I reached my destination one evening, and made my first appearance as a Quack Doctor, at the great Fair of Leipzig.

“I chose a dark corner on the outskirts of the Fair—spread my sheet of white paper upon the ground, containing about a score of gingerbread pills, and with a beating heart, and every limb of me shaking with apprehension, I addressed the human race on the subject of pills. I had heard it was a vulnerable point. I really do not know what I said—for the fact is, I was so alarmed at speaking to an assemblage of the beings of miraculous senses and unparalleled wisdom, that even at the time I did not well know what I was saying. However, the moment I began to speak, a number of persons came round me, and laughed loudly. I thought I was found out, and stopped. ‘Go on, Doctor!—go on Quacksalver!’ cried they.

So I went on. A crowd soon collected, all of whom laughed immoderately, saying, ‘What a voice!—look at his nose!—did you ever hear such language!—what a figure!’ They bought all my pills in a very short time, and I was only able to make my escape by telling them that I must go to my lodgings for some more. I ran to a short distance, and as soon as I found myself alone, I danced with delight. I sat down under a hedge, and taking out a slice of gingerbread, began to make some more pills, but I was so very overjoyed at my success, that I could not roll them, and lost the pieces. I was obliged to wait till the next evening before I returned to the Fair.

“Oh, how shall I describe the joy and exultation I felt at the increased success of my experiment upon the wise and generous human race! I was obliged to double the price of my pills in order to prevent them from going so fast. Everything I said produced immense laughter, even when I myself knew that I had said no witty or sensible thing at all, while any ordinary reply I made was received with shouts of applause. For instance, I heard a tall Prussian corporal who was listening to my speech about my pills being a certain preservative against hunger, if you took enough of them

—which, you know, was very true, because they were all made of gingerbread—this corporal I heard say to a friend, ‘How well the dog does it!’—meaning me. ‘Sir,’ said I, ‘give me leave to tell you, with all submission, that there is no dog living who can speak as well as I do.’ At this, all the crowd roared again with laughter, though I could see nothing in it, except the truth. Gradually, however, I began to perceive that they all thought my strange voice, dialect, face, figure, and general behaviour, were assumed, and that I was acting a part;—in fact, that I could speak and appear very differently if I liked. I did not altogether feel pleased at this discovery; nevertheless, I was obliged to take what came, and make the best of it. I therefore spoke as well as I could, and when I made some shocking blunder, I suffered it to be supposed that I knew better, and thus endeavoured to humour the eccentric wisdom of the human race.

“I now took my position in society; had lodgings in a house, and slept in a bed! I shall never forget the first night I slept in a bed. How I stood looking at the snow-white luxury!—and walked round it softly, holding my breath,—and touched it so gently, and considered my own humble origin, till I shed tears of joy to think how I had

risen in the world. But I did muster courage at last, and actually got in between the sheets!

“I visited other large Fairs and with increased success, so that in the course of a year or two I had gained a great sum of money. But in doing this several curious little circumstances both puzzled and amused me. I found by experience, that as my pills became famous for their many virtues, it also became requisite to dip them in a little juice of some very bitter berry or herb, because people seemed to think that there could be no virtue in a thing unless it was made rather disagreeable. I therefore bowed with deference to the wishes of the lords and ladies of creation, and presented them with bitter pills accordingly. I continued to make money at a great rate.

“I soon became famous at all the great Fairs, where by some I was called the Whimsical Doctor, on account of my odd dress, face, and voice, all of which they regarded as assumed. Several wealthy frequenters of the Fairs offered to go partners with me, and at last I consented. My partner was a very clever Jew named Tobias, a jeweller. He sold all his jewels, or rather, he turned all his jewels into gingerbread, and we made waggon-loads of pills. In the course of the manufacture, however,

Tobias talked to me in a style, which caused me to feel for the first time, that this method of dealing with the human race was not honourable; that, in fact, the human race was really not in all respects so wise as I had imagined, and that nobody ought to cheat them. The more my partner talked and rejoiced over our successes, the more I felt we were rogues; so one morning I told him, that I wished to dissolve our partnership. ‘Ah!’ said he, ‘then as you leave me, of course you will leave with me all the stock in trade, and all the money too.’ ‘No,’ said I, ‘not all the money. Take all the pills, and welcome; but give me back half the money.’ He refused; we had a few words, when suddenly he turned sharp upon me and said,—‘You shall have nothing. If you persist I will betray you. I have found out what you are. You are not a man—but a bear!’

“I was thunderstruck! I fell back into my infant years, as if I had fallen over a precipice! I felt I was a bear! But the next moment I seized Tobias in my arms, and lifted him up in the air, saying in a loud voice.—‘Wicked fellow!—naughty Jew!—what shall I do to you?’ At this moment, however, I recollected my mother’s words. I set him down upon the ground, where he

stood quite breathless with fright, and as pale as ashes; and I said to him with solemnity—‘Ungrateful man—also dishonest, and of a poor spirit,—take my money, and go thy ways in peace.’ I was thoroughly ashamed of him; and as soon as I was alone, I cried bitterly to think I should have been used so unkindly by the first man with whom I associated.

“I had lost all my money, and had now to begin afresh. I did not much mind this. It seemed such a very easy thing to make money. What sums had been made by shewing me, when I was a captive. By what nonsense and gingerbread I had once made my fortune! How much easier then, thought I, will it be, to make money by a little good sense and something wholesome. Reasoning in this manner, I retreated to a small town by way of commencing, and began to sell Seltzer Water.

“My previous reputation as a Wonderful Doctor, brought a crowd for the first few days; but when they found I only said that the Water was very wholesome, and would do them good, and that I did not say it would cure every possible complaint, and broken bones, like the wonderful gingerbread, they gradually ceased to buy of me, and soon took to calling me a rascal of a Quack, who dressed himself in a fur coat and a false nose in order to cheat people.

After this, the boys began to follow me, and shout, and throw stones, till I was driven out of the place.

“Not knowing what to do, and certainly not knowing what to think, I wandered about the country, sitting under hedges and puzzling my brains to understand what sort of thing human reason was. I never could make it out. However, I forgave the people of this town, because I knew that I was an impostor,—though an innocent impostor, since I could not *help* wearing a fur coat and a long nose.

“One day, while I was seated in a thoughtful mood under a chestnut tree, eating a turnip, who should pass by but my former partner, Tobias, all in rags, and looking very ill. Suddenly he saw me—uttered a cry of terror, and fell down in a fit. I went to him and placed the cool wet leaves of my turnip across his temples, which seemed to revive him and do him good, and when he saw that I had no intention to hurt him, he asked me to carry him to the nearest peasant’s cottage. I did so, and was going away, when he called me back, and said,—‘I behaved very ill to you; but I was punished. When you left me nobody would buy the pills—the people called loudly for the Wonderful Doctor with the fur coat and the large nose, who talked so

oddly—and as you were not to be found, they said I was a rascal of a Quack and an impostor, and drove me out of the town. I was quite ruined. They seized all our pills and flung them about, and the boys pelted each other with pill-boxes in the streets, for at least three hours. The very same wonderful pills the world had just before been running after.

“ In a few months after this, Tobias had a fortune in jewels left him by a relation. He sent for me—begged my pardon for his previous behaviour—set me up in business as a merchant, and took great pains to instruct me. In the winter, I dealt in pickles and preserves; and in summer, I carried on a wholesale trade in silks and velvets. He wanted me to sell furs also, but I declined that. These occupations I have followed ever since—in fact, during the last fifteen years—with great industry and good success. Meantime, however, at all leisure hours, I have endeavoured to improve my mind by various studies, and among others, I even contrived to make some progress in mathematics.”

As Mr. Bear said this, his eyes twinkled, so that all the children thought directly of dear Uncle Abraham, the mathematician, and were so sorry he was not present to hear about these studies.

“I should now,” continued the stout gentleman, “consider myself very happy, but for one circumstance. I confess I do not like to mention it, because I fear either that it will cause you all to laugh at me, or else that it will make you as melancholy as myself.”

Mr. Bear here paused, sighed, and looked down upon the floor. Mrs. Littlepump rose from her chair, and said,—“Oh, my dear Sir, you must not do us the injustice to think any of us would laugh at anything that makes you sad: we should far rather prefer to share your melancholy.”

“My love!” said Dr. Littlepump in an undertone to his wife,—“we must be moderate.”

By this time all the children had sorrowful faces, and Gretchen looked quite pale.

“Thus encouraged,” said the melancholy stout gentleman, “I will endeavour to proceed;—

“But how can this small heart contain
So large a world of joy and pain;
And how can this small tongue declare
All that is felt so deeply there!

Alas, poor Bear!—alas, poor Bear!”

CHAPTER X.

“ You will all readily understand, that to have raised myself by my own exertions so much above the rest of my species, I must have had a nature susceptible of many thoughts and feelings ; and that the peculiar tenderness instilled by my mother, had grown with my growth, and rendered me open to all the softer emotions.”

Mr. Bear here paused and gave a deep sigh. Several of the younger children sighed too, and Nancy and little Val. laid hold of each other's hands, and sat waiting to hear the cause of poor Mr. Bear's sadness. Gretchen fixed her eyes upon the floor.

“ I was not aware for some time,” proceeded the sorrowful gentleman in the rough coat, “ of what kind of emotions had begun to possess me. I felt I was alone in the world—I had long felt that—but

I had so much to do—so much to learn and struggle with and work at, and so much travelling about, and business to attend to, that I did not feel this being alone as any great grief. In fact, I had not time to think of grieving at it; and besides, as I had been successful in the various difficult things I had attempted, and had for a long time been very fortunate in all my affairs of business, I was in the habit of regarding myself as a happy person. Certainly I had many reasons to be very happy. And I *was* happy, until I began to think that others were more so, and then I saw it was because others who were happy could share it with those they loved, and also give happiness to the dear object. But I was alone in the world. I had nobody to love—I could have no dear object. Nobody would ever love me—except another bear, and that, you know, was out of the question with one in my advanced state of refinement. What was I to do? I could have loved a dear object—a great many, I am sure—I was going to say—I beg pardon—I do not quite well know *what* I say at this agitating moment. But—let me endeavour to communicate to you, that I felt it impossible to live all my life without some tender acquaintance with the little God of Love, and as I was by this

time long passed the season of youth, I was resolved to let my heart be lost with the first object that should present herself to my ardent fancy.

“ But, strange to relate, no sooner had I made up my mind to fall in love with the first amiable and lovely person I saw, than I ceased to meet with any such as I frequently used to see before. So I began to think the wish had left me, and I determined to study something very difficult in order to occupy my mind, and perhaps cure myself of these lovely fancies. I accordingly resolved to take a course of studies under the instruction of Mr. Professor Abraham Littlepump, and with that view I first came to this village. I arrived in the evening as you know, but did not intend to have made my visit till next morning—had I not been attracted by the loud merriment of our young friends here. It has always happened that Mr. Professor Abraham Littlepump has been absent when I have paid you a visit; but this does not concern me in regard to the mathematics. I have seen *some one* here—in this room—who has put all the mathematics clean out of my head. And now comes the sorrowful end of my story.”

As Mr. Bear uttered these words, everybody began to look all round the room, and then at each

other—and then all round the room again. “Who *can* poor Mr. Good-natured Bear mean?” said Nancy in a whisper to one of the eldest of the boys. “Gretchen, dear!” said little Val., “your ears are as red as my scarlet-runners. Mr. Bear means Mamma.”

“Silence!” said Dr. Littlepump.

“Pity an unfortunate creature,” resumed the pathetic stout gentleman, “pity an unfortunate lover who has no hope. But permit him with patience—perhaps with some degree of kind commiseration—to express a small portion of his feelings. I have at length seen the object of my devout wishes. Yes, in this very room—forgive me, my dear little friends, and you, dear Mr. Doctor and Mrs. Doctress Pump—allow me to declare—Littlepump, I *should* have said—allow me to declare that in this house—in this very room—have I seen just exactly what I have been speaking of. You understand me.

“Oh, Sir!” proceeded the excited stout one, now giving way to his feelings, “oh, that I could have had the honour and happiness of being your brother Abraham! I would have devoted my mind to far more beautiful contemplations. He, insensible man, seated in his arm chair ruminating upon mathema-

tical problems, knew not, as it seemed, of the charming object that was continually before him—sometimes singing to the children, sometimes teaching them to read, and to dance—sometimes working with her delightful needle. Oh, let me change places with him—the cold, insensible, stick of slate pencil. To him let the North Pole be “given” to find the difference between a Bear of Poland, and a Polar Bear, and let him prove the answer by astronomical decimals and infinite fractions of the terrestrial and celestial globes. No,—my little dears—I have not gone mad—I know what I am saying—or rather, I do *not* very well know what I am saying.”

Poor Mr. Bear here began to cry, and several of the children cried too; but he went blubbering on with his strange speech all the same.

“Let Mr. Professor Uncle Abraham stay where he is, with his problems and dumps, and let me be allowed to remain in his place and sit in his chair, so that I may enjoy the happy society of the sweet-voiced Gretchen, nursery-governess in the amiable family of Dear Mr. Doctor Littlepump, Chief Counsellor to the Austrian Agency for the Tommy Mines of Seringapatam.”

As he concluded the last sentence the unhappy gentleman sank back almost fainting in his chair,

and Gretchen covered her face entirely with both hands.

“I stand amazed at human nature!” said Dr. Littlepump, fetching a long breath—“Human nature is not only amazing in itself, but the very shadows and imitations of it, are amazing to a reflecting mind.”

“Call me not a shadow, and an imitation, most respected Counsellor of Tommy Mines,” exclaimed the stout gentleman, “I am an original thing. I only dare to speak of my affection for this sweet creature. I know I am too old for her—too ugly—besides being a bear. I know I have no hope; but what can I do—how can I help this beating heart? What is to become of me?”

By this time, all the children had tears in their eyes. Nancy and little Val., however, got close to Gretchen, holding her fast on each side, for fear that, perhaps, poor Mr. Bear might want to carry her away. Everybody was silent.

At last, Nancy ventured to say in a trembling voice, “Perhaps, dear Mr. Bear, you might find somebody else?”

“Not Mamma, though!” cried little Val., with a look of alarm.

“Valentine!” said Dr. Littlepump, “be silent, I beg of you. You *see* Mrs. Littlepump!”

“Oh, that I had eloquence!” exclaimed the despairing lover,—“that the best words would come of themselves in the best places, while other best words were getting themselves ready to be poured out!—then should I be able to touch the human heart. Oh, that I knew how to say something very affecting—something of that kind of foundation-searching character which there should be no standing against, or reasoning with! Then might I see a glimpse of a chance; but as it is, all my hopes are vanity—are without substance—are, in fact, nothing at all. I must leave this busy scene, and retire into obscurity. I will again visit the haunts of my childhood, and stay there. Oh, my native woods!—ye silent nights—ye small bright stars, playing bo-peep through boughs into hollow caves—I will go back among you, and in the cool green grass where my mother died, there also will I lay my head. Farewell!—farewell!”

Uttering these words, the despairing stout gentleman rose to depart. All the children were by this time crying, and wanting to say something,—they did not know what.

“But can *nothing* be done for you, Sir?” said Mrs. Littlepump, in a soft voice.

“My dear Gretchen,” interrupted Dr. Littlepump, “you hear what Mrs. Littlepump asks. It is for *you* to make some kind of answer. Be careful what you say. I wish my brother Abraham was here!”

“I can never love the gentleman in the rough coat,” said Gretchen, still holding one hand before her face. “I do not mind his being so much older than myself, nor do I think him so very very ugly—only he is a Bear!”

“I am a devoted Lover!” ejaculated the stout unfortunate, with enthusiasm, “and I will be anything else I can, that the dear object may command.”

“I have had a dream!”—said Gretchen, timidly looking up, and hesitating. “I have had a dream!”

“So have I!” said Dr. Littlepump, sternly. “Come, come—I begin to feel uncomfortable.”

“Do not feel so!” exclaimed Mr. Bear, clasping his paws together—“do not feel uncomfortable, most magnanimous Counsellor of Thomas Mines—do not, I implore—‘Tommy,’ I *should* have said.”

“Make haste!” continued the Doctor, fixing his looks upon Gretchen; “make haste, young hazel-eyed thing, and let us hear your dream.”

“I dreamed,” said Gretchen, trembling, “that

Mr. Bear must go into that closet, and be locked in. Then, all the children were to form a magic circle in the middle of the room, and move slowly round, hand in hand, nine times, saying,—

“ Oh, Mr. Bear!

Shake off your hair!

Remember your mother’s words—never despair!”

“ After this, a glass of punch and a slice of cake were to be placed ready for each to take the moment the door was opened, and they saw that the charm was complete. I dreamt this would cause Mr. Bear to change to the likeness of somebody you are all very fond of. And then——”

“ And then?” said Dr. Littlepump, “ what then? I repeat, I am beginning to feel very uncomfortable. I smell something!—I smell a plot! I must have a serious talk with my brother Abraham this very evening.”

“ Oh, we shall soon see what the dream will do,” said Mrs. Littlepump. “ Mr. Bear, you have heard all this? Will you run all risks of what may happen, and go into the closet?”

“ I will do anything, dear Lady Pumplittle!” exclaimed Mr. Bear. “ I will run any risk—I will run anywhere!”—saying which, he ran to—

wards the closet, headforemost, so that he knocked his crown bump against one of the pannels.

The door was opened—the children all peeped in, and looked round cautiously to see if anybody was there—but it was quite empty, excepting some china, and pickle jars, and a high shelf, where there was a box for dahlia roots. Mr. Bear stepped in, and immediately went down upon his knees, to wait for what might happen to him.

“All in the dark!” said little Val., “and door locked!”

The children now formed a circle in the middle of the room, and while Gretchen was pouring out glasses of punch, and Lydia and Dorothea were cutting slices of cake, and Wallis was cleaning his spectacles, and Dr. and Mrs. Littlepump were standing silently holding each other by both hands—the children turned in a circle nine times, repeating the words of the charm:—

“Oh, Mr. Bear!

Shake off your hair!

Remember your mother’s words—never despair!”

When they had finished, Mrs. Littlepump unlocked the closet door. Everybody was so silent. Mrs. Littlepump now told Gretchen to go and tap at the door. She did so. And then the door

slowly began to open. It stopped opening, and a voice inside said, "You must take my hand, or I cannot come out." And then a well-formed hand was put forth, which Gretchen, with a face all scarlet with blushes gently took; and then—who should come out of the closet but dear Uncle Abraham!

The children all gave a great shout! The next moment they all ran to him, still shouting, some taking his hand, others pulling at his legs, others running round him, and looking up and down him; and then they all ran right into the closet, scrambling, and squeaking, and searching all about, but finding nothing!

"I was not altogether prepared for this," said Dr. Littlepump.

"Oh," said Mrs. Littlepump, "it is not the first time in the world, that a grave man fell in love with a merry girl."

"But it certainly is the first time," said Dr. Littlepump, "that a bear, however good-natured, was so lucky as to get a pretty girl for his wife, however merry she might be. But my mind is confused, upon several points. And the more I reflect, the more my head goes round. Brother! I always used to consider you a strong-minded man—but now——"

“You will dance at my wedding!” said Abraham Littlepump.

“I will,” said Dr. Littlepump. “God bless you, brother Abraham. At the same time, I must beg leave to observe, that a man of mature years, of great understanding, and a Professor of Mathematics, should not have fallen in love with my nursery governess. Bless my soul! Good-natured Bear, indeed! I do not mean to say anything at all unkind—but I *do* say, bless my soul!”

“My good brother,” said Abraham Littlepump, “this love of mine is not a more wonderful thing, than it is to see a learned Counsellor of Tommy Mines playing the flute in the attitude of an opera-dancer, who has just made a fine twirl-about. Bless my soul!”

Dr. Littlepump instantly caught up his flute, and placed himself in his favorite attitude, in order to show that it was *not* like an opera-dancer. But it really was more like than ever.

At this, the children all set up a long hearty laugh; and when they were quite done, Dr. Littlepump laughed himself—at which they all begun again. Then the children, still laughing, formed a circle, hand in hand, round Dr. and Mrs. Littlepump, and Abraham Littlepump and Gretchen,

and danced round and round them. And they sang the following verse which the Doctor accompanied on his flute.—

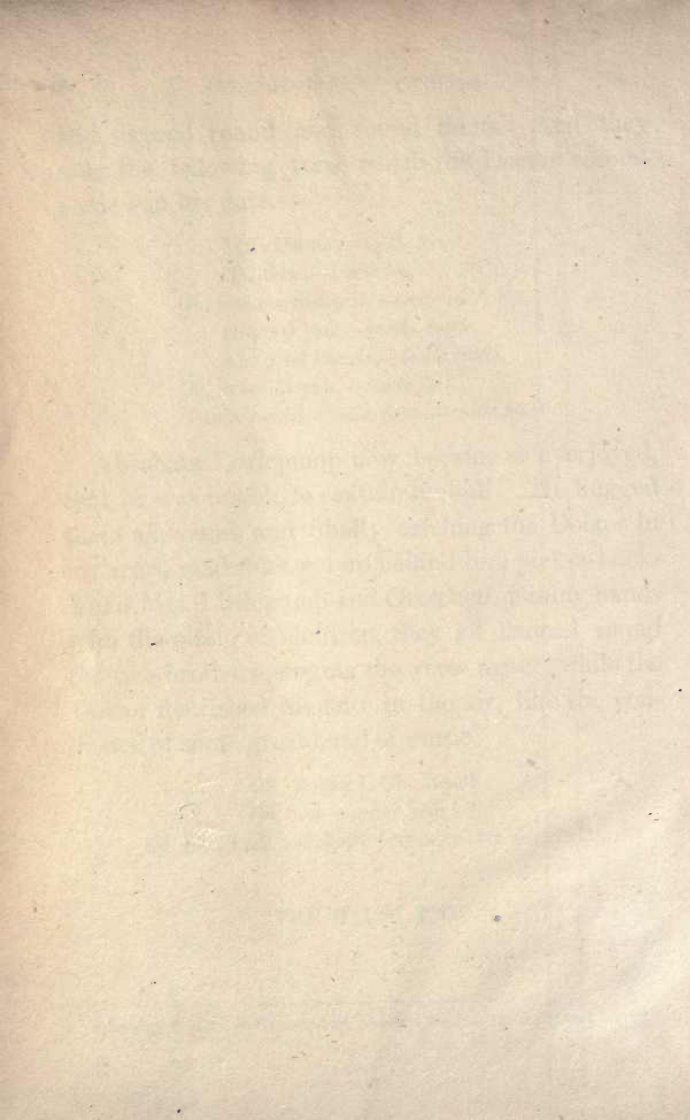
“ Oh, Doctor,—*tootle too*,
 Oh, Bear,—*lootle loo*,
 Oh, new-married pair,—*tootle tee!*
 Of good luck,—*tootle, tootle*,
 And good friends,—*lootle lootle*,
 Oh, never despair,—*footle fee!*
Tootle, tootle,—lootle, footle—tootle tee!”

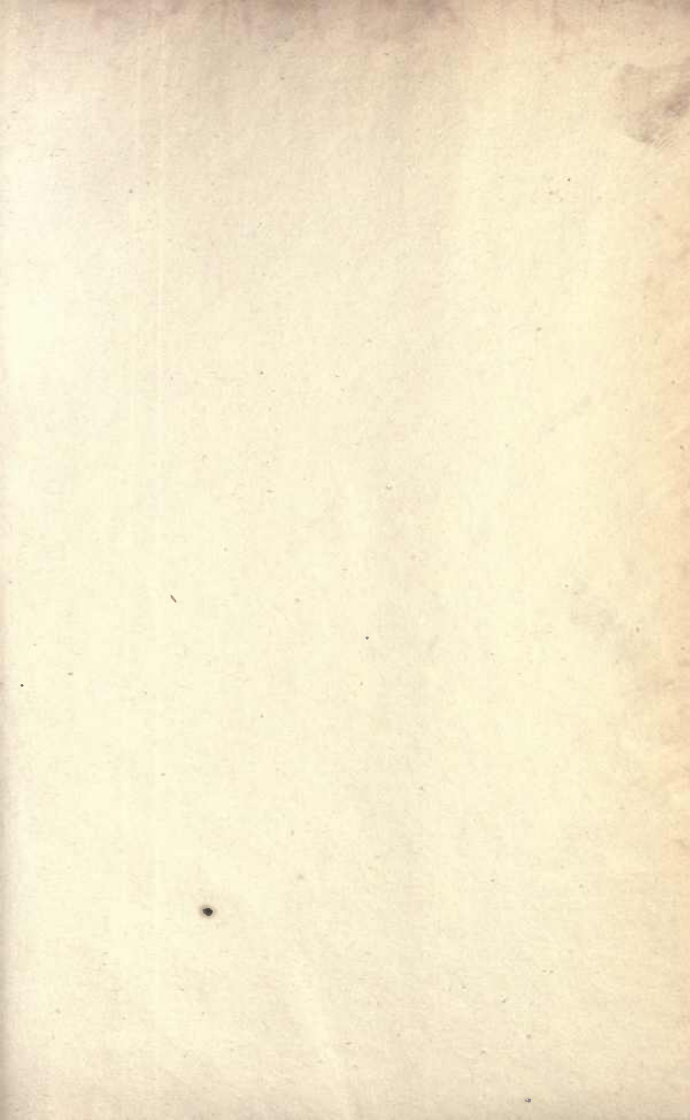
Abraham Littlepump now became so overjoyed, that he was unable to contain himself. He hugged them all round, and finally catching the Doctor in his arms, made him get up behind him pick-a-back. Then Mrs. Littlepump and Gretchen, joining hands with the circle of children, they all danced round the two brothers, singing the verse again, while the Doctor flourished his flute in the air, like the conductor of some great band of music.

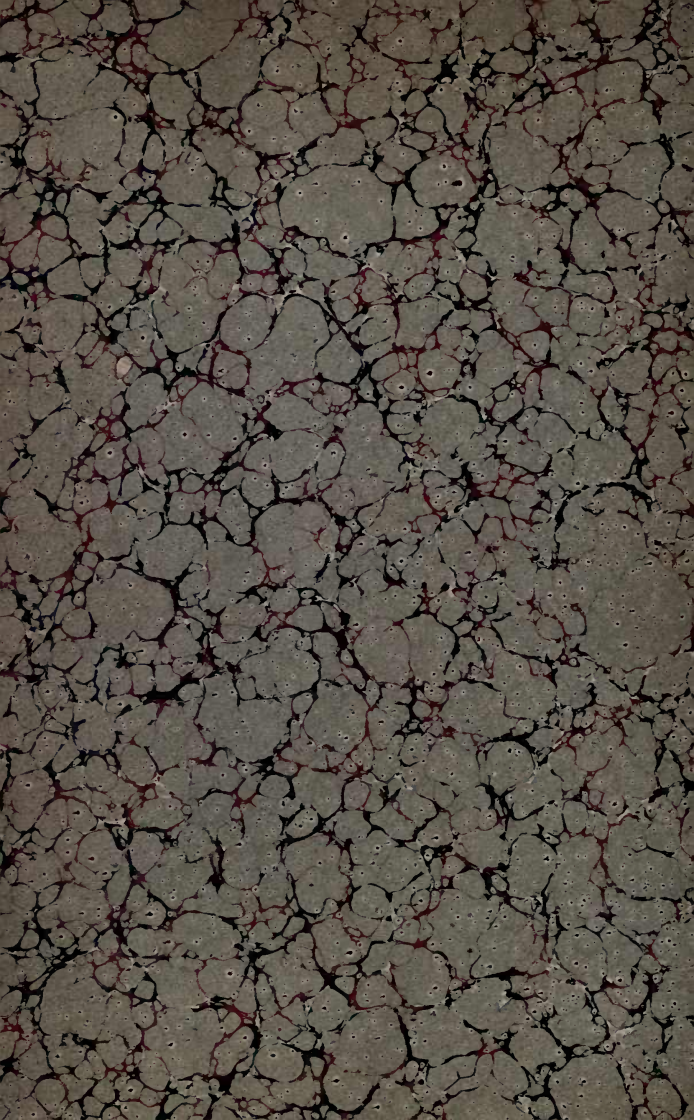
“ Oh, Doctor! Oh, Bear!
 Oh, new-married pair!
 Of good luck and good friends, never despair!”

THE HAPPY END.









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