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GOLDEN HAIR

AND HER

KNIGHT OF THE BEANSTALK

IN THE ENCHANTED FOREST.

BY
N. G. Clarke
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CAMBRIDGE:
H. E. LOMBARD, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,
636 MAIN STREET.
1887.

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GOLDEN HAIR

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ARGUMENT.

Golden Hair, familiarly known to children as the little girl, who, when losing her way in a forest wandered into the house of a family of bears, is the heroine of this drama. The forest is represented as enchanted. Bruin, the young bear, in attempting the rescue of the little beauty from the fury of the parent bears, alarms her to such a degree, (she thinking him the while seeking her life,) that she frantically runs from him, and in stepping upon a log in her flight, is precipitated into an immense cave, where she meets Mother Serena who protects her, and where she also receives instruction until she is competent to leave, and seek her fortune and her way out of the forest.

At the age of seventeen she leaves the cave and meets Bruin, whom she discovers to be a young English lord, and her own brother, and who, during her stay in the cave, had met the spectral bear, from whom he learned the history of himself and Golden Hair. They were the veritable "babes of the wood," whom the cruel uncle had left there to die, but, being found there by a couple of bears who were yet in mourning for a lovely young cub, the boy was taken by them to their home and called Bruin. He had also obtained from the spectral bear the silken, white fur cloak, in which disguise Golden Hair is to escape from the forest. Bruin also awaits the disenchantment of a lovely maiden he has long loved; but who is doomed for a season to wear the semblance of a silver raven.

Jack, the Giant Killer, or Knight of the Beanstalk, also roams the forest, transformed by an ogre friend of the dead Giant, to the form of a huge bear, which semblance he is doomed to bear until the maiden he loves shall remove with her own fingers the hideous cloak. Golden Hair whom this enchanted knight devotedly loves, with the combined influence of her brother, and her good fairy and companions from the cave (these last invisible, except in cases of emergency) at length summons the courage to loosen the magic fastenings and discovers her true knight. Her brother at the same time is disenchanting and claims his lovely Silver Raven, now a beautiful lady in grace and stature.

They all join Red Riding Hood and Blue Tasseled Cap in Spain.

TABLEAU.—Interior of a Spanish castle and the marriage ceremony of Blue Tasseled Cap and Red Riding Hood, of the young English lord and his Silver Raven, and of Jack the Giant Killer, Knight of the Beanstalk and his golden haired beauty.

Following the tableau is the song of lamentation of Mr. and Mrs. Bear.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I—SCENE 1. Three tin pans of milk on cupboard shelf, three plates, knives and forks, platter of cold sliced meat with bread, necklace of pearls with charm of lamb.

SCENE 3. Tray of china, three white table covers, a candle lighted.

ACT II—SCENE 1. Lighted candle, pot for boiling potatoes, a few potatoes raw, three plates, knives and forks, a nice, large piece of uncooked meat.

SCENE 2. A half dozen books, blocks sufficient in number to make four figures, a few fractional blocks.

ACT III—SCENE 1. Long, white fur cloak for Golden Hair.

SCENE 2. A long bright colored serpent.

SCENE 3. Glass of water, bucket of water.

CAST OF CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

GOLDEN HAIR. *First dress.* Peasant child, with white apron torn at one corner. *Second dress.* Pink, or light blue cambric. *Third dress.* White muslin robe reaching in length to the floor. Blue sash. *Fourth dress.* White, fine fur cloak over the third dress. *Fifth dress.* Bridal dress of an English lady.

FAIRY INNOCENZA. *First dress.* White and green tarleton spangled. Pearl necklace with charm in form of a lamb. *Second dress.* The same, without the necklace and charm.

MR. BEAR. Masked as a bear; jacket of fur or black cloth; very full trousers, but close fitting just below the knee; black gaiters and wide, low shoes, with or without buckles.

MRS. BEAR. A bear's mask; dress of a peasant; large apron of blue and white checked gingham; very wide black shoes and black stockings.

BRUIN. A bear's mask for a lad of 14 years. *First dress,* similar to that of Mr. Bear. *Second dress,* Act III, Scene 1, that of a young English lord, over which is a very long coat of black fur or bear skin; a long silky white fur cloak, concealed, ready to be handed to Golden Hair at the right moment.

MOTHER SERENA. Plain matronly dress; wide white apron; white Swiss muslin cap and half handkerchief; a fanciful little cap for Golden Hair's thinking cap, in a pocket ready to present to her when needed.

WISDOM, LEARNING AND TRUTH. Costumes described in Act II, Scene 2. Eleven imps, viz: "I-fear-I'm-wrong." "Look-at-me." "Inattention." "Indecision." "Irresolution." "Weariness." "Sweetmeats." "Pickled-limes." "Guess-work." "May-be-right." "He-says-so." Fanciful dresses, and names printed on steeple caps, or on streamers, flying on their canes.

GIANT BEAR. Under-dress, that of a knight; large bear skin coat and a mask for bear of large size.

SILVER RAVEN. *First dress.* Woodland dress of green with a silver colored bodice. *Second dress.* Bridal dress.

RED RIDING HOOD. *First dress.* Usual dress. *Second dress.* Spanish bridal costume.

SCENE IN THE ENCHANTED FOREST.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. Room in the house of the three bears. Three wooden chairs, one being much smaller than the other two. A wooden table. A cupboard with a crack of the door open. At the farther end of the room are chintz curtains which parted show a bed with a white spread. Beyond is a window.

GOLDEN HAIR. (*A golden haired child of ten or twelve years, looking about the room and talking to herself.*)

Ah! me! poor little Golden Hair. How came I to be here?
I wish some one would answer and say, mamma is near.

(*Thoughtfully.*)

Yes!—I was tired waiting for mamma to awake,
And thought that slyly out I'd creep a morning walk to take.
Had I only stopped to think! but I felt so brave and free!
And those naughty birds and squirrels, to the wood they tempted
me.

'Twas four and just three quarters, and now 'tis that past five.
I do believe that I am lost, as sure as I'm alive!
I ought to find the way I'm sure as well as bee or bird;
But they the better seem to know,—they do, upon my word!
I'm very sure that I could cry to help me out a grain;
But as there's none to hear me, I know 'twould be in vain.
Well,—I should thankful be I s'pose that I a house have found
And as I very hungry grow I think I'll look around.
Whatever people may live here I'm sure they eat sometimes.
Their fare though odd I'd share it now, even frogs or pickled
limes.

(*Looks around and spies the cupboard with evident satisfaction.*)

Ah! here's their little cupboard too, no doubt they've some-
thing nice,

With door shut so carefully to keep out rats and mice.
Ha! little did they think poor things, a mouse with but two feet
Was coming here so greedily their dainties all to eat.

(*Opens the door of the cupboard upon a shelf of which are three
pans of milk, two large, and one small.*)

Oh! Isn't this delicious? Three shining pans of milk,
More charming to my hungry eyes than gowns of sky blue silk.
I think I'll try this largest pan, the cream's so white and thick.

(Tastes and makes a wry face.)

My face will ne'er come smooth again, so *sour* it makes me sick.
This other does not look so strong, perhaps it will be sweet.

(Tastes the next large pan and looks more disgusted than before.)

Ugh! bitter! and for dirty taste it does the other beat.
If e'er my lips can come in shape, I'll try the smaller pan,
It can't be worse than was the last. I'll drink some if I can.

(Tastes it cautiously but finding it sweet, drinks the whole stopping only to take breath and smack her lips.)

I never tasted milk so nice. It needs not mush nor bread
I think the cow that gives such milk must be on sweetmeats fed.

(Leaves the cupboard and walks toward the largest armchair.)

But here's a streak of luck for me, to find an old armchair;
Though really, I'm so tired I could sit 'most anywhere.

(Seats herself in the chair but as quickly rises saying,)

Oh dear: a dreadful chair it is! I'm aching now all o'er.
I fear I never can come straight. 'Tis hard as any floor.

(Looks doubtfully at the other large chair.)

This other looks almost as bad, and then it stands so high
If once in that I couldn't get out; but there would have to die.
What horrid people must they be who in these chairs can rest!
They must be made of wax or soap, or in soft wool be dressed.

(Looks at the little rocking chair suspiciously.)

I hardly dare to try this one; but still it may be strong.

(Sits down.)

How very easy 'tis, for I've not rested for so long.

(With a sigh.)

I'm growing very lonely here, why 'tis I don't just see:
I fear there's many a weary mile between my home and me.

(Putting her hand to her throat.)

I'm almost choked with something here, 'tis not a cold or cough,
My voice won't sing, I wish it would, to drive this choking off.
I wonder if in this strange house there may some danger be.
I really think no one would harm a little girl like me.
I heard a wolf once tried to eat the child Red Riding Hood;
But he'd not dare to speak to me; for I am always good;

At least 'most always ; or will be, if ever I get home.
Wolves, flow'rs, nor birds shall e'er tempt me with them the
woods to roam.

But what is that? I really thought that I heard someone speak.
I think it must have been this chair that with my weight did
creak.

(Enter Fairy Innocenza. Looking up she sees the fairy.)

Oh! did you speak, Miss Fairy? I didn't know 'twas you.
I'm very glad to see you though, and pray, how do you do?
Excuse me for not rising ma'am, I am so very tired,
For baskets full of candies choice, I think I couldn't be hired.
Such pretty stories mamma dear has told me oft of you,
The instant that I saw your face, my fairy good I knew.
Is this your house, or have you come with Golden Hair to stay.
Till she can rest, then safely lead her home the shortest way?

FAIRY INNOCENZA.

Sweet little wand'rer, thoughtless one, I'm glad you know me well,
And though 'tis hard, your fairy friend to you the truth must tell.
By your own act you left your home, its shelter and its care.
In depths of woods, by crooked paths you now its dangers dare,
Now think you from its perils out, by me you must be brought,
Without one effort on your part, nor one good lesson taught?
'Tis true dear Golden Hair, I've come to help you in your need,
And if you follow my advice you will be safe indeed.
This house is not my home, sweet child, unless when you are here:
For where you 'bide there is my home, by you I'm ever near.

GOLDEN HAIR.

Oh fairy dear! you love me well. I know that you are kind,
Then why not lead me by the hand till I my home shall find?

FAIRY.

Dear little one, I wish I might; but ought not if I could.
Go, seek the way, I'll teach you how,—Be innocent and good,
There's many a day you'll weary plod on this journey you've
begun,

And many plans, with many webs, be for your capture spun.
But I've a little charm for you, here, lay it on your breast.

'Twill keep you safe from every snare, and bring you peace and
rest.

A little lamb with trusting eye, and Innocence its name,
With faith's own ray it looketh up, in light and storm the same.
Then never let it from you part, whatever may betide,

'Twill help you to your home at last, and ever with you 'bide.
But I must vanish from your sight. Some ills you'll meet to-day.
But don't give up, and courage take, remem'bring all I say.

(Fairy Disappears. Golden Hair pressing her finger to her closed lips with a little surprised look and shrug of the shoulders.)

Dear me! how quick my fairy went; but yet she said she's near.
I think I'll try to b'lieve 'tis so; although she doesn't appear,
My eyes may be too large and dull such dainty dears to see.
I'll look in lambies that so shine they diamonds seem to me.

(Looks into the eyes of the lamb.)

Can this be true; that in these eyes is plain reflected there
My fairy's form that guards me well floats round me in the air?

(In stretching back after looking at her charm her frail chair breaks beneath her and she falls to the floor, and on rising finds it is broken past mending. She presses her teeth over her under lip with a repentant expression, regarding the wreck of the chair for a few moments.)

Dear me! who would have thought it now. That pretty chair
all broked.

I know the folks when they come home with me will be provoked.

(Hangs her head sorrowfully.)

But then, a chair I cannot mend, 'twill do no good to weep;
So I will try to find a bed. Perhaps I need to sleep.

(Opens the chintz curtains.)

Oh here's a bed! Yes, one, two, three. How very nice they are,
With ruffled pillows smooth and white, and fine mosquito bar.

(Lies down; but no sooner does her head touch the pillow than she bounds from the bed rubbing her head.)

Oh dear! I never knew nor heard of such a horrid bed.
I've sprained my wrist and ankle too, and bumped my aching
head.

This other may be just as bad, I'll press my hand around.
'Tis stuffed with thorns and thistles green, instead of straw or
down.

(Goes a little farther into the room.)

Ah! here's a darling little bed, *(lies down upon it)* how nice
and soft it seems!

I'll say my prayers and go to sleep, I know I'll have sweet dreams.

(*Enter three bears; father, mother and Bruin the little bear. Mrs. Bear goes immediately to the cupboard as she sees the door open, and says in a growling voice:*)

Who's dared to touch my pan of milk and slop it on the shelf?

(*Mr. Bear follows her to the cupboard with little bear close at his heels. Mr. Bear in a surly growl.*)

You shouldn't have left the door ajar; so you may blame yourself

For all the mischief you find done. Step aside and let me see

(*Pushes Mrs. B. aside*)

If anything's disturbed *my* pan, or drank *my* milk from *me*.

MRS. BEAR.

A wildcat might drink half of mine, the other half might spill,
You'd never mind though I should starve, if *you* could have your fill.

And then I'd have to scrub the floor. You wouldn't care a mite;
But only growl out ugly names and try to start a fight.

MR. BEAR (*savagely*).

Oh, hush your noise; for something has been dabbling in my pan.

I'll search the house to find the thief, and choke him if I can.

(*Little Bear peeps into the closet and sees that his pan is quite empty, but says nothing, but runs to his mother, and huddling up to her tries to comfort her.*)

LITTLE BEAR (*to his mother*).

Don't mind for father's hungry, ma; so are we all, I guess.

Although my pan is emptied quite, I sha'n't myself distress.

Now sit you down and drink what's left (*gets the pan and places it upon the table*) and give to me a share.

I'll sit right down beside you ma. First, let me get my chair.

(*Goes for his chair and finds it broken. Cries out piteously. Golden Hair awakes at the sound and listens attentively, but is not seen by the bears.*)

LITTLE BEAR.

My little chair is gone to smash. I wouldn't so much mind;

But I might search the woods in vain, another such to find.

Now who did break my little chair? I'd really like to know.

No animal in all the wood would treat poor Bruin so.

(The angry old bears stand beside the little Bruin, and Mrs. Bear says as she wipes her eyes with her apron :)

Don't take on so my darling boy, perhaps that I can buy
Another one sometime as good; so please don't! please don't
cry!

(But Bruin cannot stop in a moment, but laments in screams and growls together for a short time; then smothers his feelings. Meanwhile Mr. Bear stands silently looking on with a savage countenance until his feelings find utterance.)

MR. BEAR.

Vengeance! on him who dared come here. If he has life or
breath
I'll clasp him in these ugly arms, and hug him quite to death.

(Golden Hair at this utters a low exclamation of terror.)

MRS. BEAR.

What's that? I thought I heard a noise. It must the robber
be.

Oh, Mr. Bear wont you go first? you're stronger far than we.
(Mr. Bear, with a condescending air and a much softened manner.)

I know it love, though precious thine, my life's more precious
still;

For what could you and Bruin do if robbers should me kill?

(While the old bears are talking little Bruin peeps into the bedroom and sees the beautiful face white with terror and he hurries back to his parents fearful that they will discover the pretty little culprit. He stands looking at them and apparently listening; but really planning some way for Golden Hair to escape.)

MRS. BEAR.

How very wise good Mr. Bear; but still I can't quite see
If I were killed, how you for me, protection *then* could be.

MR. BEAR.

Oh! you can never understand; such problems for your sex
Are difficult. We can't explain; so don't! you may me vex
By asking questions far too deep; but act your proper part.
Your deeds should not be of the head; but issue from the heart.
So Mrs. Bear you look around, if you had quite as lief,
You search! I'll slay! whither it be, a cat, a hound, or thief.

(Bruin stands between the other bears and Golden Hair and says :)

Oh mamma dear, there is no need in such great haste to be,

You ought to take a little food, 'twill courage give to thee.
 Papa has fasted quite too long. He too should have a bite;
 Or he may never have the strength, a robber fierce to fight.
 You know that robber must feel strong, since ate he all our food.
 We should be served as well as he; indeed papa, we should.

MR. BEAR.

Our little Bruin wisely speaks. I'll take his good advice,
 And if there's some cold rabbit left, I think I'll have a slice.

(Bruin brings from the cupboard a platter of cold meat and places it upon the table.)

MR. BEAR TO MRS. BEAR.

I think, my dear, you should take some, I'm sure 'twill do you
 good;
 You'll be too faint to hunt about, I'd eat much as I could.

(While they are eating Bruin approaches Golden Hair, points to the window, which only terrifies her the more. Fairy Innocenza appears at the window, which is open, and beckons to Golden Hair to jump therefrom. Golden Hair quickly obeys. Mrs. Bear rushes to the window just in season to see her spring to the ground. She runs out at the open door followed by Mr. Bear. Though unseen by the audience they are heard to converse outside.)

MR. BEAR.

How fast she runs that little thief? We never can her catch;
 But if we only had her here we soon could her dispatch.

MRS. BEAR, *(proudly.)*

But little Bruin's on the chase through the hemlock, do you see?
 He'll catch her yet, you may be sure. A brave young bear is he.

MR. BEAR.

So dignified an animal as is the full grown bear,
 No one expects so light of foot as is the fleeing hare.
 Let her but once be to me brought, I'll crush her every bone,
 And eat her in five minutes up, all by myself alone.
 So, Mrs. Bear, we might as well into the house retire.
 You set the table right away, while I make up the fire.

MRS. BEAR.

Little Bruin can't bring her alive, in pieces she'll be brought;
 And he must have a generous slice, I think indeed, he ought.

MR. BEAR.

Ah! that is very true, my love, I only to thee tell
What I *might* do, if I tonight lone in my house did dwell.

MRS. BEAR.

I know it, dear, you're always right when you mean me no harm.
All dif'rences we will forget. I'll take your offered arm.

(They go into the house.)

SCENE 2. In the wood. A group of fairies of twelve or more sing the chorus, "In the merry woodland."

THE FAIRIES' CHORUS.

In the merry woodland happy and free, happy and free,
'Midst the bright flowers the brooks and the leaves flitting are
we, flitting are we.
No cloud of tomorrow shades sunshine today,
For future hours shine as those passed away,
And we'll sing and we'll smile while the trees and flowers grow,
And we'll laugh and sing while brooklets glance and rippling
flow;
Every flow'r is our home and our mirror's in each stream
And we'll chase the glowing sunlight or on the moonbeams
dream.

(Enter Queen with commanding gesture.)

Cease fairies, cease! Is there naught thy song to sadden?
No space in your melody some absent voice should gladden?

FAIRIES.

Yes! yes! There is one we miss.

QUEEN.

Say, where wanders she? Where wanders she?

FAIRIES.

Delayed by some errand of love she may be.
Say, where wanders she? Where wanders she?
So swift are her feet and so light is their fall
They 'waken no danger where harm can befall.
Then our fears and forebodings we fairies must not know,
But we'll seek her where the brooklets glance and rippling flow.
Every flower is our home and our mirror's in each stream,
And we'll chase the flowing sunlight or on the moonbeams dream,

Then away to the woodland, happy and free, seek her will we.
 Sleeps she 'neath leaves bound in long happy dreams
 Beguiled by the murmur of lullabye streams?
 Or 'neath vines waits she still for the sunlight's faintest ray,
 While she tells to maids and lovers what the brooklets say ;
 Or some lost one she aids who her guidance may need,
 For her heart nor feet e'er tire where pity's voice doth lead.
 Then away to the woodland happy and free, happy and free,
 'Midst the bright flowers, the brooks and the leaves, seek her
 will we, seek her will we.

*(The missing fairy, Innocenza, appears. Is joyfully received by
 her sister fairies who surround her singing.)*

CHORUS.

Sister Innocenza, happy are we, happy are we,
 Once more in safety with joy to behold thee,
 Greetings to thee, greetings to thee.

QUEEN, *(waving her hand with air of command.)*

Not so fast my thoughtless ones. Cease your singing now,
 Till we hear this runaway. Fairies, step aside.

*(The fairies step backward, leaving Innocenza standing alone
 before the Queen.)*

QUEEN.

That you have been tarrying should we praise bestow?
 Or deserv'st that one and all should severely chide.

INNOCENZA.

Be kind, gracious Queen, to poor little me,
 For I'm now faint and weary as fairy can be,
 And I know that my story you'll not hear with scorn,
 When I tell what has past since we parted this morn.

In the heart of a sweet morning glory I slept,
 And was lured by charm'd dreams until late to be kept,
 But was filled with regret and arose with a sigh
 For I knew that a child was in trouble near by.

There's a dear little mortal with bright golden hair,
 Who was ever my charge and my most precious care ;
 She had strayed to the 'midst of the enchanted wood,
 Where the fury of brutes she but feebly withstood.

From her peril I soon had the power to save,
 And guided her on to the wonderful cave,
 From which may no evil this sweet child decoy ;
 Let our chorus be glad for my heart's full of joy.

CHORUS.

Yes, yes. In the merry woodland happy and free, happy and free,
 'Midst the bright flowers, the brooks and the leaves, joyful are we,
 joyful are we.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE 3d. A room dimly lighted by candles and furnished with a few ordinary chairs and three plain tables a snowy spread over each. Golden Hair sitting in a rocker by the fire-place. She looks about her with a countenance puzzled yet expressive of an escape from some danger and a slight dread of some other that may be near. Golden Hair rocks herself uneasily as if to busy herself in some way that she may not think too much of her present situation, or what may yet be in store for her. A middle aged woman, Mother Serena, enters the room with a tray of dishes she is to convey to one of the tables. She stops short with a look of astonishment at the little golden haired beauty sitting so composedly in the wooden rocker by the fire. She recovers from her surprise sufficiently to keep her hold on the tray so the china is not broken and exclaims:

MOTHER SERENA.

The mercy's sake! How came you here, you pretty little dear?
 You must have fallen from the skies. Did fairies drop you here?

GOLDEN HAIR.

Kind lady I can't tell for truth, I think indeed one might
 Have led me here, though not just then appeared she to my sight;
 My fairy's near me every day; for I her twice have seen.
 She must have strayed when I left home, or sound asleep have
 been,
 She helps me though when danger comes, and led me from the
 bear
 To step inside a hollow log, when, lo! I dropped down here.
 Perhaps this is a robber's cave, I did feel some alarm;
 But you look kind! You'll let no one poor Golden Hair harm?
 Till she can some way find her home, you'll let her with you
 stay?
 She'll help you work till big enough through woods to find her
 way.

MOTHER SERENA.

Dear child, these are enchanted woods in which you wander now,
 And you must be in magic clothed e're through its depths you go.
 For enemies are lurking near unwary ones to lure,
 To trust them in the garb they wear your ruin would insure.

Wolves often wear the fleece of lambs, fierce bears like doves
appear ;

While lords and ladies speak in forms that only shock with fear.
What small chance then for you poor child, so young and so un-
taught ?

Abide with me, till strong in means, in wisdom and in thought.
So many things that you must learn ; things to annoy and vex
Which will your best endeavors task, and worry and perplex,
Sly tempters will be wide awake your fancies to allure ;
But keep your mind to duty true, and your success is sure,
For know, that in this cave is trained the youthful tender mind,
Where wisdom, truth and virtue all, with learning are combined
To help you 'midst the winding paths through all this danger-
ous wood,

And guide you to the peace and light of heav'ns eternal good.
Most wondrous visions in this cave will open to your sight,
But you must rest till morn my child, you need to sleep to-night
I'll lead you to your little room. Blessings be on thy head !
Fear not sweet child no savage bear can claim this night thy bed.

(Leads Golden Hair away and returns to blow out the candle.)

SCENE 4. In the forest. Bruin sitting thoughtful on the stump of a tree.

If she only could but know ! That lovely little girl,
I wouldn't harm her for the world, not e'en one golden curl !
She thinks because I am a bear I only growl and eat,
And that I'm only chasing her for nice and tender meat,
When I am trying all the while to help her in her need ;
Now, for a tender hearted bear this is hard, 'tis hard indeed.
My strength and prowess go for naught before this madcap race,
And must I vanquished now retire my parent bears to face ?
Ah ! thus the best intentions of bears as well as men,
Too often are mistaken for means to some bad end.
But, though my best endeavors are taken for abuse,
To sit and grieve upon this stump will never be of use.
"It will not pay" for me to sit here grieving on a stump.
I'll better scratch about my head to find the wisest bump,
That shall in some way help me out from this unpleasant plight,
I'd please the bears and Golden Hair assist without a fight.
I well remember when I passed the house of Hunter Diek,
I chanced to see with smiling jaws wide opened by a stiek,
To keep him cheerful I suppose, all fat, and white and sweet,
Fit for a king, a pig all dressed, and hung up by the feet.

(Looks very thoughtful, rubbing the top of his head.)

Now let me see. Yes, Dick's asleep by eight o'clock or so,
I'll slip in there, the dogs won't bark, for we are friends you
know.

Dick's sharpest knife hangs by the shelf, with it some slices
choice

I'll cut, and instantly be off without a breath of noise.

The hungry bears will cook the meat, and think it nice, no doubt;
But, that 'tis pork, not Golden Hair, they never can find out.

*(Bruin rises up, turning his head to one side as he addresses the
stump, saying :)*

Good bye, old stump. Though poor my speech, wise plans from
thee I take;

Would orators think more on thee, they'd wiser speeches make.

But, I am off! my lesson's learned I'll follow out the plan,
And subtle hunter, dog, or bear, may catch me if he can.

(Exit.)

ACT II.

SCENE 1. Room in Bears' house. Mr. Bear sitting by the stove, or fire place. Mrs. Bear placing plates on the table; but occasionally taking a peep out at the window as if expecting some one. She soon finishes the preparations and goes to the window and presses her nose to the glass, shading her eyes with her hands from the light, in hopes of seeing her son, Bruin, returning.

MR. BEAR.

It grows quite dark, good Mrs. Bear, I think he'll soon be here, You better in the window place a light, I think, my dear.

(Mrs. Bear puts a candle in the window.)

MRS. BEAR.

I hear a step that falls like his, but still, less bold and free, I think some burden makes it slow, I'm almost sure 'tis he.

(Mr. Bear moves toward the door looking suspiciously toward the window as if fearful.)

MR. BEAR.

Just look again, good Mrs. Bear, I'll slip into the shed. My cudgel's there, if 'tis not he I'll beat th'intruder dead.

MRS. BEAR, *(derisively.)*

Oh, yes, you've always something left, and I the foe must meet, Take off your shoes or may be heard your fast retreating feet.

MR. BEAR.

Your last suggestion striketh me. 'Tis wise that I take heed, That they should know my whereabouts, I'm sure there is no need,

Till I am armed, and fierce appear to make the cowards run; But you must give the sign my love, if they have got a gun Or other weapon that to life but little chance can give; Then don't forget your son and you without me could not live.

MRS. BEAR.

Oh, yes! your logic Mr. Bear I now quite understand, How nice such hero great to be! You must feel very grand. Now hide away. *(Starts suddenly to look again from the window.)*

But no! I'm sure 'tis Bruin. Do not go.

He has some meat strapped on his back, that's why he walks so slow.

MR. BEAR.

I've not looked out ; for stranger rogues might our two faces see ;
But now I'll venture if you're sure, quite sure that it is he.

MRS. BEAR.

Oh, yes ! Our Bruin 'tis my dear. He waves to me his hand.
A hero is our valliant son ! The bravest in the land.

MR. BEAR.

Except his father you should say, I fear you that forget ;
But hurry ! We must cook the meat, now you've the table set.
So get the old potatoe pot, I'll fetch the frying pan,
We'll get a glorious supper up as quickly as we can.

MRS. BEAR, (*excitedly.*)

I'll go to meet him, he's so tired by trotting round all day,
And help him ; for I've not the heart one moment here to stay.
(*Exit Mrs. Bear. Mr. Bear mutters to himself while proceeding
to boil the potatoes.*)

MR. BEAR.

Just like all other lady-bears. Full of her freaks and whims,
Can't wait a minute, starts and neglects all more important
things.

Leaves me to get the supper here, a hen-pecked bear sure,
Were I not nearly starved to death I couldn't it endure.

(*Enter Mrs. Bear and Bruin. Mr. Bear with an air of injured
dignity continues busy with his preparations for supper, neither
speaking nor noticing their presence.*)

MRS. BEAR.

Oh, Bearie dear ! just look you here and see what Bruie's brought.
Such nice white meat upon a child, who ever would have thought ?

(*Looks into Mr. Bear's face.*)

What is the matter, Bearie dear ? you look offended quite,
I thought you would be glad as we at such a dainty sight.

MR. BEAR.

That you're so very childish it grieves me more to know,
I'd have you be more dignified, nor such exuberance show.
To leave this fam'ly's head to boil potatoes, turnips, beets,
'Tis unbecoming Madam quite. He coolly now retreats.

(*Hands the frying pan to Mrs. Bear who takes it resignedly and
places it over the fire with the slices of meat therein which
Bruin cuts for her.*)

MR. BEAR TO BRUIN.

We will now at the table sit until the meat is done,
Your story I would like to hear. How caught you her my son?
I never saw a hare more swift. She flew like any bird,
I can but laugh to think of it. I can't, upon my word!

(And Mr. Bear, in a snorting manner, laughs himself into very good humor.)

BRUIN.

I had my match you may believe, for Oh! a long, long way;
But wearied out at length, she fell just at the close of day.
I could but bring these pieces home, the distance is so great.
A vulture came, and then a wolf the last nice morsel ate.
It would be useless now for you to search for Golden Hair.
Besides there's danger. Would you know? *(Hesitates and says
in a low, hoarse voice, as if afraid to speak aloud:)* I saw
the phantom bear.

*(Mr. Bear rises from his chair. Mrs. Bear leaves the meat and
advances close to Bruin, and both look at Bruin in consterna-
tion.)*

MRS. BEAR.

Oh! Bruin have you met that bear? I fear he brought you
harm.
His form is not of flesh and bone. You fill me with alarm.

BRUIN.

Fear not for me; for we have met, and nothing dire befell.
He is my friend, and stories strange of me did kindly tell.
*(The old bears struck with amazement seem curious to know the
story; but young Bruin brings Mrs. Bear to her senses by say-
ing:)*

But never mind the story Ma! I fear the meat will burn,
You'd better let the story rest while you it quick may turn.

(Both old bears turn their attention to the meat.)

MR. BEAR.

I think you've burnt it to a crisp, for something scorched I
smell.

MR. BEAR *(turning it over.)*

Oh! no, my love 'tis nice and brown. You like it thus right
well.

MR. BEAR.

The nice potatoes now are boiled, and lovely browned the meat.
Come serve it all upon three plates, 'tis time that we should eat.

BRUIN.

And when we've eaten I the tale will tell, as told to me,
And if 'tis true sometime I hope a happy bear to be.

MR. BEAR (*eating voraciously.*)

I like this food. 'Twill teach that girl to steal from us no
more,

And not go poking in her face at ev'ry open door.

(*The three hungry bears greedily eat all before them; Mr. Bear stretches and pushes back his chair, saying:*)

How good to have enough to eat. I'd like to sing a song.
Suppose I do? Then Bruie's story will not seem so long.

BRUIN.

Oh do, please, father, and we too will join, both Ma and I;
But let it be a jolly song, for we don't want to cry.

MR. BEAR.

It is as good for man I think as philisophic bear,
If he but learn to sing it well, 'twill drive off ev'ry care.

(*Mr. Bear rises and steps out the tune around the table, Mrs. Bear and Bruin joining, and sing in the chorus.*)

We're hunted in the woods, and we're sought for 'neath the
rocks,

And we get the roughest treatment and the hardest kind of
knocks.

We are starved to death in winter; but we do not care a grain,
When the early spring returns we will smiling growl again.

CHORUS (*Mrs. Bear and Bruin join with Mr. Bear.*)

Growl, growl, growl, growl, growl, growl, growl,
We'll let hyenas laugh, and the dogs and wolves may howl,
But we'll sleep our cares away, and take our needful rest,
For the philisophic bear knows 'tis all for the best.

(*Second verse by Mr. Bear.*)

Now a lesson we would teach those two footed bears called men,
When the world don't wag just as he likes, what does he do?
Why then,

He'll rage and curse at losses, or be crazy at his gains,
And for disappointed love he will blow out half his brains.

(Mr. Bear, Mrs. Bear and Bruin)

CHO. Growl, growl, etc.

MRS. BEAR.

And the ladies silly things, their thin chests in stays to squeeze,
'Till the blood stops in their aching brains, and leaves their toes
to freeze.

They will go into hysterics, if they can't dress fine and gay,
And if *me* they chance to meet, why they faint right dead away.

(The three together)

CHO.—Growl, growl, etc.

BRUIN.

And the boys, what cowards they! who in base-ball seek their
fun,

And dare not play with us poor cubs till they have a loaded gun;
But to be some like the girls, I wouldn't now much care,
If they're all as brave and pretty, and can run like Golden hair.

(All three.)

CHO.—Growl, growl, etc.

BRUIN TO MR. AND MRS. BEAR.

For telling you my story, I shall not feel much the worse,
So if Ma. has no objection, I'll sing another verse.

(The old bears nod assent.)

BRUIN.

I can feel the growth of wings that are springing from my sides;
But I think they may be arms that beneath my bear's coat
hides.

And when broken is the spell, I shall come out good as new,
And will profit by the lesson my good bears I've learned from
You.

(The three join in.)

CHO.—Growl, growl, etc.

*(Mr. Bear leads Mrs. Bear to a chair and takes a seat; also gives
a long breath.)*

MR. BEAR.

Well, I own it makes me tired to dance as well as sing,
And reminds me that I'm losing somewhat my youthful spring.

But to hear our Bruin's story I feel just in the mood,
Being neither dull nor sleepy, nor yet in want of food.

BRUIN.

The story I will tell must astonish you to hear,
That you understand the better Ma, please sit up very near.

(Mrs. Bear moves her chair close to Mr. Bear.)

In coming home tonight Mamma, I met the snow-white bear,
Who passed so near he brushed my cheek, which stiffened me
with fear.

Till on my arm he laid his paw, and said, "Good day, my lad.
Instead of trembling when I come, you should be very glad.
I know a secret of your life that you'd give much to know.
What is to come, all that has passed, the dread white bear can
show.

You once were formed a lovely babe, with parents kind and
good;

The cruel story you have heard, The Sweet Babes of the Wood.
And how those orphan babes were left to grieve alone and die,
And that the birds wrapt them in leaves, the story made you
cry.

That little boy, my lad, was you, saved by a mother bear,
Who late had lost a darling cub. *(Mrs. Bear weeps with her
handkerchief to her eyes.)* She took you then, and there,
And fed, and clothed, and petted you, as though you were her
own,

And father bear instructed you till you like him have grown."

(Mrs. Bear in a trembling voice.)

I do confess that this is true. We loved you just the same,
And haven't we always treated you with comforts and with game
As if you were our own dear cub? and you'll not leave us now;
For if you do I soon must die, I care not when nor how.

*(Mrs. Bear looks at Mr. Bear who has leaned back his head and
now gives a very loud snort as if asleep. Mrs. Bear shakes him
gently but he heeds not.)*

MRS. BEAR TO BRUIN.

Why Bruie dear, I do believe that Mr. Bear's asleep.
No song nor tale just after meals can him from nodding keep;
But I will sit by him and hear your wondrous story through.
You'll never catch me fast asleep. Just shake me if you do.

BRUIN.

And then the snow-white bear began, instructions wise to give,
If I would gain my wealth and name and with my true love live.

(Bruin looks at Mrs. Bear who is nodding her head in company with her husband and concludes that she also is asleep.)

Well, I declare! They both are gone. How stupid is a bear.
 But I'll go on and fancy that I'm telling Golden Hair:
 "Within these woods my Bruin bold, your fortune's waiting you,
 But e're you win its precious boon there's much for you to do,
 Maidens to rescue, heroes too, to find and bring their rights;
 For in these woods he never wins who neither plans nor fights."
 And with these words the snow-white bear slid by me as on ice.
 And now I start to work my way, without help or advice.

SCENE 2.—The room in the cave, Mother Serena arranging some books on the table while three persons stand a few step from her. First Wisdom a white bearded man with a pleasant face. He is dressed in a loose flowing robe. Next in order is Learning, a person of shorter stature without beard and dressed also in a loose robe. Beside Learning is Truth, a lovely woman of regular features and serene expression. Dress of white muslin without ornaments.

(Enter Golden Hair in dress of pink or sky-blue, who without noticing the three strangers, skips to Mother Serena and raises her face for a kiss.)

Good morning, my new mamma dear. Such sweet dreams have
 I had,
 Rememb'ring them I never more should hopeless be nor sad.

(Observes that there others are present.)

Mamma Serena who may be those persons I see here?
 They do not look like robbers fierce. Have I then cause to fear?
 Or are they friends to take me home? To trust them I would
 dare,
 So tender is the beaming smile their kindly faces wear.

SERENA.

Sweet Golden Hair these are thy friends to help thee on each
 day,
 Their guidance you will ever need, to help thee on the way.

(Mother Serena leads Golden Hair to Wisdom who takes her hand and smiles upon her.)

WISDOM.

Wisdom directs to Learning kind, who ever walks beside,
(Puts the hand of Golden Hair into that of Learning, who again passes the same to that of Truth.)

LEARNING.

May Learning lead thee unto Truth, his faithful constant bride.

(*Mother Serena opens a door revealing a long hall. In the far distance is seen a shore over the waters of which above the rocks rises a castle dimly seen. Close by the entrance of this hall, and near Mother Serena and Golden Hair, and a little to the left of them is a portion of a block figure, and the loose blocks that compose its perfect form when rightly placed lying near. On the pedestal is written the word Addition. At the right and at a little greater distance is another figure of blocks. It is disproportioned by superfluous blocks. On the pedestal is the word Subtraction. On the left again, a little farther on is a figure but just commenced, and the double blocks to perfect it lying near by. On the pedestal is the word Multiplication. And again, still farther back is a double figure, the blocks of which are to be separated to form a symmetrical statue. On the pedestal the word Division. Near by are scattered portions of blocks and a pedestal marked Fractions. Exit Wisdom, Learning and Truth. Mother Serena leads Golden Hair further into the hall and points to the word Addition on the pedestal, saying:)*

Add to thy mind thought upon thought, (*points to subtraction*)

Subtract what e'er offends, (*points to multiplication.*)

Then multiply with cautious care; not here the problem ends,
(*points to division.*)

Divide with Justice's nice regard, (*points to fractions*) each
fraction counted o'er;

Till solved all thy steadfast soul shall reach that far off shore,
And wisdom there shall guide thy feet amidst the golden sands,
To choose such gems as best shall suit your great good's just
demands.

This is thy work, take courage child, thy friends are ever near;
If you but ask their kind advice, and try and persevere.

(*Serena retires a little distance regarding Golden Hair. Golden Hair steps up to the first pedestal to read the word.*)

GOLDEN HAIR (*reads aloud*).

Ad-di-ti-on. That's a long word, I think I'll learn it though.

(*Stoops to pick up a block.*)

But what block I'm to put on first, I'm sure I do not know.
I'll try this one (*attempts to place it*) No, 'tis not it, it does
not fit I see.

(*Looks up to Serena.*)

Mamma Serena, won't you give a thinking cap to me?

(*Mother Serena hands her the cap.*)

Thank you, I think 'twill help me much; but I must tie it on.

(*Exit Mother Serena.*)

Oh dear! What luck! I fear I can't; for strings it has but one.
But never mind, I think 'twill do, (*picks up a block*) and now
I'll try this block.

(*Enter Imps. A mischievous imp, I fear I'm wrong, appears, and with a long stick hits the block just as she is about to place it and sends it flying across the hall.*)

Oh what a wicked little imp, to give that cruel knock,
But I'll not grieve, but try again, I thought that I was right.
I find that I must while I work, these naughty tempters fight.

(*Reaches for another block; but stops to see a fairy page "Look-at me" in gorgeous dress, who, with his cane picks off her thinking cap and hurries away with it.*)

Oh dear! But 'twas an outside cap, my brains are left within,
As long as I've a good sound head I think I'll strive and win.
I will not mind the little imps, however gay they're dressed,
Nor think by any outside cap; for Wisdom says 'tis best.

(*The fantastic beings flit about Golden Hair, some with wands with streamers of their different names, such as Inattention, Indecision, Irresolution, Weariness, Sweetmeats, Pickled Limes, etc., but she continues at her blocks, taking no notice of them until the figure is complete. Golden Hair proceeds to read the word on the next pedestal. Reads very slowly:*)

Dis-trac-tion! No, Subtraction 'tis. Perhaps it means the same.

(*Is about to take a block from the left leg of the figure, to which a malicious imp points, bearing the name of "Guess-work" on his cap. Golden Hair hesitates in placing the block, saying:*)

That is not right. Should I move that, the image would be lame,

(*The imps venture to point at different blocks. One imp has the name of "May be right," another, "He says so," these with "Guess-Work," annoy her for a while; but she resolves to heed them not; and works the faster till the image is perfected. She moves on to the unfinished figure of Multiplication and reads:*)

Mul-ti-pli-ca-tion. Still worse! A word so awful long;

To puzzle little girls with it, at first to me seems wrong.

But Learning seems to like it well, and Wisdom don't object;

So I must patch this figure up, and make him stand erect.

Come, stand aside you impish crowd! (*Brushes them aside with her hands, picks up the right blocks nearly every time.*) I
no more will you mind,

While kindly Wisdom helps me out the proper blocks to find.

(*Goes to the double figure and takes off a portion of the blocks saying to the imps:*)

Depart from me! Yes, every one. Your help I need no more.

A fraction conquered, freed from you, I'll find the golden shore.

(*Exeunt Imps, as the curtain falls.*)

ACT III.

SCENE 1. In the forest. Golden Hair, a lovely maiden of seventeen has left the enchanted cave and is seeking her way through the forest with her invisible companions.

COSTUME. White muslin robe, long and simply made, wide blue sash, very long and yellow hair, unconfined by comb or braid. The charm given her by the fairy Innocenza and attached to the pearl necklace, her only ornament.

A short distance from her, sitting on the stump is Bruin, unseen by her at first. Bruin larger in size. Costume:—Long coat or cloak, within which is concealed the magic cloak of the white bear, designed to envelop Golden Hair for her safety through the forest. Golden Hair suddenly recognizes Bruin and is about to scream.

(Enter Fairy Innocenza suddenly and clasp her hands over the mouth of Golden Hair.)

FAIRY INNOCENZA.

Fear not to trust a faithful friend, he's watched for you for years,
And could this stump his story tell your eyes would fill with tears.
Speak gently, kindly to him then; though rough the garb he
wears,

A heart's a heart, a soul's a soul; though wrapt in coat of bears.

GOLDEN HAIR.

I'll clasp the charm of innocence more closely to my breast,
And trust to Wisdom, and to Truth, to aid me for the best.

(Golden Hair approaches Bruin, who looks up, then drops his head as if abashed at sight of such loveliness.)

GOLDEN HAIR.

Poor lonely Bruin! Pardon me! Though you are but a bear,
I will confess what well you know,—'twas I that broke your
chair.

Now if you wish to eat me here, my story's at an end;
But I believe my fairy good, who says you are my friend.

Bruin rises from the stump, takes off his cap.

BRUIN.

Sweet Golden Hair, now am I paid for years of watchful care,
And I will take you to your home if you can trust a bear.
'Till I to thee fair lady spoke, unbroken was the spell.
I am no bear that speaks to thee; though in his form I dwell.
My foster mother is a bear, who found me in this wood,
Where I was left with sister fair, alone, and without food.

(Golden Hair approaches nearer and with earnestness.)

GOLDEN HAIR.

Indeed! Indeed! Can this be true? And was thy sister found?

BRUIN.

Ah! No, the story says, the birds made with bright leaves her mound.

GOLDEN HAIR.

Nay, brother mine, I am that babe, saved by a hunter kind,
And kinder fate has brought me here my brother dear to find.

(Golden Hair rushes into the extended arms of her brother then retreats a few steps saying:)

And now, my brother, cast aside your unbecoming guise,
Seek your inheritance and home. To your position rise.

BRUIN.

Not so my sister. Urge me not. The time is not quite yet,
I fear that Wisdom leaves your side when duty you forget.
I could not leave this uncouth garb, and would not if I could;
For much work have I yet to do in this enchanted wood.
Maidens to rescue, Nobles too, to claim their rights beside;
One is a hero, brave and good, and one will be my bride.
No mortal but in guise of beast these woods can safely roam,
But I've a dress for you to wear, near which no dangers come.

(He takes from 'neath his coat the shining white cloak of finest fur and shakes out the folds, and throws it over the shoulders of Golden Hair saying:)

There's not a brute in all the wood will dare come near thee now;
Excepting those I send for aid as through its wilds you go.

(Bruin spreads his handkerchief on the stump)

Be pleased to sit upon this stump, and I will sit beside,
And tell thee of the helps I'll send, and what will thee betide.

(Seats himself beside her.)

First, know that on the way, I'll send a raven, white as snow.
She'll bring you food, and crooked paths will straighten out for you.

And should you meet a huge black bear approaching boldly near,
Do not scream out, and if he speak, don't faint and show thy fear.
I said, no beast in all the wood but would the white bear shun;
But one I'll name, no magic frights. The serpent is that one.
So, watch for that dread subtle brute, where gleams his baleful eye;

For when he'd strike his poisonous fangs, he charms but to de-
stroy.

But sister, of the raven white, I've something I would say,
For she through darkest shade of woods to me brings dawn of
day.

You may have read in Learning's hall, a babe with one black
eye,

Whom none but Jenny cared for, was in a field of rye.

The loaves of bread that Jackey gave, the poor babe never ate.

A raven found them and the babe took home to please his mate.

They reared the infant with their own, three young ones black
as night;

But though the babe a raven grew, it was a silvery white.

She soars aloft on dainty wing up to the clear blue sky.

I watch her through the leaves, and grieve that monstrous bear
am I.

A maiden she, as sweet as you, bound by a cruel spell,

When she's released we'll follow you; for I must near her dwell.

BRUIN (*Takes Golden Hair by the hand.*)

Arise! for you must leave me now (*points in the direction she
must go.*) There, take that winding path.

What e're molests my Golden Hair feels my avenging wrath.

(*Bruin disappears in the woods, leaving Golden Hair standing
alone and pointing to the distance she has left, she sings,*)

Farewell! Farewell! Dear childhoods happy hours.

I view thy bright scenes now with tenderness o'er,

I have smiled in thy sunshine and wept in thy show'rs,

And now step from the bounds of thy enchanted shore.

But the gems at my feet turn to pearls in my eye,

As I faltering bid thee, childhood, Good bye.

Good bye! Good bye! Good bye! Forever, Good bye.

Farewell! arewell! Dear sheltered retreat,

Where secure from the wilds of the dense woods I've dwelt;

Now has come the set time, I its dangers must meet,

My fond heart with regret is beginning to melt

And the gems at my feet turn to pearls in my eye,

As I faltering bid thee, dear childhood, Good bye!

Good bye! Good bye! Good bye! Forever, Good bye.

How the bright golden sands I have watched from afar,

All eager to reach have diffused half their light;

That now streams o'er the past into one hallowed star

Shining still o'er my life, be it shady or bright.
 Holy star of the past! Change the pearls in my eye,
 To such rays of child-faith that I ne're bid Good bye!
 Good bye! Good bye! Good bye! No, Never Good bye.

SCENE 2. In the forest. The door of the house of Red Riding Hood obscured by vines at one side of the stage. Golden Hair in the magic dress of the white bear standing near a large tree on a branch of which is a serpent coiled. She does not see him but feels the influence of his presence.

GOLDEN HAIR.

Ah me! What is this? Woe is me. Have I some error made,
 That Wisdom seems fast leaving me, nor Truth nor Learning
 aid?

(Rubs her eyes. Enter Giant Bear unseen at first by Golden Hair.)

How very dull and strange I am since Raven White has flown,
 I'll rest beneath this friendly tree, for aches my every bone.

(Before Golden Hair can move from her position she is petrified with terror at sight of this the largest bear she had ever seen. He stands leaning his head on his fore-paws which are resting on a huge walking stick. Golden Hair remembered Bruin's admonition not to show sign of fear should she see this giant of the forest so she summoned courage to speak.)

Avant! How dare so near approach this form from regions
 dread!

Know'st not, who comes but once too near, he walk but with the
 dead?

Heard'st never of my home of ice beyond the Arctic zone,
 Where daring brutes must glide with me, with frozen blood and
 bone?

GIANT BEAR.

That journey glad I'd take with thee, if but thy face to view.

(Places his paw on his breast)

For burning fires are kindled here, no Arctic waves subdue.
 But speak I never to thee more if thee my words offend,
 Nor step more near thy loveliness if thou but call'st me friend.

(At these words Giant Bear clutches the serpent and raising him high in the air strikes his head with so much force that the reptile lies dead at his feet.)

GIANT BEAR.

Thus perish all who honor not sweet innocence and worth;

The Giant bear this maiden loves, though from her sight sent forth.

(Giant Bear disappears in the wood, and Golden Hair is again alone, standing as if indeed frozen to the spot.)

GOLDEN HAIR.

Ah, me! How strange! What fear; what joy; what pain my pulses thrill!

'Tis not the charm; nor that the bear the serpent vile did kill.
I am in truth the spectral bear cut from the frozen zone,
Else would the fires that in me burn consume my flesh and bone.
Before the monster clutched my foe, a flame was kindled here;
(places her hand on her heart.)

For captured he the trembling soul that viewed his form with fear.

But I must rouse myself once more, and still one effort make;
For Silver Raven said that I could not the house mistake.
The house where dwells Red Riding Hood, who will protection give

'Till brother is restored to me, and chooses where to live.

(Looks about her and sees at a short distance the front of a house nearly covered with vines and knocks at the door, and Red Riding Hood appears.)

GOLDEN HAIR.

Oh! I forget my magic coat, but do not be afraid,
I'm only little Golden Hair a simple harmless maid.
Long lost have I been in the woods, and of thee now entreat,
But food and shelter, till some day my brother here I meet.

RED RIDING HOOD.

Oh! Come right in; for I've been told by Bruin and his friend,
The Silver Raven whom he sent to aid you and defend.
And you can quickly change your dress that suiteth only bear,
And after tea we'll come outside and chat in lolling chairs.
(They enter the house.)

CURTAIN FALLS.

SCENE 3. Golden Hair and Red Riding Hood sitting outside Red Riding Hood's door in lolling chairs.

RED RIDING HOOD.

I want to hear your story now; adventures you have had,
They must most interesting be, not altogether sad.

GOLDEN HAIR.

Ah! No, I've learned much that was sad, yet much that taught
me good;

For good can everywhere be found even in the dense wild wood.
But hark! I think I heard a step 'tis more like bear than man.

(Enter Bruin and Silver Raven.)

GOLDEN HAIR.

Ah! Yes, 'tis Bruin come so soon, I'll kiss him if I can.

*(Rises to meet her brother but makes awkward work of finding a
suitable spot on his face.)*

BRUIN TO GOLDEN HAIR.

Here's Silver Raven by my side, I think you know her well.

(Golden Hair embraces Silver Raven.)

Oh! Can it be? Released at last! I can't my rapture tell.

GOLDEN HAIR.

Now, brother, you may cast aside this skin in which you're
dressed?

No, sister, when the time is come I'll grant your kind request.

*(They all listen as a heavy step is heard and Giant Bear appears. At the
sight of him Golden Hair utters a slight scream and falls fainting into her
brother's arms. Riding Hood and Silver Raven hurry for a glass of
water, and Giant Bear wishing to assist rushes to the water bucket and
would deluge both Golden Hair and Bruin but for Bruin pushing aside
the bucket in time to prevent him. Riding Hood and Silver Raven sprin-
kle Golden Hair's face and she is soon restored. Giant Bear retreats
into the background that he may not alarm her.)*

GOLDEN HAIR.

Where is that monster Giant Bear? Was he not standing here?

BRUIN.

My sister, 'tis not kind in thee to show such dread and fear
Of one whose outward form though rough a true heart doth con-
ceal,

Conquer thyself! His generous self permit him to reveal.

It is decreed that none but thou can'st charm away the spell
That's bound him in an hideous form, in which he's doomed to
dwell.

'Tis thou must loosen from his throat the vile robe fastened
there;

The magic button yields to none but thine own fingers fair.

(*Giant Bear ventures to approach and to stand near Bruin, Red Riding Hood and Silver Raven look pleadingly toward Golden Hair.*)

GOLDEN HAIR (*with clasped hands.*)

Oh! Wisdom, come and speak to me! Come near, sit by my side!
Since Learning now can aid me not, I will in thee confide.

(*Wisdom appears and sits beside her.*)

WISDOM.

Oh! Seek thine inner self, my child, the outward is not sure,
Though seeming rough it still may hold the gem that shall endure.

BRUIN.

Oh! Shut thine eyes my sister dear. Let Faith come to thine
aid,
When freed this hero from disguise thou'lt be threefold repaid.

(*Golden Hair rises from her seat.*)

GOLDEN HAIR (*to Bruin.*)

But Bruin, it quite takes my breath to touch his ugly paw,
And I'll be surely dead with fear when near his great red jaw.

(*She, however, steps slowly toward Giant Bear hesitating often, and as often mastering her fear till close by him. Giant Bear lifts his head that she may more easily loosen the fastenings which she tremblingly endeavors to do. The hideous garment drops. Stands revealed the tallest, handsomest knight one ever beheld; Eyes and hair as black as midnight, and his bearing that of a prince.*)

BRUIN TO GOLDEN HAIR.

Behold before you sister mine, the once small boy called Jack,
Who when he slew the giant fierce, did not for courage lack,
But sad to say, an ogre friend of this old giant dead,
In 'vengeful mood changed Jack's fair form to that of monster
dread,

And now he's disenchant'd here, by thee, dear Golden Hair,
I'll throw aside my own rough robe, nor longer be a bear.

(*This disguise falls to the ground and a sunny haired little English lord stands before them. He embraces Golden Hair and Silver Raven. Jack the knight of the Beanstalk kneels, taking the hand of the willing Golden Hair, looking lovingly upon her.*)

Canst' take me for thy hero knight? thy guardian e'er to be?
For that thou art my own true love this day thou'st proved to me.

GOLDEN HAIR.

'Tis said! My Knight, I pray thee rise. For all my fear I'm
paid,

Try and forget that I of thee was once so much afraid.

RED RIDING HOOD.

Now righted all: My knight awaits; my gay "Blue-Tasseled Cap."

I haste to meet him o'er the sea, where fate threatens with mishap,
I will restore him liberty, and when we meet again
My guests, we all will wedded be in his castle grand in Spain.

Enter front of curtain. Mrs. Bear on the right standing and swaying her body from side to side. Enter Mr. Bear on left, also standing and swaying his body. Mrs. Bear, wiping her eyes with her apron, sings.

Who ever would have thought it now! That boy who loved me so,
Would leave us in this forest, with that mincing girl to go?
I've nourished him and petted him; but all is now in vain,
She's taken his heart away with her; 'twill ne'er come back
again.

MR. BEAR.

Like any prince I've dressed him, the ungrateful little cub,
And now I find that he's turned out to be a heartless snob.
But cubs will seek new faces with pretty hair that's curled,
And leave us in the woods, 'tis the way of the world.

MR. AND MRS. BEAR.

Growl, growl, growl, growl, growl, growl, growl,
We'll let hyenas laugh, and dogs and wolves may howl,
But we'll sleep our cares away and take our needful rest,
For the philosophic bear knows 'tis all for the best.

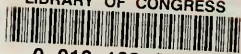
Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Bear bowing and courtesying.

TABLEAU.

Interior of a castle in Spain. Standing in bridal costume the three lovely brides: Golden Hair, Silver Raven and Red Riding Hood, with their three happy bridegrooms. Brilliant company in the background.

[THE END.]

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