

so to speak, "beside himself," was also in his own way. If people trod upon him accidentally, which they often did, Grumps uttered a solitary heart-rending yell, proportioned in intensity to the excruciating nature of the torture he endured, then instantly resumed his position and his fascinated stare. Crusoe generally held his head up, and gazed over his little friend at what was going on around him, but if for a moment he permitted his eye to rest on the countenance of Grumps, that creature's tail became suddenly imbued with an amount of wriggling vitality that seemed to threaten its separation from the body.

It was really quite interesting to watch this unblushing, and disinterested, and utterly reckless display of affection on the part of Grumps, and the amiable way in which Crusoe put up with it — we say put up with it, advisedly, because it must have been a very great inconvenience to him, seeing that if he attempted to move, his satellite moved in front of him, so that his only way of escaping, temporarily, was by jumping over Grumps's head.

Grumps was everywhere all day. Nobody, almost, escaped trampling on part of him. He tumbled over every thing, into every thing, and against every thing. He knocked himself, singed himself, and scalded himself, and in fact forgot himself altogether; and when, late that night, Crusoe went with Dick into his mother's cot-