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Upon this page, thus in the van,
And first to draw the eye,
According to the Brownie's plan
The owner's name should lie.

Pandia Kalli

And that it may be understood,
And all the facts appear,
With kind regards, and wishes good,

The giver's name goes here.

Celine & Ernestine

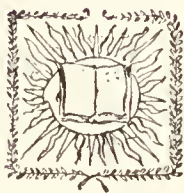
FALMER COX



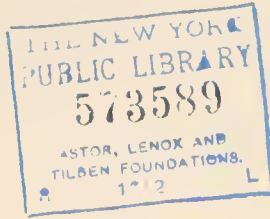
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THE BROWNIES THROUGH THE UNION

BY
PALMER COX



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THE CENTURY CO.
NEW YORK



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MADE
IN
U.S.A.



Brownies, like fairies
and goblins, are
imaginary little
sprites, who are supposed
to delight in harmless
pranks and helpful
deeds. They work and
sport while weary
households sleep, and
never allow themselves
to be seen by mortal
eyes.

Palmer Cox,



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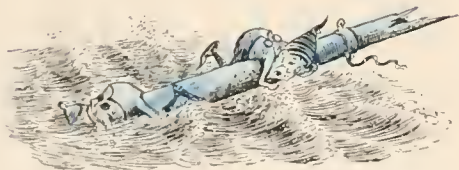


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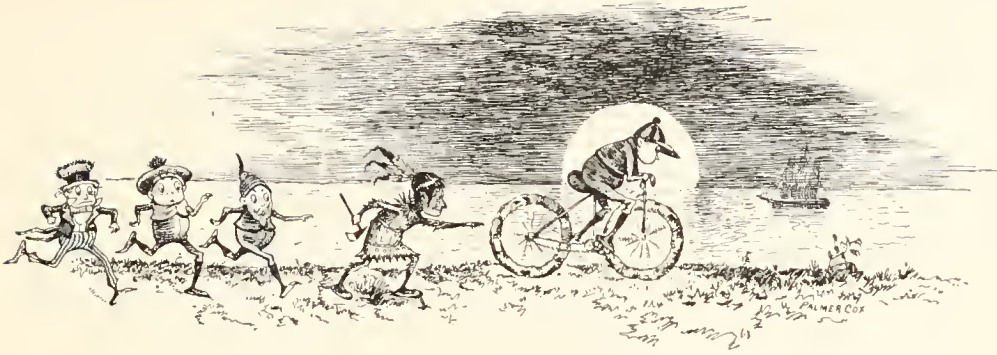
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THE BROWNIES IN NEW YORK.

FIRST TOUR.


 HE infant year scarce toddled o'er
 The threshold of Time's open door,
 To show the date that far and near
 Must now at letter-heads appear,
 When Brownies answered to a call
 That promised pleasant times for all.
 Said one: "A rest we have enjoyed
 Since last our hands have been employed,
 Or since with glee we rambled round
 Through many a strange, historic ground.
 Here in this leading State we'll find
 Much that may well engross the mind.
 Although no ancient castles throw
 Their shadows on the waves below,
 As by the Tweed, the Rhine or Rhone,
 Or other streams as widely known,





This land, believe me, is not weak
In points the tourist well may seek."
Another spoke: "No need have we
For lengthy talk, or special plea;
For all are willing, as we know,
To take the trip on which we go.
The Empire State before us lies,

And who that has a heart and eyes
Would for one moment hesitate
To pay respects to such a State?
So noted for its mountain-land,
Its lovely bays, and rivers grand,
Its battle-fields, its brilliant men
Who carved such names with sword or pen
Upon the records of the race
As changing years cannot efface."
Another cried: "You speak our minds:
One chain of thought the party binds;
So let us every hour improve,
For time is ever on the move."
They visited Niagara Falls,
Then lost no time to make their calls
On Watkins Glen, and ran with glee
To stand beside the Genesee:
Close to the brink they crawled to peep
Where Sam Patch took the fearful leap.
The Adirondacks, heaving blue
Against the sky, attention drew:
The home of fox, of deer and bear,
And sheets of water passing fair,



THE BROWNIES IN NEW YORK.



Where gamy fish in waiting lie,
To test the angler's phantom fly.
At old Ticonderoga's site
They moralized in language light.
Said one: "That was a grand surprise,
That history's pages memorize,



When, starting from his bed in fright,
The old commander rose that night,
To gaze on Ethan Allen's band,
And listen to his blunt command,
Which had a sort of business ring,
That spoke small honor for the king."



Said one: "A cruise we ought to take
Upon Champlain's bright, limpid lake,
Whereon McDonough brought in brief
The British squadron all to grief.
There, full in sight of Plattsburg town,
The haughty fleet came sailing down,
The flag-ship moving in the van,
According to the naval plan,
While others, ranged diagonally
To port and starboard, formed a V.
But soon McDonough's broadside broke
The fine formation, while the smoke
Hid from the gaze of those on shore,
Who gathered at the cannon's roar,
All sign of ships, save masts alone
That still o'er battle-clouds were shown,
And told the watchers full and fair
Which ships were down or which were there."



Another said: "We have n't time;
So let us seek that stream sublime
That first a mountain brooklet leaps,
Then as a river broadly sweeps,
Reflecting scenes on either side
Unequaled in the country wide.

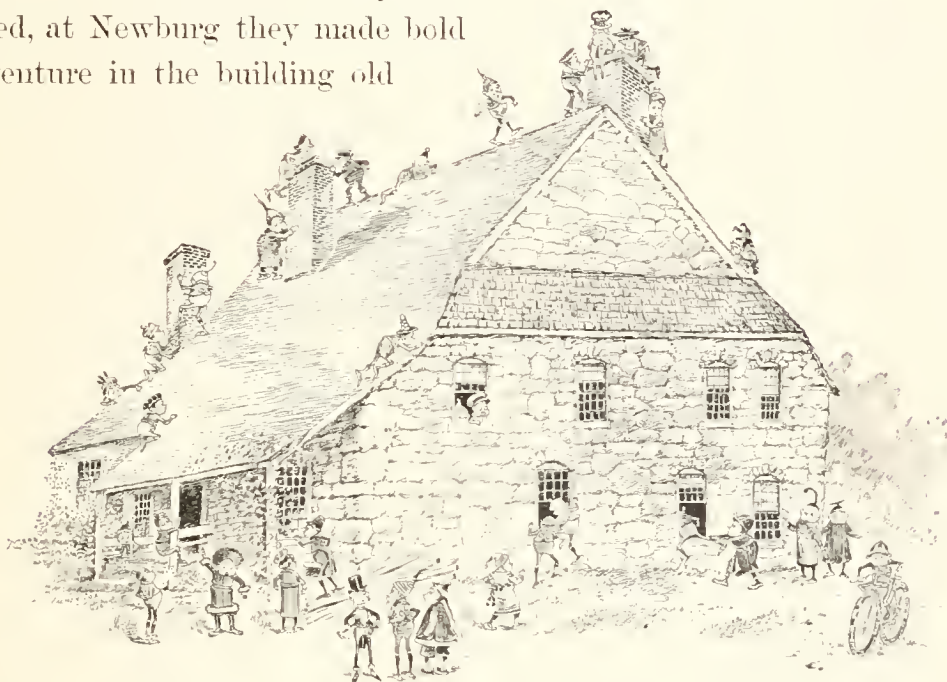
THE BROWNIES IN NEW YORK.



When you climb,
climb for the skies,
Halfway efforts
win no prize.

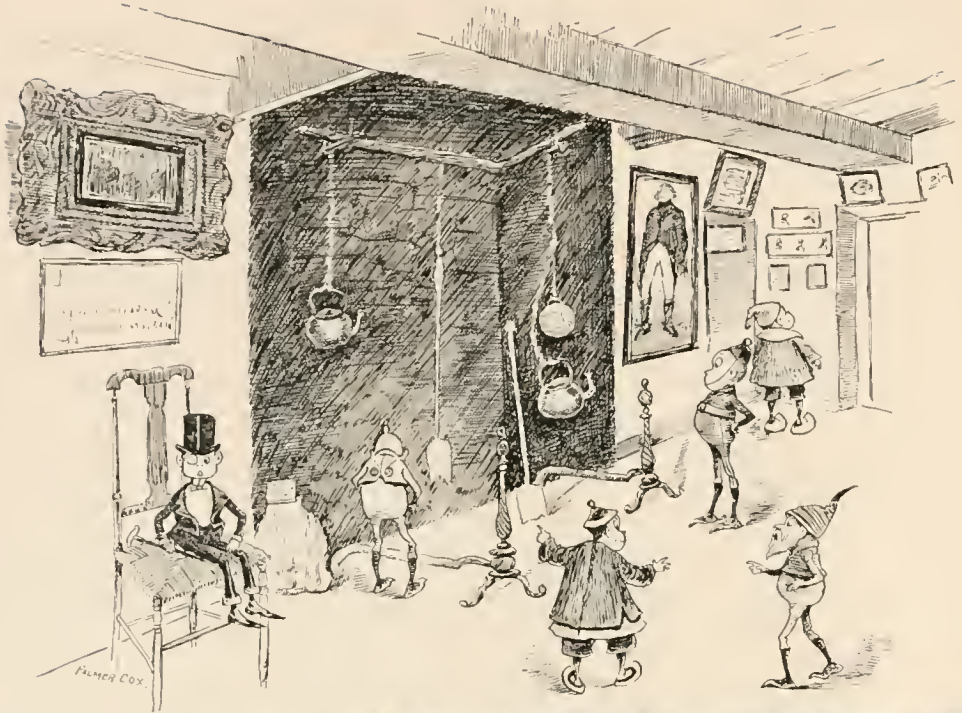
And as we take our seaward way,
Through Catskill Mountains we will stray—
Up rugged, narrow passes creep,
Where Rip Van Winkle took his sleep,
And woke in wonder to find out
What twenty years had brought about."

Ofttimes the Brownies paused to scan
The points of interest, as they ran;
Indeed, at Newburg they made bold
To venture in the building old



That is to folk of every zone
As Washington's headquarters known,
Said one: "Though many towns are blessed
With quarters where the chief found rest,
And sent his couriers to and fro
To watch the actions of the foe,

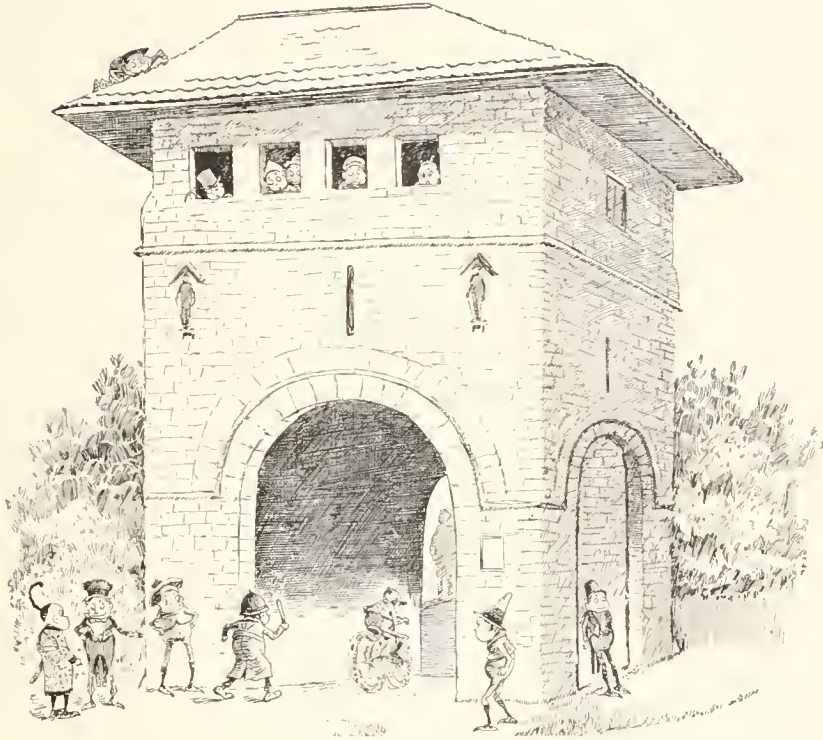
THE BROWNIES IN NEW YORK.



This was the
last he
occupied
While in the
field he
stemmed
the tide
Of British
arms and
British gold,
That long
across the
country
rolled.



THE BROWNIES IN NEW YORK.



The patriots here broke ranks, and laid
Their hands to ax, and plow, and spade;
And from the long-neglected sod
Sprang up once more the ear and pod;
And children fled no more in fright
From redcoats' guns or bayonets bright."

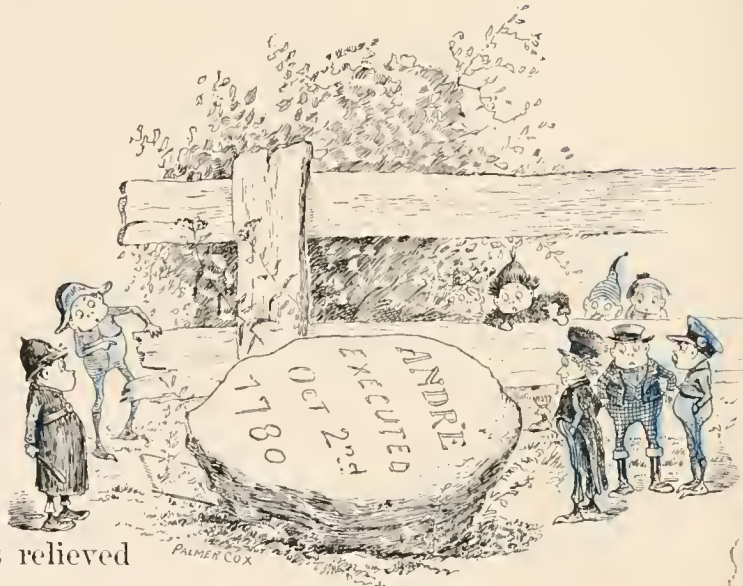


At times, the youngsters to surprise
When on the morrow they should rise,
The Brownies paused near some abode,
Or at the crossings of the road,
And on a finger-board or wall
With bits of chalk or coal would scrawl,

THE BROWNIES IN NEW YORK.



Or in some manner letter out
The hint that they had been about.
Said one, while they
with joyful mien
Surveyed each bright
and pleasing scene:
“Here, where between
the rich display
The river widens
to the bay,
Some moments let us
check our race
At Tarrytown to view
the place
Where Major André was relieved
Of his despatch, and greatly grieved



THE BROWNIES IN NEW YORK.

To find both purse and prayers were naught
To Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart."
At length that city drew their eyes
Which on Manhattan Island lies.
Said one: "At last, my comrades true,
That famous city comes in view,
So noted for its wondrous dower
Of wealth, and influence, and power;
Its open purse when comes the cry
Of sad distress from far and nigh;
Its millions spent to spread the light
In heathen countries dark as night;
Museums great, its works of art,
Its press, and great commercial mart."

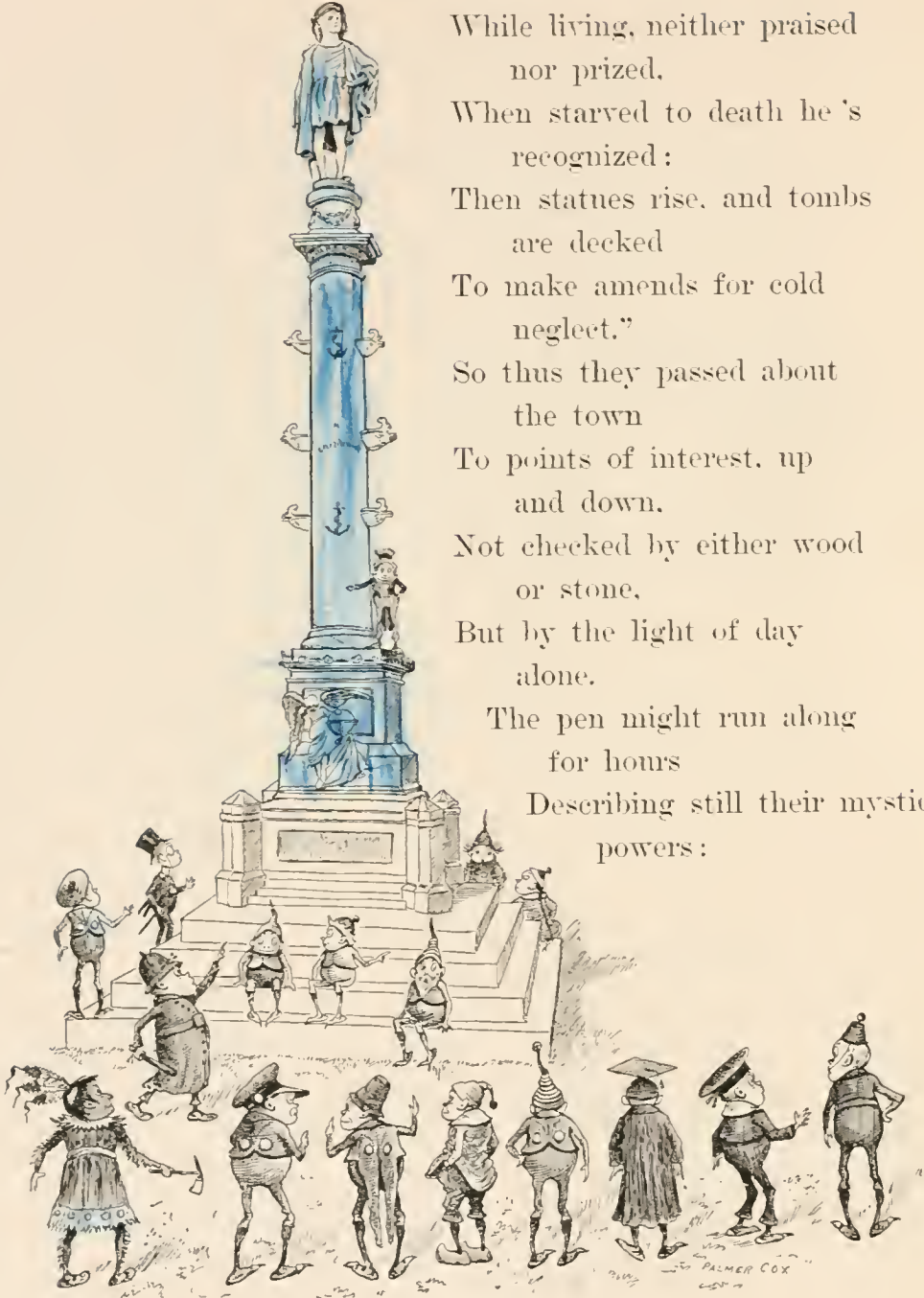


The fastest runner
In the race
May stub his toe
And lose his case.

While Brownies passed the city through,
A column tall appeared in view,
And on the top in marble white
Columbus stood with form upright,
While on the sides around the base,
The caravels all found a place.
While round the statue taking rest,
A Brownie thus his mind expressed:
"Columbus in a city old
Did first his mighty scheme unfold;
'T was there for years the sailor brave
Planned how to cross the western wave."
Another answered, while his eye
Glanced o'er the graceful column high:
"Thus oft the world is slow to sight
A genius, howsoever bright—



THE BROWNIES IN NEW YORK.



While living, neither praised
nor prized.

When starved to death he 's
recognized:

Then statues rise, and tombs
are decked

To make amends for cold
neglect."

So thus they passed about
the town

To points of interest, up
and down.

Not checked by either wood
or stone,

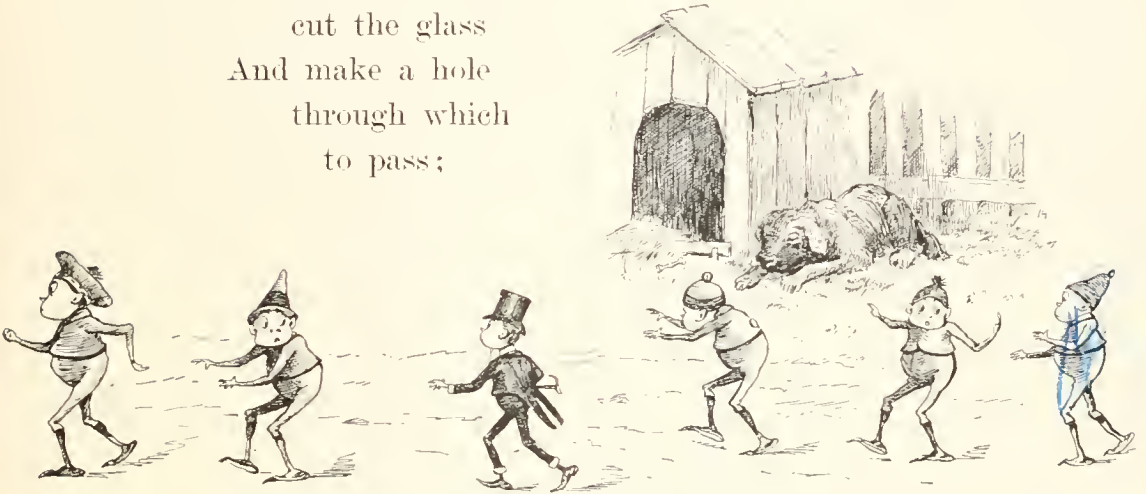
But by the light of day
alone.

The pen might run along
for hours

Describing still their mystic
powers:

THE BROWNIES IN NEW YORK.

Their way of entering in a store,
Without a key to ope the door,
Or diamond sharp to
 cut the glass
And make a hole
 through which
 to pass;



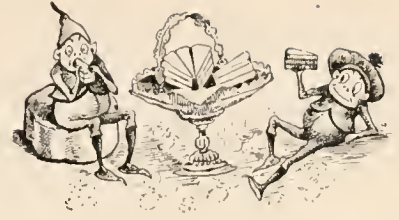
Their way to shun each savage beast
Without disturbing it the least;
Their way to reach a treasure-vault,
If so disposed, without a halt,
Though all the locks and bolts are set,
And bars surround it like a net;
Their way to get a cunning peep
At children while they 're fast asleep,
To see how well each golden head
Becomes the pillow and the spread,

Or learn if they, while dreaming sweet,
Will favorite Brownies' names repeat.
To thus enlarge upon their might
So mystical would give delight;
But oft before this pen of mine
Has ventured in descriptive line



THE BROWNIES IN NEW YORK.

The veil that shrouded them to lift,
And publish their surprising gift;
And now indeed it should be known
From torrid clime to frigid zone
That Brownies, if it suit the case,
Can find their way to any place;



And no one need put costly ware
Or bonds or notes away with care,
And think no other hand than theirs
Will finger o'er the rich affairs.
For if the cunning Brownies wish,
They 'll eat from your best silver dish,



Or keep themselves in
practice right
By counting money
half the night.
In different ways
they 'll have
their fun,

And laugh and joke when all is done;
But not a spoon, a cup or plate,
A bank-note or a pennyweight
Of coin you 'll miss at break of day,
For Brownies nothing take away.



THE BROWNIES IN NEW YORK.

At last, when morn was drawing nigh,
And purple streaks spread o'er the sky,
A Brownie raised a warning hand,
And thus addressed the busy band:
"Here might we roam for nights and nights,
Still meeting new and wondrous sights.

But hark! the sound that sweetly falls
From Trinity's old belfry walls
Proclaims 't is now the hour of five,
And soon the town will be alive;
So we must quickly turn aside,
And in some cunning manner hide."



The one who has
a name to make
Must be the first
and last awake





THE BROWNIES IN RHODE ISLAND.

SECOND TOUR.



viewed upon the map, we know
Rhode Island makes but little show,
So crowded in between the sea
And other States; but Brownies wee
In justice felt it had a claim
Upon their time, and well might blame
The band if they should fail to call
Because its acreage was small.

Said one, as they paused by a wood
That near the line of boundary stood:
“My friends, although this little place
Is but a speek on Nature’s face,
And might be crossed in half a night
From end to end, with effort slight,
When all is told we know full well
It has a right with pride to swell,
And hold its head up with the best,
As musty records can attest.



THE BROWNIES IN RHODE ISLAND.

Its roads were staked out by the dint
Of matchlocks and spark-yielding flint ;
Its woods, its harbors, streams and rocks,
Won in despite of tomahawks ;
And though it now seems small indeed,
There was a time, as you may read,
When it seemed large enough to those
Who stood the brunt of battle-blows,
When striving to protect the ground
From painted tribes that hemmed it round."

Another said: "T is not the size
Of States that proves where honor lies,
But in the way they stand the test
When trumpets sound from east to west,
And banners waving on the wall
Their valiant sons to duty call."
Thus, while they halted there, the band
Spoke of the struggles hand to hand
That in the early days had made
Some points historic ; then they paid
A visit to each town of size
That showed the people's enterprise.

To Providence they hastened all,
For well they knew the chimneys tall
That towered o'er the buildings high
Proclaimed that busy city nigh,
That kept so many hands employed,
And such a share of trade enjoyed.
While round about the State they went,
On seeing striking scenes intent,



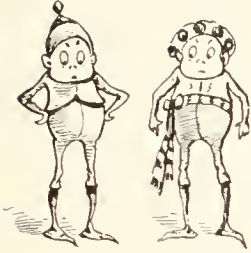
Respect the grass
on which you tread.
It will bloom above you
when you're dead.



THE BROWNIES IN RHODE ISLAND.



They left the busy points of trade,
And at the twilight hour paid
A visit to the tower strange,
That all who through the State shall range



Will find well worth a step aside,
If they are not to business tied.
Said one, as he with earnest gaze
Surveyed the work of ancient days:
“This object here seems out of place
Where lives a free-born, modern race;
’T would better suit the buried site
Of some old city brought to light,
From long repose in depths below,
That worlds might wonder at the show.
But here the ruin stands alone,
Its age and history all unknown,
A wonder to the passer-by,
And puzzle to the one who ’d pry
Into the secrets of its wall,
And why it ever rose at all.

No answer does reward the quest—
All is but guesswork at the best.
’T is thought ’t was built long years before
An English tar e’er scraped his oar
Upon the rocks or bars of sand
That border weil this Western land.”
And thus around the State they ran,
At times to halt, at times to plan;
Or as a unit all agree
What next they ’d turn their steps to see.
At times they climbed a tree or hill
To view the country better still,
Or sat on bridges in a row
To watch the tumbling flood below,



THE BROWNIES IN RHODE ISLAND.

And talk about the sort of fish
That could supply a savory dish.
From place to place with spirits light
They journeyed on throughout the night;
Where roads were bad through recent rain
That overflowed each ditch and drain
Till mud was more than ankle-deep,
Upon the fences they would keep,
And run like birds upon the rails
Until they crossed the flooded vales.



Thus ready for whatever fate
May bring around, they travel straight
And take the country or the clime
Just as they find it at the time.
And even should there be a thud
Or splash at times into the mud,

Think you a Brownie would retire
Because he rolled in deepest mire,
Or with sad tones bewail his lot,
And wish he ne'er had seen the spot?
No! On his back the mud would dry
As in his place he still would try
With extra efforts to offset
The added weight of garments wet.



What food for pencil or for pen,
Or for the snap-shot toys of men
And women who by waysides aim
To press the button on their game,
If one possessed a gifted eye
To mark them as they travel by!

But power to see the Brownie band
At any time but few command:
The second sight to things of earth
Must be conferred on them at birth.
No after-treatment e'er supplies
The gift that Nature's hand denies.



Time will not wait,
for young or old
Prize every moment
as it's told.

In vain the nerve is stretched or clipped,
Or eye within its socket tipped —
Men cannot win through surgeon's knife
The boon that glorifies a life;
And not through patient watch or wait
Or practice comes the spookish trait;
It comes not at the call of art,
If it is missing at the start.
At length, beside the water bright,
The town of Newport came in sight;

THE BROWNIES IN RHODE ISLAND.



And, stopping short with one intent,
Each eye upon the place was bent.
It was the time of summer days
So noted for the golden blaze
That soon makes people seek the shade,
Or call for draughts of lemonade,
Still hoping blessings may bring ease
And rest to those who planted trees.
When there they stood as evening shades
Were settling on the dewy glades,
Said one: "This is the time of year

When people of some means appear
To weary of their homes in town,
Or work, perhaps, that weighs them down,
And closing up their doors, they seek
For pleasure on a mountain-peak,
Or turn their steps in haste to reach
The joys found at an ocean beach."



Another said: "We something know
About the sea, for years ago
We proved the trials, less or more,
Of those who venture from the shore.
But, all the same, there is a charm
About the sea that will disarm
The ready fears that whispering stand,
With 'Praise the sea, but keep on land.'
So I advise without delay
We start upon our seaward way—
Not to a point or shaky pier
Where few convenient things are near,



THE BROWNIES IN RHODE ISLAND.

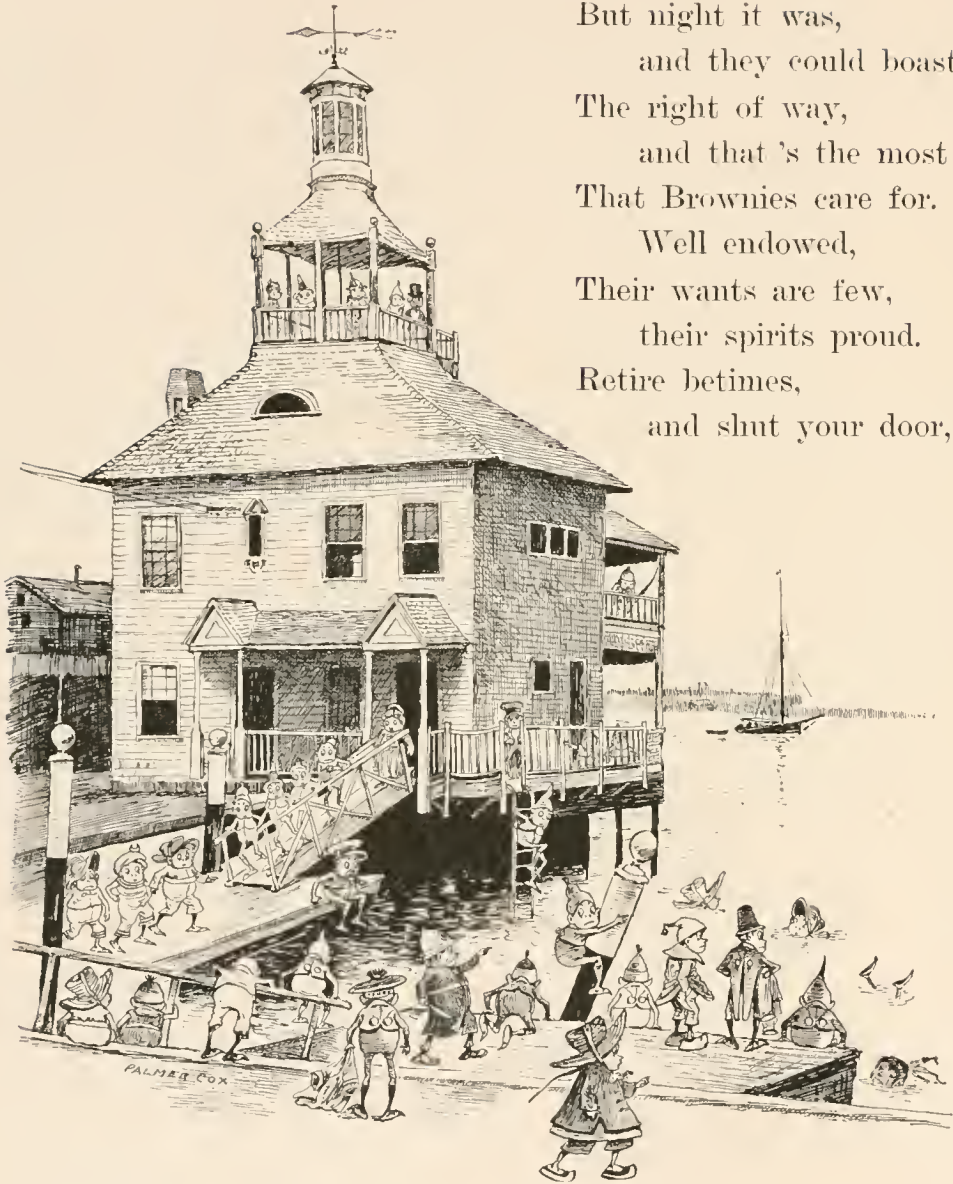
But to this place of high estate
Where wealthy people congregate
To study fashions, bathe, and pose,
Or ride in traps and tallyhos."
A little speech, a hint or two
Of pleasures that are ever new,
Will always answer like a goad
To start the Brownies on the road.
The miles and leagues that must be crossed,
However rough or well embossed
With stumps and stones, by Brownies bright
Are counted naught but matters light.



And soon the band so bold and spry
The fashionable port drew nigh,
And stood to view the buildings grand
That stretched along the famous strand
Where mingling thousands through the day
Disport themselves as best they may.

THE BROWNIES IN RHODE ISLAND.

But night it was,
and they could boast
The right of way,
and that 's the most
That Brownies care for.
Well endowed,
Their wants are few,
their spirits proud.
Retire betimes,
and shut your door,



And they 'll not ask a favor more.
Upon themselves be sure they 'll wait,
And think it not beneath their state.

THE BROWNIES IN RHODE ISLAND.

They 'll find their way to every shelf,
Nor ask your servant nor yourself
To set the table, pass the cake,
Or use the corkscrew for their sake.
Said one: "It 's pleasant to abide
In towns where care is laid aside,
Where every thought of morrow lies
In some sport-yielding enterprise.
Here beauty reigns, and rules the hour
While circling subjects own her power.
Here wealth and fashion tread a measure,
And life is one sweet draught of pleasure."



To eat and sleep for beasts
may do,
But there is something more
for you.

Another said: "While here, we 'll try
The surf, that now is rolling high;
For if I guess the time aright,
We 've reached the middle point of night,
And much we Brownies have to do
Ere dons the East its purple hue."
Few minutes passed away before
The band stood on the sandy shore,
Nor did they listen long with care
To hear what waves were saying there.

Some threw their outer clothes aside,
Some as they were rushed in the tide,
And rather than be last to breast
The wave that came with foaming crest,
Wet every tag and stitch of dress
Their scanty wardrobe did possess.
More chanced to find a fair supply
Of costumes that were left to dry,

THE BROWNIES IN RHODE ISLAND.

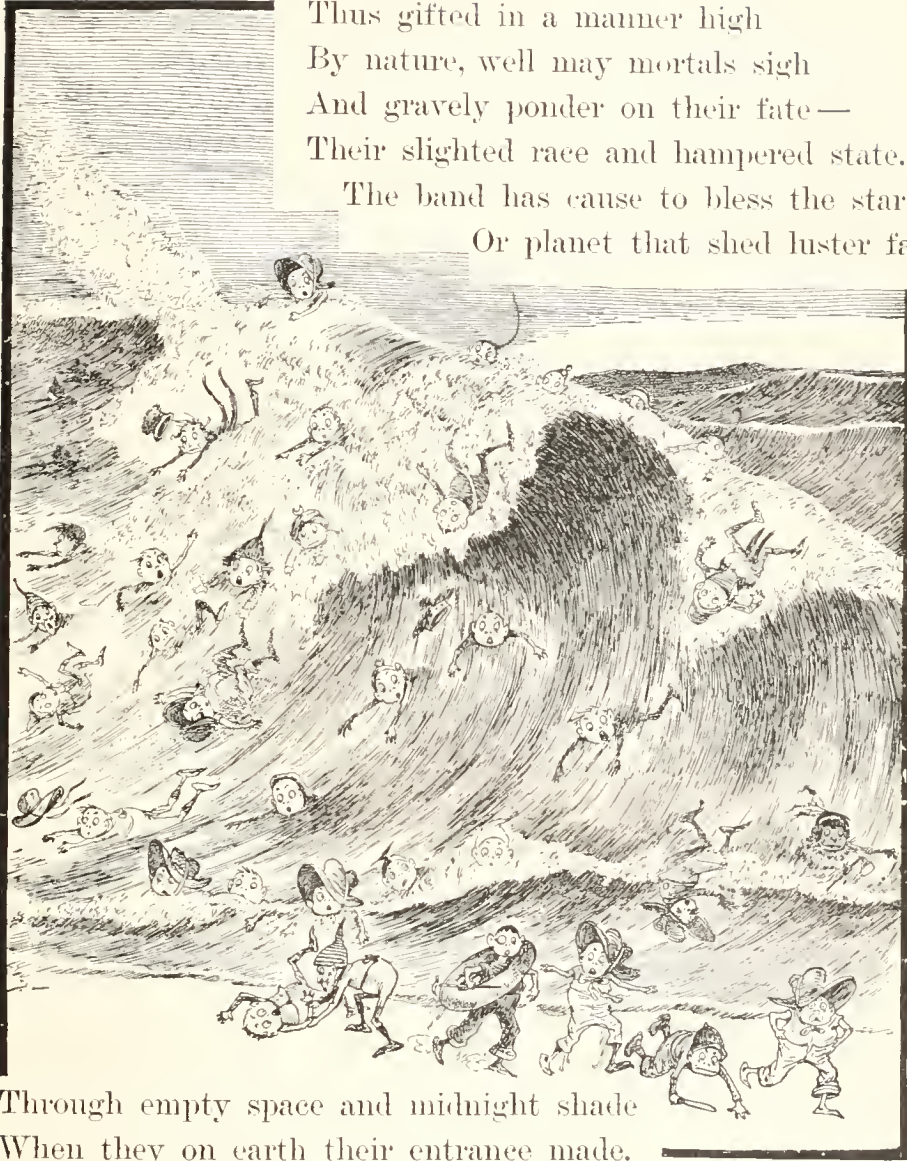


And soon their tiny forms were lost
Within the garments wrapped and crossed
And gathered to take up the slack
That showed in front and at the back,
And at the sides and feet as well,
Where cloth in great abundance fell.
Sometimes the largest suit on hand
Fell to the smallest in the band,
And here and there he 'd wildly flit
To find a robe of better fit;
While others cared not for the size,
But, though enveloped to the eyes,
Were just as pleased that happy hour
As if it fitted like a dower.
How fortunate the Brownie kind,
Who make the most of what they find,
And pass along their given way

As happily as bees in May.
Some spent the time they had on hand
In learning how to boldly stand
And tread the water there with ease,
While more it seemed to greatly please
To lie and float upon the wave
As buoyant as a chip or stave.
More dived so deep they brought their head
In contact with the ocean's bed,
And had they not been fitted out
To be through life well knocked about,
And great mishaps still to survive,
Some scarce had left the place alive.



Thus gifted in a manner high
By nature, well may mortals sigh
And gravely ponder on their fate—
Their slighted race and hampered state.
The band has cause to bless the star
Or planet that shed luster far



Through empty space and midnight shade
When they on earth their entrance made.

No bathers fresh from dusty nooks
Where calicoes, or shoes, or books
Engage their minds from day to day,
Could plunge with such a great display

THE BROWNIES IN RHODE ISLAND.

Of joy into the billows white
That broke upon the beach that night.
The wave that tries the vessel's side
When rolling on the ocean wide,
Makes oaken timbers creak and bend,
And sweeps the deck from end to end,
Could hardly force the Brownie band
To quit the sport they had on hand.
Down like great fishes in the swell
The rogues would soon themselves propel,
And out of sight and sound be lost
To every friend, till wildly tossed
Upon a crested wave they 'd rise
To greet the rest with joyful cries.



'Tis not in giving
great amounts.
It is the sacrifice
that counts.

Could mortals but have gained a peep
At them while in that rolling deep,
They would have been surprised, no doubt,
To see the way they splashed about.
There 's not an art to swimmers known
But cunning Brownies make their own.
They swim like dogs, and swim like fish,
And swim like serpents if they wish,
Where, using neither hands nor feet,
They wriggle through each wave they meet.
Their ways would make those persons sigh
Who scarce could keep a nose or eye
Above the flood, however fast
Their feet and hands through water passed.
Said one: "T is not in rapid strokes
Or kicks behind that Brownie folks

THE BROWNIES IN RHODE ISLAND.



Put all dependence, as you see ;
But in peculiar gifts that we
Could freely use if no set rules
Were practised in the swimming-schools."
Another said : "'T is not alone
In water that our skill is shown :
But on the skate or wheel as well,
Or prancing horse, as stories tell,
We hold our own in every case,
And far excel the human race."

Time moves along—though fingers light
May catch at moments in their flight,
Though back the dial's hand we bring,
Or check the pendulum's honest swing,
The sun is far beyond our sway,
And opens wide the gates of day ;
So even Brownies don't neglect
To pay the minutes due respect,
But shape their actions to agree
With time that moves so sure and free.
That night presented many a freak
Of which the Brownies long will speak ;
For many a ride and many a run
And swim they had ere sport was done,
And they retired from beach and lawn
And roadway at the flush of dawn.





THE BROWNIES IN FLORIDA.

THIRD TOUR.



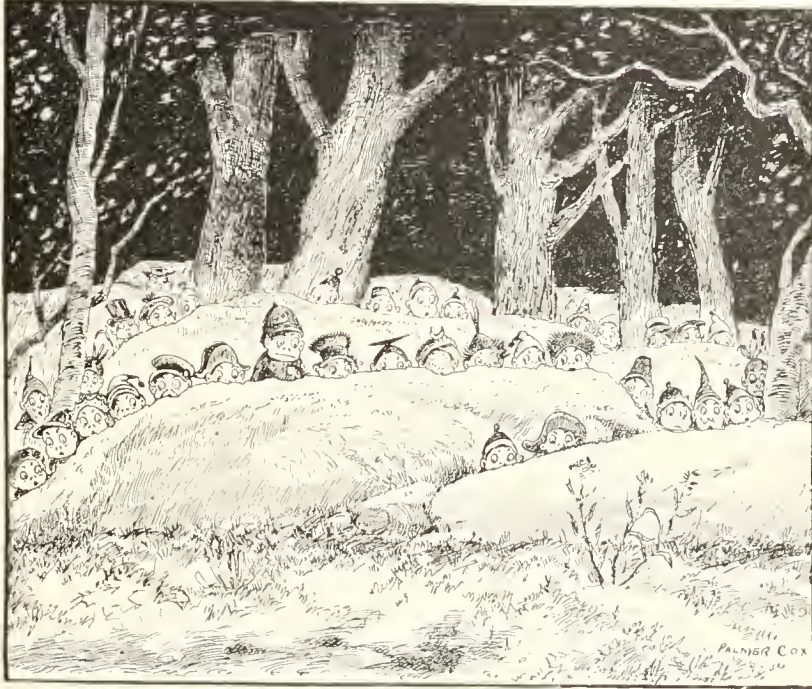
When cunning Brownies ventilate
Their views about a town or State,
Ere they have settled on a place
Where next they must direct their race,
All must be willing and agreed
Through every trial to proceed,
And count the joys before them set
A recompense for dangers met.
But happily the Brownie band
Was under some mild system planned,
With hearts and hopes and aims the same.

One has small reason to declaim
Or speechify to bring about
Sweet harmony ere they set out.
Oh, many a year and trying age
May pass away ere on the stage
Another band like them will rise
To please, to puzzle, and surprise.



THE BROWNIES IN FLORIDA.

Those knowing best the Brownies free,
Know best where they are sure to be
When to his bed the sinking sun
Is hastening from his daily run.



Not in the busy marts of men,
Where people drive the crusty pen,
Or every nerve within them strain
In the o'ermastering thirst for gain;
But in the suburbs of the town,
From dark recesses peeping down
Upon the people homeward bound
To pass the night in slumber sound—
'T is there the Brownies wait the hour
When they can show their mystic power.

THE BROWNIES IN FLORIDA.

They met one evening, by their plan,
And all their conversation ran
On lovely scenes in flood and field
That Southern countries often yield.
Said one: "T is called the 'Land of Flowers.'
There people doze through sunny hours,
And all the path they care to tread
Is from their table to their bed."
Another cried: "I wonder where
You learned about the people there.
From ignorance your words must rise,
And you should here apologize.

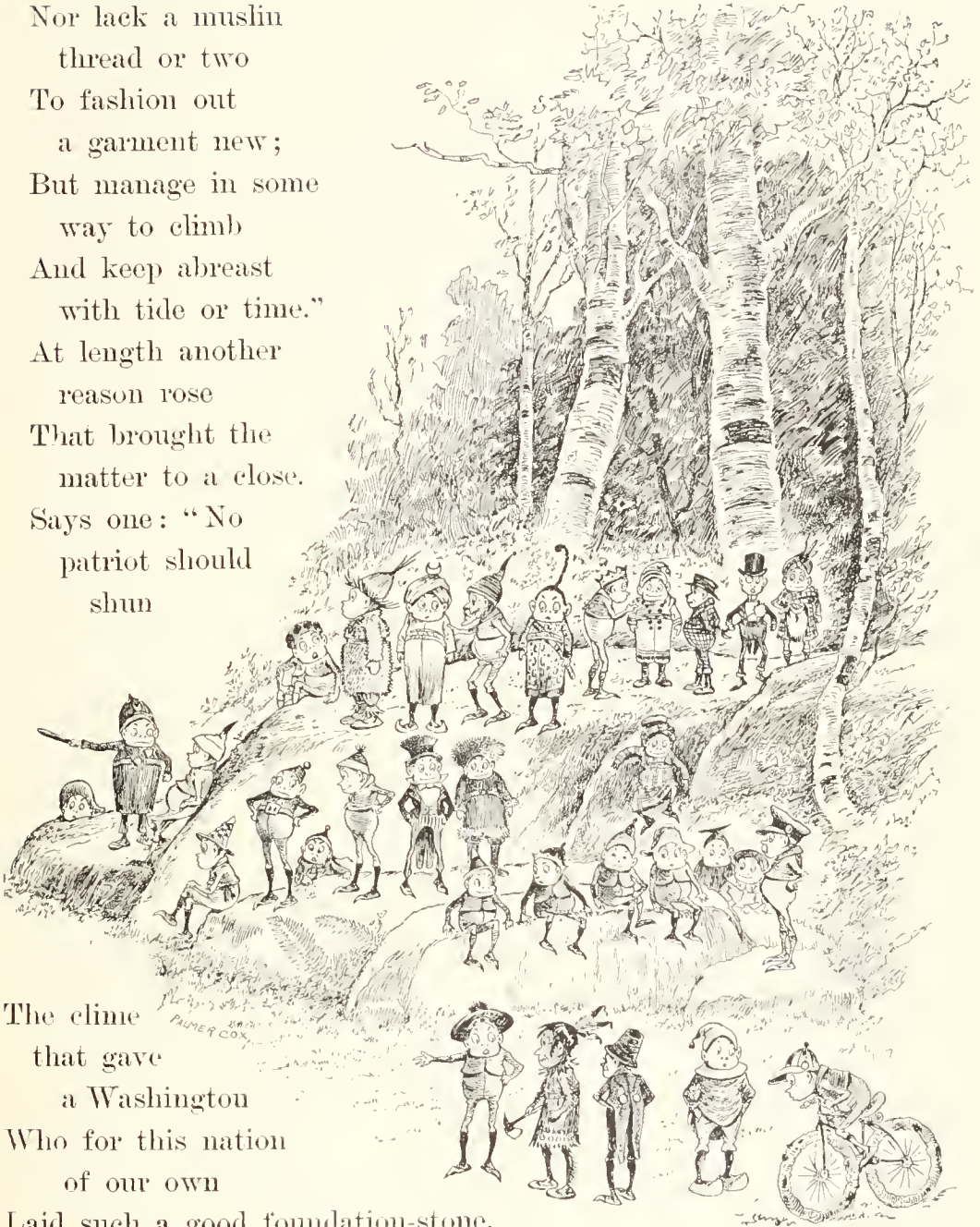


They 'ré not so prone to eat or doze
As creatures like yourself suppose,
But have an eye that 's quick to light
With fire at insult, wrong, or slight,
And systems that can stand the strain
Of sleepless march, or long campaign ;
While at their board the friend or guest
Will fare at all times on the best."

Another said: "It matters not.
Whate'er their nature, cool or hot,
We 'll leave awhile the range of snow,
And down to Dixie's land we 'll go.
We care not what their tables yield,
So long as we have room afield ;
We 're not beholden to mankind
For food or raiment, as they 'll find.
The Brownies will not lack a bite
If they feel stings of appetite,



Nor lack a muslin
thread or two
To fashion out
a garment new;
But manage in some
way to climb
And keep abreast
with tide or time.”
At length another
reason rose
That brought the
matter to a close.
Says one: “No
patriot should
shun



The clime
that gave
a Washington
Who for this nation
of our own
Laid such a good foundation-stone,

THE BROWNIES IN FLORIDA.

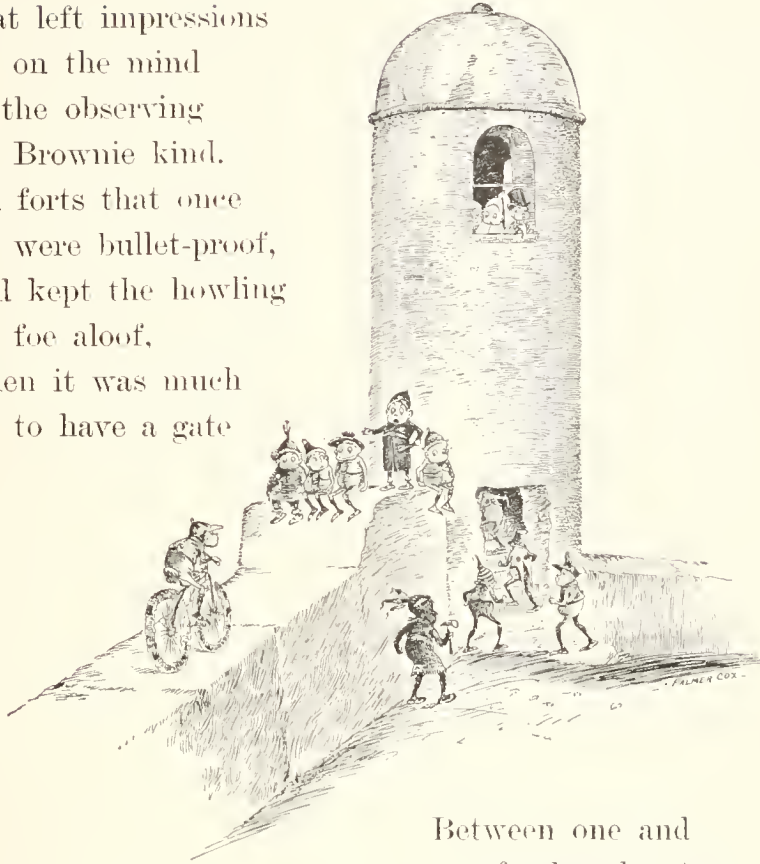
That last of all 't will roll away
When worlds shall crumble in decay—
And Jackson, who from cotton-bales
Made his opponent spread his sails,
And to some safer quarter tack—
Besides 'Old Rough and Ready' Zach,
Who nearly fifty years ago
Made stirring times in Mexico."
These words, that touched each Brownie's
heart,
Soon brought about an early start.
For Florida the band set out
With nimble feet and courage stout,
And skirted many a cape and bay
And headland, on their Southern way.



They visited St. Augustine,
To feast their eyes on many a scene

THE BROWNIES IN FLORIDA.

That left impressions
on the mind
Of the observing
Brownie kind.
Old forts that once
were bullet-proof,
And kept the howling
foe aloof,
When it was much
to have a gate



Between one and
a feathered pate,
Were talked about, and stories told
Of wars, until the theme grew old.
It gave them sport to run around
And climb the trees that there they found,
And swing on vines that stretched between
The mossy trunks like hammocks green.
Sometimes a dozen in a row
Would thus be swaying to and fro,
Until a break the swing would end,
And to the ground they 'd all descend.



Be fair though at
a seeming loss,
You may find gold
by losing cross.

THE BROWNIES IN FLORIDA.

But what care Brownies for a fall?
To reach another vine they 'd crawl,
And soon be sweeping through the air
Upon some breakneck, frail affair.
Oh, happy Brownies, who can spring
From trouble as with golden wing,
And from their minds forever cast
All thoughts of pain or trials passed!

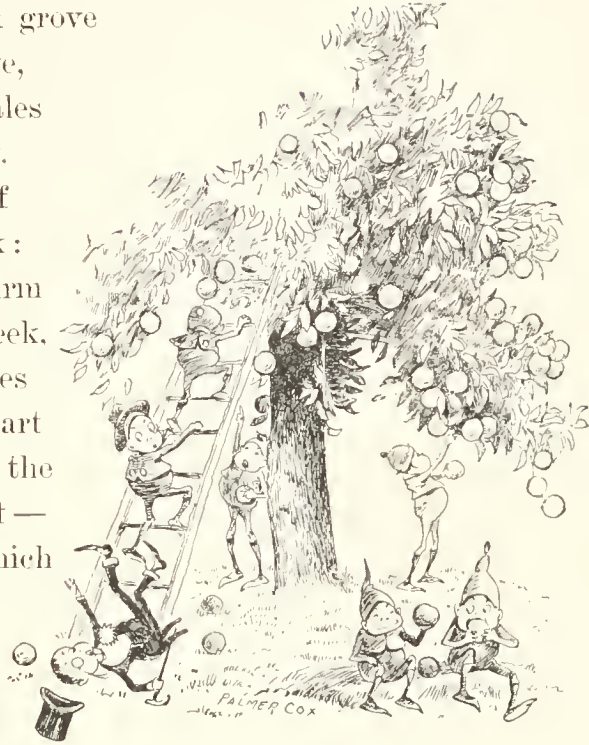


Where shall a mortal turn his face
To bring in view another race
So full of hope, by nothing bowed,
And with good nature so endowed?
Next up the St. John's River wide,
Of Ponce de Leon's State the pride,
The daring Brownies took their course
To trace it fully to its source.

At times they paused, and well they might,
As some bright landscape came in sight,
That could not but awake surprise
In all who have admiring eyes.
Said one: "We Brownies, as you see,
Are gifted in a high degree,
For Nature never knew a band
Or race, or tribe, in any land,
From Sitka Sound to Singapore,
That could appreciate her more.
A scene that dull and dark might fall
On some, perhaps, who coldly crawl
Along through life without a thrill,
With rapture will a Brownie fill.

THE BROWNIES IN FLORIDA.

Each stream and grove
attracts the eye,
The flowering vales
and sunny sky.
And not alone of
these we speak:
We note the charm
of beauty's cheek,
We mark the eyes
that have the art
To soon enslave the
fluttering heart —
And smile to which
the memory
clings
Through every
change that
fortune brings."



No cakes of ice nor snow-drifts came
To send a chill through every frame,
And make them wish in language strong
That they had brought their furs along.
But flowers bright, of every hue
To painters known, around them grew.

Those who preferred the crimson flower
Were happy souls in such an hour;
Those who the red or white desired,
Found plenty there to be admired;
Those who the pink or yellow praised,
At their good fortune were amazed.



THE BROWNIES IN FLORIDA.



Not one of all
the Brownies there
But had ere long a nosegay rare,
That on the street or in the hall
Would soon bring envious sighs from all.

At times with kind and careful hand
They crowned some members of the band
With wreaths of flowers nicely made,
With due respect to proper shade.
No milliners, skilled in the art
Of matching colors, could impart
More taste or judgment to the crest,
To show one's beauty at its best.
One well might wonder in what way
They gained the knowledge they display:
Some think by peeping from the shade
At those who in such notions trade,
Or else by watching well their chance
To take at passing folk a glance,
And noting all things new and strange,
That come to light as fashions change.

But, ah, their mystic power so great
Was granted at an earlier date.
'T is not by keeping sharp lookout
Upon the ways of those about
The Brownies have the art acquired
So much in use, and much admired:
But through a natural gift that stands
Them in good stead on all demands.
The tender touch, the judgment rare,
The skilful stroke, beyond compare,
They carried with them when they came
Attention from the world to claim.
No wonder then some pride we find,
An independence of mankind,



'Tis not the noisiest
talk that tells.
The loudest the
loudest yells.

THE BROWNIES IN FLORIDA.

In every Brownie of the band,
Wherever found throughout the land.
Some Brownies have an eye that 's bright
To quickly note a pleasing sight,
And love to linger in a place
Where Nature shows her sweetest face,
Where little danger may be met,
And tools and arms aside are set;



*Be on your guard
from day to day:
When least expected
comes the fray.*

While other spirits, wild and strange,
Would rather climb some mountain-range.
The thought that they in such an hour
Can far outdo man's boasted power
Gives pleasure to the Brownies smart,
And fills with pride each daring heart.
Along the slippery crag they move,
As if their native skill to prove;
With goats for dangerous points compete,
And out of man take all conceit,
Where in each step a danger lies,
And each his skill must exercise.

But in these groves and gardens bright
All were content to spend the night;
In fact, too swift time seemed to go
While they were wandering to and fro—
Now where, all trained to climb or grow,
The plants were making greatest show,
Or where, to beautify the sward,
They flourished of their own accord.
Thick over walls the flowers hung,
Through fences peeped, to hedges clung,



THE BROWNIES IN FLORIDA.



And rising from the vases high,
Attracted every passing eye;
While birds of plumage bright and gay
Were resting from their busy day
In rows upon the branches green,
And adding beauty to the scene.
Said one: "No more I want to hear
About the valley of Cashmere,
Or any Persian product fine
That blossoms in the poet's line.
No garden of a turbaned Turk,
With harem walls, or latticework,

All hemmed around with greatest care,
Can with this lovely scene compare.
If sweeter flowers bloom than these
That here I 've taken from the bees,
They 'll flourish not through man's device,
But grow in vales of Paradise.
Another said: "Much has been told
About the gardens built of old
To hang between the earth and skies,
And cause much wonder and surprise
From kings or tribes of people there
Who to that city chanced to fare.
But at a great expense, no doubt,
These wondrous things were fashioned out,
And heavy taxes for the plan
Through many generations ran;
While but a king, or some such lord,
Could the delightful scene afford;



THE BROWNIES IN FLORIDA.



And gardens blooming
bright and high
Were eye-sores to
the passers-by.
But in this country
of our own,
Where no such selfish
work is known,

Where kings cannot build thrones of state,
Nor proclamations promulgate,
Nor with a tax oppress the land
To build a tomb or statue grand,
Nor boldly rifle sacred domes
And altars to enrich their homes,
'T is pleasant to see flowers rare
That flourish with so little care,
And in this soil, so richly spread,
Find through the year a fitting bed.
How blessed are those who on life's stage
Have stumbled in the present age,
And opened first their wondering eyes
Beneath the Union's arching skies,

Where Freedom reigns,
and all mankind
Can lift their voice and
speak their mind,
And taste of all
the gifts that flow
From Nature's hand,
both high and low!"



THE BROWNIES IN FLORIDA.



Thus freely chatting, as they strayed,
The Brownies tarried while the shade
Of night remained to be a screen
Till purple streaks of morn were seen.
They plaited leaves and hung them round
The oldest trees upon the ground,
In honor of the trunks so strong
That stood and braved the winds so long.
No bees, housed up from wintry air
Away from all that 's bright and fair,
Do more enjoy the balmy spring
That gives them leave their way to wing
Through gardens marked with many a bed,
And fields all yellow, blue, and red,
Than did the Brownies through that night
Enjoy each scene that came in sight.
Said one, as they all turned away
Before the brightening morning ray:
"If Northern people only knew
What generous Nature here can do
To charm the eye, to glad the heart,
And strength to every sense impart,
There 'd be less crowding to the ships
To take long transatlantic trips.



THE BROWNIES IN FLORIDA.

But as when birds of passage see
The signs of winter on the tree,
And feel that soon the frosty air
Will creep between their feathers spare,
They haste to lay their plans betime
To journey to a milder clime,
So people to the South would hie
To rest beneath its sunny sky.”
The State is full of wonders strange
That tempted Brownies still to range.
Through dismal swamp and everglade
Without a guide they onward strayed;
In places where no mortal cares
To set his foot, a Brownie dares
To travel freely in delight,
And study Nature’s face aright.





THE BROWNTIES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

FOURTH TOUR.

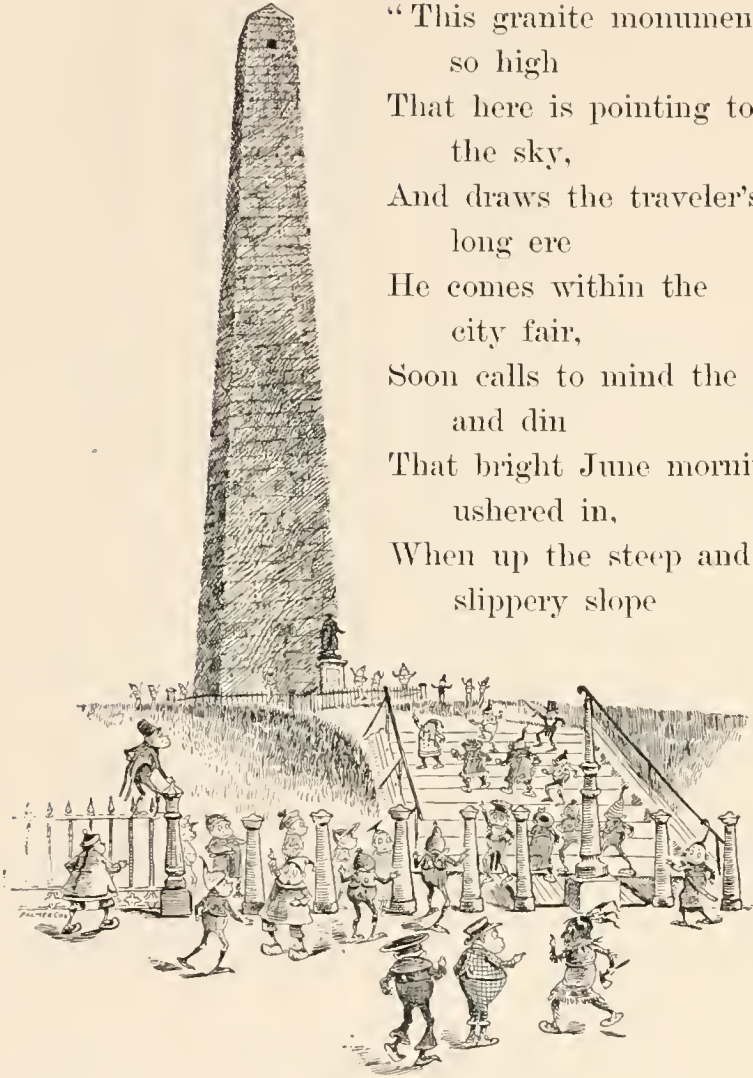


keeping with the wishes strong
The Brownie band had cherished long,
As shades of evening closed around,
In haste they sought their meeting-ground.
No sooner had the roll been called,
And "here" or "present" each one bawled,
Than one remarked: "'T is well indeed
That all are here now to proceed,
Without delay, to carry through
The plan we long have had in view.
The old 'Bay State' is worthy ground
For us to visit in our round
Of pleasure, traveling here and there
In search of what is strange or fair."
To Boston then the Brownies made
Their way, and soon a visit paid
To Bunker Hill, where one addressed
His comrades when they reached the crest:



THE BROWNIES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

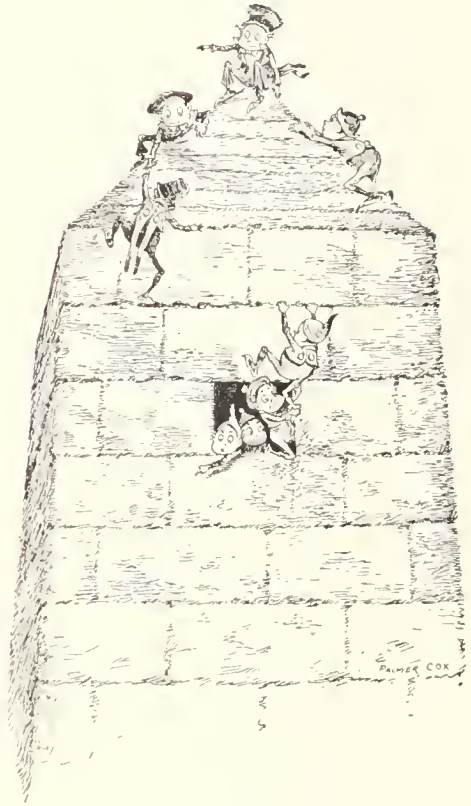
“This granite monument
so high
That here is pointing to
the sky,
And draws the traveler’s eye
long ere
He comes within the
city fair,
Soon calls to mind the clash
and din
That bright June morning
ushered in,
When up the steep and
slippery slope



With leveled steel came Britain’s hope
In even lines, with even tread,
And crimson banners overhead.”
Another said: “’T is true, indeed,
As one may on the tablet read,

THE BROWNIES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

This is the spot where
Warren fell
Upon that day when rang
the bell
Of Freedom through the
startled land,
To call to arms each
valiant band ;
Here bravely up the
grassy steep
The British came, in
columns deep,
To backward roll from
volleys hot
Of bullets, slugs, and
partridge-shot,
Or whatsoever men
could pour
Or ram into the
smoking bore.”
Soon round and round the winding stair
They ran to climb the tall affair,
To reach the topmost windows small,
And gain a bird's-eye view of all.
How vain are all the arts of man,
However well he lays his plan,
To keep out creatures of the night
And have the sole, exclusive right
To shove a bolt or turn a key
That to the public is not free!





This fact is striking when we note
How easily the Brownies float
Through obstacles that are, at best,
To them but subjects for a jest.
If mortals had the power that they
Upon their nightly rounds display,
The locksmith might take down his sign,
The janitor his place resign,
The watchman sleep the hours away
And let intruders have full sway;

But only Brownies have the skill
Or gift to go thus where they will.
An hour or more their eyes were bent
On scenes around the monument.
It was, indeed, a pleasing sight:
The city in a blaze of light,
With streets and squares and pleasure-grounds
Marked out with lamps to farthest bounds.
They hurried round from place to place
With nimble feet and beaming face;
Now through the Public Gardens strayed,
Then on the Boston Common played,
Until a striking clock would prove
The time had come for them to move.
Upon the old church spire they gazed
Where long ago the signal blazed
That gave the hint to Paul Revere
To mount his steed and disappear
Into the darkness, far away
His hasty tidings to convey.



THE BROWNIES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Not satisfied to simply stare
Upon the church from street or square,
The Brownies to the belfry went
To look around; then, well content,



They started off to make a call
On old time-honored Faneuil Hall.
It gave them great delight to range
In freedom through the building strange.
They stood around and "speechified"
From balconies on either side,
And talked about the times when there
The angry people did repair,

THE BROWNIES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Till every nook and foot of space
Was crowded with the populace.
To Cambridge, with inquiring mind,
The Brownies traveled next, to find
The ancient elm beneath whose shade
Stood Washington to draw his blade,



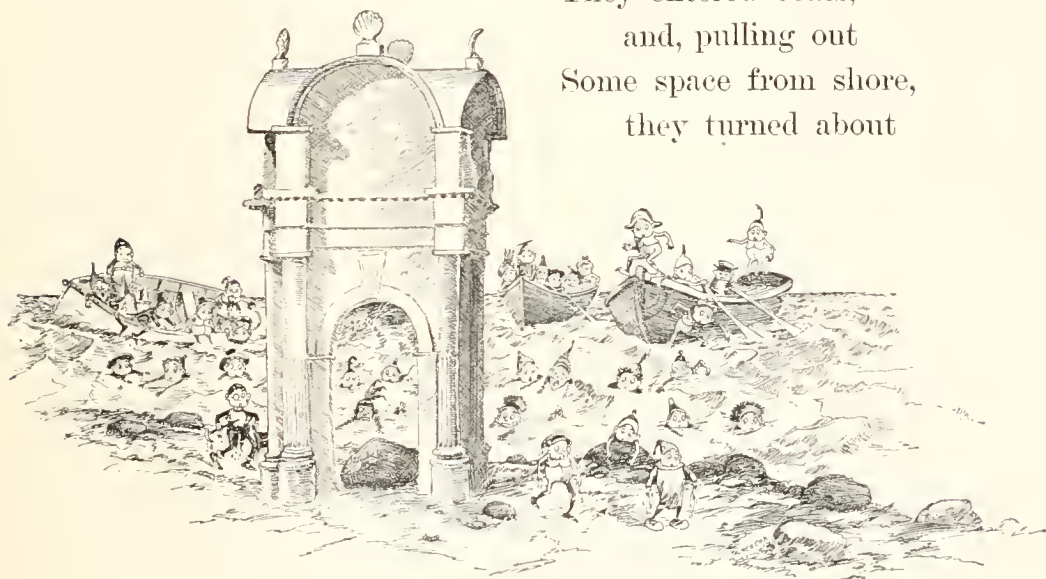
THE BROWNIES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

With solemn vows to take command
Of his bold, patriotic band.
They tarried there to climb about
And study old inscriptions out,
And then away to Plymouth Rock
The Brownies ran, a lively flock;
For lightly does the Brownie go,
And skims the meadow like a crow,
When there is need of extra haste,
Or few the minutes he can waste.
When that historic spot was found,
In groups the Brownies stood around
To talk about the daring few
Whose spirit nothing could subdue.



However dark the night
may be,
Without a lantern
Brownies see.

They entered boats,
and, pulling out
Some space from shore,
they turned about



And made a rush, to show the way
The Pilgrims acted on that day

THE BROWNIES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

When it was counted much to be
The first to place a foot or knee
Upon the rough, though welcome beach,
So far from persecution's reach.
Some jumped while water still was deep,
And down they went to take a peep
At submarine attractions spread
Where clams and lobsters make a bed;
But, rising, found a friendly hand
Prepared to drag them to the land;



A cloud can hide
the brightest stars,
So trouble oft ones
pleasure bars.

For Brownies note each other's woe,
And quickly to the rescue go—
Through flood or fire they 'll dash amain,
Nor let companions call in vain.
They don't look round to see who 'll fling
His coat aside, the first to spring
Without a thought but one—to save
A fellow-creature from the grave:
They go themselves. Thus oft you 'll find
A dozen with a single mind—
Each striving to be first to lend
Assistance to a suffering friend.

Said one, when he had gained the ear
Of dripping comrades standing near:
“No wonder that the Pilgrims drew
A lengthy breath when they got through
The jumping in and crawling out
That marked their landing hereabout;
And much the Indians must have been
Surprised to see those stalwart men



THE BROWNIES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

So eager to find footing here
Upon the Western Hemisphere."



The Brownies now to Lowell sped,
And then away to Marblehead;
On Salem next their eyes were thrown—
That has a history of its own.
And then to old Nantucket strand
With eager glances moved the band,
Where they could gain no stinted view
Of ocean rolling deep and blue.





THE BROWNIES IN NEW JERSEY.

FIFTH TOUR.

thoughtfulness when Brownies planned
To visit States both rich and grand,
In hopes to find where'er they 'd call
Prosperity was blessing all,
New Jersey, as we gladly find,
Was treasured in the Brownies' mind;
And to the thriving State at last
The nimble-footed rovers passed.
No census-taker better knows
How fast a population grows,
How often marriage-knots are tied,
Or babes increase the parents' pride,



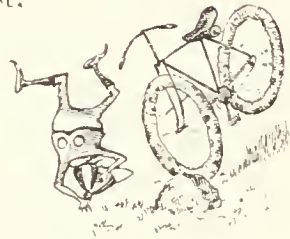


Than do the cunning Brownies bright,
Who still must keep from human sight;
Or no assessor passing through
The country wide the farms to view,
And fix the value and the size
Of taxes that do men surprise,
Can better tell how values fall,
Or rise, than can the Brownies small.

They traveled many miles around,
And much to praise they quickly found.
When Trenton came at length in sight,
The Brownies paused, as well they might,
To there review like Brownie kind
The battle that it called to mind.
Said one, as he the field surveyed:

“T was here upon this spot, arrayed
In line of battle, bright and red,
With banners streaming overhead,
The Hessian troops were forced to reel
By Continental lead and steel;
For under him who well could lead
Were men prepared for every deed
That seemed the noble cause to aid
For which they buckled on the blade,
And left their plows in furrows fast,
To rally at the bugle-blast.”

Then up to Princeton, ere the rise
Of sun, where once again surprise
Brought swift disaster to the foe,
The Brownies all resolved to go.



THE BROWNIES IN NEW JERSEY.

The distance that the soldiers brave
Had marched that night, to dig a grave
For many of the foreign host,
Was crossed in half an hour at most;
For quick the Brownies skip the mead
When they have reason to proceed
With all the mystic arts they own,
And hours of night are nearly flown.



To Morristown, an honored name
Through Revolutionary fame,
The Brownies traveled, hiding still
When morning sunlight kissed the hill;
Then creeping out to take their way
When fell the evening shadows gray.
The Boonton Mountain felt their tread
As o'er the wooded heights they sped.
At Newark next they marked with pride
The business plants on every side —



Saw where the factory and the mill
Did many homes with comfort fill.
At Hackensack they spent a night;
Snake Hill they left upon their right,
As down the steep Weehawken shore
They ran, to spend an hour or more
In viewing that historic ground
That still upon the bank is found.
Said one: "Here Hamilton, indeed,
Met Burr at morn, as was agreed,



And fell in that sad, useless strife
That closed his bright and useful life."

THE BROWNIES IN NEW JERSEY.

Now coursing round, good time they made
To Jersey City, and displayed,
As oft they do, their greatest care
To note improvements everywhere.
When all the sights within the town
Were visited and noted down,
The jovial band soon took a race
To other points around the place.
With thoughts of pleasure passing through
Their active minds, the Brownies drew
Together on a rising ground,
As evening shades were closing round.
The bat, the beetle, and the fly
Whose evening lantern charms the eye,
Come not more prompt at Hecate's call
Than Brownies when the shadows fall.



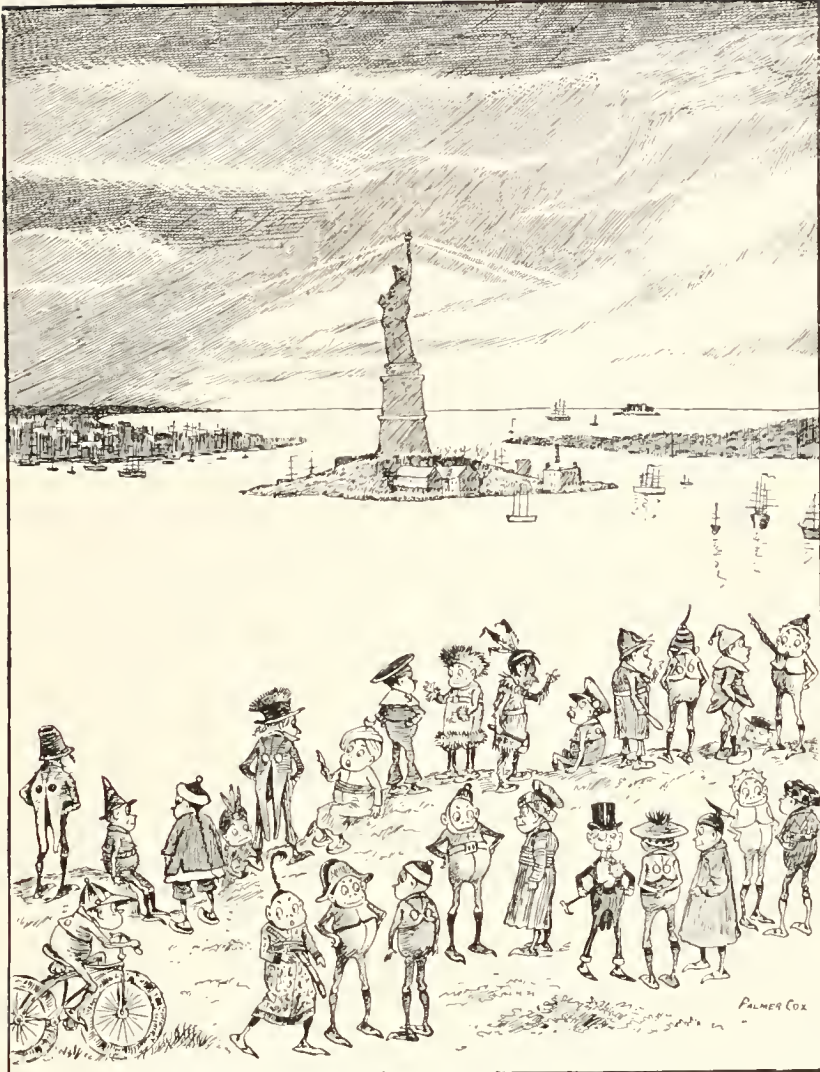
Said one: "Ofttimes at close of day
I've watched the light in yonder bay
Proceeding from the statue high
That looms so dark against the sky,
And thought upon the joy in store
For us, could we but venture o'er
The waves that lift their snowy crests
Around the isle whereon it rests.

Although not set on Jersey ground
O'er which we have been rambling round,
The Jersey shore will here bestow
A starting-point from which to go,
And to the State we'll give our thanks
For having such convenient banks,



Careful tread on
earth below,
Paths above no
pitfalls know.

THE BROWNIES IN NEW JERSEY.



Or shores, that reach into the bay,
To help us in our bold essay."
Another said: "When Brownies fail
In aught they undertake, bewail
The lost condition of the race—
Till then let fear to nerve give place.

This eve, when dew bedecks the wold,
And in the sky the hunter old
Has buckled on his belt of fire,
We 'll take ourselves that island nigher,
To see the statue that does stand
With blazing torch in lifted hand
As Liberty to light the way
For all the world to reach the bay.



There in due time we 'll soon disclose
The liberty a Brownie knows,
And I for one will feel unblessed
Until upon her crown I rest,
A proud and sweeping glance to throw
Upon the shipping moored below."



Few minutes passed before the band
Was out upon the cape of land
That nearest to the island lay,
Collecting in their lively way
Such things as best would bear them through
The water to the point in view.
Inventors at their task grown gray
Oft leave their toil and pass away,
Nor can they the solutions claim
That might have brought them wealth or
fame ;
But Brownies, when it is their lot
To study out a scheme or plot,
All problems soon side-track or shunt,
And bring perfection to the front.



It doesn't lie in pen
and ink
So much as in a head
to think.



A thing which through the air will sail,
 Or plow the waters like a whale,
 Is not beyond their mystic might
 Or wondrous breadth of genius bright.
 Whatever man, however blessed
 With special gifts above the rest,
 Can conjure up to serve his end,
 To spread his fame, or purse extend,
 He 'll find the bauld not at his heels,
 Nor studying his springs and wheels,
 Nor plaming to infringe his right,
 But in advance clean out of sight.
 But little serves to make a boat
 On which the Brownies well can float.

At times no better craft they ask
 Than just a coop, or empty cask;
 And thus they 'll travel, free from care,
 Without a wish to better fare.
 'T is not in yachts, nor coaches great,
 Nor cushions soft, nor chairs of state,
 To bring content, or bliss control—
 'T is in the nature of the soul;
 And often those who smile the most
 Are those who have no beef to roast.
 And so the Brownies, well content
 With what the fates that evening lent,
 Set out from shore, with joke and smile,
 To work their passage to the isle.
 The bay, that night they tempted fish,
 Was not as calm as one might wish;



THE BROWNIES IN NEW JERSEY.



The gales that swept the sea of late
Had left it in a ruffled state.
Now heaving there and sinking here,
And flinging spray across the pier,

It seemed averse to ways serene,
And anxious to do something mean.
So when the Brownies ventured out
Upon their traps to toss about,
A titter seemed at times to run
From wave to wave until it won
More strength and reached a howl at last
That went out seaward with the blast.

A little giggle passing through
The cherry lips of such as you,
Is sweetest music to the ear;
But laughs like those we mention here
Oft hint of travels submarine,
Of seaweed beds and anguish keen.
They reached, ere long, as best they could,
The island where the statue stood.



With upturned face they gathered all
To gaze upon the figure tall,
That as a work of friendship still
Between two great Republics will
Look out upon the restless sea
Till monarchies shall cease to be.
Not long the Brownies stay below
When there 's a chance to upward go;
Not long an outward look will do,
If there 's a way to travel through;
And soon the band of which we sing
Were wending upward in a string.
The many steps the stair contained
Were left behind as on they strained,

THE BROWNIES IN NEW JERSEY.



Without a halt, save one alone
Upon the pedestal of stone,
Where they with wondering eyes looked out
Across the waves, then turned about
And, hid beneath the garment's fold,
Still upward climbed the Brownies bold,
And showed the greatest discontent
Till to the highest point they went.
They criticized her Grecian nose,
Her curling lip and graceful pose,
Her eyes that looked so calm and kind,
Her hair rolled in a knot behind;
And then the Brownies all agreed
She rightly represents indeed,
As any practised eye could tell,
That Liberty all love so well.
They ventured up and sat astride
Of finger-tips, and stood with pride
Upon the ornamented head
And torch that light around them spread.
A mortal, howsoever free
From dizziness he claims to be,
Will hardly tempt fate in the way
The Brownies do at work or play;



But not without alarms they go
Thus daring fortune, well we know.
Sometimes they slipped

in spite of care,

And life seemed hanging by a hair.
Then hearts sank low in every breast
When valued friends

were sore distressed;

But ready hands were ever near
To lift them from the place of fear.

Not long in danger Brownies lie
While close at hand are comrades spry.
Each nerve is strained, each method tried,
That swift relief may be supplied.

What Brownies did not understand
About that statue, great and grand,
Before they left for haunts remote,
Was hardly worthy special note.
The stars on high had banked their fires,
The dawn had tinged the city's spires,
The goddess stood in fuller grace,
The flush of morn upon her face,

Ere Brownies reached the Jersey shore,
And found their hiding-place once more.





THE BROWNIES IN CONNECTICUT.



SIXTH TOUR.

Brownies bold, in spirits fine,
One evening crossed the boundary line,
And that old State with pleasure hailed
Wherein the Blue Laws once prevailed,
That made the people toe the mark
On Sabbath days, and after dark,
And mind with care their P's and Q's,
And not try napping in their pews,
Said one: "This State is not the last
To name when we review the past,
Or call to mind the struggles great
Of those who tried to found the State.
The banks of that long river there,
That 's winding down the valley fair,
Were covered o'er with heavy wood
Wherein the pointed wigwam stood:
While oft upon some jutting height
Was seen the Red Men's signal-light."



THE BROWNIES IN CONNECTICUT.

Another answered him the while:
"T is true, you 'll hardly tread a mile
Along the river, up or down,
Through verdant vales or thriving town,
And not encounter on your way
Some spot that 's marked a savage fray,
When, in the deadly ambushade,
Or massacre, no hand was stayed
In mercy, but both youth and age
Fell victims to the foeman's rage."

And thus they talked about the State,
While deeper still to penetrate
Into that section of the land
On moved the keen observing band.
All noted points of interest still—
Now in the vale, now on the hill;
Now by some engineering scheme,
Then by the rapid rolling stream;
Now by a city paused and spoke
About the famous Charter Oak,
Known through the country far and wide,
That was for years the people's pride.

What tourists Brownies prove to be
When they are out to hear and see!
How little can escape the eye
That takes in all from earth to sky!
How faint the sound that does not strike
Upon the ears of all alike,
And waken joy or consternation
According to the situation:



Small deeds may turn
the scale at last
And count for more than
treasures vast.



THE BROWNIES IN CONNECTICUT.



The cat that 's out
without a key,
The turkeys roosting
in the tree,
Well pleased a soft
"good night" to
throw
To Reynard at the
roots below ;
The barking dog at
some one's gate,
The dim light burning
rather late,
That hints of youthful
lovers there,
Or some one sick
and needing care,
Are noticed as they
take their way,
However near the
morning ray.
At length they neared
the glittering Sound,
And then New Haven
soon was found,
That 's famous for the
elm-trees fine

Which through the city stand in line,
And spreading over street and square
And avenues, form arches fair.



To steep East Rock the Brownies went
To view the Soldiers' Monument,
And there unite in words of praise
For those who did the column raise
High o'er the town around it spread,
In memory of the honored dead.
But he who tells their every act,
And pictures forth each simple fact,
Will need to have the virtue bright
Of patience, to do all things right.
For though the pen may faster seem
To cross the page when they 're the theme,

THE BROWNIES IN CONNECTICUT.

Than when a drier subject calls
On inky steel to fashion scrawls,
Still ages seem too short a time
In which to tell their deeds sublime.
Around the desk in circles stand
The well-known members of the band,
All waiting to have special deeds
Recorded ere the light recedes,
And weary fingers drop the pen
That makes their actions known to men.



If work to do before
you lies
First on your own hands
turn your eyes.

How might we wish for brighter eyes,
And hands wherein the power lies
That youth can boast, to still pursue
Delightful work that 's ever new —
To tell the pleasure we 've enjoyed
While with the Brownie band employed,
And praise the privilege so rare
To make them for so long our care!

While near a college roaming round,
Well noted for the doctrines sound
With which the student must engage,
Assisted by professors sage,
No less than for the prizes rare
The students win in open air,



When musty books are laid aside
And skill at stirring games is tried,
The Brownies paused, as oft they do,
To talk about some subject new.
It does n't take a massive pile
Or buildings of the grandest style

THE BROWNIES IN CONNECTICUT.

To wake new notions in their brain :
A grazing horse upon the plain,
A book, a boat upon the beach,
Or pair of skates, will waken speech



That ends in sport to last a night,
And yield the Brownies great delight.
Poor mortals, seeking something strange
Or far beyond the common range,
Ere they can hope to pleasure find,
Are thus by Brownies left behind,

THE BROWNIES IN CONNECTICUT.

Who from all things can pleasure draw,
And nature find without a flaw.
Said one, as he peeped o'er the wall
To view the walks and trees so tall:
"The students here have won great fame
By playing well the foot-ball game;
And as I have the place in mind
Where we the leather ball can find,
This night a fitting place we 'll seek,
And play the game of which I speak."
Ere long the Brownies found their way
To grounds where they could safely play.



Be careful of the little
deed
Of great ones all the
world takes heed.

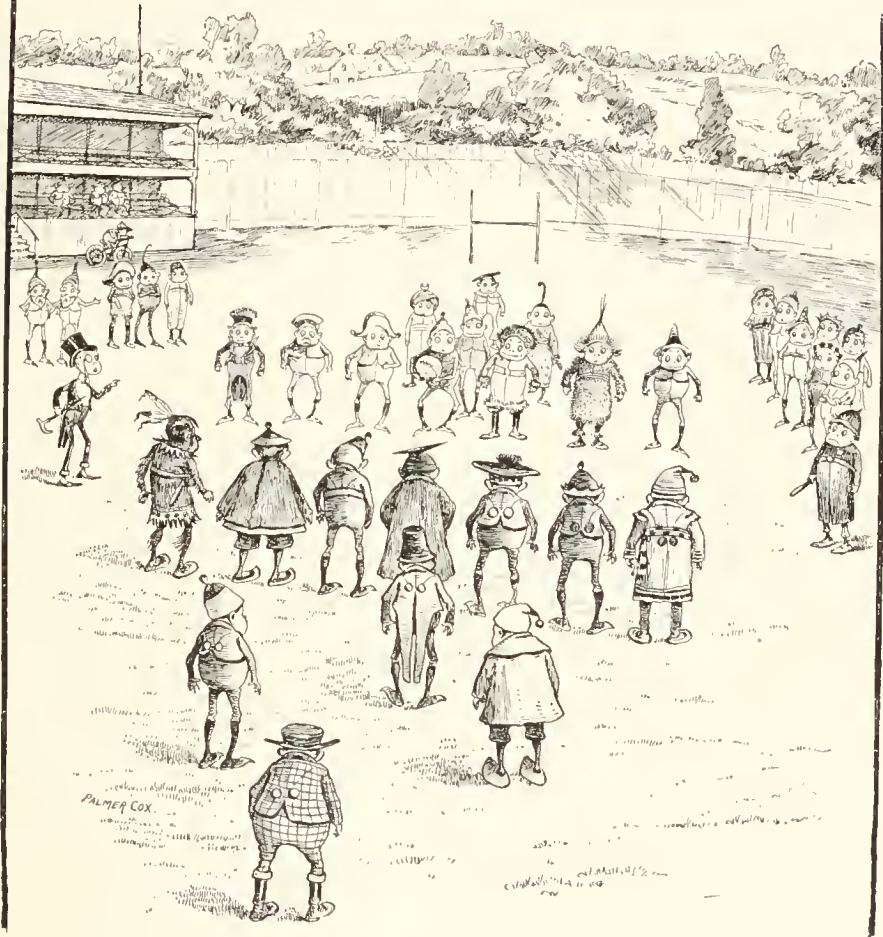


Dividing then in numbers fair,
The band at once for sport prepare,
Each side selecting such as seem
Best suited to compose a team—
Those quick of foot and strong of hand,
Who could the roughest treatment stand.
They rushed, they tackled, tripped, and fell,
And trampled on each other well;

They piled in heaps till scarce a leg
Or hand or head could move a peg;
While here and there a reddened face
Was peeping from some open space;
But he who lay upon the ball
Was under, out of sight of all.
It looked as if each Brownie there
Would surely need a surgeon's care.
They dragged each other round and round,
And back and forth upon the ground.

THE BROWNIES IN CONNECTICUT.

You 'd wonder what that had to do
With foot-ball rules—but Brownies knew:
They had their lessons well, no doubt,
And all the points were carried out.



In spite of all the teams could say
That none except themselves should play,
Sometimes excitement ruled the band
Till every Brownie took a hand

THE BROWNIES IN CONNECTICUT.



And pulled and pushed about, and ran
To interfere with some one's plan.

THE BROWNIES IN CONNECTICUT.

A few who stood outside the press
Were interested none the less,
Now tugging at a head with vim,
And now at some projecting limb,
Still keeping this in mind the while:
The ball was somewhere in the pile.
Left-guard, left-end, half-back, and all
The tackling crowd were in the fall.
The center, quarter-back as well,
And right-end in the "touch-down" fell.

Some necks were twisted in a way
'T was hard to reconcile with play,
And more believed the sport would cost
Too much, perhaps, if teeth were lost.
But others would as freely claim



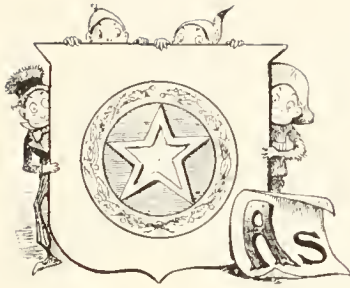
'T was all in keeping with the game,
And none, however bruised or bent,
Should show the slightest discontent.
Sometimes they 'd all commence anew,
And give the ball a kick or two,
When some one, seizing it, would make
From all the rest a sudden break.
In V-shaped wedge some rushed together,
And managed to advance the leather;
But opposition would set in
Ere they a rod of space could win,
And every one upon the ground
In half a minute would be "downed."
At times "touch-downs" would follow fast,
And hard-earned goals be reached at last;

THE BROWNIES IN CONNECTICUT.



At times some "fumble" and impair
Their chances of a victory there,
Some by a drop-kick won applause,
And took success from failure's jaws;
While others by a "pmit" would raise
From every throat unstinted praise.
Thus Brownies played both fast and free
An even match, as one could see,
Until the light of morning came
Across the sky and stopped the game.
Then those who had not strength to go
Except on crutches bending low,
Or else on stretchers quickly made,
Received at once some friendly aid
From others, mindful of distress,
Who in the game had suffered less.





THE BROWNIES IN TEXAS.

SEVENTH TOUR.

evening shades began to drive
The birds to roost and bees to hive,
And out once more the beetles bring
That through the day kept folded wing,
The Brownies crossed a bridge of wood,
And in the State of Texas stood.
Said one: "Of all the States so wide
Through which we've passed with rapid
stride,
The 'Lone Star' State, where now we
make
Our humble bow, can 'take the cake.'
Some States seem but a scraggy patch
That scarce gives room for hens to hatch,
Compared with this tremendous spread
Of acres, from the River Red
Down to the Gulf; and westwardly
Beyond the Brazos stretching free,





Until its distant boundary line
The Rio Grande's banks define."
Another said: "And here indeed
All products that the people need
In cultivated fields are found,
Or brought from mines beneath the
ground:

The wood, the coal or iron mine,
The wheat, the cotton, corn, and wine,
The beef, the wool, and horses fleet,
In great abundance here we meet.
If we want sugar-cane or rice,
Or butter, fruit, or aught that 's nice,
That people either make or grow,
Be sure we won't have far to go.
An empire in itself, it lies
Serene beneath its sunny skies."



Then one remarked: "Here drove on drove
The cattle through the country rove,
And horses that can stand the strain
Of lengthy races o'er the plain.
We'll be of service if we can,
And, acting on the cow-boy plan,
Soon mount some 'broncos,' as they're
styled,

And round up cattle running wild.
This will be surely, have no fears,
The greatest sport we've had for years —
Across the range the steed to urge,
Or down the road to make a splurge,



*If you would rise above
the ground,
Let not your thoughts to earth
be bound*

THE BROWNIES IN TEXAS.

To catch the steer with horns so wide
They scrape the fence on either side,
Will introduce more fun, you 'll find,
Than you to-night can call to mind."
If there is aught that seems to raise
The Brownies' spirits to a blaze,
It is some plan that does provide
The means whereby they all can ride.



'T was strange to see how quick they found
The ropes and saddles hanging round,
And bridles made to conquer still
The horse that scorned the rider's will.
Soon mounted, ready to pursue
The straying stock, away they flew.
At times a number on one steed
Rode up and down at greatest speed;
Some by the rein essayed to guide
The horse across the ranges wide,
While others with the lasso long
Made bold to check the cattle strong.

How they could stick and hang about,
And keep from falling off throughout
Their rough career,—how e'er they raced,
Or wild the beast they rode or chased,—
Is more than those can understand
Who have not studied well the band.
But not from mortal masters they
Have taken lessons, by the way.—
The band we follow night by night
Through dangers dark and pleasures light,



PALMER COX



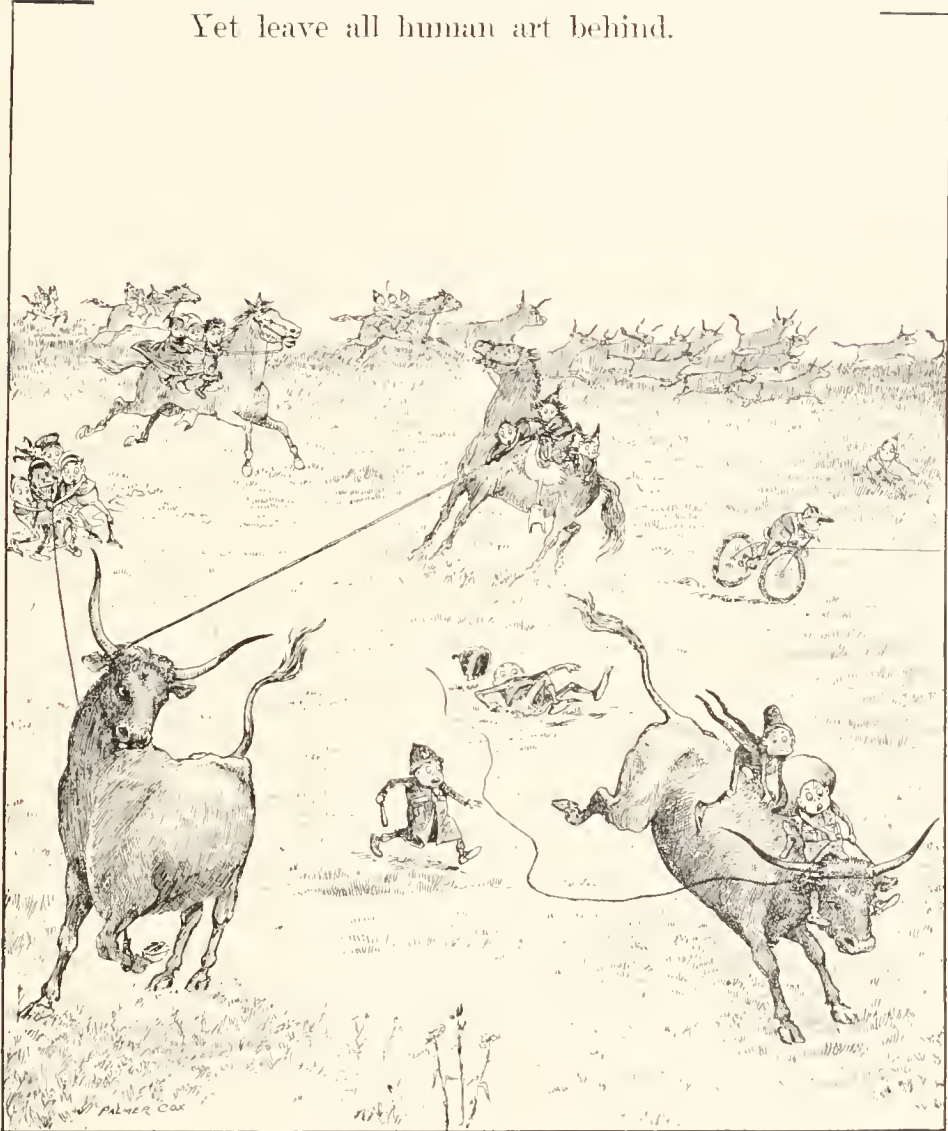
THE BROWNIES IN TEXAS.



Have gathered all their mystic powers
From other pedagogues than ours.

THE BROWNIES IN TEXAS.

They stepped upon the stage to ride,
To sail, to swim, to jump, to slide,
Or turn their hands to skilful stroke
In ways that oft the record broke,
Without instruction from mankind,
Yet leave all human art behind.



THE BROWNIES IN TEXAS.



Some creatures, crazy in their fright,
Ran dragging horses left and right,
While all the Brownies on their back
Were shouting at each turn and tack,
Directing 'how the beast to throw,
Or how to hold, or let him go.
They found ere long the cow-boy's task
Was not so light as one might ask
Who was not well prepared to face
The dangers of the time and place.

Some, losing hold upon their steed,
Ran here and there in greatest need
Of something that would shelter yield
Till wildest cattle left the field.
There, crouching low on hand and knee,
They formed a picture strange to see.—
Still waiting for the time when they
To different points might slip away.
Thus night was spent with many a race,
And many a fear, and many a ease
That tried the courage of the best
Before they sought a place of rest.





THE BROWNIES IN PENNSYLVANIA.

EIGHTH TOUR.

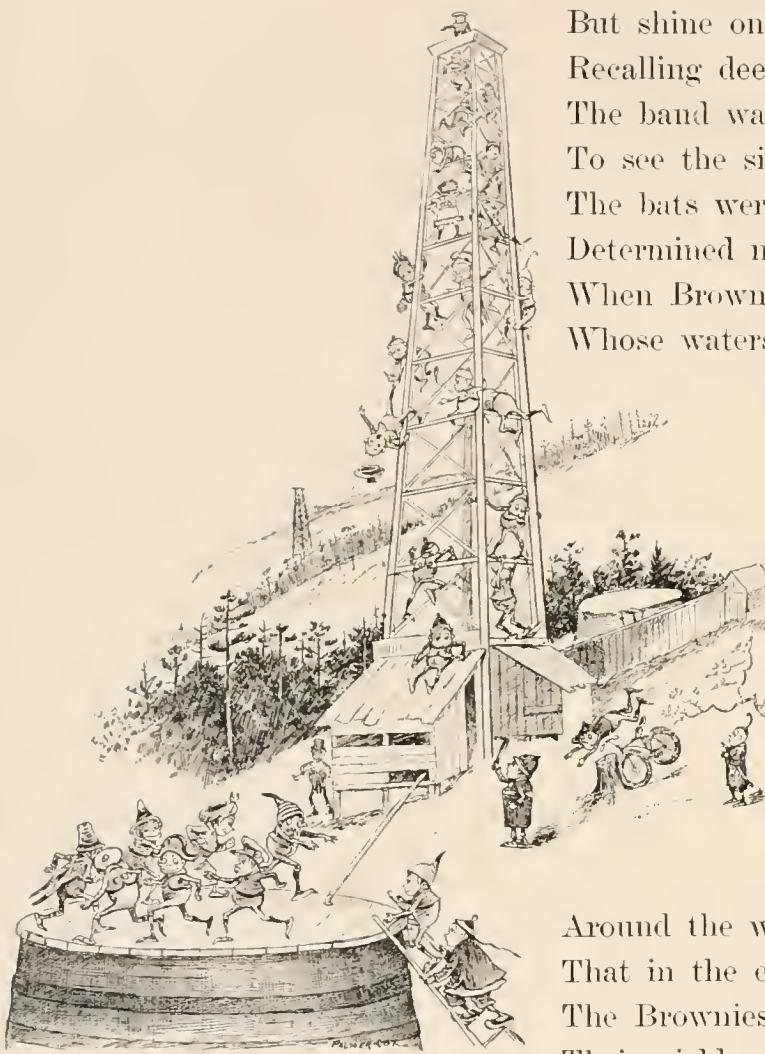


talks among the Brownies wee
About the States that should not be
Omitted when they took their way
A friendly call on them to pay,
They did not slight the Keystone State,
In laying plans, nor name it late.
Said one: " 'T would hardly be fair play,
To say the least, for us to stray
Around great wonders to behold
And leave the home of Penn untold.
Its mines of coal that more and more
Reveal great nature's ample store,
Its wells of oil, that bubbling rise,
On which the world for light relies,
Have made it famous, not to speak
Of battle-fields that one should seek.
And monuments that mark the spot
Where heroes stood are wanting not,

But shine on hilltop, ridge, and glen,
Recalling deeds of bravest men."
The band was soon upon the road
To see the sights the country showed.
The bats were wheeling round at eve,
Determined not a fly to leave,
When Brownies crossed the river deep,
Whose waters seaward proudly sweep,
Made famous by
a glorious deed
Most welcome in
a time of need.
So many scenes spread
to their view
As they advanced,
they hardly knew
Where first to turn
their feet so spry,
Or where to throw
a wondering eye.

Around the wells, as one might think,
That in the earth so deeply sink,
The Brownies stopped to talk about
Their yield, and study matters out ;
Or climb upon the frames of wood

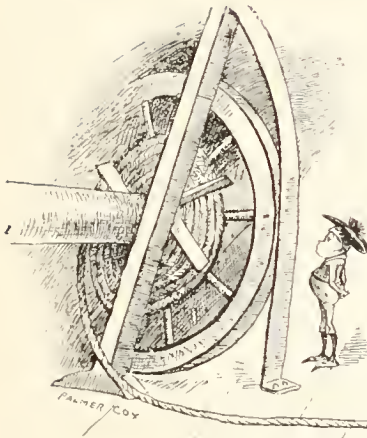
That on all sides around them stood.
Some fixture rising in the air,
To form a roost or strange affair,
Soon interests the Brownies smart,
Who gladly show their climbing art ;

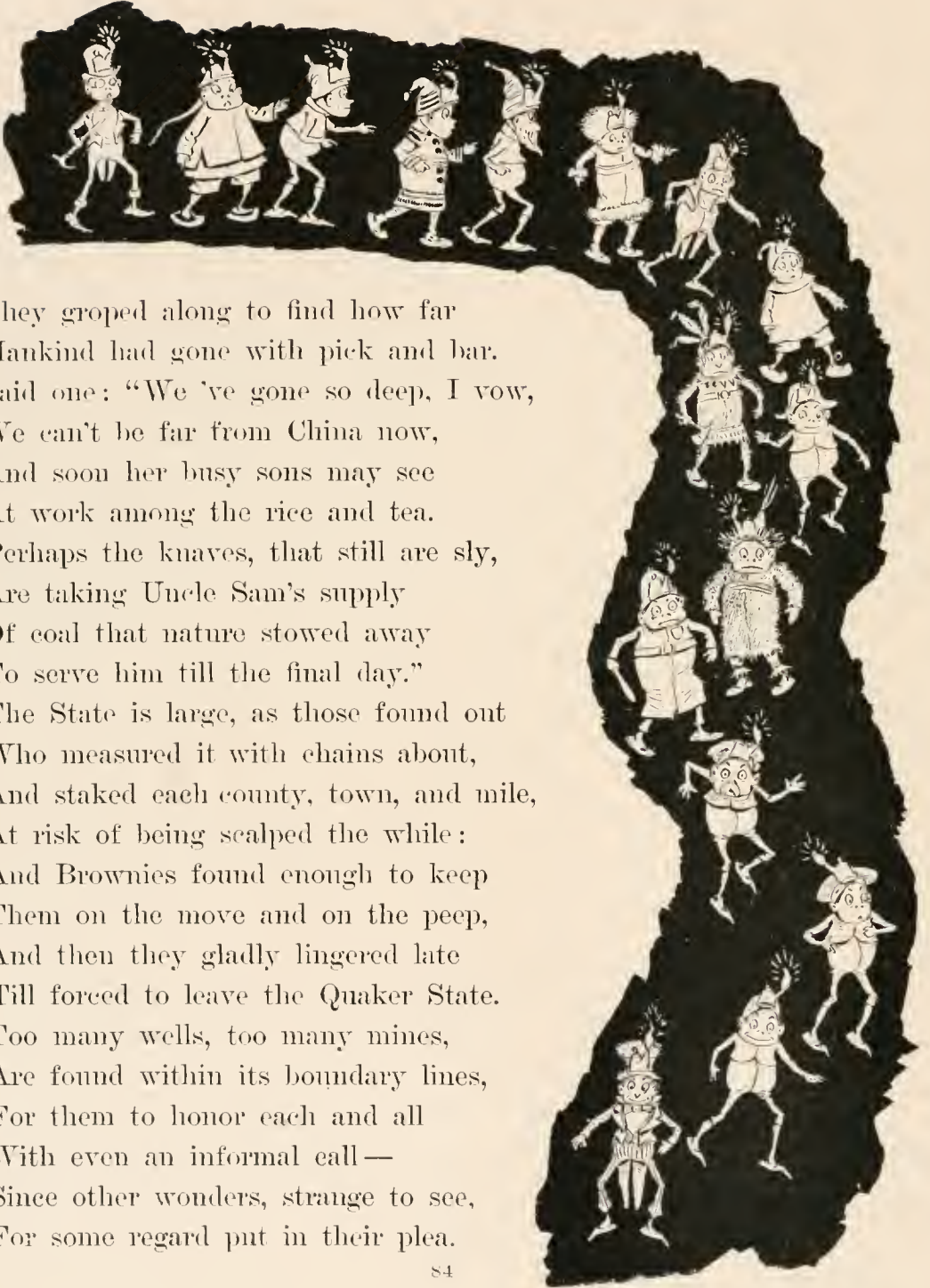


THE BROWNIES IN PENNSYLVANIA.

And here a chance was offered all
Who cared to dizzy points to crawl.
The Brownies sat on topmost beams
To talk about their future schemes,
And how the folk were doubly blest
Who in that State a home possessed,
Where wealth was piled above the ground,
And stored below in caves profound.
Around the tanks of oil they played,
Or of the tops a race-track made ;
Then at the coal-mines they made bold
To enter where the cars are rolled,
And a new world seems to be run
With fair success without a sun.
In deepest mines, where each must bear
A lamp upon his head with care
To light him on his dark career,
The Brownies went without a fear.

From shaft to shaft,
from drill to drill,
Down deeper yet,
and deeper still,





They groped along to find how far
 Mankind had gone with pick and bar.
 Said one: "We 've gone so deep, I vow,
 We can't be far from China now,
 And soon her busy sons may see
 At work among the rice and tea.
 Perhaps the knaves, that still are sly,
 Are taking Uncle Sam's supply
 Of coal that nature stowed away
 To serve him till the final day."
 The State is large, as those found out
 Who measured it with chains about,
 And staked each county, town, and mile,
 At risk of being scalped the while:
 And Brownies found enough to keep
 Them on the move and on the peep,
 And then they gladly lingered late
 Till forced to leave the Quaker State.
 Too many wells, too many mines,
 Are found within its boundary lines,
 For them to honor each and all
 With even an informal call—
 Since other wonders, strange to see,
 For some regard put in their plea.

THE BROWNIES IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The mountain-ranges piled on high,
As if all passage to defy;



The sparkling streams that leap between
The shelving rocks and foliage green;

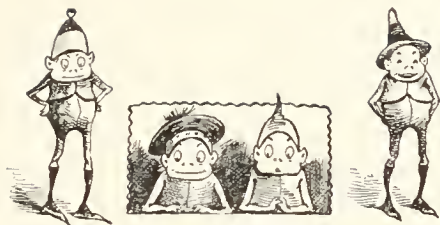
THE BROWNIES IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The forests deep, where still the bear
In safety makes his winter lair—



All these attractions seemed to stand
And beckon to the Brownie band,
And urge them while they were so nigh
To visit them ere passing by.
And when the band at length was through
Their rambling round, far more they knew
About the mines, the wells, and all
The rivers wide, and mountains tall,
The busy towns and quiet nooks,
Than they had learned by reading books.





THE BROWNIES IN ILLINOIS.

NINTH TOUR.

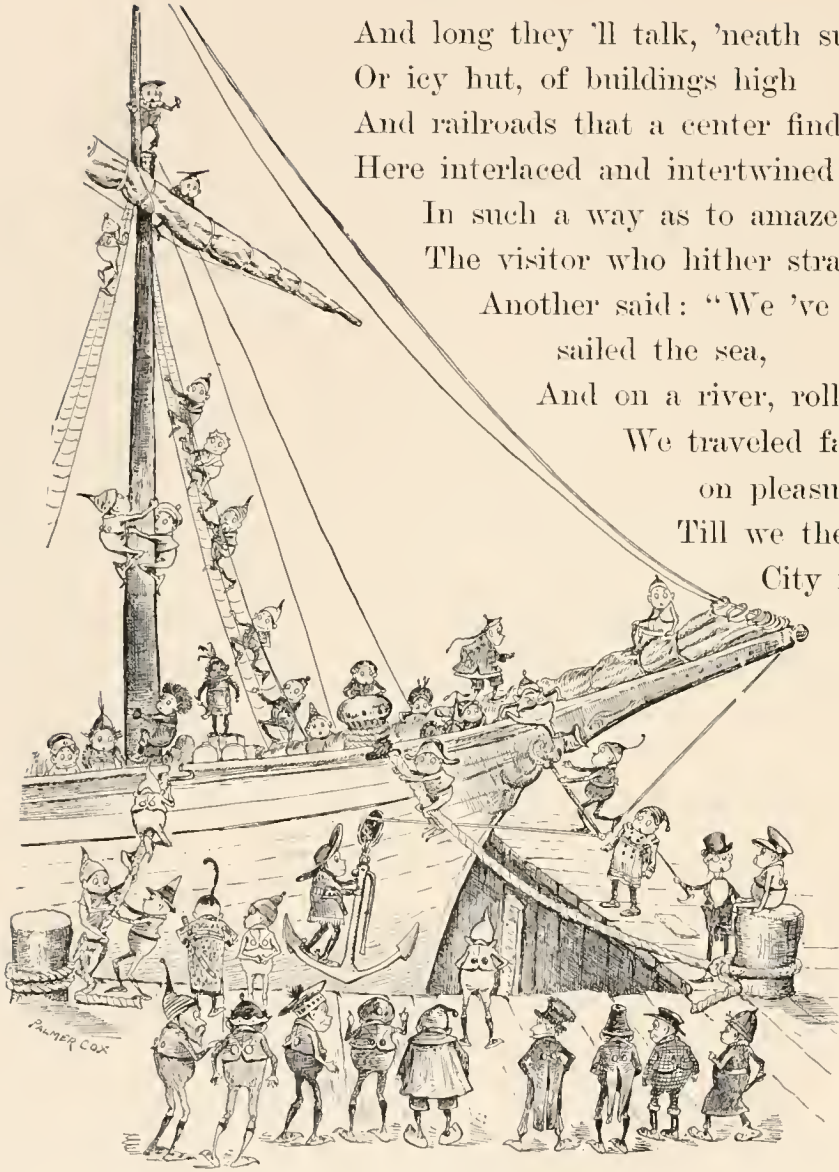


Once when the Brownies stood beside
An inland sea that stretches wide,
And helps to form the lengthy chain
Of lakes across the western plain,
They halted on a wooden pier
To gaze upon a schooner near.
Said one: "In Illinois at last
We find ourselves: through much we've
passed,
And many wonders paused to note
In countries near and lands remote;
But here we might for ages dwell,
And still find scenes to please us well—
Yes, here within this wealthy State,
So famous for the city great
That 's now a household word to all
The races on this earthly ball;

THE BROWNIES IN ILLINOIS.

And long they 'll talk, 'neath sunny sky
Or icy hut, of buildings high
And railroads that a center find
Here interlaced and intertwined
In such a way as to amaze
The visitor who hither strays."

Another said: "We 've
sailed the sea,
And on a river, rolling free,
We traveled far,
on pleasure bound,
Till we the Crescent
City found;



And in a bay, as well you know,
We cruised about some years ago.
Now here we have a chance to take
A sail upon this tempting lake,

THE BROWNIES IN ILLINOIS.



Do well the part that
small may sound
The surest climber
takes each round

Where we with greater safety may
Sail o'er the waves till break of day
Than when we undertook to guide
A craft upon the ocean tide."

Another said: "This lake indeed,
If I remember what I read,
Can sometimes make a sailor reel,
And shake a vessel to the keel.
But that is neither here nor there:
For one, I 'm ready now to dare
Whatever dangers may arise
As o'er the waves our vessel flies."

The talk is short when Brownies see
A chance for sport and action free.
The order soon ran o'er the craft:
"Cast off the lines both fore and aft!
And swing her out into the breeze,
And hoist such sails as you may please.
The quicker we get under way,
The longer time we 'll have to stay
Aboard the ship, before we steer
Her back again beside the pier."
To tell how soon she swung about,
Or how the sails were shaken out,
Would but take up the space we need
For something else that all should read.
Enough to know they started o'er
In hopes to find the other shore,
That, as the Brownies knew aright,
Was sixty miles before them, quite.



THE BROWNIES IN ILLINOIS.



PALMER COX.

But sixty miles is far enough
To go when winds or squalls are rough

THE BROWNIES IN ILLINOIS.

From other points than is desired,
And close-hauled tacking is required.
And soon they learned, against their will,
Though salt or fresh, that water still



Is much the same, and ready lies
To toss its billows to the skies,
Till Davy Jones may dreaded be
Upon the lake as out at sea.
Like birds upon a roost at night
When winds are cold and feathers light,

THE BROWNIES IN ILLINOIS.



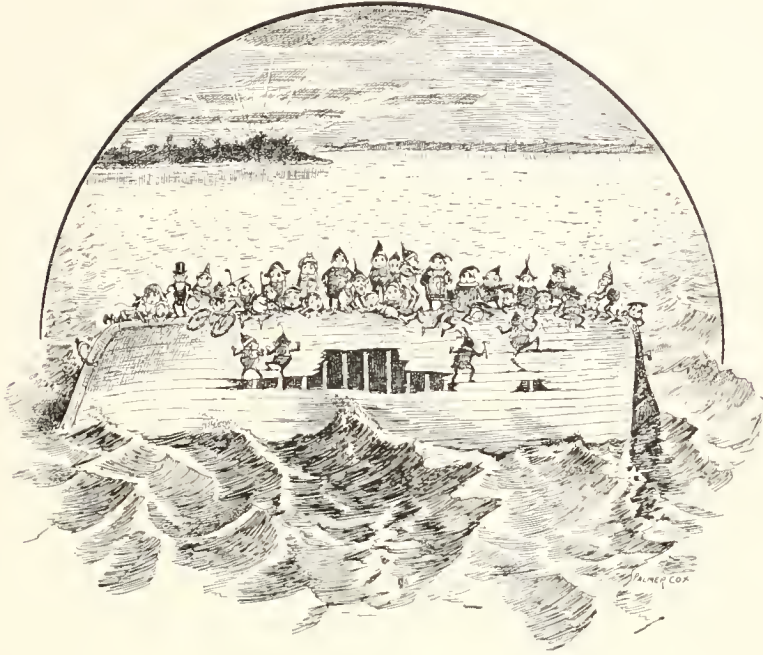
Boil down the words
You have to say
Then serve with spice
or caraway.

Upon the yards the Brownies crawled,
Obedient when the boatswain called
To splice a rope, or shorten sail
To suit the temper of the gale
They had that night enough to do,
For many a sail in ribbons flew,
And many a stay and brace gave out,
And there was many a shriek and shout,
As over trembling bulwarks rolled
The foaming billows white and cold,
And frightened Brownies had to cling
To rail or mast, or anything
That at the moment nearest lay,
Until the wave passed on its way.

Those who have been at times exiled
From pleasant shores, on water wild,
Know what a feeling soon will creep
Around the heart when billows leap
As if to mingle with the clouds
That scud along above the shrouds.
Then wonder not that faces pale
Began to peep o'er boom and sail,
And eyes to roll on every side
To see if something could be spied
Would warrant hope that winds so free
Would let the troubled waters be.
But fitted well the Brownies are
To play the part of brave old Tar,
And where a mortal would let go,
Through failing hand or slipping toe,



THE BROWNIES IN ILLINOIS.



And overboard become a dish
Provided for some hungry fish,
The cunning Brownies managed still,
With mystic power and wondrous skill,
A hold on this or that to take
That wind or water failed to break.
But who can guard against the shocks
That come to ships through sunken rocks,
Or check the overturning roll
When shifting cargoes gain control?
Ah, many a ship both stanch and stout,
By skilful craftsmen fashioned out,
Lies at the bottom of the deep,
A dismal anchorage to keep

THE BROWNIES IN ILLINOIS.

Where scaly creatures haunt the maze
Of winding, steep companionways,
Or glide through every narrow port
In cabins dark to hold their sport.
Then marvel not that Brownies found
Themselves in water, clinging round
The craft that floated up and down
Far out of sight of land or town.
By chance it drifted at a rate
That suited well their wretched state,
And soon their eyes beheld the shore
From which they 'd sailed some hours
before.

But, gronnding ere it reached the pier,
The Brownies left it, filled with fear
Lest morning sun would show his face
Ere they could find a hiding-place.





THE BROWNIES IN LOUISIANA.

TENTH TOUR.

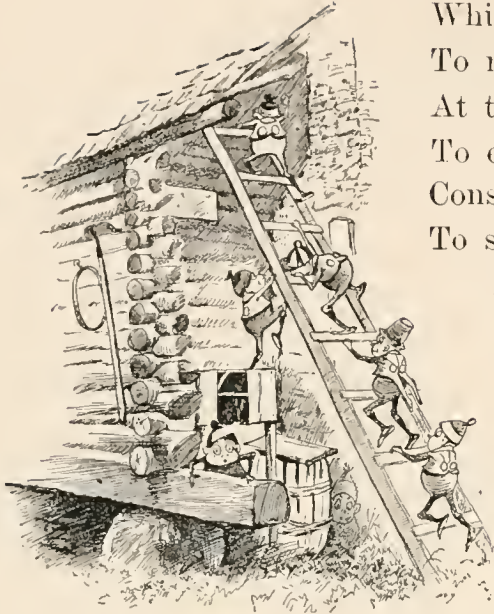


SOMETTIMES the cunning Brownie band
To visit Louisiana planned,
But something else attention drew
And pushed their project out of view.

At length they started for the South,
Now halting by some river's mouth
To see the clear, fresh water rave
To mingle with the ocean wave;
And next upon a mountain-side
They stood to view the country wide
That stretched around so bright and fair,
And new to all who journeyed there.
In crossing o'er the boundary line
They needed no surveyor's sign,
Of wood or stone firm in the ground
To prove the Creole State was found;
For freely seen on every hand
Were names peculiar to the land,



THE BROWNIES IN LOUISIANA.



Which proved a foreign element
To many towns their names had lent.
At times they'd halt and leave the road
To enter in some quaint abode,
Constructed at an early time
To suit the fashion and the clime.

Before the fire-places wide
They'd take their stations side by side,



And every one with beaming face
Reviewed the history of the place.
Said one: "If we had now at hand
The records of this thriving land,
We'd find it suffered changes great
Before it reached its present state:
For first the Spaniards cruised around
And many points of interest found;
Then Frenchmen, floating down the streams
From northern parts, disturbed their dreams;
Next England, coming to the fore,
Drove interlopers from the shore,
And with the Indians fought alone
Until the country was her own;
And thus from hand to hand it passed
Till Uncle Sam got hold at last,



Keep down your temper
as you may
With its uprise you'll go
astray.





And, judging by the past, we know
There 'll be a row ere he lets go."
They paused at Shreveport to survey
The country that around it lay,
To learn the nature of the trade
That such a thriving place had made.

They found upon the levee wide
The cotton bales, the country's pride,
Were piled to such a wondrous height,
They almost hid the town from sight;
In fact, had churches not been high,
With steeples pointing to the sky,
The Brownies, seeking it with care,
Would scarce have known a town was there.



Port Hudson, Baton Rouge, and all
The well-known ports received a call;

Then, turning from the river, they
To central parts soon found their way.
Sometimes into plantations large
They ventured, and at once took charge
Of work that was not finished there,
Completing it with greatest care.



THE BROWNIES IN LOUISIANA.



No colored man or woman stout,
Brought up to work in fields about,
Could better pick the cotton white
By day, than Brownies could by night.
Indeed it seemed the task was quite
In keeping with each active sprite,
And many fields a different face
Presented ere they left the place.

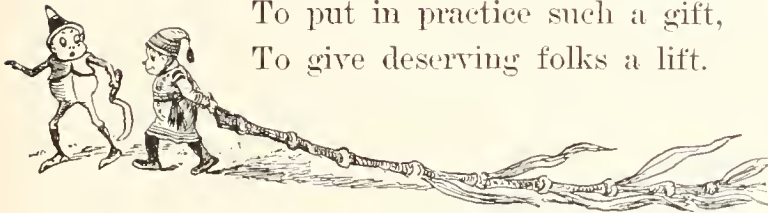


And next among the sugar-cane
They'd haste at once to tug and strain;

THE BROWNIES IN LOUISIANA.



To prove themselves
the people's friend,
And bring the harvest
to an end.
How grand to have
a mystic trait,
So far above the
common state,
At one's command,
and, better still,
To know the way
and have the will
To put in practice such a gift,
To give deserving folks a lift.



The State is large, as Brownies know
Who measured it with heel and toe,
And oft the sun
performed its rounds
While Brownies were
within its bounds.
But whether in a
Southern State,
Or foreign
empire,
grand and
great,

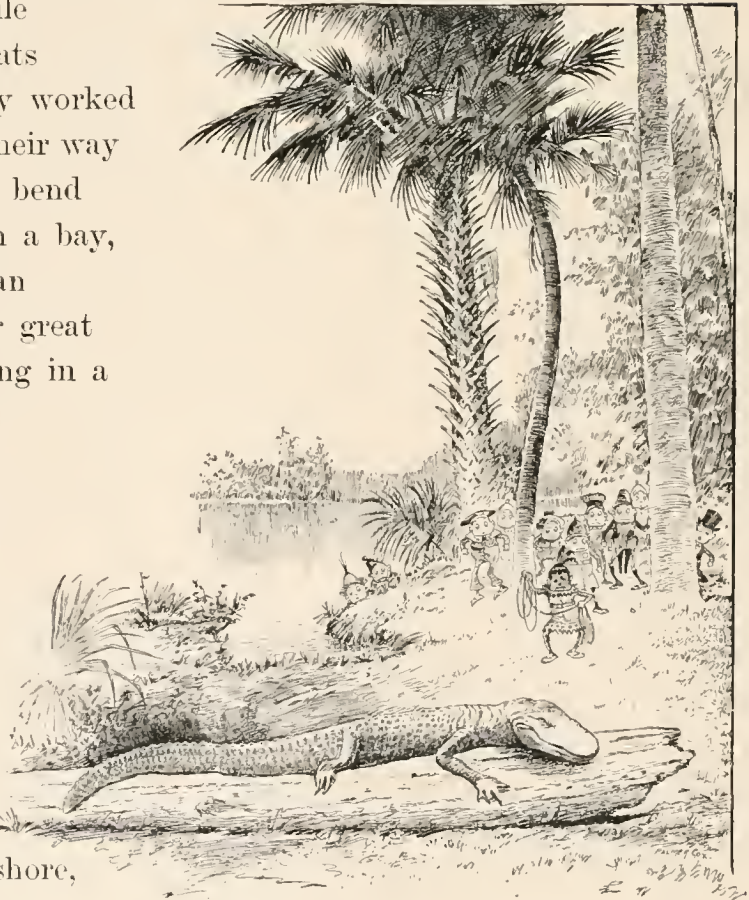


THE BROWNIES IN LOUISIANA.



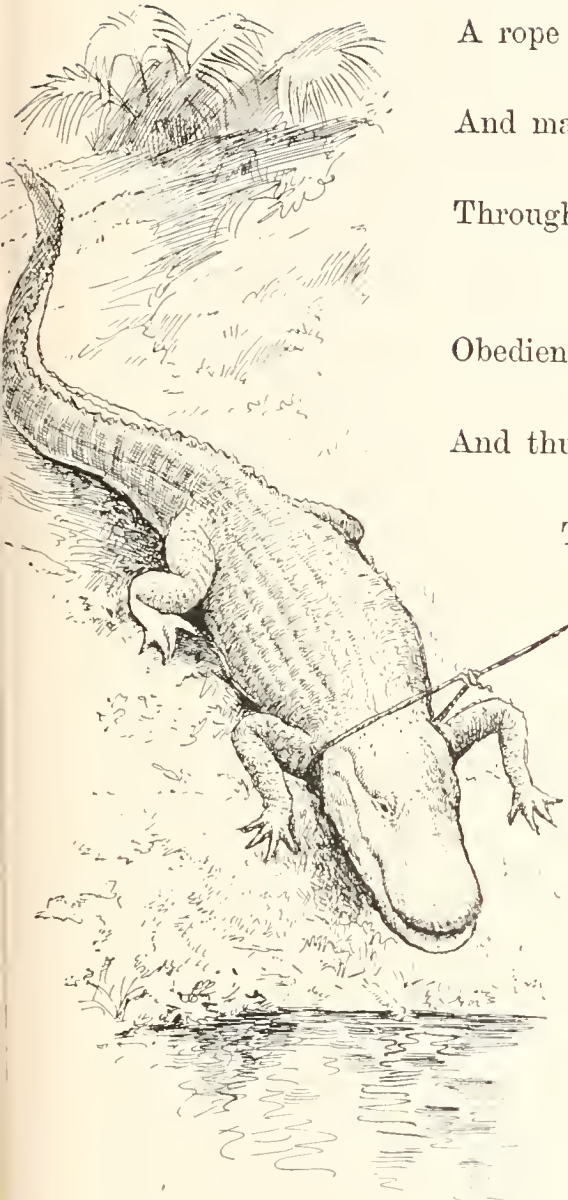
The Brownies fear no failing strength,
Nor grumble at a journey's length.

Once, while
in boats
they worked
their way
Around a bend
to reach a bay,
Near-by, an
alligator great
Was resting in a
dreamy
state.
Said one:
"I 'm
weary
of the
oar,
We 'll
venture
nigher
to the shore,



THE BROWNIES IN LOUISIANA.

A rope around that
creature throw
And make him take
our boat in tow:
Through mystic power
we 'll keep him
still
Obedient to the
Brownies' will,
And thus more time
we can command
To view the scenes
around so
grand." Soon Brownie
oars were
laid aside,
And poles with which
they 'd stemmed
the tide,
And up the stream
with wondrous
speed
The alligator took
the lead.
The lengthy rope
between was taut
As with the current still he fought,
While changed in disposition well,
Beneath the Brownies' mystic spell,





He furnished more than one a seat
Who thought the ride no common treat.
In fact, so much they liked the joke,
Each alligator they awoke
Was soon subdued through Brownie art,
And in their service played his part,

THE BROWNIES IN LOUISIANA.

Delighting much the group that found
Upon his back a camping-ground.
For fear the charm might lose its hold
That for a time the beasts controlled,
And they might think they had some cause
Without reserve to use their jaws,
The Brownies with precaution good
Secured each jaw as best they could;
So, should the spell slip from them all,



No harm would to the Brownies fall,
Except what trouble they might find
If one saw fit to change its mind,
Quit surface-swimming, and instead,
Try crawling on the river's bed.
Had we, like them, the power to bind
The jaws of creatures found unkind,
Could we, through mystic spells, reclaim
What proved unfriendly or untame,
Perhaps we 'd be as free and quick
To take advantage of the trick.



Great men seem small
when brought to view
Their greatness lies
in what they do.

At times you might have seen a scare
If you had been in hiding there,
And had the gift to see them right
That only comes with second-sight;
For sometimes, in that journey long,
In spite of charms things would go wrong,
And Brownies would be forced to try
The swimmer's art till help drew nigh.





THE BROWNIES IN KENTUCKY.

ELEVENTH TOUR.



WHILE traveling through the Union vast,
The Brownies found themselves at last

In old Kentucky, noted well
For many things, but, truth to tell,
For horses mainly, full of fire,
That oft pass first beneath the wire.
Said one: "Some States can justly boast
Of streams or rocks along the coast
Made famous through events sublime
That happened in some trying time;
Some guard a crumbling fort with care,
That marks a conquest or a scare;
Some point to quarries or to mines,
To finest orchards or to vines;
While others praise their flowing wells:
But this old State, I hear, excels
In thoroughbreds of matchless grace,
That shame the wild deer in their race."



Still turn your back when
others scoff.
Be deaf at least, if you
be off.

THE BROWNIES IN KENTUCKY.

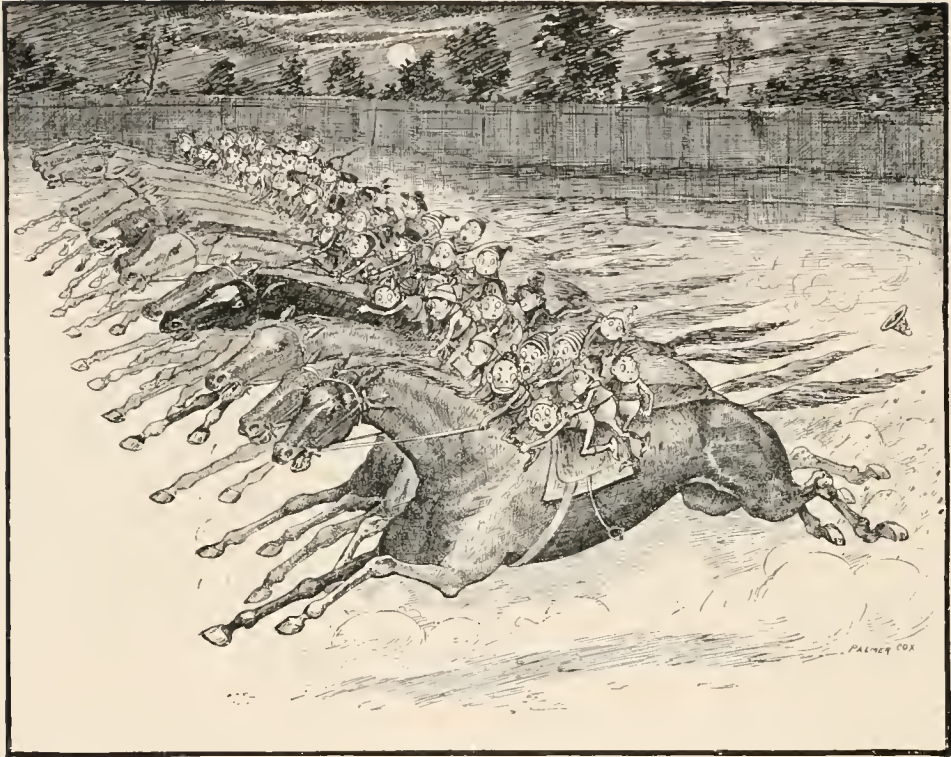
Another said: "Your saying 's true;
We never hear aught else from you.
And if I have not lost my head,
The blue-grass region now we tread,
Where stock-farms lie on every side,
And all with race-tracks are supplied.
As we ascend this pleasant height
Now Lexington appears in sight,
The center of the blue-grass ground,
Which proves my first surmises sound;
And here, if anywhere, we 'll find
The thoroughbreds of finest kind."
A third remarked: "Suppose we go
With horses to the course below,
And take a race or two about
The circle ere the stars go out."



Through places that are bolted fast
By those in charge, who leave them last,
The Brownies pass, a joyful band,
As if each had a key in hand.
The double-bolted oaken door
To cunning Brownies is no more
Than webs through which the spider tries
To bring distress upon the flies.
It was not long before the band
From stable and from pasture-land
Brought out the racers nimble-kneed
And light of foot, to try their speed.
Around the race-course soon they flew,
Not stringing out, nor two by two,



THE BROWNIES IN KENTUCKY.



But bunched together at the close
Along the home-stretch, nose and nose;
And 't was a sight to see the style
In which they measured off a mile.
When they the speed of all had proved,
Again upon their way they moved.
Said one: "Besides the racers great,
So valued for their matchless gait,
The State has wonders well designed
To interest the Brownie kind:
The Mammoth Cave is near at hand,
To visit which we oft have planned;



THE BROWNIES IN KENTUCKY.

And that itself can well requite
Our hurried journey there to-night.
'T is said—and we may well believe
There is no purpose to deceive—
All fabled caves that live in ink
Before this natural wonder sink.



And I now raise my hand and vote
That we its wondrous features note,
And waste no further time before
We start its mysteries to explore.”

THE BROWNIES IN KENTUCKY.



Not long a Brownie has to speak
About some famous place, or seek
To stir companions to a move,
Their time or chances to improve;

For, with desires so near akin,

At once great bustling

does begin,

Resulting in

a sudden

start,

With all

united,

hand and

heart.

What

pleasant

traveling

it must

be

With those who thus so well agree,

Who have no grumbling at the road,

Conveniencies, or food bestowed,

But all the jolts and trials meet

With pleasant words and faces sweet!

Around the world, from side to side,

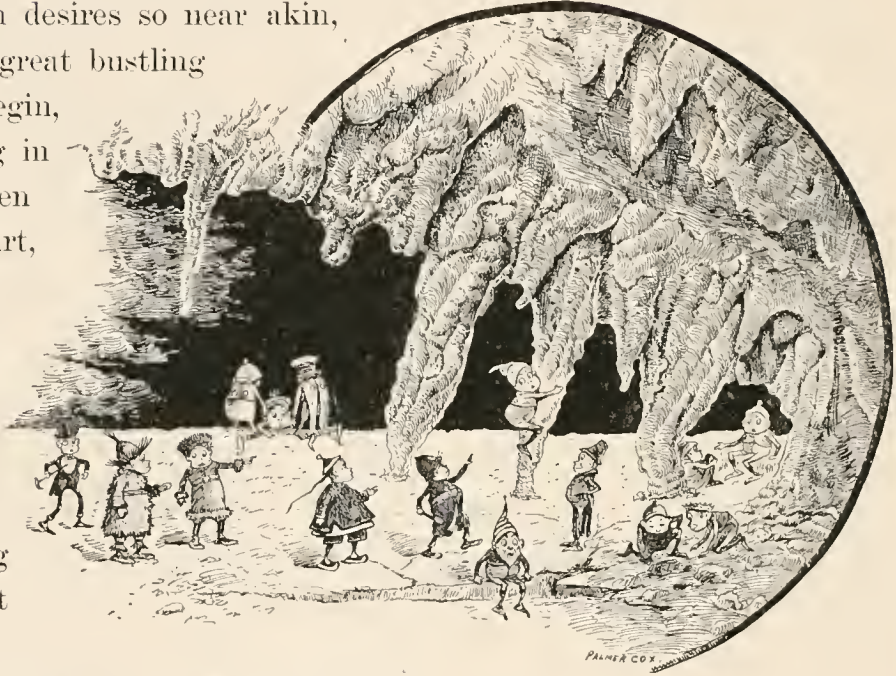
Would be too short a run or ride

For one to take with such a troop,

Who to no selfish actions stoop,

But bear themselves the lightest heart

When joy to others they impart.



THE BROWNIES IN KENTUCKY.



The sobering thoughts of growing old
Don't worry much the Brownies bold;
The pangs of sighting silver hairs
Don't shorten sport or lengthen prayers:
They move in quite another sphere
Of thought from us poor mortals here,
Who change so fast from smiles to sighs
As spirits chance to sink or rise.
The Mammoth Cave ere long was found,
And much it did the band astound,
As with their torches blazing bright
They peered about them left and right.



*A kiss may not tell
feelings right,
But 'tis more pleasant
than a bite.*



Said one, who caused his eyes to range
Around the walls and ceilings strange:
"No greater wonder, you may know,
Our native land to-day can show
Than this same oddly fashioned den,
So far below the walks of men,
As if intended for a place
To house some plundering giant race

THE BROWNIES IN KENTUCKY.

That here high carnival could hold
Unseen, unheard, and uncontrolled."
So close they crowded here and there,
Still aided by the flambeau's glare,



At times a torch would one amaze
By starting on his back a blaze
That promised a more brilliant glow
Than they required to see the show;
And then wild scenes ensued before
Peace reigned within the cave once more.
They traveled through each glittering hall,
Each room and corner, great and small;
They followed streams that gurgled low
In their weird subterranean flow,
Till with a hiss, as wildly tossed
Down some abyss, the flood was lost.
And in that water underground
Some eyeless fish were swimming round,
That, far removed from sunny skies,
Appeared to have no use for eyes.



THE BROWNIES IN KENTUCKY.



The mile that's spent
in deeds of love
May outshine precious
stones above.

In spite of care and watching well,
Some Brownies into fissures fell
That threatened for no little space
To be their final resting-place.
But friends would gather at their call,
And from the gloomy chasm haul
The Brownies, who thus learned indeed
The value of a friend in need.
To tell of every slip and fall
And quick response to sudden call
That in the cave occurred that night
Would crowd some other facts from sight



Which should be woven in betime
To fill the record of this rhyme.
They traveled through the State until
They gained a view of Louisville.
Then one remarked: "It is allowed
The people of this town are proud,

THE BROWNIES IN KENTUCKY.



And of its streets and business speak,
And roads that here a center seek,
And bridges stretched from pier to pier
Across the broad Ohio near.
We 'll through the city find our way,
And learn its size, ere break of day,
While gazing at the buildings high
That tower up against the sky."

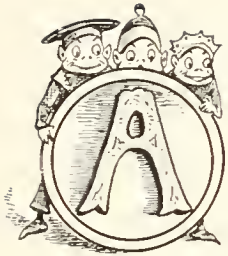
And when the Brownie band had walked
Around that town of which they talked,
And viewed the streets, the churches fine,
The dwellings and the stores in line,
With hearty praise they all agreed
It was a thriving place indeed,
That fully proved the enterprise
Of citizens acute and wise.





THE BROWNIES IN MICHIGAN.

TWELFTH TOUR.



WONDROUS charm does often lie
In pleasing scenes that meet the eye

When with delight we travel through
A country that to us is new:
So with the cunning Brownies bold,
When for the first time they behold
Each striking scene that claims a glance
As through new regions they advance,
No wonder, then, their eyes grew bright
When Michigan appeared in sight,
And offered pleasures to the band
Not found before in any land.



The twinkling stars that light the world
On finger-ends you might have told,
So early was the evening hour
When Brownies, blessed with mystic power,
Sprang lightly over fence and field,
To view the scenes the State revealed.



Smile if you can though
in your heart
May lie the while a poisoned
dart.

THE BROWNIES IN MICHIGAN.

Not swifter for the dancing fly
The swallow skims the wheat or rye
When, strong of wing, it does its best
To feed the inmates of its nest,



Than do the Brownies cross the mead
When to some point they all proceed,
In hopes that pleasure may be found
Ere many hours have circled round.
Sometimes they paused, as morning showed,
To bend the shrubs along the road,



So any one who thither came,
And cared to look, could read their name.
Said one: "Within this State so wide
The traveler finds in native pride
The woods that yield the timber straight
For spars and masts, and buildings great,
And bridges long, that arching go
Across the foaming floods below —



Woods where the deer in quiet lies,
Or browses round, nor fears surprise
Through all the year from startling sound
Of whistling lead, or baying hound."

Another said: "Not woods alone,
Where safe the fox may pick his bone,
The squirrel climb, the partridge breed,
Or through the brush her covey lead,
So interesting make this land,
Washed by broad lakes on either hand.

Here prairies lie, where fields of grain
Are stretching like a boundless main;
And many a thrifty son of toil
Has gathered fortune from its soil.
For many ships on ocean blue,
With some far foreign port in view,
Are freighted with the precious store
That these rich, fertile acres bore."



Another said: "South, east, or west,
Where'er the wondering eye can rest,

No State lies open to the air
Whose prospects seem more bright and fair,
Or which can more inducements bring
To subjects of a queen or king."

While rambling through the State one night,
Bay City came at length in sight,
Where logs in booms lay side and side,
Or, formed in rafts some acres wide,
Presented pictures to the eye
That Brownies could not well go by.



THE BROWNIES IN MICHIGAN.



There stood the mills, both large and small;
There stood the tramway, cars and all;
While piles of lumber, towering high,
Lay ready for the vessels nigh.
And here some buildings standing round
Proved salt was taken from the ground;
For vats or grainers, made to hold
The brine, at once the story told.

The sheds or buildings, low and long;
With smoke-staeks tall, and drills so strong;
The steam-pipes, and the barrels new,
To hold the salt, were there in view;
And loaded cars, that round them stood.
Convinced them that the yield was good.



THE BROWNIES IN MICHIGAN.



Said one: "A sort of basin lies
Deep in the earth, as I surmise,
To which these people send a drill,
Then draw the liquid up at will;
And through the aid of steam, no doubt,
Evaporation brings about
The change that 's needed to prepare
The salt for shipment everywhere."



A while the Brownies stood to prate
About the industries so great
That put the city far ahead
Of others of a wider spread.
Then some went down the logs to ride,
And some a race on tramways tried,
While more the piles of lumber found,
Ou which they danced a merry round.

THE BROWNIES IN MICHIGAN.

Still others wished to try their skill,
And started up the buzzing mill.
The endless chain, with spurs all set,
Soon dragged the logs up, dripping wet.
Through strength of whirling wheel and drum
Up to the saw they had to come.
Old millers at the business gray
Would have been startled at the way
The cunning Brownies carried through
The work that to each one was new.



Upon the saw they
rushed the log
Until it jumped up
like a frog,
While knots, like bullets,
shooting out
Of planks and scantling,
flew about.
Some upward through the
roof would tear,
And scatter shingles in the air;
More, passing outward
through the wall,

Left holes through which a cat could crawl;
While splinters long, like lances cast,
In post and beam were sticking fast.
Then on to other points they moved,
And in each place their time improved;
And where they saw a chance to aid,
Their hands to work were quickly laid.



THE BROWNIES IN MICHIGAN.

They found a place where logs were crammed
Into the stream so thick, they jammed



Together in a solid pile
Extending back for half a mile.

THE BROWNIES IN MICHIGAN.

But through their mystic power they broke
The jam, and all the logs awoke
Into such action as to make
The banks along the river shake,
As tumbling, crashing, shooting down,
They hurried onward to the town.
Some members of the daring band
Upon the logs made bold to stand,
As on they swept with pitch and roll,
And quite beyond the sprites' control.



They ran the rapids and the falls,
Where water, leaping rocky walls,
In wildest tumult boiled and hissed
Till rose on high great clouds of mist.
Sometimes a log, end over end,
Would roughly down the slope descend ;
At times some timbers out of sight
Would plunge, while Brownies, clinging tight,
To unknown depths would struggling go,
To rise at length some rods below.

It is a sight that few can see,
However gifted they may be :
Though all might well be glad to bend
Their gaze where Brownies thus contend
With dangers that bring such unrest,
And put their courage to the test.
Dear reader, judge not Brownie skill
By mortal standard, or you will
Most surely underestimate
The art they all can demonstrate.



THE BROWNIES IN MICHIGAN.

The spryest foot that ever hung
To mortal limb, however flung
With reckless action to and fro,
Would make indeed a sorry show
If it should enter in a race
With Brownies for the foremost place.
To inland towns and lakeside ports
The Brownies moved to have their sports:



No place important for its size
Or industry escaped their eyes.
They ran through streets 'twixt dusk and day,
While all the towns in silence lay,
And people dreamed not that the band
Of Brownies was so near at hand.
And even morning told no tale,
And gave no hint of Brownie trail,
Except, perhaps, some task was done
That lay unfinished when the sun

THE BROWNIES IN MICHIGAN.

In golden glory sought the west,
And weary workers sank to rest.
Ah, many a task and labor hard
The Brownies

find in
house
and
yard,



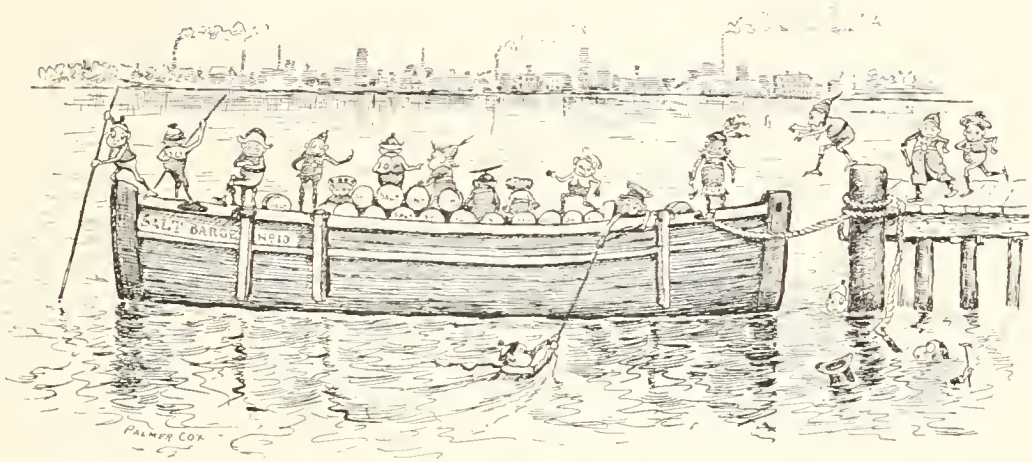
And open field, or orchard fair,
That they perform with greatest care.
Not with a one-side view content,
Through Michigan the Brownies went,
To see how well it lies at ease
Between the wondrous inland seas
That, stretching round from bay to strait,
Give ample outlet to the State.



Both Thunder Bay and Mackinaw,
Ere they were through, the Brownies saw;
And o'er the massacre were stirred
Which at the latter place occurred:
Though many years have taken flight
Since war-whoops rang that awful night

THE BROWNIES IN MICHIGAN.

When tomahawk and scalping-knife
Ran riot over human life.
To Saginaw, and next Detroit,
For bold adventure and exploit
They hastened on with rapid pace,
And sought amusement every place:



On fishing-boats and barges long,
On buildings tall and bridges strong,
And through the streets so long and wide,
And avenues, the city's pride —
But one is not permitted here
To mention all: the time is near
When pen and pencil must be laid
Aside, while Brownies seek the shade.





THE BROWNIES IN WASHINGTON.



THIRTEENTH TOUR.

State in all the country lies
So far from cities of great size,
But Brownies, as they roam about
In search of fun, can find it out.
This fact was proved one summer night,
When all the band, with faces bright,
Stood on the shore of Puget Sound,
And gazed in admiration round.
Said one: "We 've viewed bright scenes
before,
Have stood in groups upon the shore,
And watched the boats and vessels glide
O'er waves that seemed a silver tide;
While mountain ranges robed in green
Lent all their beauty to the scene.
But here, where now we take our stand,
The grandeur of this Western land
Proves all that ever charmed our eyes
Before us now expanded lies.



THE BROWNIES IN WASHINGTON.



Ere you sacrifices
ask
Try your own hand at
the task.

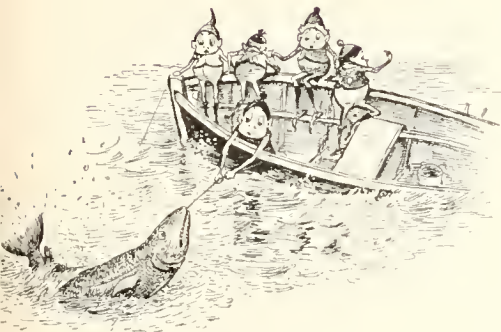
Here broader rolls the shimmering sea,
And taller grows the stately tree;
Here larger fish writhe on the spear,
Or leap the cascades bright and clear;
Here whiter snow the peak enshrouds,
And higher mountains pierce the clouds.



And well may those who here reside
Refer to Washington with pride.
Here cities spread where lately ran
The wild deer and the painted man;
Here churches rise in splendor bright,
And able preachers spread the light,
Where but a few short years ago
The bear was shambling to and fro."

Not long the Brownies moralize
About the products or the size
Of any country, great or small,
Before to work or play they fall.
Soon into boats that men had hauled
Upon the beach, the Brownies crawled,
And, pushing out as oft before,
Began to ply the dripping oar,
Or prove that fish, however great,
May be deceived by tempting bait.

But boats will tip in spite of care,
And cause surprise, if not a scare;
And Brownies, ere they reached the shore,
Well water-soaked apparel wore.
Oh, could we mortals struggling here,
Despondently and full of fear,



THE BROWNIES IN WASHINGTON.



Who in each draft or drop of rain
See promise of a funeral train,
Like Brownies laugh in hardship's face,
And in each Gorgon find a Grace,
It might our troubles modify,
And spare us many a heaving sigh.
Soon frightened birds along the way
Were starting up from limb or spray,
Where they for night had settled down,
As Brownies sought the nearest town.

It does not take a lengthy space
Of time for them to reach a place,
And no surveyors do they need
To stake a road across the mead,



Or blaze a tree in forest deep
To mark the proper course to keep.
The midnight sky does well provide
The band with many a twinkling guide,
And when a storm-cloud intervenes
They find their way by other means.
They saw Tacoma by moonlight,
At Walla Walla spent a night;

Nor left the State before their feet
Had found Seattle's broadest street.
Upon Olympia next they call,
Where laws are made to govern all;
Then through Port Townsend they parade,
So noted for its lumber trade.
They tried the South Bend oysters well,
And left full many an empty shell.



THE BROWNIES IN WASHINGTON.

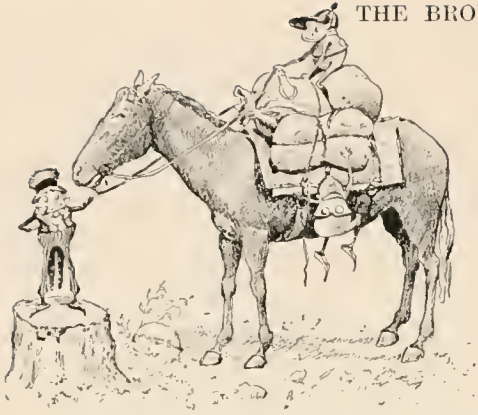


At picking hops they toiled an hour
Where there seemed need of mystic power,

Ere on their way they moved to gain
A glimpse of Whatcom and Spokane.
Where wondrous Mount Tacoma high
Stood white against the summer sky,
Wrapped in its robe of glittering snow,
While green was all the vale below,
The Brownies saw a chance to climb
That suited well their skill and time.



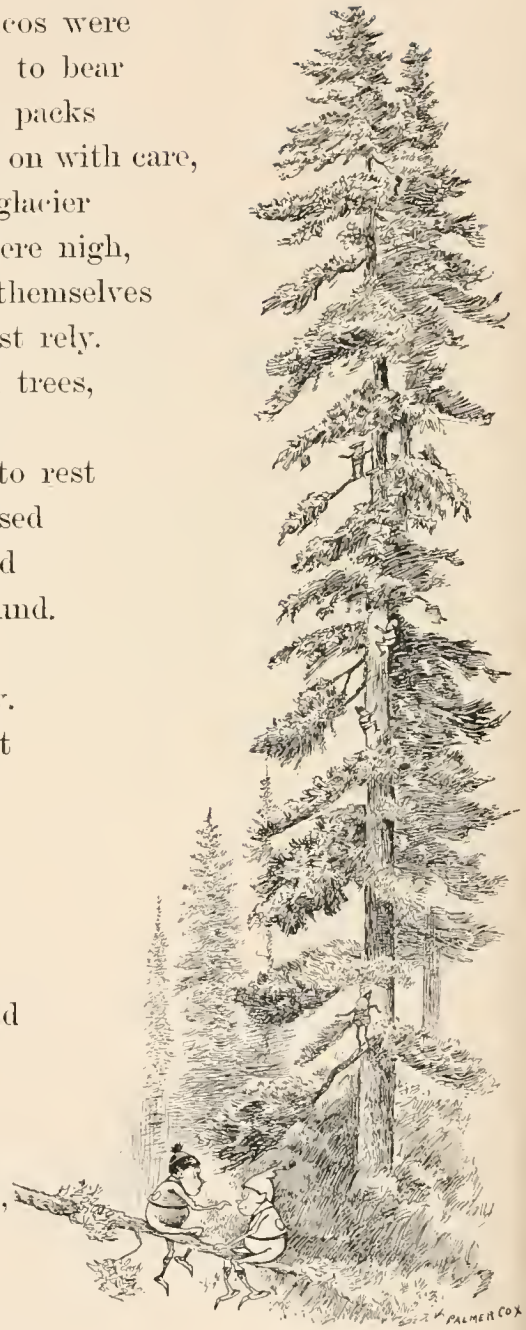
THE BROWNIES IN WASHINGTON.



Some broncos were
procured to bear
The heavy packs
strapped on with care,
Until the glacier
slopes were nigh,
When on themselves
they must rely.

They crossed the streams on fallen trees,
And bravely faced the icy breeze.
At Plummer's Camp they stopped to rest
An hour or two, then onward pressed
To gain the dome and stand around
The craters large that there are found.

They paused at Ashford's to survey
The scenes so wild that round them lay.
At Longmire's Springs the Brownies got
A drink from fountains, cold and hot.
Ofttimes upon the mountain side
They paused to view the country wide
That far below their station lay,
And seemed to stretch to sky away;
While Puget Sound seemed like a thread
Of silver, in the wondrous spread
Of landscape offered to the eye
Of those who dared to climb so high.
Now here the glittering sheet they mark,
Now there 't is lost in forest dark,
To come in sight a fainter line
That sharpest eyes can scarce define.



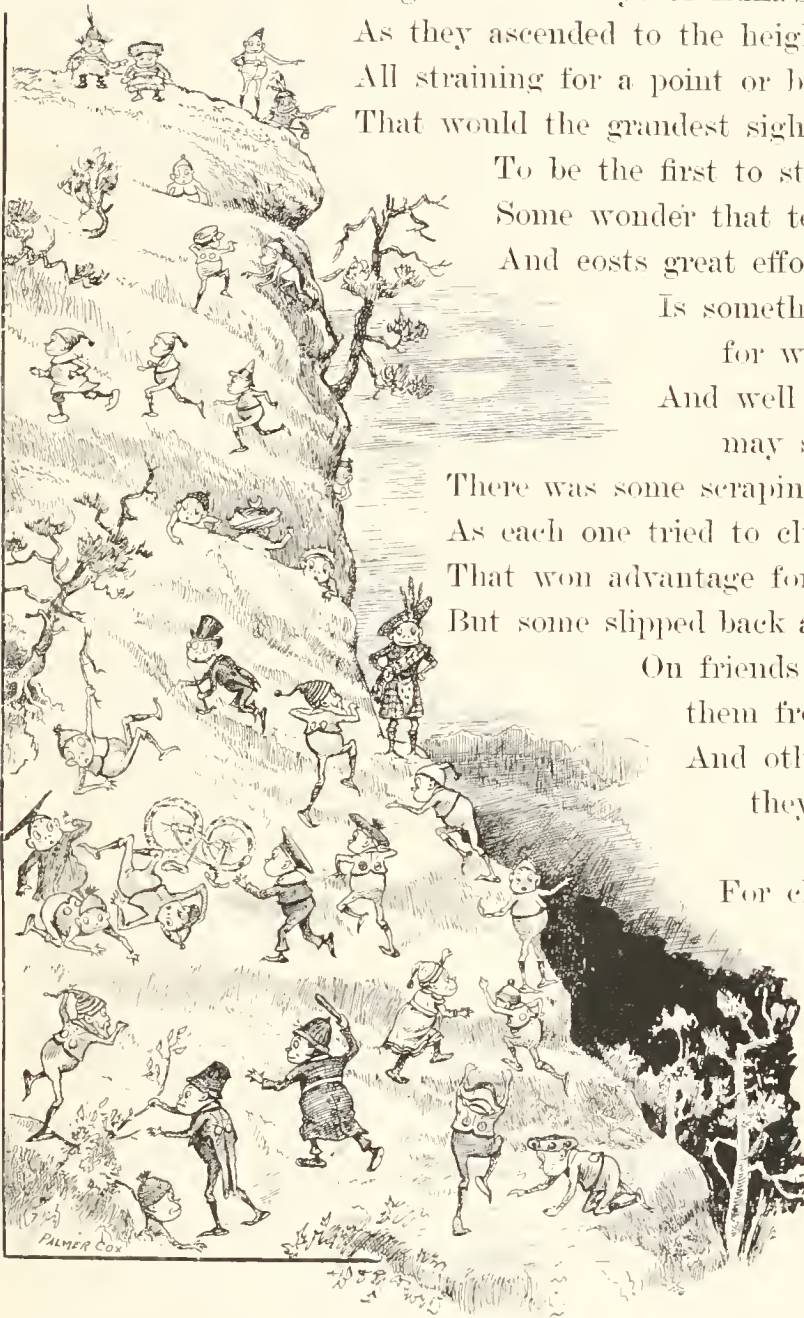
THE BROWNIES IN WASHINGTON.

Bright fell the rays of Luna's light
As they ascended to the height,
All straining for a point or brow
That would the grandest sight allow.

To be the first to stand and view
Some wonder that to all is new,
And eosts great efforts to attain,
Is something still
for which to strain.
And well the reader
may suppose

There was some scraping there of toes
As each one tried to climb a shelf
That won advantage for himself;
But some slipped back and had to call
On friends to save
them from a fall,
And others found
they were

not made
For climbing fast,
so lent
their aid
To those
who were
in greater
strait
Because of
weary limb,
or weight.



THE BROWNIES IN WASHINGTON.

Oh! what a chance
the Brownies found
Upon such elevated
ground
To moralize in
language free,
As Brownies can when
aught they see.
At times, while on
a glacier steep,



In some crevasse both
dark and deep
A Brownie small
would disappear,
And fill his comrades'
hearts with fear,
And cause
the band
no small
delay
Before they
could resume
their way.

THE BROWNIES IN WASHINGTON.



At length upon the dome so round
The daring band a station found;
And from that point so high in air
Obtained a view beyond compare.
And there they would have tarried long,
In spite of wind both cold and strong,
But other trips they had in view,
So from the shining crest withdrew,
To quickly win the plain below,
And plan where next the band should go.





THE BROWNIES IN CALIFORNIA.

FOURTEENTH TOUR.

Evening shadows darker grew,
And birds from ripened fields withdrew,
On roosts to rest with silent beaks
Till o'er the sky stole purple streaks,
The Brownie band, a dusty host,
Approached the famous golden coast.
It was indeed a lengthy race,
With many a rush to hiding-place,
And many a halt and start anew,
Before its wonders came in view.



They moved in sections
o'er the land:
In front the fleetest
of the band;
The middle distance
showed the crowd
With lesser natural
speed endowed;



While, glancing back, the eye soon met
Those short of wind, and heavy-set,



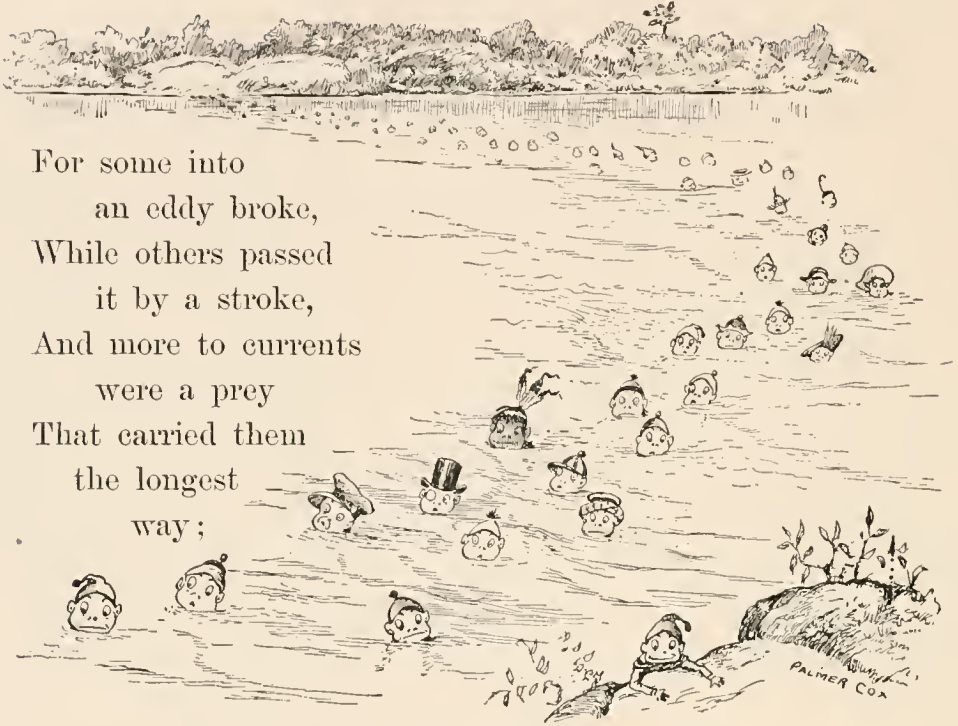
Who harbored no retiring mind
Or lack of interest, though behind.

They forded shallow streams that spread
Like silver o'er their gravel bed;
And where the flood ran dark and deep,
And boats were scarce, they all would leap
Like muskrats in the river wide,
And swim to reach the other side.

It mattered not who first would dash
Into the stream, or who would splash
The last into the water cold
That from the snow-capped mountain rolled:
It would be still a theme of doubt
Which would be first to scramble out.



THE BROWNIES IN CALIFORNIA.



For some into
 an eddy broke,
While others passed
 it by a stroke,
And more to currents
 were a prey
That carried them
 the longest
 way ;

While others reeds and rushes met
That tangled them as in a net.
Thus chance will sometimes play a part
Despite the greatest skill or art.
To San Francisco soon they found
Their way, and stood in groups around,
To view the thriving place so grand
That rests upon its hills of sand
Between the island-studded bay
And ocean stretching far away.
Said one : " This city, as you know,
Though young in years as cities go,
Has quite a history to repeat,
If records have been kept complete.



THE BROWNIES IN CALIFORNIA.



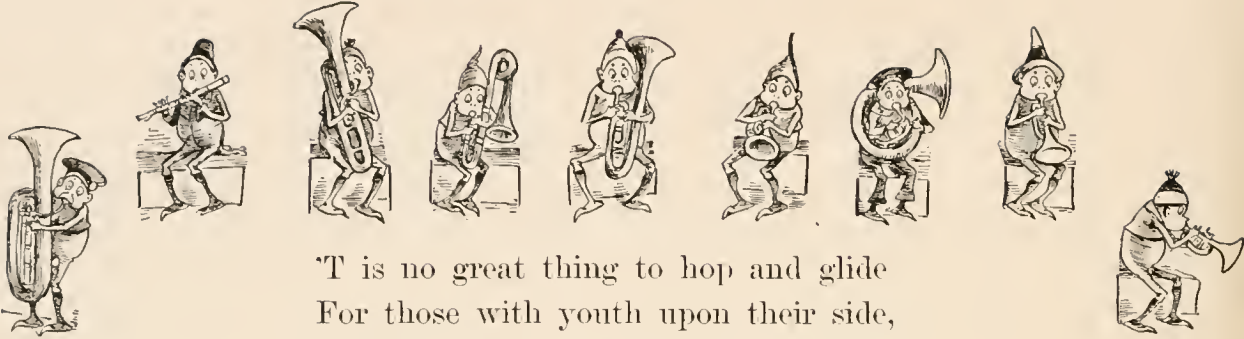
Hearts with love as
warmly beat
In Iceland, as in India's
heat.

Oft has it felt the earthquake shock
That made the strongest building rock,
And more than once gone up in smoke,
Till scarce a building sheltered folk.
The citizens can point to spots
Where people fashioned hangmen's knots
With nimble fingers, to supply
Some hardened rogues a hempen tie,
Whom vigilantes and their friends
Saw fit to drop from gable-ends."
They visited the churches tall,
The jail, the mint, and city hall;
The park that is the city's pride
They rambled through from side to side.
They found Lone Mountain's hallowed ground
To view the graves and tombs around,
Where free from earthly cares and fears
Repose the early pioneers,
The foremost of the venturous host
Who sought the treasures of the coast.



The Brownies danced by two and two,
Through roomy halls they skipped and flew,
While music, rising soft and sweet
From flutes and horns, inspired their feet.

THE BROWNIES IN CALIFORNIA.



'T is no great thing to hop and glide
For those with youth upon their side,
To wheel around from place to place
With action quite devoid of grace;
But if one carries out the rules
Laid down in modern dancing-schools,—



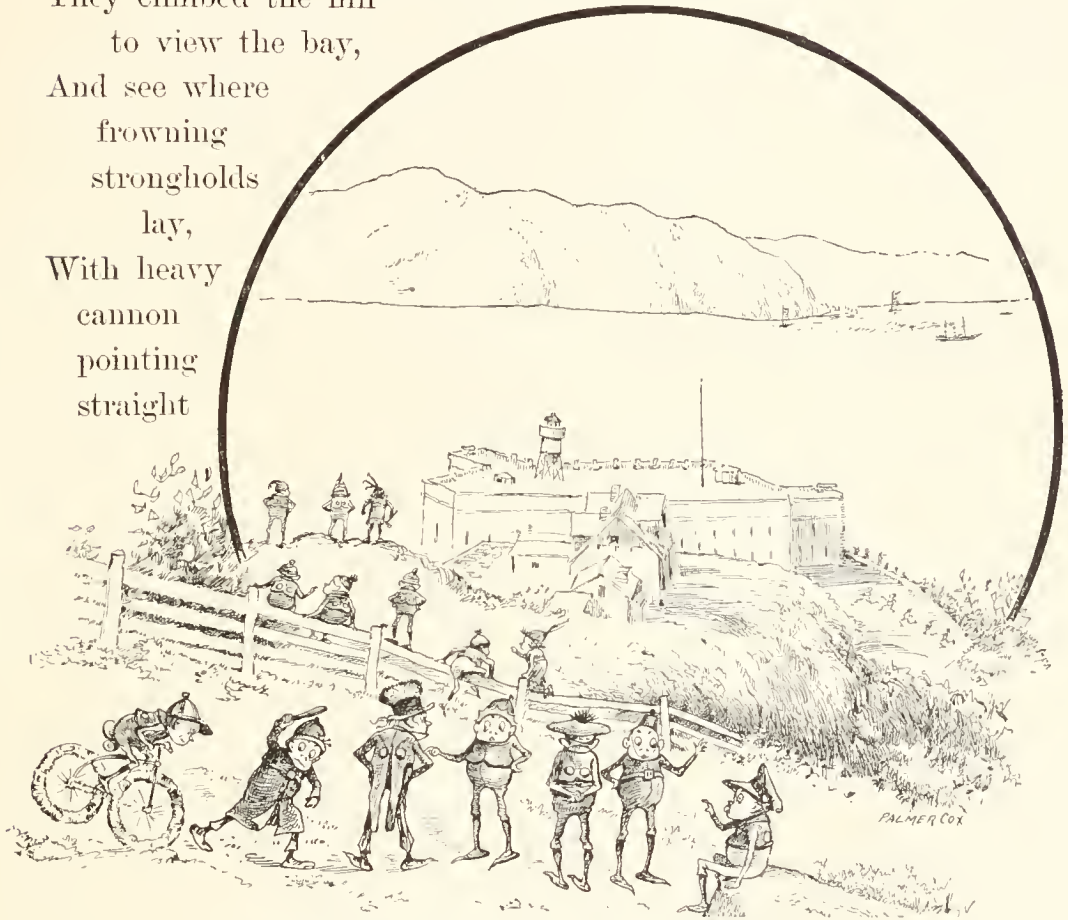
Keeps proper time and proper pose,
And motion true from head to toes,—
He has to be well up in art,
Which is the Brownies' happy part.
I would the reader could have seen
Their antics through the shutters green,
Or laid an ear against the wall,
And heard the chat that fell from all,—
The jokes, the anecdotes, and praise
For those who best a laugh could raise.
The Brownies know a thing or two,
If one gives credit where 't is due;

THE BROWNIES IN CALIFORNIA.



But where they 're schooled, or in what way
They learn, is not for me to say.
But that they laughed and whirled and shot
About the room, mistake me not,
Until the flush of morning showed
It was high time to take the road.

They climbed the hill
to view the bay,
And see where
frowning
strongholds
lay,
With heavy
cannon
pointing
straight



To guard the famous Golden Gate.
They saw the ships at anchor swing
That sailed to foreign ports to bring

THE BROWNIES IN CALIFORNIA.

Their precious freights through many a gale
That tried the strength of mast and sail.
The Cliff House next attention drew,
That overlooks the ocean blue ;
And there they ran, ere night was o'er,
To view the prospect from its door.



To Seal Rock soon, where monsters play
And bark and roll in surf and spray,

THE BROWNIES IN CALIFORNIA.

The Brownies swam, surprising all
The tribe of seals by such a call.
The seals made haste to jump and slide
From every point into the tide,



To peep above the billows' crest
At those who had disturbed their rest.
Then back to town the Brownies ran,
To carry out their well-laid plan.
Along the city front so wide,
From North Beach to the southern side,
With scarce a pause at Rincon Hill
Or Mission Creek, they hastened still.
They saw where Oakland sat at rest
'Twixt hill and bay, as in a nest;
And bluff Goat Island, standing o'er
Against the Contra Costa shore.
Upon the bay they tried a sail;
But sudden squalls too oft prevail
At times for Brownies to secure
The pleasure they believe is sure.
And when at length the shore was gained,
To reach which every nerve was strained,
They could not boast a finger's length
Of clothes that had not felt the strength





Of dashing waves that, rolling free,
Came inward from the open sea.
But what care Brownies for a squall
Or ducking through a slip or fall?
It passes quickly from the mind
When other striking scenes they find.

The clothes must dry just where they rest
Upon the back, or on the breast,
While to some other place they run
To play, or hide from morning's sun.
There 's not a point or feature strange
Along the sea, or mountain range,
Or in the fertile vales that show
Where wandering streams to ocean flow,
But Brownies found ere they were through,
And from the Golden State withdrew.
Up darksome cañons far they went,
On seeing all the country bent.



The placer diggings, where of old
The miner dug, and washed his gold,
Proved interesting to the crew,
As up the rugged slope they drew.
They found the ditch and sluice o'ergrown,
Where "Forty-Niners" toiled alone;
They saw where streams were changed, and ran
Obedient to the miner's plan —
Turned from their course to madly rave
In other beds than nature gave,
That in the channel pockets bright
Of shining ore might come in sight.

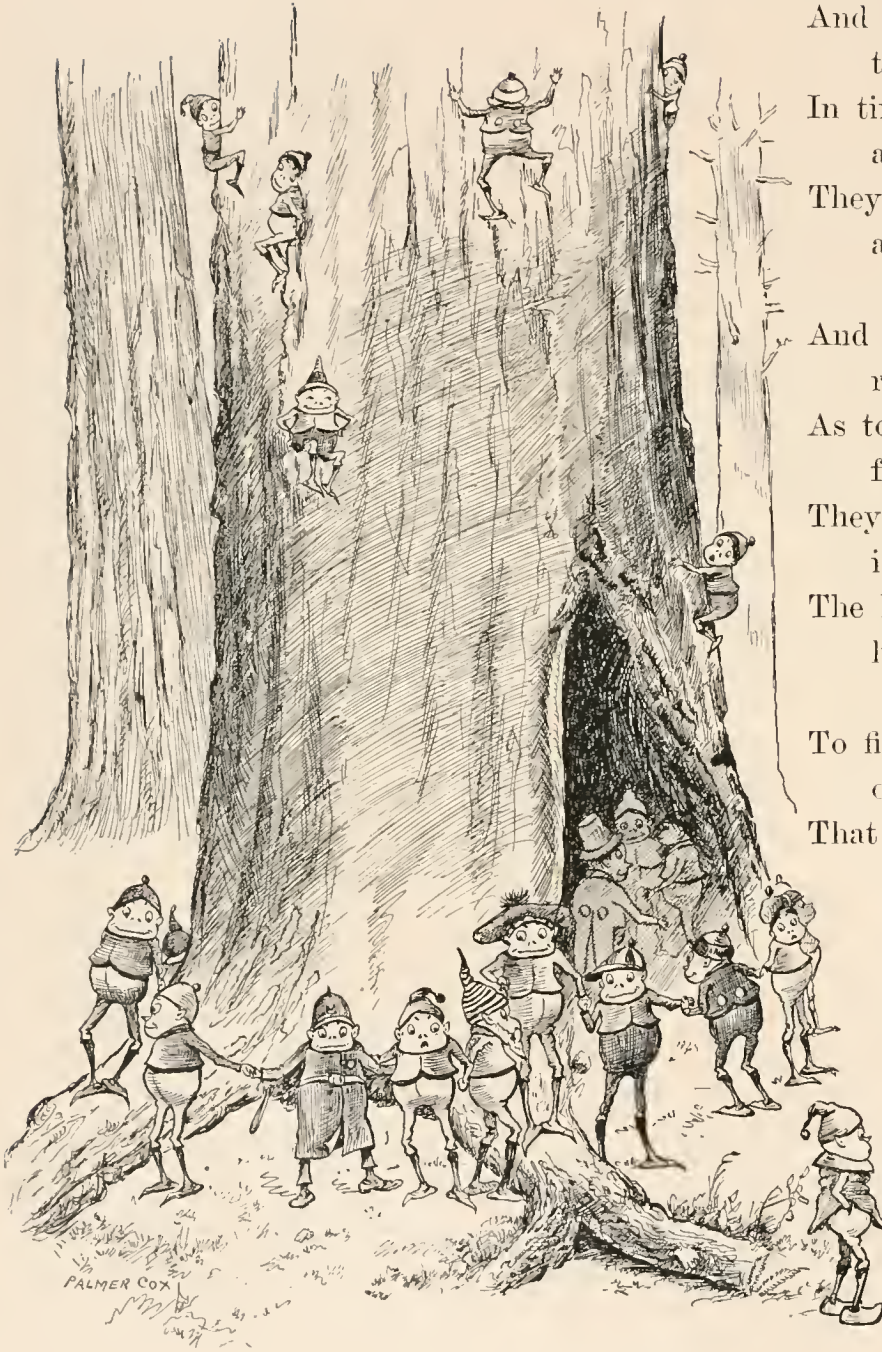
THE BROWNIES IN CALIFORNIA.

To name each place they went, or
where
They paused to view some wonder rare
That made impression long to last,
Would be, in truth, a work too vast
For any one to take in hand
With but few pages at command.
Enough to know, but little lies
Unseen by cunning Brownies' eyes,
When they have traveled o'er a State,
With time allowed to watch and wait.
What Brownie would not run to see
The world-renowned Yosemite,
When but a county lay between
The traveler and the charming scene?
They found the place, but not without
Some trials, as they soon found out
When, in the usual manner, they
Made bold to go the shortest way.
The silver stream, the valley fair,
And rugged precipice, were there;
And Brownies will not soon forget
The strange surprise that there they
met.

But greatest wonders, as you know,
Are often hemmed by dangers so
Distressing that they add a charm
To scenes won only through alarm.
They reached the valley sooner than
They had expected, as they ran,



And could not check
their onward gait
In time to save
a tumble great.
They tore their clothes,
and skinned their
knees
And elbows on the
rocks and trees,
As to the level
far below
They all descended
in a row.
The Brownies
hunted through
the State
To find the grove
of trees so great
That giant-like
still hold
their place,
The remnants
of a dying
race.



THE BROWNIES IN CALIFORNIA.



At length they found them where they stood
With heads above all neighboring wood;
And much surprised were all the band
To find, when joining hand to hand,
With outstretched arm in every case,
They scarce could gird the rugged base.
Said one who upward turned his eye
To scan the trunks from earth to sky:
“These trees, no doubt, well-rooted grew
When ancient Nineveh was new;
And down the vale long shadows cast
When Moses out of Egypt passed,
And o’er the heads of Pharaoh’s slaves
And soldiers rolled the Red Sea waves.”
Another answered, when he spied
On earth some furrows deep and wide:
“Mark where in ages long gone by
Some, crashing, fell on earth to lie,
Impressing trenches in the ground
To last while centuries go round.
How must the timid rabbit shake,
The fox within his burrow quake,



THE BROWNIES IN CALIFORNIA.



The deer start up with quivering hide
To gaze in terror every side,
The quail forsake the trembling spray,
When these old roots at last give way,
And to the earth the monarch drops
To jar the distant mountain-tops!"
Thus ran the Brownies everywhere
Around the State, to stand and stare,
And in their own way moralize
Upon the wonders it supplies.
And by the time their feet had passed
O'er mountain height and valley vast
That mark that region of the West
So rich and fair, they needed rest.



DEAR READER, now the task is o'er,
The hand must draw the veil once more
Between the band of Brownies bright
And those to whom they give delight.



