



THE



BROWNIES



AROUND



THE WORLD



BY
PALMER
COX

OUR FOURTH BOOK



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The Brownies Around The World



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*The Brownies prove, by word and look,
That.....owns this book;
And....., as they find,
Presented it with feelings kind.*

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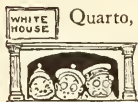
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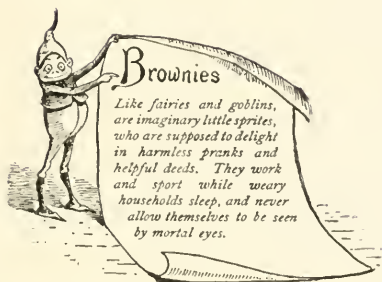
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Brownies

*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.*

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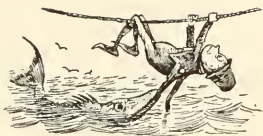


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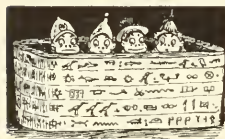


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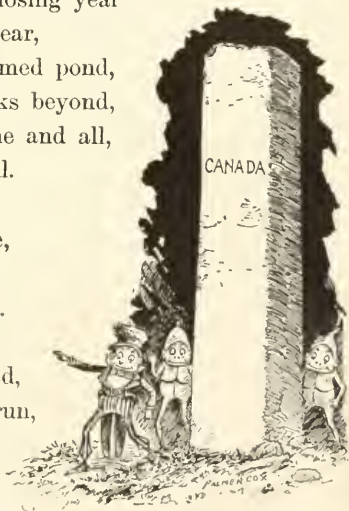
THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.

FIRST STAGE.



WHEN signs that mark the closing year
Began to hint of winter near,
In leafless trees, in ice-rimmed pond,
And on the mountain peaks beyond,
The Brownies gathered, one and all,
In answer to a general call.

All representatives of note
From countries near and lands remote,
Assembled fast at close of day,
To lay their plans and have their say.
No less a scheme they had in mind
Than now, before their powers declined,
While still they had the strength to run,
The hearts to dare, and taste for fun,
To visit all the nations wide,
Around the world on every side.





Said one: "My comrades tried and true,
 No picnic trip we have in view,
 For many a hardship must be met,
 And many a foot in danger set
 Ere we can reach the native land
 Of every member in the band ;

Strange accidents will cross our way
 Of which we little dream to-day ;
 Strange modes of travel must be found
 Ere we can circle earth around.
 With fortitude yourselves equip
 To serve you through the trying trip,
 From States that stretch from sea to sea,
 The watchful wards of liberty,
 Through zones that gave to Franklin brave
 And bold De Long an icy grave,
 And tried the nerve of Melville true
 While rescuing the famished crew,
 Through lands enriched by Pharaoh's dust,
 And cities baked in lava crust,
 To where that flowery realm extends
 On which the world for tea depends."
 At mention of these far-off climes,
 Where they could have such wondrous times,
 The Brownies smiled, and all the band
 Were ready now to lift a hand
 And vote that they, with willing hearts,
 Would make the trip to foreign parts ;
 And should misfortunes sad and sore
 Assail them on some distant shore,



No blame would be attached to those
Who did the daring scheme propose.
That night, before the moon grew pale
And hid behind a western veil,
Or stars a sign of falling showed,
The daring Brownies took the road.



With cunning minds the travelers planned
To keep along the northern strand,
Until they skirted Baffin's Bay,
And Labrador behind them lay;
Then trust a raft and favoring breeze
To take them o'er dividing seas,
Till on some point of Europe east,
The band would find themselves at last.
An easy task it seems, no doubt,
To mark a course for others out,
And every one will understand
Who ventures out by sea or land,
That such a trip would have at best
Some trials that would courage test.
It seemed to argue want of sense,
But in the Brownie band's defense

THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.

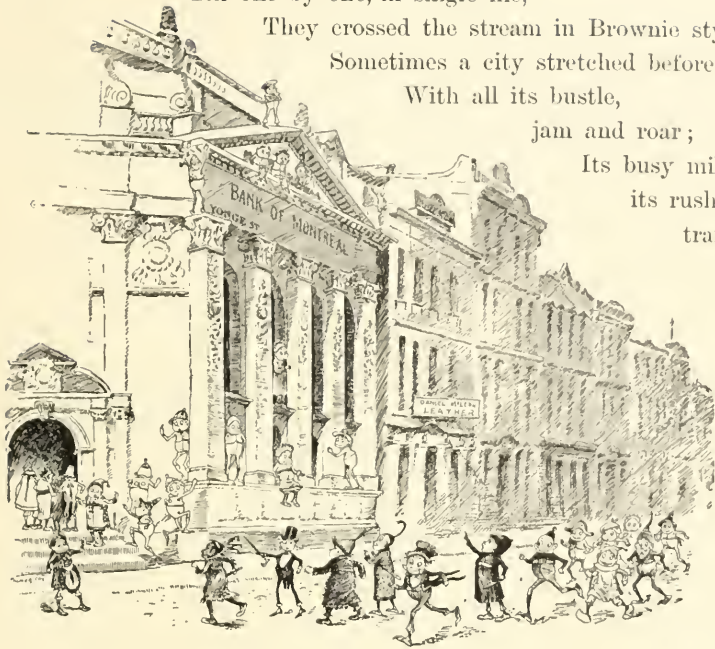
Let me remark, the Brownie kind
Are not to human powers confined,
For mystic arts with mortal blend,
Insuring triumph in the end.



Deep rivers that before them ran,
Were bridged at once with single span,
Tall saplings bent from top to root
Were fastened in some way to suit,

THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.

Till one by one, in single file,
They crossed the stream in Brownie style
Sometimes a city stretched before,
With all its bustle,
jam and roar;
Its busy mills,
its rushing
trains,



Its blazing squares and darksome lanes;
Then Brownies needs must circle round
And dodge about for safer ground.
To thriving towns they hurried all,
And visited each church and hall,
And passed opinions freely still
On what they saw, as Brownies will;
Then London, Galt, and Kingston old,
In turn received the Brownies bold.

To Ottawa went all the band
To view each edifice so grand,
To Hamilton, to Goderich, too,
That overlooks Lake Huron blue,
The Brownies took a hasty run
For observation and for fun.
Through streets that are Toronto's pride
They hurried on with hasty stride,
Viewed banks, and buildings made to hold
The money which is good as gold.
Looked through each handsome court and square,
And market-place with special care.



My pen has not the space to praise
Each charming sight that drew their gaze
As on they hastened through the land
Enjoying scenes on every hand.
Once while they halted to survey
A steep and grass-grown mound of clay,
Said one, "This marks an old redoubt
Where once the British kept lookout,
When Uncle Sam and Johnny Bull
Had their last interesting pull,
Or tug of war, as records show,
Now over eighty years ago."
The Thousand Islands may be named
As something that attention claimed,
The broad St. Lawrence got its share
Of praise and observation there.
Said one, "This river rolling free,
Between the chain of lakes and sea,



Through life but few
can go
Without some touch
of woe.



Has not an equal far or near,
For water sparkling bright and clear.
It thrills the heart and charms the sight,
Thus dancing on, as in delight,
To pour its fresh and crystal flow
Into the ocean far below.

No wonder Indians strewed, like stones,
Along its banks the settlers' bones,
Before they'd leave a scene so fair
And turn to seek a home elsewhere.
The arm indeed might well be strong,
The hatchet heavy, arrow long,
And scalping-knife be ever keen
Defending such a lovely scene.

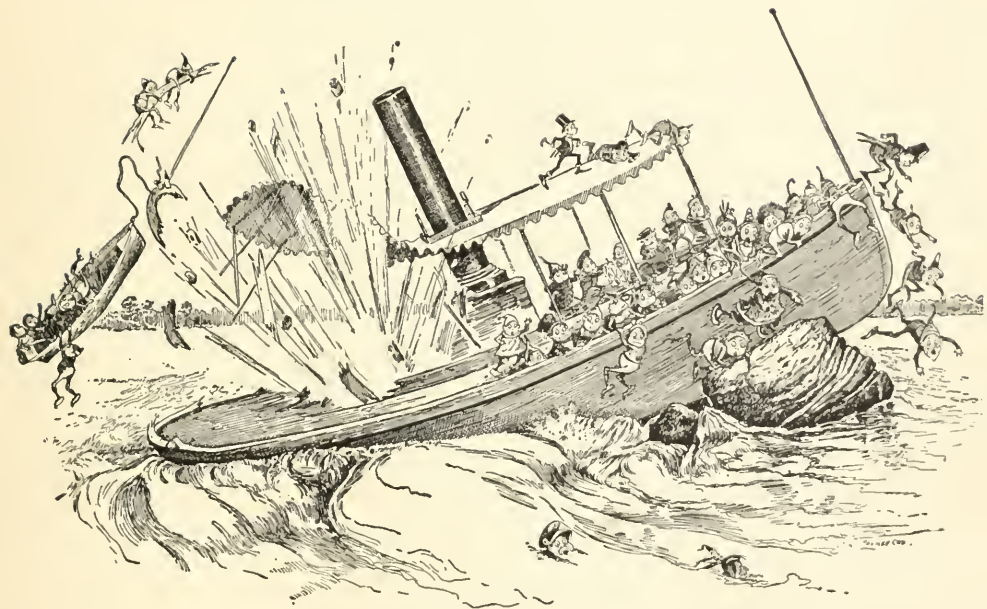


I think it will not be amiss
Now while beside a flood like this,
That we may not again come near
On pleasure bound for many a year,
For us to take a boat or two
And down the stream our way pursue.”
Another said, “We can command
A naphtha launch that’s near at hand.
’T will just about contain the crowd,
Yet every one have space allowed.”
Cried one, “That suits us to a T!

At engineering trust to me,
I’ve had some practice at the art
And well can undertake the part.”
Another said, “I’ll steer her straight
Between the rocks or islands great,
While all on board can take their rest
Nor be with creeping fears oppressed.”
It was not long until the boat
Set out with every one afloat.
Some chanced a little skiff to find,
And this was soon attached behind,
And those were lucky, so they thought,
Who in that way a passage sought.
They sailed along with joke and smile,
And much enjoyed every mile,
Until some foaming crests appeared
That told of rapids that they neared.
The current was by far too strong
And wild for them to right the wrong.

THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.

Their hope lay not in turning back,
But now to keep the safest track.
The helmsman stood well to his task,
Nor had he need for help to ask,
A dozen members of the crew
Were quick to tell him what to do.



Now round the islands, left and right
He steered the craft with wondrous might,
Now grazing banks, now scraping stones,
While rose the cries, the shrieks and groans

THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.



Of frightened Brownies, who were thrown
Into the greatest panic known.
At length there came a fearful shock —
The launch had centered on a rock,
In spite of all the sage commands,
And left a wreck upon their hands.
Just then, to much increase their woe,
The boiler made a stir below,

As far too often is the case
When some mishap has taken place.

'T was well the boiler had its bed
Located aft where things could spread
Without destroying all the host
That to the bows had crowded most.
Those who were sitting on the rail
Went upward like a flock of quail,
While those aboard the skiff had soon
Their bearing changed to strike the moon,
And quickly learned that lunar ride
Had much their trouble magnified.
A watery grave had been the lot
Of half the band if they had not
Been blessed with supernatural power
That stood them well in hand that hour.

Some had to swim, and some to dive,
More held to planks to keep alive,
For swift the river swept along
Upon its course with action strong.

THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.

However bad the rip or break
The Brownies don't their ship forsake,
Till they've exhausted all the means
Known both to landsmen and marines,
That they may have within their reach
To bring her safely to the beach.
The Brownies gained the wreck at last
That still was sticking hard and fast.
Then in the quickest way they could
They patched it up with bits of wood,
With caps and jackets calked the seams
And spliced the shattered ribs and beams,
Then, launching it adrift once more,
They worked it to the nearest shore.

Thus on they traveled mile by mile,
With many jokes and laughs the while.
A river widened to a bay
At times occasioned some dismay,
And seemed to bring to sudden end
The trip they gladly would extend,
Till one was quick to raise the cry
"We're all right yet, some boats I spy
Here lying on the weedy shore.
Let some take rudder, some take oar,
And soon we'll travel where we please
In spite of current, tide, or breeze!"
At once they rushed a seat to find,
For no one wished to stay behind,
And while they rowed the boats along
The band united in a song:



As age draws on apace
Still heavenward lift your face

THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.



“A happy Brownie band are we,
Prepared for daring deeds,
We ramble boldly, far and free,
Wherever fancy leads.

For us the forest spreads its leaves
And throws a shade below,
For us its screen the ivy weaves,
And ferns and mosses grow.

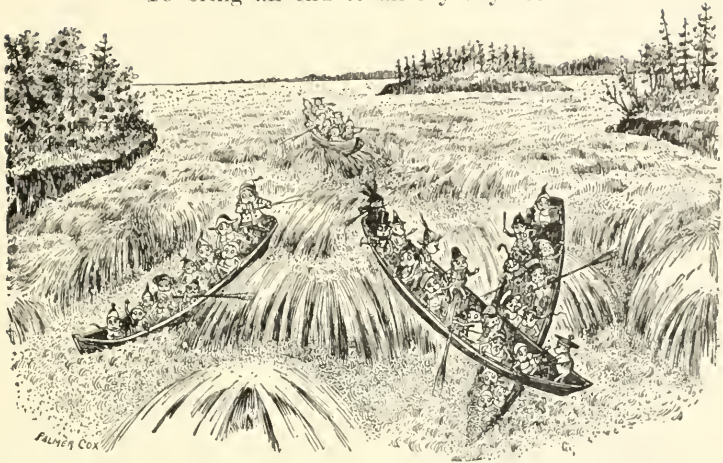
The children strain
Their eyes in vain
To see a Brownie sprite,
For those that find
The Brownie kind
Must have a second sight.

“For us the plantain-leaves are wide
Enough to cover two,
For us the stars at eventide
Trim all their lamps anew.
And quickly we can slip away
When they forsake the sky,
Or keen, observing children stray
Around with prying eye.

We hide from all,
Both large and small,
By day as well as night.
Ah! none can see
A Brownie wee
Who has not second sight”

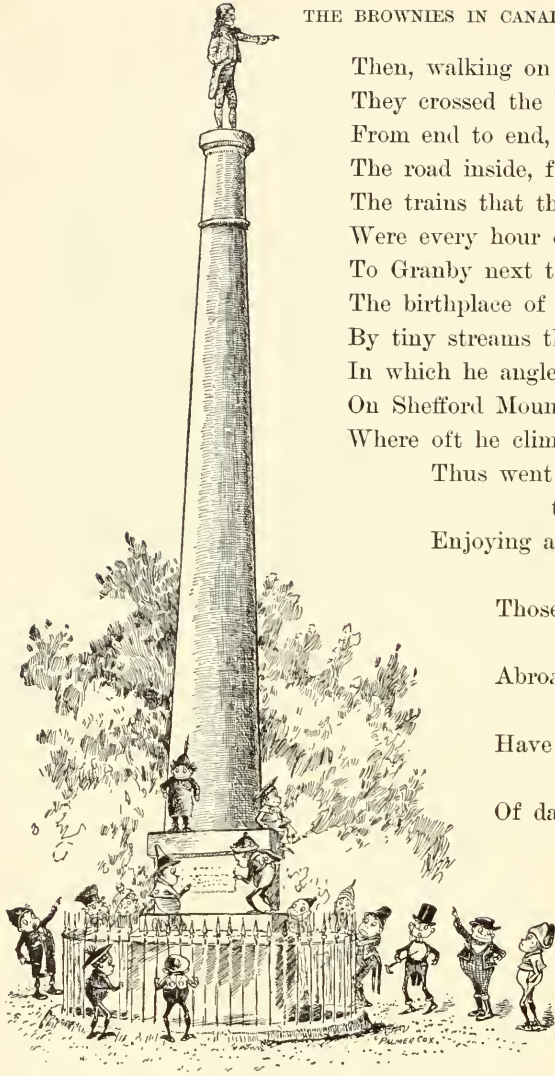
THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.

Still hastening on, with ardor keen,
They ran the rapids of Lachine
In boats that threatened hard at times
To bring an end to all my rhymes



By giving up the Brownie band
To the St. Lawrence River grand;
To roll them on with crazy flow
Into the ocean far below.
At Montreal they paused awhile
To note its size and ancient style,
And from Mount Royal to survey
The leveled land that round them lay,
Then ran to see the shaft of stone
That in a central place is shown
Surmounted by the gallant tar
Who won and died at Trafalgar,

THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.

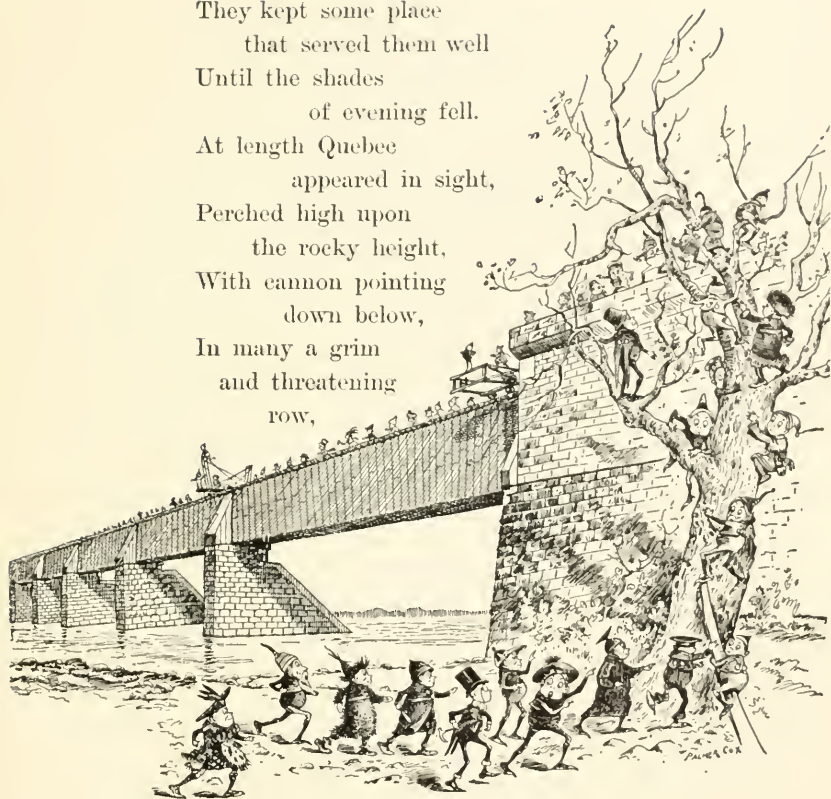


Then, walking on the roof or ridge,
They crossed the long Victoria Bridge
From end to end, not trusting to
The road inside, for well they knew
The trains that thundered to and fro
Were every hour on the go.
To Granby next they quickly ran,
The birthplace of the Brownie man.
By tiny streams they sat and smiled,
In which he angled when a child,
On Shefford Mountain stood to gaze
Where oft he climbed in youthful days
Thus went the band
the country through
Enjoying all that

met their view.
Those who can only
show a nose
Abroad at night,
you may suppose,
Have watchful times
in keeping clear
Of dangers that
with light appear.
But still the
Brownies worked
their way
At night alone,
while through
the day

THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.

They kept some place
that served them well
Until the shades
of evening fell.
At length Quebec
appeared in sight,
Perched high upon
the rocky height,
With cannon pointing
down below,
In many a grim
and threatening
row,



To guard the river deep and wide
That stretched away to ocean tide.
Through narrow streets the Brownies bound
That in the lower town are found,
And then with nimble feet they fly
To reach the upper town so high.

THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.



Said one, who paused to look around :
“My friends, we tread historic ground ;
'T was up this path, so rough and steep,
The British did at midnight creep,
With guns unloaded in their hands,
Obedient to the strict commands,
For fear an accidental shot
Might bring the Frenchmen to the spot.
Full in the van, with bated breath,
Brave Wolfe ascended to his death,
While Montcalm, trusting guards to keep
A careful watch, took his last sleep !
For lo ! the early dawn revealed
The red coats stationed in the field ;
The Plains of Abraham were bright
With troops all marshaled for the fight.
I will not here the tale intrude
About the battle that ensued
Of rallying ranks, when hope was low,
Or brilliant charges to and fro.
On history's pages read you may
How fell the heroes of that day ;

THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.

And how, ere shades of night came down,
The Union Jack waved o'er the town."
While through Canadian wilds they passed
Where snow was piled like mountains vast,
They took to snow-shoes long and stout,
With their own hands well fashioned out;



THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.

As when a club strives for a prize,
A bowl, or cup of handsome size,
And every member does his best
To keep ahead of all the rest,
So every Brownie struggled well
His puffing comrades to excel;
But shoes would sometimes hit or hitch,
And headlong down the mountain pitch
The very ones that seemed to show
The greatest speed upon the snow.
So he that for some distance ran,
A smiling leader in the van,
Would thus be thrown clear out of gear
And left to struggle in the rear,
But best of feelings governed still
The lively race o'er plain and hill.





THE BROWNIES CROSS THE ATLANTIC.



SECOND STAGE.

TILL farther north the Brownie band
Pursued their way across the strand
To where the sea, with capes and isles,
Is narrowed to one thousand miles.
And here they planned some logs to find,
And build a raft of strongest kind,
On which they all might safely ride,
Until they reached the eastern side,
And then continue on their way
Through foreign lands without delay
Said one: "At this time of the year
The currents eastward set from here;
And if our raft but holds together,
And we are blessed with pleasant weather,
Within a fortnight, at the most,
We'll surely reach the Norway coast."
Another said: "Somewhat I know
About that ocean's ebb and flow,
And tell you, ere you court such ills
You'd all do well to make your wills.



However, if we fail to reach
Norwegian soil, we'll find some beach
That to our raft may kinder be
Than Norway's rocks or maelstrom sea."
Thus well encouraged at the start,
They soon prepared, through mystic art,
A wide affair, where each could rest,
And sit or stand as pleased him best,
While trusting with a patient heart
The ocean to perform its part.

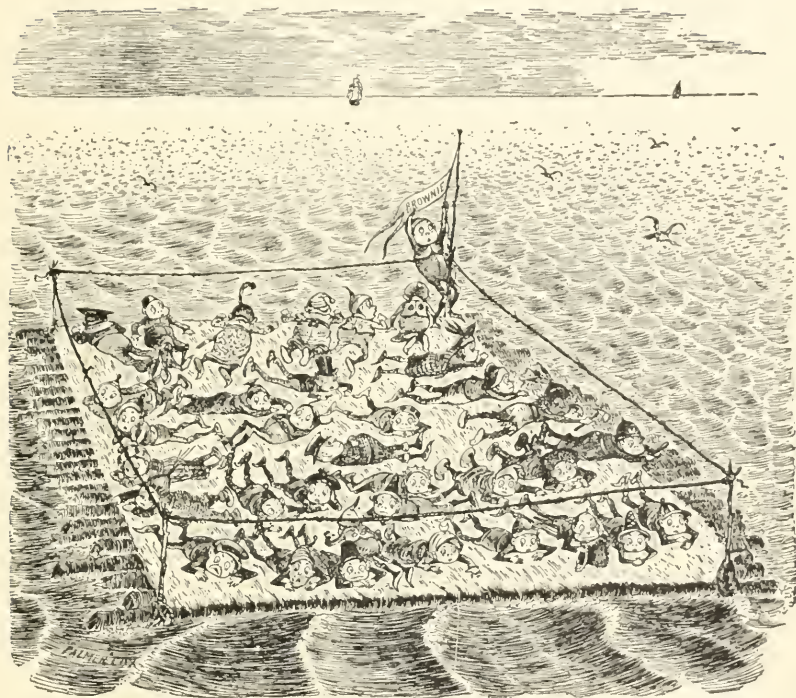


Said one: "No state-rooms we'll provide
Wherein a favored few can hide,
Nor make a hold or steerage deep
Where some in dangerous times might creep;
But all alike, through storm or wreck,
Must take their chances on the deck."
With willing hands, in manner fine
To carry out their grand design,

At work the active Brownies stayed,
Until the strange concern was made.
Of leatherwood and various things
They manufactured ropes and strings,
Which served them well for many a day
With stores and rope-walks far away.
With prospects fine the trip began,
The sea with even motion ran,
And straight for Europe, as a crow
Could wing its way, the Brownies go;

THE BROWNIES CROSS THE ATLANTIC.

And as they added mile to mile,
Their pleasant chat went on the while.



At times they sighted far ahead
A ship with all her canvas spread.
“Lie low!” would be the shout, and all
Upon the raft would promptly sprawl,
And there as flat as flounders lie,
For fear the lookout’s watchful eye

THE BROWNIES CROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Would take them for a shipwrecked crew
Thus drifting round on ocean blue.

At such a time down quickly came

Their banner with the Brownie name,
Concealed from sight to rest a space
Till they could safely give it place.

For hours without a stir they'd stay,
Until the ship would tack away
Upon her course, and pass from sight,
And leave them free to stand upright.

But few on any craft can ride
Upon the north Atlantic tide
And not some scenes or trials find
To ever after bear in mind.



And soon the wind began to play
With billows in no tender way;
But pitched them up into the air
To meet the clouds that lowered there.
'T is bad enough to stand on board
A ship with life-preservers stored
And count the minutes passing by
Ere you their saving strength must try;

But harder for the Brownie band
Upon that creaking raft to stand,
And know, if in the sea they rolled,
No buoyant cork would them uphold.
Said one, as glancing fore and aft
He tried to keep upon the raft,



“The artist paints, and poet raves
About the ocean’s tinted waves,
But, let me tell you, when you stand
’Twixt sky and water, far from land,
With gales behind and squalls before,
And angry ocean in full roar,
You ’re not so likely to ‘enthuse’
About its ‘cradles,’ or its hues.

The sea, indeed, since early days,
Has had its strange, uncertain ways;
With pleasant calms that still invite
You from the shore in spirits light,
It leads you on, while searce appears
A ripple to awaken fears.

But when far out upon the main
Where wishes and regrets are vain,
Into a boiling rage it goes
And neither sense nor pity shows,
But jumps around in manner dread,
As if to find another bed.



If at the first the world was planned
To have a greater stretch of land,
And less expanse of treacherous sea,
It would have better suited me.”

Another said, “My friend, I fear
Such carping won’t avail you here;
Pray keep a surer hold, you ’d best,
And let the world’s formation rest.
Few joys through life one may obtain
That are not balanced well with pain,



'T was hard to tell what swam or flew,
Such rapid transit all things knew;
Some tumbling, tail first, on their way,
More upside down passed through the spray,
While shining scales and feathers long
Were yielding to the gale so strong.

Thus talk went
on with
ready tongue,
As still the
Brownies stuck
and clung.
Ofttimes in
close embrace
well locked
Across the raft
they reeled
and rocked
Beneath the
overwhelming
stroke
Of crested
waves that
on them broke.
Ofttimes some
demon of the sea
High in the air
would lifted be,



THE BROWNIES CROSS THE ATLANTIC.



And, passing over raft and crew,
His journey through the waves renew.

At times the crew was frightened well
When sharks or grampus splashing fell
Where mighty waves did mastery win
In spite of twisting tail or fin ;
Then plowing round from side to side
The visitor would slip and slide,
Till, to the great relief of fish
And harmonizing with the wish
Of every Brownie, down he went
Into his natural element.



'T was well the ropes and hawsers stood
They made of birch or leatherwood,
For had they parted in that strain,
When consternation seemed to reign,
'T is hard to estimate the loss
That might have followed such a toss.

But winds go down, if one can last
To be around when all is passed,
So waves grew still, the fearful squall
Had spent its force, and best of all,
Though out of shape the raft was tossed
And logs were broken, others lost,
When that distressing storm was through
Not one was missing from the crew.
But while the waves around them played
The Brownie band good time had made,
For now, when calm the ocean grew,
A tract of land was plain in view.



THE BROWNIES CROSS THE ATLANTIC.



One cried: "'T is Norway's rugged strand!"
More said: "It's not so wild a land.
'T is more inviting to the eyes
Than shores where frowning Norway lies."
But as 't was land they needed most
They made all haste to reach the coast,
And by the greenness of the sod
They thought old Erin's soil they trod,

And when a shamrock next they found
They knew their first surmise was sound.
And with a hip, hip, hip, hurrah!
They gave three cheers for "Erin go bragh."



Upon the land as on the deep
A sharp lookout the wise will keep



THE BROWNIES IN IRELAND.



THIRD STAGE.

Brownie band stopped for a while
To ramble through the Emerald Isle.
Said one : " This land from shore to shore
Is noted for its fairy lore.
There 's not a child, or type of age
Howe'er unlearned in lettered page,
But can relate some legend queer
About the fairies' doings here.

Old women, with a shaking head,
Can mumble stories dark and dread
Of midnight eries by window-sill
Or chimney-top that boded ill ;
Or in a lighter mood can tell
How fairies wish young couples well,
And mounted on a nodding weed,
That serves them nicely for a steed,
They ride before to clear the way
Of dangers on their wedding day.



Hands may not with gold
be lined
Still do their part at service
kind.

THE BROWNIES IN IRELAND

No horse will stumble on the road,
No wheel come off and dump a load,

But light of heart
and undismayed

They travel by
the fairies' aid."

Ere long each Brownie
in the band

Bore a
That black-
Which flour-
Such sticks



shillalah in his hand
thorn bushes did provide,
ished thick on every side,
as men oft carried there

To use at faction-
That through their
Of timid folk soon
A happy band,
Enjoying scenes



fight or fair,
fall on tender crowns
cleared the towns.
they took the road,
the country showed.

At times they paused
upon the way

In verdant fields
to run and play.



Some gathered shamrocks—

well they could,

For thick on every side they stood.

Said one: "This plant so widely known
Has quite a history of its own,
For we are told that long ago,
Ere Erin did religion know,
The good old saint with one, in brief,
Brought to his knees a barbarous chief.



He plucked a shamrock from the ground
And proved to him, with logic sound,
That, three in one and one in three,
It symbolized the Trinity."

They thought to ride to Mullingar
From Bantry in a jaunting-car.

But it was hardly fit to hold
So large a band of Brownies bold,
A mishap came to them to mar
Their pleasure ere they journeyed far.

They might have made the trip complete
And each have kept his place or seat
Did not a linch pin break or bend
And give the wheel a chance to end
A partnership existing long
Between it and the axle strong.
And soon that dissolution showed
A pile of Brownies on the road,
And others who were forced to slide
Into a ditch with mud supplied.
Some to the donkey shouted "Whoa!"
But he was in no shape to go.



Lights and shadows
Come and go
While we sojourn here
below.

THE BROWNIES IN IRELAND.

The creature, that was none too sure
Upon his feet, could not endure



The unexpected shock and shake,
That came when things began to break ;
So feeling that his days were told
He with the Brownies helpless rolled.

THE BROWNIES IN IRELAND.

Some left the cultivated sod,
And on the untilled hillocks trod—
Those mounds that rise in certain lands,
Built up, 't is said, by fairy hands,
And still held sacred to the fay
And leprechawn at present day.



Some ran upon the springy bogs,
Or looked in vain for snakes and frogs.
Said one: "St. Patrick, sure enough,
As legends tell us, used them rough;
First laid upon the rogues a curse,
And then, to make their lot the worse,
With blackthorn stick and brogue combined
Made short work of the reptile kind.

The serpents wriggled from the shore
To hiss upon the soil no more;
The frogs jumped off in frightened bands
To tune their pipes in other lands,
And Erin, to this day, you see,
From every one of them is free."



They sailed upon Killarney's lakes,
Where every wave in silver breaks,

THE BROWNIES IN IRELAND.

And all the hills around so green
Reflected in the floods are seen.



Then in the Druid's temple old
They stood, and many a story told
About the people's rites and ways
And curious myths of ancient days.
One night they saw a dozen spats
Between some large Kilkenny cats,
That, to the old tradition true,
Fought till the hair in patches flew.



Provoked to see a temper wild,
In pets that should be meek and mild,
The Brownies broke upon the fray
And scattered them in every way.



Said one: "Not often are we found
Thus waging war on things around.
But here's a case that does demand
Some special treatment from the band,
And we but exercise our power
So folks may have a peaceful hour.

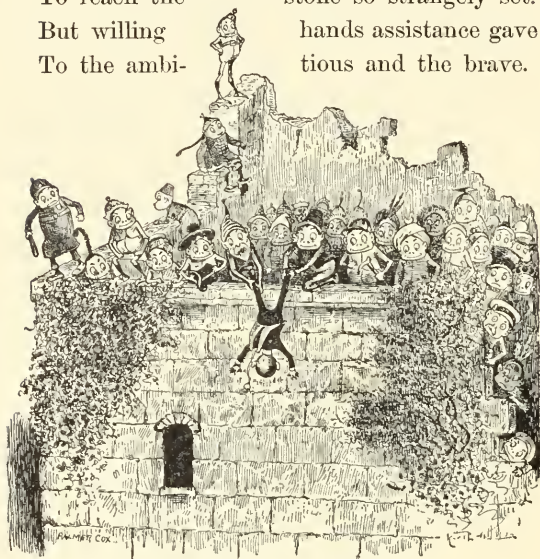
As for ourselves, we little care—
A wakeful night we well can bear;
But those who labor hard all day
Their bread to win, or rent to pay,
Should have a chance to sleep at night,
And rise refreshed at morning light."



To Cork they traveled from Athlone
And hunted for the Blarney Stone.
At length they found it in its place
And kissed it with becoming grace.
From first to last they did n't rest
Till each his lips against it pressed.
It did their nerve and courage try
As every one could testify.
'T was bad enough like owls to hold
A footing on the ruins old,
Where all the stones seemed ripe to go
In showers to the lawn below.

THE BROWNIES IN IRELAND.

But worse than clinging vines, and all
The dangers of the crumbling wall,
To find the stone there at the tip
So inconvenient to the lip.
No wonder then the heart beat fast
And through the head misgivings passed,
While hanging o'er the parapet
To reach the stone so strangely set.
But willing hands assistance gave
To the ambitious and the brave.



Or favors might have gone amiss
On stones unworthy of the kiss.

And then in pleasant frame of mind
They started off again to find



The Giant's Causeway, high and grand,
The greatest wonder in the land.
Around the place the Brownies strayed
And freely thus some comments made :
“ This way, that does so strangely rise
Like organ pipes of monster size
All turned to stone, once formed a road
On which the giants often strode.
The story goes that long ago
They traveled boldly to and fro,

THE BROWNIES IN IRELAND.



And thus passed o'er the marshy ground
That did their castle walls surround.
The last one of the giant race,
'T is said, here found a resting-place;
For here the giant, with a sack
Of plunder bundled on his back,
Fell from the road one stormy night,
And in the bog sank out of sight.

The people living hereabout
Were not inclined to help him out,
But watched him sinking with his prog
And named the place the 'Giant's Bog.'"
Another said: "'T is strange, I hold,
No searcher after relies old
Has ever brought around a spade
And here an excavation made
To bring the giant's bones to light,
And have them set on wires aright,
So people for all time might stare
Upon a skeleton so rare."
So thus they talked and rambled free
The wonders of the land to see.



THE BROWNIES
IN SCOTLAND.



FOURTH STAGE.

time the band of Brownies bright
Reached Scottish soil in great delight
They traveled many miles to see
Where Macbeth met the witches three
While he returned from battle-plain
A hero free from sinful stain.
Though centuries their flight had ta'en
Between the poet and the Thane,
And centuries away had rolled
Since that dramatic tale was told,
The Brownies, with unwearied pace,
Approached ere long the secret place.
Said one: "This is the very spot
The witches danced around the pot,
And stirred the broth that was designed
To poison an ambitious mind,
And to the surface omens bring
To whisper of a future king."



THE BROWNIES IN SCOTLAND.

Another said: "T is, sure enough;
I fancy I can smell the stuff,
And on the heath behind this hill
See traces of their fire still,
O'er which they boiled the horrid mess
That brought about so much distress.



The 'eye of newt and toe of frog'
Soon gave poor Scotland such a jog,
Young heads grew old and black ones gray
Before she knew a peaceful day."
The mention of those stirring times
Soon brought to mind the witches' rhymes,

THE BROWNIES IN SCOTLAND.



As there, with many a hop and squat,
They danced around the bubbling pot.
So, joining hands upon that ground,
Some Brownies danced a merry round
With "Thrice to thine and thrice to mine,"

According to the magic line,
While smiles the width of faces tried
As comrades formed a circle wide
To see with what a show of art
The actors would perform their part.

Then off to other points they strayed
And many a famous scene surveyed.



A view of Edinburgh they gained,
Their feet were still and eyes were strained
As they took in the pleasing sight
That caused both wonder and delight.

THE BROWNIES IN SCOTLAND.

Through mystic power
they found their way
To rugged castles
old and gray,
They crowded every foot
of space



Where coronations
once took
place;
Upon the ancient



seat they
crawled

Where royalty was oft
installed.
Said one: "This is no doubt
the chair
Where kings received
the crown to wear,



Which proved a signal for attacks
That soon laid monarchs on their backs.
Short was their shrift, small joy they found,
From having been as sovereigns crowned.

'T was but a step
A rough one, too,
If but one care
Relating to that
Then secret plots
And heirs apparent
Then dirk or dagger, ax or brand,
Whate'er lay nearest to the hand,



from throne to bier,
as doth appear,
to read the page
murderous age.
were planned each night
passed from sight,

Was used, a wished-for change to bring
And rid the country of a king."



The Bruce's sword, so long and large
Well made to split a casque or targe,
Was hefted with respectful hand
By every member of the band.



Said one: "No wonder foes gave out
When such a blade was swung about,
Or for his crown and Scotland's right
He brought it down with all his might."

Gray Ben Venue was reached at last,
And famous woods and fords were passed.

"This is," said one, "the Trosach's dell
Where once, with such a fiendish yell
Clan Alpine sallied from the glen
Upon the frightened archer men.
But, lacking Roderick's bugle blast
To cheer them on, as in the past,
Were checked by Moray's lancers brave
And tumbled back into their grave."
To fair Loch Katrine next they paid
A visit, and around it strayed,
And had there been a barge at hand
No doubt they would have shoved from land.

THE BROWNIES IN SCOTLAND.



It should give pleasure
to us all
To aid the weak or those
who fall.

Wild Caledonia, rich in scenes
Might well tax even Brownies' means
Of getting round and seeing all
The places worthy of a call.
They traveled far and traveled wide,
To fields and mountains every side,
To lakes and streams, and castles strong
Made famous by immortal song.

While resting on a structure old
Which spanned a stream that swiftly rolled,
Said one: "This is the town of Ayr,
And this the bridge, I do declare,
To which the screeching witches came
When Tam O'Shanter was their game.
The kirk that stands beyond the trees
Is where they sallied out like bees,
And put the gray mare to her most
To save O'Shanter from a roast.

Close at his back, with shout and jeer,
They chased him to the keystone here,
But farther than this spot they dare
Not follow either Tam or mare."
Then one, who measured with his eyes
The distance, thus expressed surprise:
"It puzzles me, that stormy night,
When roads were muddy, lightning bright,
And all the witches, howling mad,
Were at the time so lightly clad,



THE BROWNIES IN SCOTLAND.

How Tam's old mare, the truth to tell,
Could keep ahead of them so well."



Then to the humble cottage small
Where Burns was born, they hastened all,
To talk about the noted spot
That is revered by every Scot.



oft birds that soar
the best
Rise from the hardest
nest.

Said one: "A lowly home, in truth,
Where that bright poet passed his youth,
Which proves that genius, now and then,
Is not confined to high-born men,
But through mysterious ways divine
In humble souls finds room to shine."
With bagpipes in their arms, in pairs,
They marched and played sweet Scottish airs

THE BROWNIES IN SCOTLAND.



Like "Annie Laurie," "Bonnie Doon,"
And many a soul-inspiring tune.
It chanced to be the time of year
When ice was spread on stream and mere,
And hardy Scotelmen strained their bones
And muscles, shoving curling-stones,
And made the very hills applaud,
Or echo back their language broad.

The Brownies, from a neighboring height
Peeped down upon the pleasing sight
Until the shades of evening came
And made the players quit their game.
Said one: "Let half a dozen go
For brooms to sweep away the snow
While others run without delay
To find where stones are laid away.
This curling game, that to the band
May seem so strange, I understand.
I've watched them play till after dark
On frozen lakes within the park,
And heard the loud approval, too,
Of 'Weel done, Sawnie; guid for you!'"



It was not long, as one may think,
Before they stood around the rink.
Some for the sport were doubly nerved,
And won applause they well deserved,
While others soon had aching bones
Who got in front of sliding stones.
Sometimes the stones hit with such force
They split, or, bounding on their course,

THE BROWNIES IN SCOTLAND.



Rolled on the edge and havoc made
Among the busy broom brigade;
But ere the light of morning came
All understood the curling game.





Do good for goodness sake
always
Not for reward on earth,
nor praise.

THE BROWNIES IN ENGLAND.

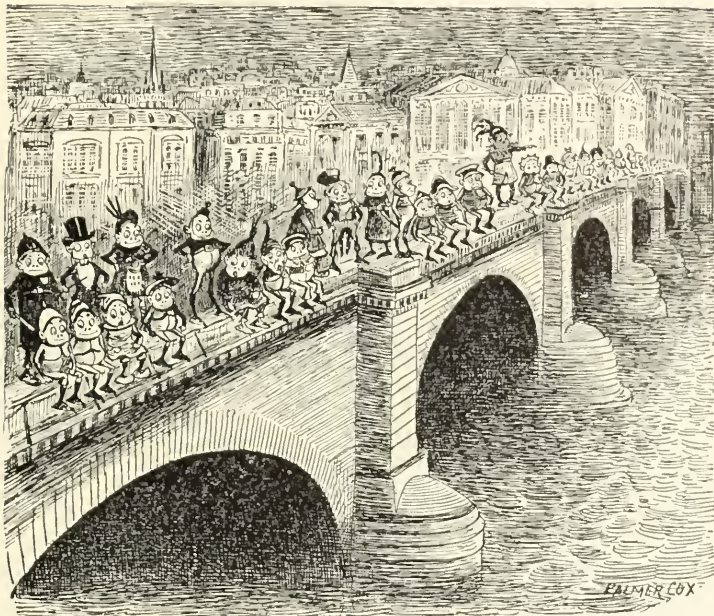


FIFTH STAGE.

The Brownies next when plans were laid,
A visit to Old England paid;
They sought the country towns and all
At Shakspeare's birthplace made a call.
Found time around the house to stray
Where lived and loved Ann Hathaway.
At length, one eve as shades came down
They reached the streets of London town.
On London Bridge they sat in rows,
As on a fence some watchful crows,
Commenting on the structures grand
That here and there the river spanned,
Or spelling out the vessels' names
That floated up and down the Thames.

THE BROWNIES IN ENGLAND.

Said one, who gained extended view:
"If the ambitious Romans knew
When they this city founded here
Beside the river broad and clear



That it would still keep spreading fast
Till largest in the world at last,
They doubtless would have kept the yoke
Much longer on the British folk."
Another said: "We little know
How soon a town will stretch and grow

THE BROWNIES IN ENGLAND.



*This world gives one
The finest chance
Some persons comfort
To advance.*

If it is situated right
The trade of nations to invite."
So rich in wonders was the place
They hardly knew where first to race.
Some wished to visit Tyburn Hill,
Or Smithfield, that gives one a chill,
As through the mind the records run
Of cruel work that there was done.

More wished to race along the Strand,
Or by the Bank of England stand
And ponder there about the gold
And silver bullion it can hold.



The Brownies hunted for an hour
To gain a view of London Tower;

At length, an open view they found,
That showed its towers square and round.

Said one: "The
Seems like a
Compared with
That oft held
And saw the



Tombs, on Centre Street,
pleasant country-seat
that old frowning pile
kings in durance vile,
blood in torrents flow

So many hundred years ago.
Within it lies, if tales are true,
The proof of what hard hearts can do—
The block, the chain, the prison cage,
And tortures of a vanished age.

'T is told that Julius Cæsar laid
Its corner-stone with great parade,
And in its dungeons, dark and deep,
Did many a valiant Briton keep.
Next, William L, the Norman brave,
Its massive, snow-white tower gave;

Then, as the centuries onward rolled,
And kings grew more self-willed and bold,
Still higher towers were made to grow
And deeper dungeons dug below,
Till now it seems fit place to hide
The noble blood of Europe wide.
Here baron, duke, and count might blink
In unison with fetter clink,
Like many a one who here was cast
On small pretense in ages past."

Another said: "An outward sight
Will not content the band-to-night,



You'll call to mind the days
with pride
When you proved true, though
sorely tried

So to the gate at once we 'll race
And gain an entrance to the place.
And through each hold and keep we 'll go,
From turret high to dungeon low,
To view the arms and fixtures strange,
Preserved so well through many a change,
To be a lessen full and free
For generations yet to be."

Soon through the place the Brownies ran
This lance to view, that helmet scan,
Or gaze upon an ax with dread,
That lopped off many a royal head;

And heavy-fashioned



halberds viewed
That paths at Agincourt
had hewed,
Where Henry, on
St. Crispin's day,
In face of odds
showed no dismay.
They climbed inside
of armor old
And peeped out where
the visage bold
Of some crusader
oft had frowned
Upon his turbaned
foes around.

The helmet cleft, the corselet bent,
The baldric pierced, and symbol rent



Showed some Sir Knight had sure enough
In Palestine found usage rough.
They chained
each other
to the wall,
They tried the
thumb-screws,
racks, and all,
So they might
be the better
schooled



In what went on when tyrants ruled.

They crowded some into a hole
Where not a ray of daylight stole
To cheer the heart or show the face
Of those who languished in the place.



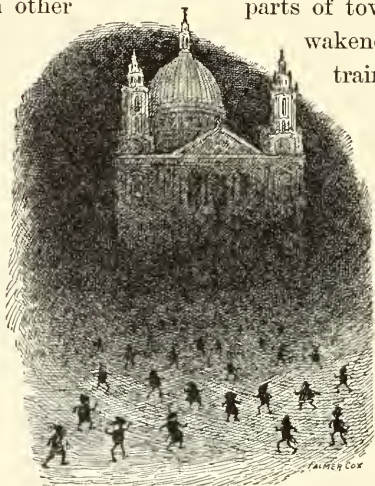
Behind the shields
that turned aside
The weapons that
the Paynim plied,
They ran for
refuge when
some sound
Would spread a sudden
fear around.

They found some arms and for a while
Marched here and there in soldier style,
Some carrying an ancient blade,
And some the latest weapon made.

THE BROWNIES IN ENGLAND.



Thus hours were passed within the walls,
Still visiting the cells and halls,
And corridors and stairways strong
That called to mind some crime or wrong.
Then other parts of town they sought
That wakened other trains of thought.



From Ludgate Hill the Brownies flew
When old St. Paul's appeared in view.

Said one: "It looks as fine as when
It left the compasses of Wren;
No greater monument could be
Erected to his memory."

About the place some hours they stayed,
Then to Westminster Abbey paid
A visit, where they rambled round,
And soon the Poets' Corner found,
To moralize, as well they might,
Before the busts and statues white,
That were by skilful hands designed
To represent some master mind.



More nights than one they slacked their gait
In fogs that wrapped the city great,
And poked about until distressed
In seeking for some place to rest.
Some tried with lanterns to pursue
Their way to points they better knew,
While others sought some place to hide
Until the pall should drift aside.
Said one: "This town so large and fine
Would be a favorite spot of mine

THE BROWNIES IN ENGLAND.



If fogs were not so often spread
To keep one moving round in dread.
Last night for hours I groped astray
In streets where best I know my way ;
'T is hard to go when brightest light
Is in a fog extinguished quite,
From door to door, from stone to stone,
To work your way by touch alone.

All native tact for nothing went
As here and there with body bent
And fingers spread, I felt about
To find some mark to help me out.
I tumbled down three cellar-stairs,
Then into holes for street repairs ;



Ran twice against a watchman's legs
Who lay asleep upon some kegs.

THE BROWNIES IN ENGLAND.



And next a watering-trough I found,
And falling in was nearly drowned.
Through many trying scenes I passed
Ere I to Gad's Hill crawled at last.
'T is dangerous work for us to stay
Where one can't tell the night from day;
We cannot keep our bearing right,
Know when to hide, or come in sight.

No doubt, on this historic ground
Ten thousand wonders may be found
To interest the Brownie mind
With moral lessons well defined,
Of which we might for ages speak,
Nor have a subject trite or weak,
But let us now some plans advance
To cross the Channel into France."



Noblest Isles beneath the sky
We must leave as on we fly

THE BROWNIES IN FRANCE.



SIXTH STAGE.

evening when the Brownies met
They talked and planned of how to get
A ship or boat to serve their need,
So o'er to France they might proceed.
Said one, at length: "My comrades brave,
I 've heard about this choppy wave,
Where winds and tides so oft contend
And to the rail old sailors send
Who were when sailing open sea
From all internal troubles free.

Now, we 'll not be to ships confined
That may at least upset our mind
If nothing more, while we can go
In other ways, as I will show.
Last night, while poking round, I spied
Not half a mile from ocean side,
To my surprise, a strange affair
That 's made to travel through the air,
Not like balloons ascending high,
Which as the wind directs them fly,



But made with wings and tail and all
To steer its way through roughest squall,
With straightest course throughout
maintained,
Until a certain point is gained.
I doubt if the inventor knows
Much better how that air-ship goes
Than I, who all its points to find,
Crawled through it with inquiring mind.
At every art we all are skilled:
A slight affair like that we'll build,
One that will all our wants supply,
And then the Brownie band may fly
High over all the creaking fleet
That on the waves disaster meet."



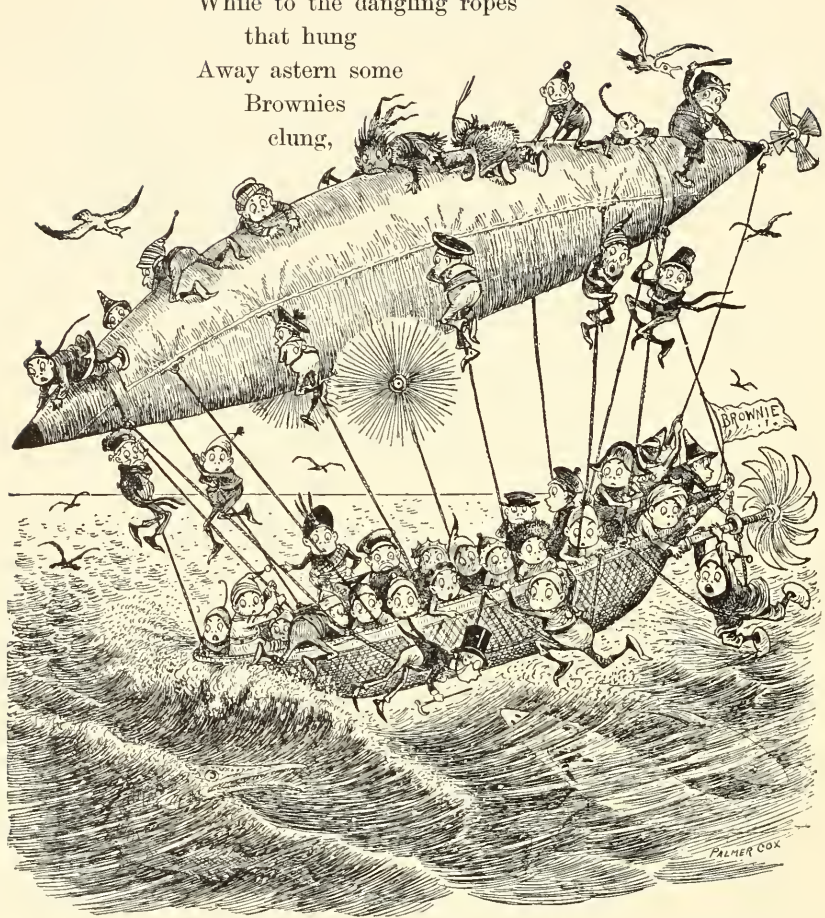
If you hope a crown
to gain
You must take the
early train.

Before a week had passed, at most,
They left behind the English coast,
Upon an air-ship of their own
By clever hands together thrown,
From such odd stuff as lay about
And could be used to shape it out.
Sometimes between the clouds and sky
They passed the soaring eagle by;
At times a downward sweeping gale
Would get control of wings and tail
And bear them down with fearful force
Until the water checked their course,
And then, half buried in the deep,
The straining ship would onward leap,



THE BROWNIES IN FRANCE.

While to the dangling ropes
that hung
Away astern some
Brownies
clung,



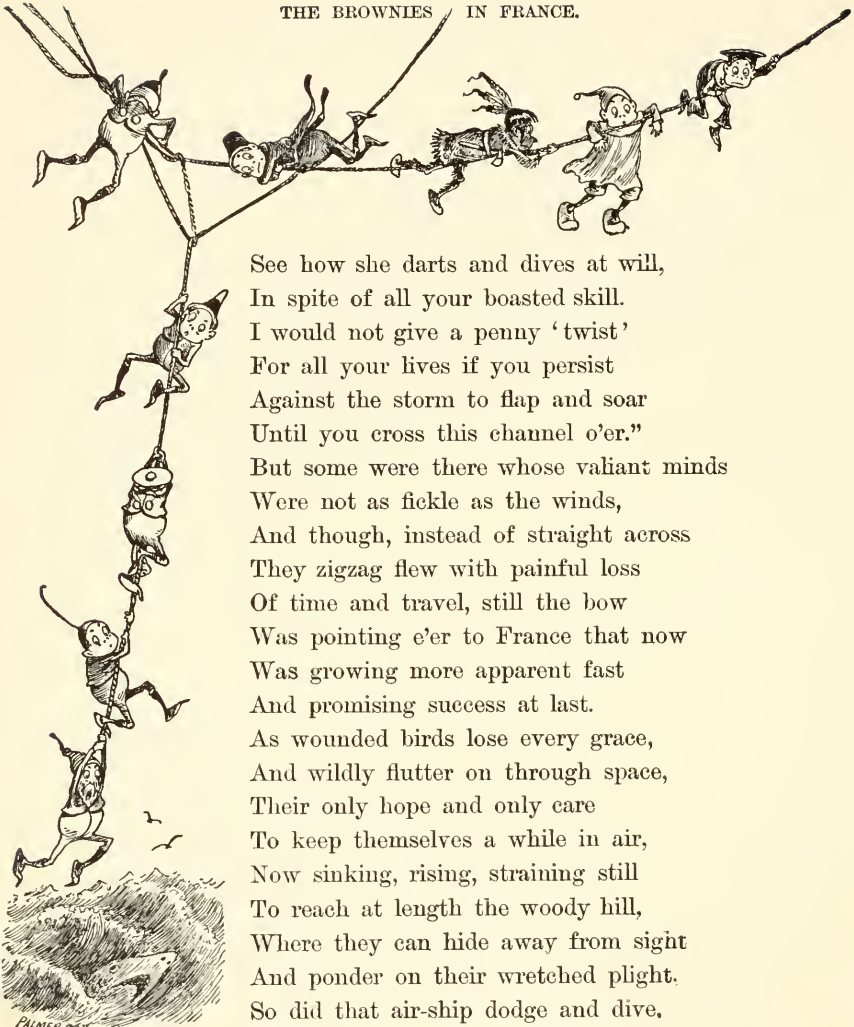
Afraid of seas that o'er them rolled,
But more afraid to lose their hold.

Now rising with a sudden start
The strange affair would upward dart,
While those who had been cheated out
Of cabin-passage still were stout
And could their great endurance show
By hanging to the ropes below.
Now some advised to keep her high,
And others said to let her fly
Along the sea through waves and all,
Thus to avoid a fearful fall
In case the works got out of tune
When they were half-way to the moon.
They found the new machine that night
Somewhat erratic in its flight.

The helm at times, the truth to tell,
It did not answer extra well;
Some technicalities, no doubt,
The Brownies scarce had studied out,
And so the ride failed to impart
The joy they hoped for at the start.
Said one: "I 'd rather lose a toe,
Or leg in fact, if it must go
To feed the fish along the shore,
Than fall five thousand feet or more."

Another shouted: "Turn her round,
And steer her back to English ground!
For one, I 'd rather France should stay
Untrodden by my feet for aye,
Than there in such a fixture get
That has not been perfected yet;





See how she darts and dives at will,
 In spite of all your boasted skill.
 I would not give a penny 'twist'
 For all your lives if you persist
 Against the storm to flap and soar
 Until you cross this channel o'er."
 But some were there whose valiant minds
 Were not as fickle as the winds,
 And though, instead of straight across
 They zigzag flew with painful loss
 Of time and travel, still the bow
 Was pointing e'er to France that now
 Was growing more apparent fast
 And promising success at last.
 As wounded birds lose every grace,
 And wildly flutter on through space,
 Their only hope and only care
 To keep themselves a while in air,
 Now sinking, rising, straining still
 To reach at length the woody hill,
 Where they can hide away from sight
 And ponder on their wretched plight.
 So did that air-ship dodge and dive,
 With all on board right well alive

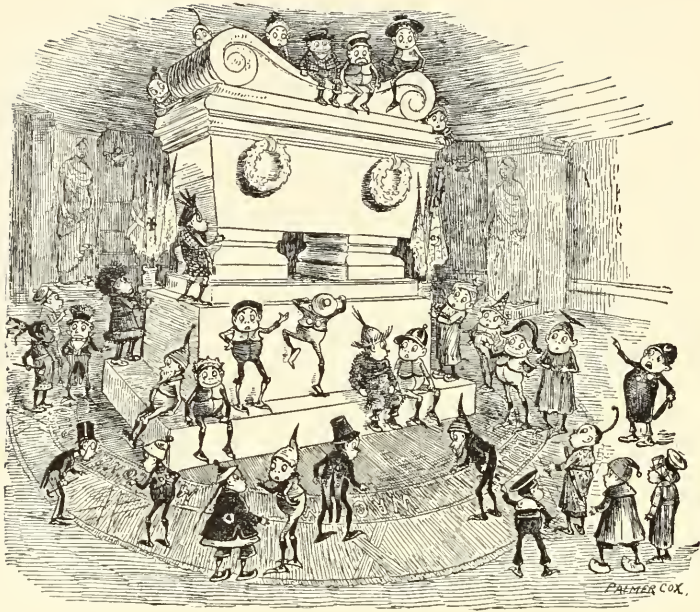
To every danger of the hour,
Until it proved it had the power
To bear them safely to the beach
Which they were glad enough to reach.

While through Parisian streets so grand
One evening moved the Brownie band,
Said one: "At length the land we trace
That holds a brave and warlike race.
O'er many a field, if history 's true,
Their proud, victorious eagles flew,
When led by some commander grim
Who valued neither life nor limb;
And signs you see on every side
Still show that spirit has not died,
But slumbers to break out anew
When some Napoleon comes in view."

Another said: "They 'll wait a while
Before some unpretentious isle
Gives forth another who 'll display
Such wondrous powers in our day."
A third remarked: "We hope they will
Who wants another born, to kill
And devastate the countries wide
To simply gratify his pride?"
Not long the Brownies rambled round
Before Napoleon's tomb they found
The massive crypt that holds his dust
Drew every eye, as still it must



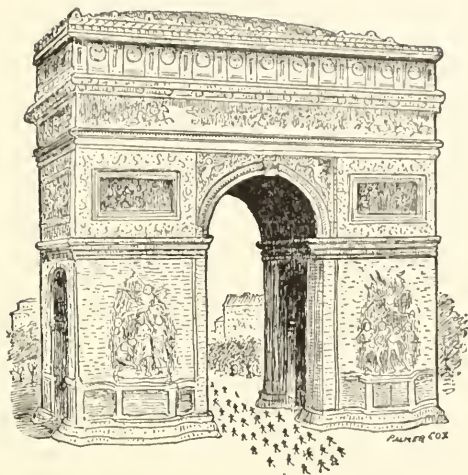
THE BROWNIES IN FRANCE.



When strangers with a noiseless tread
In awe draw near the mighty dead,
Some who respected not the bones
Of one who caused such shrieks and groans
To echo round the world for years
Climbed on the tomb with jokes and jeers,
And it took more than one sharp cry
To bring them from their perch on high.

Then other sights they gathered round
Which in that city may be found.

Beneath the
Arch of
Triumph
nigh
The Brownies
ran a race
to try
If still their
speed was
holding
out
While trav-
eling thus
the world
about,



And also so they could declare
They passed beneath that grand affair,
As well as those who conquered lands
And marched beneath in shouting bands.

Great space would be
required to tell
Each place their pattering
footsteps fell,
For lively feet the
Brownies ply
And fast can travel
when they try.
They stood in galleries of art
With staring eyes,
and thankful heart

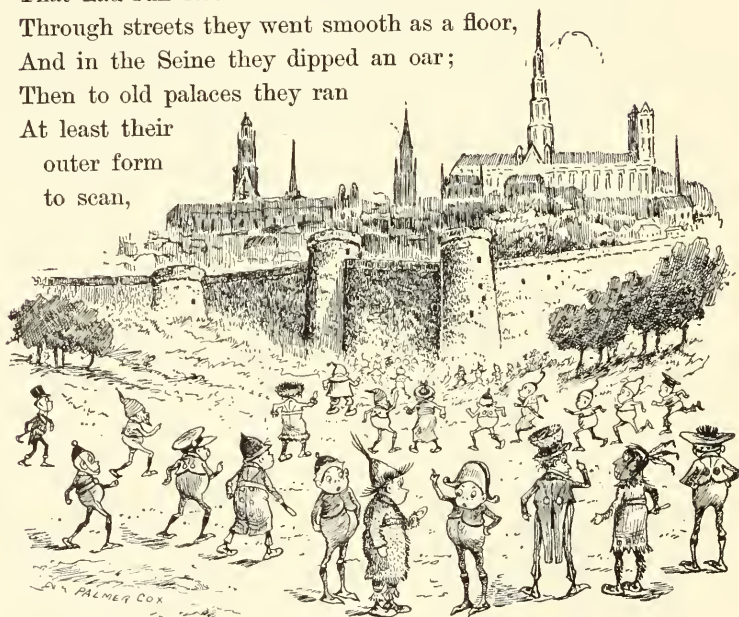


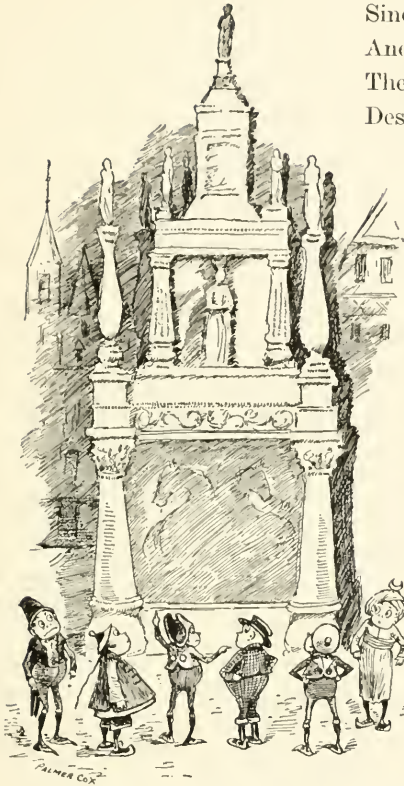
THE BROWNIES IN FRANCE.



That they had found at length a chance
To see the famous works of France,
The sculptures and the paintings grand
That told of many a master hand.
The Brownies halted one and all
Before the graceful column tall
That towered many feet in air
And ornamented well its square;

On every side of it they stood
And moralized, as well they could,
About the shouting populace
That had run riot round its base.
Through streets they went smooth as a floor,
And in the Seine they dipped an oar;
Then to old palaces they ran
At least their
outer form
to scan,





Since time allowed no closer view
And they their journey must pursue.
The walls that were so high and stout,
Designed to keep the rabble out
If riot raised its crimsoned hand,
Could not keep out the
Brownie band.
Thus through the town
they worked their way
To view the scenes that
round them lay.
Then off to other cities sped,
And battle-fields, where
thousands bled,
To Agincourt, and Crécy; then
A visit paid to old Rouen,
Where on the pile of fagots tied
The "Maid of Orleans"
bravely died.
A thousand nights they
might have found
Good cause indeed
to ramble round,

But other countries they must find
And leave the soil of France behind.



Ere the stars put up their screens
We'll be off to other scenes

THE BROWNIES IN SPAIN.



SEVENTH STAGE.

In sunny Spain so bright and gay
The Brownies made a lengthy stay.
The groves were fine, the sky was clear,
The air was mild, the buildings queer,
And every night some wonder new
Or novel freak attention drew.
One night, while near a city old
Where Guadalquivir's waters rolled,
One with descriptive powers blessed
Soon interested all the rest.
Said he: "Last night I found a chance
To see these lively Spaniards dance;
Not moving through a figure slow,
But bouncing wildly, heel and toe;
Now waving arms above their head,
Now like a saw-horse strangely spread;
Now with one foot uplifted there
Describing circles in the air;
Now freely tossing limbs around,
Now with their noses near the ground,



THE BROWNIES IN SPAIN.

The room from side to side they crossed,
As if in search of something lost.

The Indian's hop,

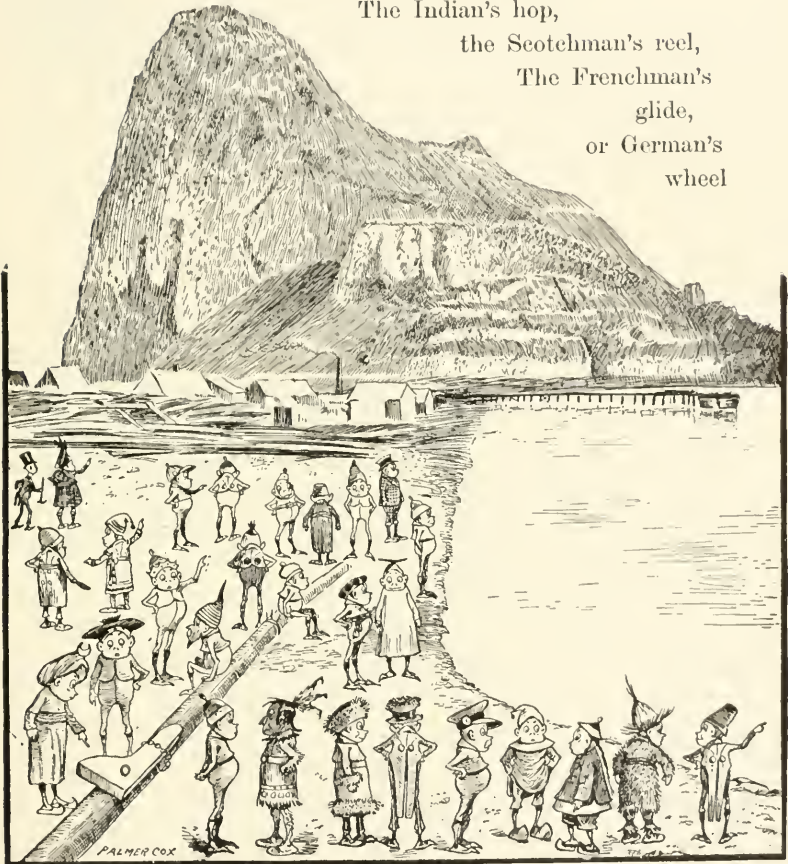
the Scotchman's reel,

The Frenchman's

glide,

or German's

wheel



Should not be mentioned the same day
With Spanish dancers light and gay."

Another said: "If that 's the case,
We must at once secure a place
Where every turn and action free
That you had such good luck to see,
From tripping toe to tossing hand,
May be indulged in by the band."



A third remarked: "The dance I knew
Before you ever rations drew;
I've passed the hours from dark to dawn
In light fandangoes on the lawn,
And I have not yet lost the art
Of giving life to every part.
So in the dance you now propose
I'll show my comrades how it goes."

It does n't take a lengthy space
Of time for them to find a place;
Could human folk their wants supply
As readily as Brownies s pry,
Ah! many a one without a roof,
Or garment that is weather-proof,
Would soon be free from want or cold,
And all life's comforts snugly hold.



Conceal your frowns with
greatest care
But let your smiles be free
as air.

But readers, all must understand
Commissions in the Brownie band
Are not for sale, no gaps exist,
The ranks are full, complete the list.
So none need hope, as Brownies bold
With mystic powers, to be enrolled.
Before one half the night had flown
The Brownies had familiar grown

THE BROWNIES IN SPAIN.



With every caper, toss, and fling
That Spaniards in the dance can bring,
And well the lively people know
The way to trip the nimble toe.

From Cadiz to the
Gallie line
One could not see
such actions fine.



Such waving hands,
such supple knees,
Such whirling round
with graceful ease,



As Brownies on
that floor revealed
Ere they were
forced to take
the field.



One night, while they were
passing down
The outskirts of a leading
town,
With eyes that ever turned
and rolled
Some novel wonder to behold.





They found a strange inclosure wide
With seats arrayed on every side,
Where thousands could a view obtain
Of objects on the inner plain.
Said one: "In this same place, I ween,
The matadors with weapons keen
And scarlet cloak, to plague or blind
The monarch of the cattle kind,
Engage in that old cruel game
That has been long the nation's shame."

Another said: "Your head is clear;
The animals indeed are here.
In stalls or pens they rest to-night
In waiting for to-morrow's fight.
We'll take a peep and in this case
See what the Spaniards have to face."

The chatting of the band enraged
The creatures that were closely caged;
They bellowed loudly, spurned the ground,
And in a frenzy rushed around,
And finally broke through the wall
Or fence that had inclosed them all,
And, charging madly, thought to gore
A dozen of the band or more.

Now with good reason pale with fright,
The Brownies scampered left and right,
And climbed up posts and trees in haste
To be in safer quarters placed;

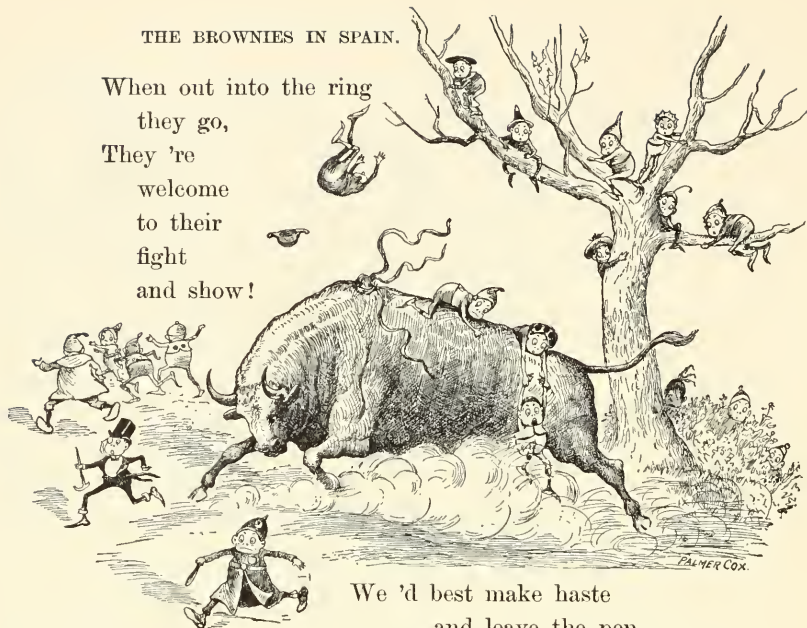
THE BROWNIES IN SPAIN.



Their nimbleness
and mystic power
Both stood them well in hand that hour.
But still a few, in spite of all,
Were tossed across a neighboring wall,
Alighting on some garden trees
That let them down to earth with ease.
Said one: "If that 's the kind of game
The matadors have got to tame,

THE BROWNIES IN SPAIN.

When out into the ring
they go,
They 're
welcome
to their
fight
and show!



We 'd best make haste
and leave the pen,
I 'll hardly be myself again

For half a year, I well believe,
Though best of doctoring I receive."
Another answered from a vine
That grew above the danger line,
"If this is sport, I 'd like to know
Just when one ought the smile to show.

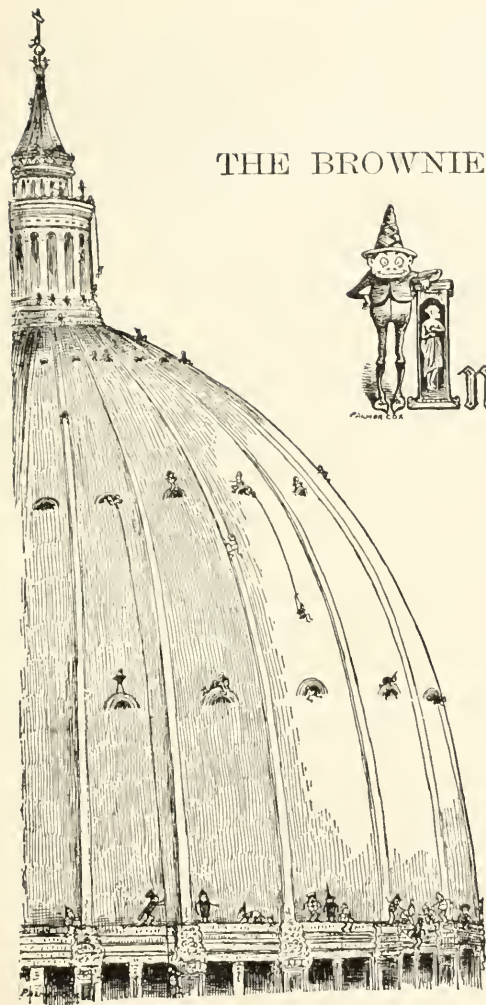
I would n't stay in such a town

As this is for
I 'll seek, if I
Land where



Other countries to behold
Off must go the Brownies bold

the Spanish crown!
must go alone,
such pastimes are unknown."



THE BROWNIES

IN ITALY.



EIGHTH STAGE.

Italy the Brownies
knew
But little rest the
season through,
So many places they
could find
To visit and improve
the mind.
The master works of
former days
And great cathedrals
drew their
gaze.
Through galleries
of art they
strolled
'Mid statues large
and paintings
old,

THE BROWNIES IN ITALY.

Such as the world
to present date
Has tried in vain
to imitate.
They clambered over
Peter's dome,
And seemed to feel
as much at home



Upon the highest point they found
As if they sported on the ground,
Though now and then some trouble rose
From rash attempts or slipping toes.
At times a Brownie lost his hold
And half-way down the dome he rolled
Until an ornament would check
His fall in time to save his neck.

The better to observe the style
And finish of the wondrous pile
They hung by lengthy ropes to see
Each cap and frieze and metope,
And learn how they withstood the wear
Of centuries, so high in air.

An amphitheater at last
The Brownies found 'mid ruins vast.
Said one: "A gladiator show
Such as the people used to know
On festal days throughout the year
No longer may be witnessed here.
The well-worn course one may behold
Where once the brazen chariots rolled,





Amid the clouds of dust that rose
 To tickle many a Roman nose ;
 The heartless crowds have had their day,
 And time has swept them all away,
 With all the shields and nets and spears
 Their eruel sports and fiendish cheers.”
 Another said: “While passing by
 A window in a building nigh,
 I glanced around, and what think you
 The first of all attention drew ?
 A foot-ball such as students send
 When they in college games contend.
 That ball in half a snap you ’ll see
 Or I ’m not what I used to be,
 And on this spot where martyrs gave
 Themselves to beasts their faith to save,
 Where tiger’s howl and lion’s roar
 Could not affright the hearts they bore,
 We ’ll have at once a friendly game
 That will all Romans’ efforts shame.



Although no Cæsar will look down
Upon the scene with smile or frown,
No ready thumbs a signal throw
To spare or speed the final blow,
Far greater crowds our actions trace
Than all the Roman populace,
And loving millions far and near
May yet applaud our doings here."



Another said: "My sportive friend,
Our time to this we cannot lend,
Too many objects are at hand
That claim attention from the band,
To other scenes we must away,
Nor linger here your game to play."

When safe in Venice, quaint and old,
At length arrived the Brownies bold,
Said one: "This is the strangest yet
Of all the cities we have met—
Where streets are not dug up each day
Some other kind of pipes to lay,
Where no one sees a paving-stone,
And carriage-makers are unknown,
While all the horses here in sight
Are chiseled out of marble white."
A second said: "It calls to mind
The stories one in books may find.
'T was here Othello did regale
The Duke with plain unvarnished tale;



Told how he won his lovely bride,
Nor used a charm nor aught beside
Save tales of sieges, long campaigns,
Of shipwrecks, and of slaver's chains.
Here Shylock clamored for his bond,
But law so sharply did respond
It almost turned the plaintiff's brain
By bringing loss in place of gain;



And here the Doge to plotting fell,
And waited for the signal bell
That was to call the fated men
And butchers to the slaughter-pen;
But those among whose tombs he thought
To stand alone, his secret caught,
And promptly ruled the roost instead
By taking off the plotter's head."

"This town,"
"That seems to
Has many boats
'Take pleasant
So picturesque
They seem well
For some can
And some on
While others
For fear while



another soon replied,
float upon the tide
wherein we may
rides till break of day,
they look, and grand,
suited for the band,
hide away below,
top can make them go,
keep a keen lookout
sailing hereabout,

Through lack of skill or want of room,
We strike a palace or a tomb—
And little else appears to be
Projected here above the sea."



Every month brings
pleasure bright
If the heart is only
right.

Ere long, in boats of queer design,
With curving bows and trimming fine,
The Brownies jumped, to sail around
Through water-streets that there abound,
Beneath the Bridge of Sighs they passed,
And wondering looks upon it cast.

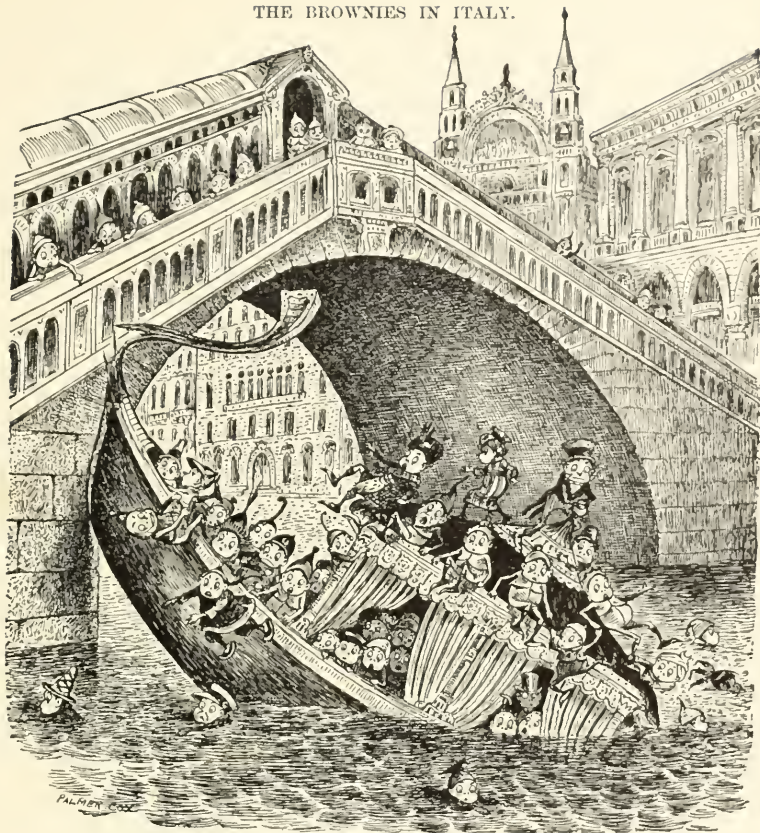


Said one: "They built it to sustain
No doubt a rapid-transit train,
That prisoners might be hurried well
From palace court to prison cell."
Another said: "'T will not compare
With Brooklyn's Bridge so high in air,
Which, though perhaps no Bridge of Sighs,
For rushing crowds can take the prize."

Said one: "We 'll pause awhile to see
The place where prisoners used to be
Confined, perhaps, from boyhood's prime
Until their heads were bowed with time,
Then after all these years of dread
Were forth to stake or scaffold led."
They saw the chains by prisoners borne,
They saw the paths their feet had worn
In solid stone while pacing round
Away from every sight and sound.

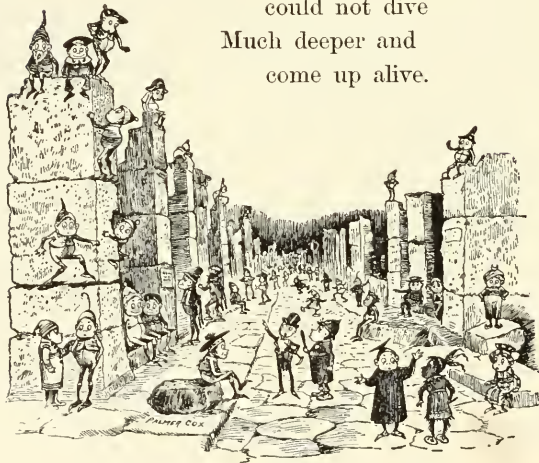


As stately ships in harbors wide,
Or open sea, oft-times collide,
With captains in the service gray,
And all the steering gear in play,
It may not seem beyond belief
That Brownies sometimes come to grief.



Once while they gazed at wonders there
They failed to take the needed care,
For as beneath an arch they ran
They missed the center of the span,
And trouble then at once began.
The lengthy bow slid up the stone
To find a passage of its own,

And sternward in a struggling pile
The frightened Brownies fell the while.
Still higher did the boat ascend
Until it nearly stood on end,
And there was nothing else to do
But to the bottom take the crew,
And leave them in a fearful mess,
And Venice one gondola less.
'T is somewhat hard for one to say
How deep those silent waters lay,
But judging by the time that passed
Between the fall and rise at last,
The puffing Brownies
could not dive
Much deeper and
come up alive.



From Venice then they hastened all,
On old Pompeii made a call.



There climbed upon the ruins great,
And moralized upon its fate.
Said one: "Upon these doorsteps old
The tale of love was often told,
Here children clustered on the walk,
And round these corners where we talk
Played hide-and-seeek and blindman's-buff,
And scampered o'er this pavement rough
To dodge the horse's iron heels
Or heavy, rumbling chariot-wheels.
The story of the town you know—
How sudden fell that night of woe;
These streets, that often rang with cheers,
Were hid for sixteen hundred years
Beneath the overwhelming load
That old Vesuvius bestowed.
But let us leave the lonely place,
And off to other countries race,
Forgetting not that we must haste
Around the world, nor moments waste."



*However fair may be the land
Still on must go the Brownie band*

THE
BROWNIES IN TURKEY.

NINTH STAGE.



In Turkey there was much to view
That to the Brownie band
was new.

The buildings strange and towers
high

At once attracted every eye.

On every spire of wood or stone,
Or arching gate, the crescent shone;

So not one moment could the band

Forget they trod the Sultan's land.

The highest mosque and minaret

The Brownies climbed in hopes
to get

A bird's-eye view of gardens fair,

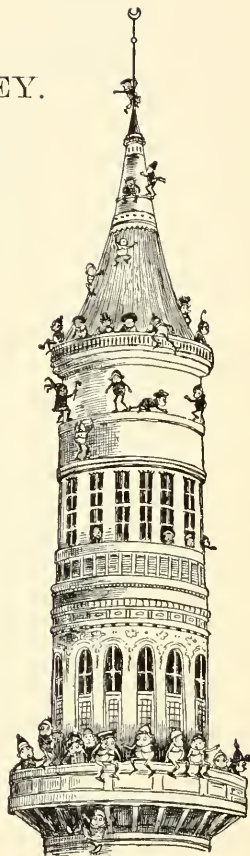
And palaces that glittered there,

And ships that drifted to and fro

Or lay at anchor far below.

Said one: "To climb this filigree

Is harder than to climb a tree;



THE BROWNIES IN TURKEY.

If we were not an active batch
In such as these we'd find our match.
But steps or stairs we don't require
To help us up the tallest spire"

Another said: "No person can,
Be he a Greek or Mussulman,
Erect a steeple round or square
Or octagon so high in air
Above his meeting-house or shop
That Brownies cannot reach the top."



Then St. Sophia's mosque so grand
Was much admired by all the band.

They sauntered round and round the place,
Then measured it with even pace,

And found the statements of its size
And beauty were not spiced with lies.

They walked around

in gardens fair,

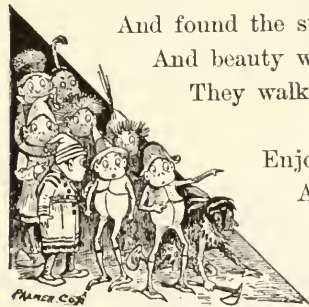
Enjoying perfume-laden air,

And on the very

Sultan's lawn

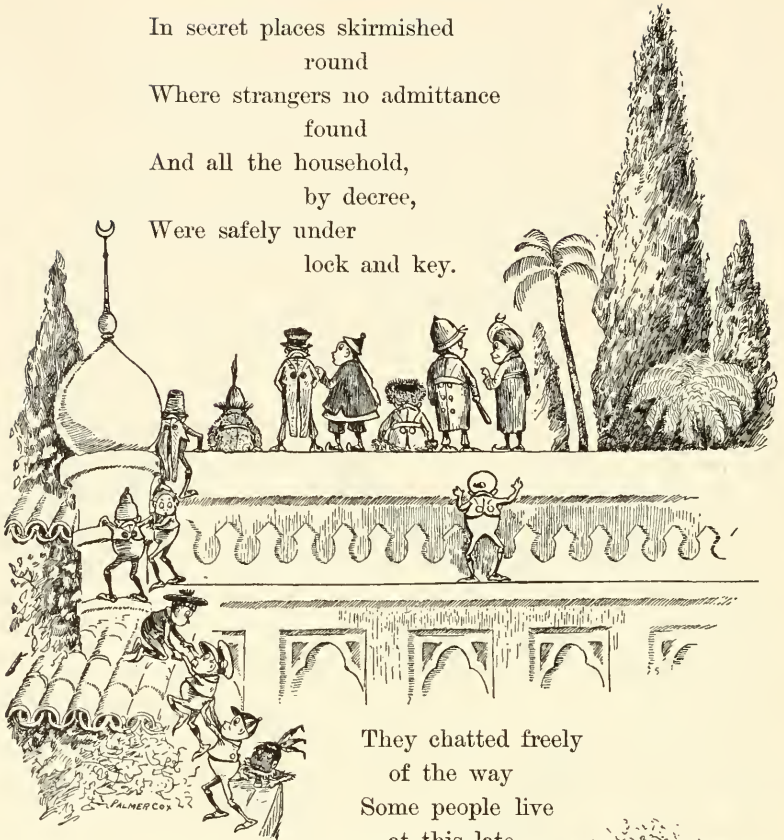
They played at games

till early dawn;



THE BROWNIES IN TURKEY.

In secret places skirmished
round
Where strangers no admittance
found
And all the household,
by decree,
Were safely under
lock and key.



They chatted freely
of the way
Some people live
at this late
day,

In spite of all that has been
done
To work reforms beneath
the sun.



THE BROWNIES IN TURKEY.



Some lounged on rich
divans awhile,
More sat in Oriental
style
On ottomans in quiet
nooks,
And tried the hookas
and ehbouks;
Some filled the bowl,
while others drew



Upon the pipe, and puffed and blew,
Each Brownie striving to excel
At making wreaths that lasted well,
Until the smoke hung like a cloud
Above the heads of all the crowd
And through the open windows there
Rolled out to scent the midnight air.



This pleased awhile, but in the end
They felt they could not recommend
The Eastern custom to a friend.
One night the valiant Brownies tried
To swim the Hellespont so wide—

THE BROWNIES IN TURKEY.



To imitate the daring feat
Of young Leander, when to meet
His lady-love in secret bower
He braved the tide at evening hour.

Not one of all the active band
But in that effort left the strand.
Though oft the band great streams had
crossed,
And here and there were roughly tossed,
They soon perceived, from last to first,
This was the wildest and the worst.
Some grew alarmed, ere half-way out,
And with pale faces turned about,

THE BROWNIES IN TURKEY.

And but for stronger friends at hand
That helped them safely to the land,
The interesting, bright career
Of half a score had ended here,
While others, showing better skill,
Contended with the current still,
And neither fear nor failing knew,
But gained the point they had in view.
Though much they may have needed rest
Where skill and strength had such a test,
They could not stop, or waters wide
At morning would the band divide,
And weeks might pass around before
They'd have a chance to meet once more.
So plunging in without delay
To anxious friends they worked their way,
Where arms were ready to enfold
With fond embrace the swimmers bold.



From this land,
however bright,
We'll depart ere
morning light.

THE BROWNIES IN EGYPT.



TENTH STAGE.

Egypt next the wonders new
On every side attention drew.
Upon the Sphinx, the chief of all
The wonders there, they made a call.

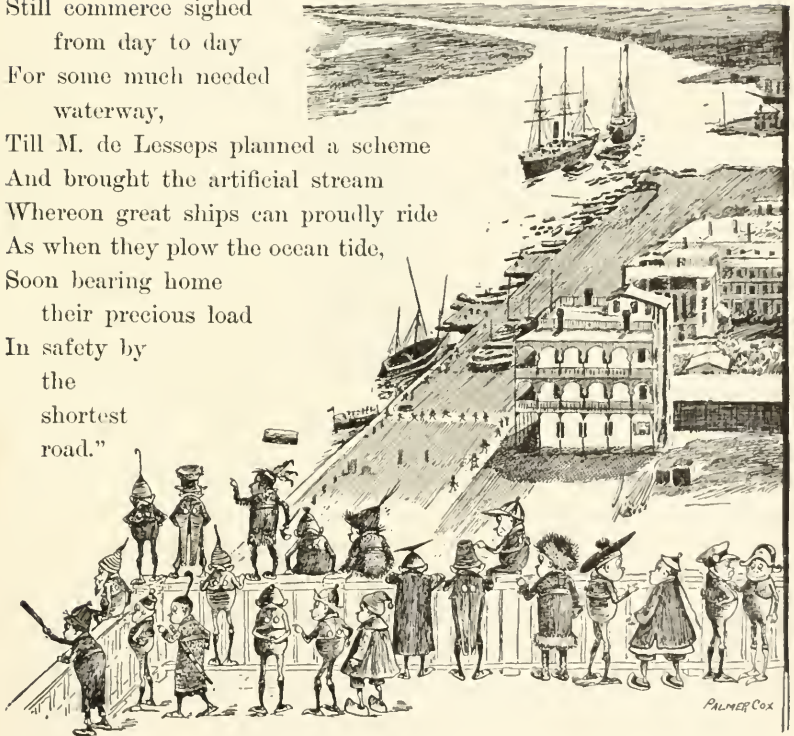
And on the solemn
 head they
 found
A chance to dance
 a merry
 round.
The great
 canal that
 reaches
 wide
Across the
 country
 soon they
 spied,



THE BROWNIES IN EGYPT.

And from a roof or neighboring height
Looked on the scene for half the night
And praised the enterprise of man
Who such a wondrous scheme could plan.
Said one: "Art came with pick and spade,
And thus a gap in nature made.
How many years and ages passed
Ere man devised a work so vast!

Still commerce sighed
from day to day
For some much needed
waterway,
Till M. de Lesseps planned a scheme
And brought the artificial stream
Whereon great ships can proudly ride
As when they plow the ocean tide,
Soon bearing home
their precious load
In safety by
the
shortest
road."



PALMER COX



More had their say, and praises laid
 On those who planned and those who paid,
 Until 't was time to turn and seek
 For something else of which to speak.
 On pyramids of slippery stones,
 That kings had built to hold their bones

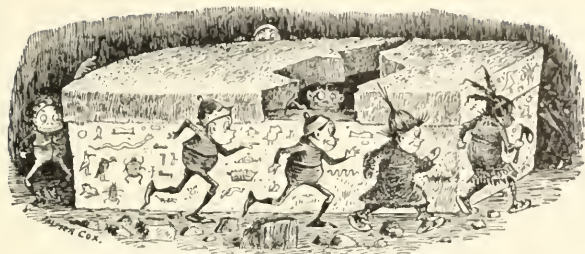
Till they would need
 The active Brownies
 Up step by step,
 They struggled nin-
 High on the peak
 Enjoying free and
 Commenting on the
 They gained while
 The daring band,
 With wonders tha.
 Found courage to
 The dark interior
 With torches to
 They goped their
 Sometimes they



their frame once more,
 clambered o'er;
 without a stop,
 bly to the top.
 for hours they sat,
 friendly chat,
 prospect fair
 perched so high in air.
 not satisfied
 appeared outside,
 pass through a door,
 to explore.
 dispel the gloom
 way from room to room;
 tumbled in a cell,

Sometimes across a mummy fell,
 And by the mishap broke the crust
 And scattered wide the sacred dust.
 A hundred feet beneath the ground
 The royal sepulchers were found,
 Where safe beneath a massive lid
 The monarchs lay for centuries hid,
 Not troubled by the overflow
 Of mighty rivers stretched below,





Nor worried by the warlike horde
 That from some neighboring country poured.
 Around the stone sarcophagus
 Of some old king who had a muss,
 No doubt, with prophets in his day,
 At hide-and-seek they stopped to play.
 Said one, as he with thoughtful mien
 Looked round upon the somber scene:
 "No better place could Brownies find
 To hide away from humankind.

If we had time to study out
 The statements chiseled all about,
 You 'd find each casket is supplied
 With tales about the one inside.
 Perhaps he stood with shading hand
 To watch his legions leave the land,
 And shouted to them in his wrath
 To follow in the Hebrews' path.
 But waves that had been long controlled
 By mighty power now inward rolled;
 With foaming crests they barred the way
 Like lions leaping on their prey,



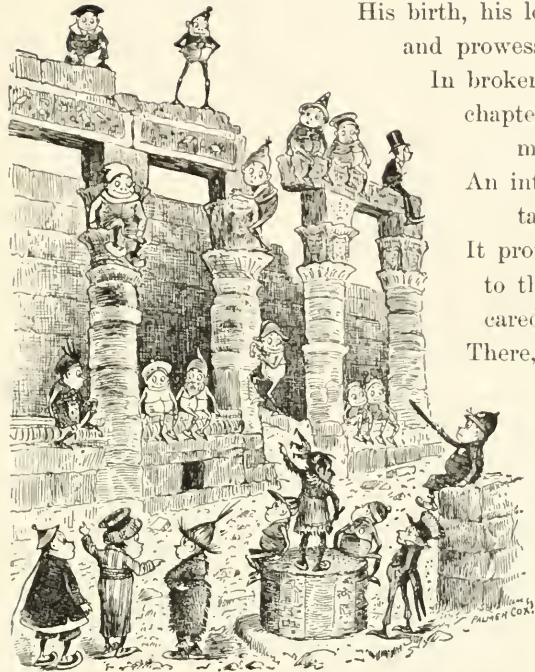
And giving in one generous dish
All Egypt's army to the fish.
The dust of kings alone is here,
From them we nothing have to fear,
Their days of tyranny are past,
Time snatched them from their thrones at last;



No more they'll range from place to place
And subjugate a better race;
No more impose a double task
When slaves or bondsmen mercy ask;
Say who shall live or who shall die,
Or who their treasury supply.
'T is well such creatures reach an end,
And these old rogues, I apprehend,
If I their picture-language know,
Had theirs four thousand years ago."



Upon an island in the Nile
The Brownies tarried for a while.
Among the ruins scattered round
A temple's colonnade they found,
And in hieroglyphics spread
The fate of poor Osiris read,



His birth, his love,
and prowess stout
In broken
chapters they
made out.
An interesting
tale indeed
It proved
to those who
cared to read.
There, studying
the
granite
gray,
They
learned
just
how he
passed
away,

And how he was embalmed with care
By the kind goddess Isis fair.



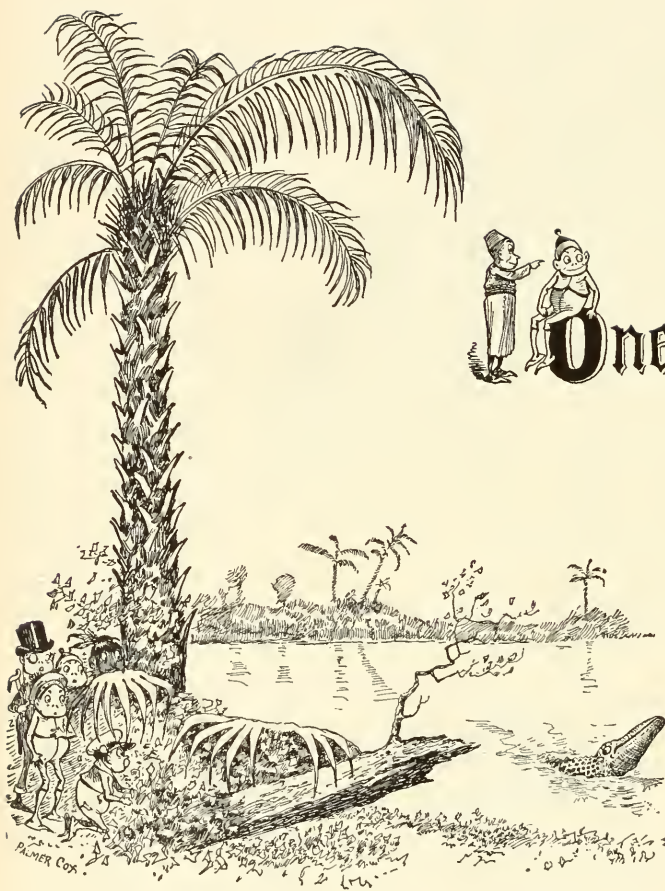
Castles old and legends tender
Whisper of a vanished splendor.

THE
BROWNIES
IN ARABIA.

ELEVENTH STAGE.

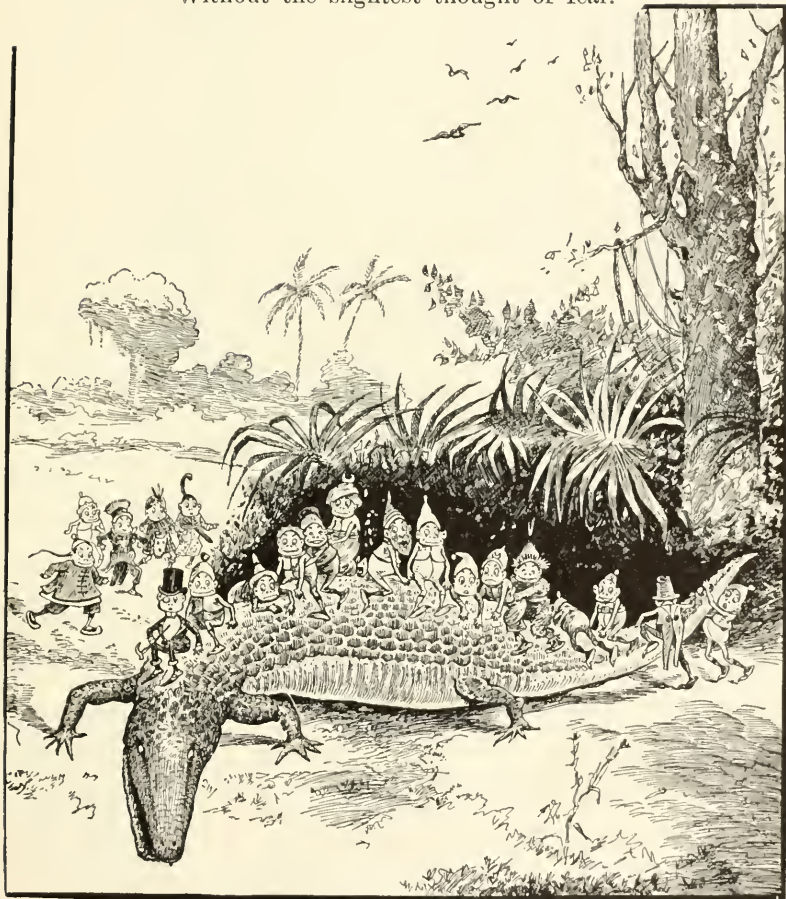


One night, while straying
by the Nile,
The Brownies caught
a crocodile,
And through some
mystic sleight, I wot,
They charmed the
reptile on the spot,
Until it played upon
the sand,
Affording pleasure to
the band.
Then up and down
the bank it moved,
While half the band
the chance improved,



THE BROWNIES IN ARABIA.

All striving for a place to ride
Upon the creature's scaly hide.
They drove it there, they drove it here,
Without the slightest thought of fear.



It must have fared exceeding well,
 Before into their power it fell,
 And have devoured enough to last
 It for a week without a fast,
 Because it let them sport about
 In easy reach of tail or snout,

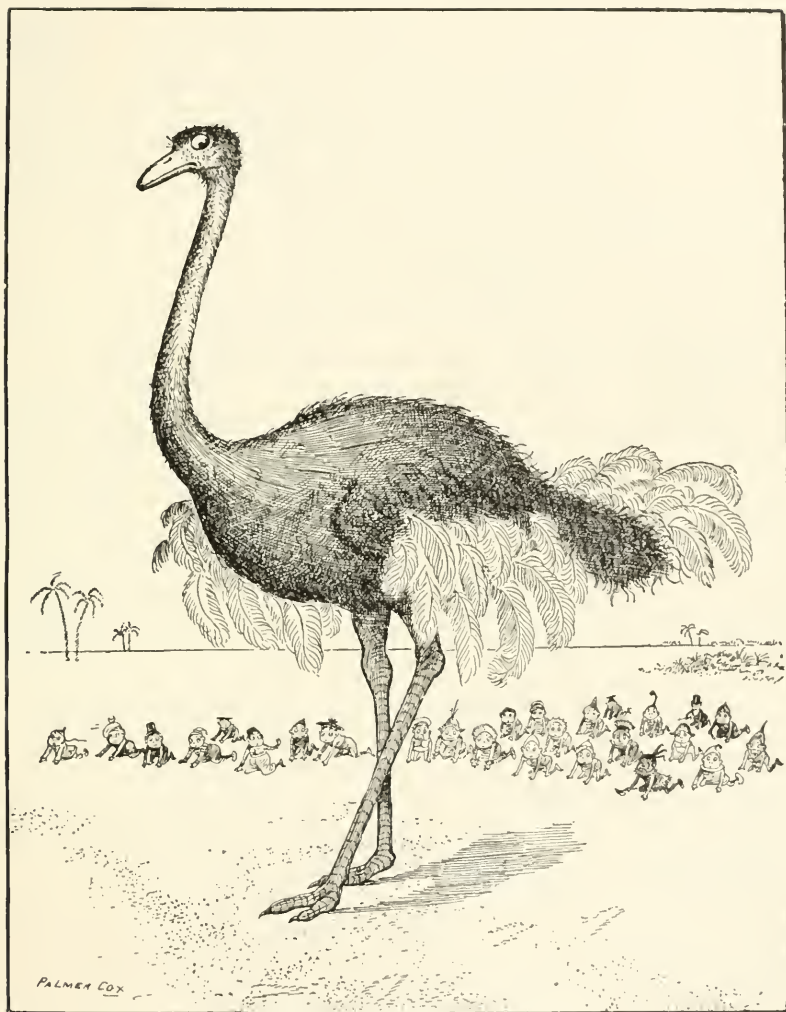


And did no inward craving feel
 To take some Brownies for a meal.
 At length, while on the bank it lay,
 With all the Brownies in full play,
 It seemed at once to break the spell
 That up till then had held it well,
 And be itself, with powers to rest,
 Or go ahead, as pleased it best.
 Without their leave it turned its head,
 And started for the river's bed.

Soon down the steep incline it dashed,
 And in the sluggish water splashed.
 The Brownies had to jump the while,
 Or find the bottom of the Nile.
 Said one: "A bath befits the race
 When one can choose the time and place;
 But I would rather run a year
 Unwashed than take my swimming here,
 With such companions as we'd find
 Beneath, of every shape and kind."
 Another said: "We'll turn aside
 And through Arabian deserts wide
 Pursue our way, until we all
 Can see the bird that stands so tall,



THE BROWNIES IN ARABIA.



And yields the plumes so rich and rare
And highly prized by ladies fair."
So off they ran across the plain
With nimble feet, and not in vain.
An ostrich, that by chance had strayed
Across their path, was prisoner made.



Reward oft times is slow
to fall
To those who earned it best
of all.



They chased it for an hour or so,
For he could run, as people know
Who have pursued the bird for gain
For leagues across a wide domain.
Sometimes he kept far in the van.
At times around his heels they ran,
Half blinded by the sand that rose
At every movement of his toes.

Again, some daring Brownies tried
Upon its legs to hang and ride.
Then some along the ground were rolled,
But others, clinging, kept their hold,
Until, thus handicapped, at last
He tumbled, and they had him fast.



Said one: "Sometimes a savage beast
Will pluck an ostrich for his feast,
And then these feathers, long and grand,
Are scattered freely on the sand;
But whosoever gives him chase
Must earn his breakfast by the race,
And has an appetite, no doubt,
Before the banquet is laid out,





For this is something famed for speed,
A match for the Arabian steed,
When both a lively interest feel,
One spurred by fear, and one by steel."
Now, while some held it on the ground,
The other Brownies gathered round
And took such plumes as pleased them best
To carry as a handsome crest.
Said one: "Those folks can hardly thrive
Who pluck their poultry while alive,



And we may this exploit
regret
Before the morrow's sun
has set.
For many a one,
old dames have said,
Has tossed through night
a restless head,
The only sleepless one
in town,
Because on pillows made
of down,
That cruel fingers had
plucked loose
To music of the squawking
goose."
Another said: "The fact
is clear;
There is a tinge of mischief
here,



But where such wondrous tufts exist
A few small feathers won't be missed,
'T is lucky for the bird that we
Are satisfied with two or three;
For if it fell in human hands,
He 'd soon go naked o'er the sands;
Or, if a beast such chance could find,
He 'd hardly leave the bones behind."

A novel spectacle they made
When thus in nodding plumes arrayed;
A foreign prince might well be proud
To be the poorest in the crowd,
And have his head appear so fair
With plumes that waved so high in air.



*On grassy fields or plains of sand
Goodnature rules the Brownie band.*



THE BROWNIES IN
GERMANY.



TWELFTH STAGE.

German Empire, firm and strong,
The Brownies visited ere long ;
Its lovely rivers to behold,
And ramble through the castles old
That crumbling into ruins stand
On every peak or point of land.
To highest towers they tried to go
To view the country stretched below,
And as they climbed awaked the fears
Of owls and bats that there for years
In gloomy halls had moped and drowsed
Where dukes and barons once caroused.
And while the massive walls they scanned,
For prison and for palace planned,
They moralized on what they saw,
On ancient force and modern law.
Said one: "In days gone by, no doubt,
Through these old gates oft sallied out

THE BROWNIES IN GERMANY.

A plundering band, prepared to stock
Its larder from its neighbor's flock.
Then right had little chance at all
Unless it owned the strongest wall,
And justice did the prize bestow
On him who gave the hardest blow."
So thus the Brownies chatted still
While rambling through the place at will,
Enjoying sights on every side
So common in that country wide.



They paused at Bingen on the Rhine,
Where fields were covered with the vine;
Where, bending round the Niederwald,
The river to the ocean crawled,
And ancient castles, towering high
Along the banks, charmed every eye.

Some stood reciting line by line
The poem so world-renowned and fine
About the soldier in Algiers,
Till half the band was moved to tears,
So sad, pathetic, and yet true
The poetess the picture drew.
At length, within a city proud
That holds the nation's greatest crowd,
They found a chance from some retreat
To gaze upon the leading street.



While marching downward, near at hand,
There passed a famous German band.
Said one: "These people, as you know,
In every country like to blow;
It may be clarinet or flute
Or trombone that they choose to toot,
But this is certain: they're the boys
Who tramp ahead and make the noise."
Another said: "Come, let us find
Some instruments of every kind,
Both those that toot and those that squeal
And those that like an organ peal,
And also others large and round
That loudly 'rub-a-dub!' will sound.
We'll bear them to a distant grove
Where prying people seldom rove;
And then we'll practise at the tunes
On fiddles, haut-boys, and bassoons,
Until we charm the birds of air
With music rightly rendered there."



Another cried : " You may, indeed,
On me depend to take the lead.
A thousand airs I understand,
With all their variations grand,
That lead you off, as if astray,
From what you first commenced to play.
I'll blow the horn and draw the bow,
And how to beat the drum I'll show,
So those who have the dullest ear
For music cannot help but hear,
And learn to love it as they should
If they are capable of good."

This was enough for one and all ;
That night they ran and made a haul.
The store was bolted like a cell,
But they got in, and out, as well,
Each bearing off as he professed,
The instrument he liked the best.
Soon some were much surprised to find
Their mouths for horns were not designed,
And some had fingers far too set
For either flute or clarionet.
But after changing round, I wis,
An hour or so, from that to this,
To rightly suit the mouth and hand
Of every member of the band,
They were in readiness at last,
With everything in order classed :
The fiddle tuned to match the tone
Of something with a kindred drone,



THE BROWNIES IN GERMANY.



And drummers knowing well the spot
Where they might bang away or not.
The cunning Brownies with delight
In greatest efforts did unite.
They shook the leaves on tree and vine,
As loud they played "Die Wacht am Rhein."
The hymn to liberty, so dear
To sons of France, charmed every ear;
The march that lifts the Briton's heart
When duty calls and friends must part;
The "Bonnie Doon" and "Garry Owen"
In turn, by kind request, were blown.
Nor was the Western world forgot:
The airs that cheered the patriot,

When in his Continental suit
 He dared the monarch's claims dispute,
 Were given with an extra blare,
 In honor of Columbia fair.
 At times they marched in single line,
 At times in clusters would combine,
 With arm to arm and toe to heel,
 And scarcely room enough to wheel.
 Too soon that pleasant night went by,
 And stars began to leave the sky.
 So Brownies had no time to spare
 When they returned with proper care
 The fiddles, drums, and horns once more
 Where they had found them hours before.
 To other points that hold a place
 In history, they took a race.
 Upon the field of Waterloo
 No rest the cunning Brownies knew
 Until their lively feet could gain
 Each acre of the famous plain.
 They paused where from his charger white
 Napoleon viewed the doubtful fight
 And urged his legions on to dare
 The dangers of the bristling square.
 They stood where Wellington was found,

While thickest
 Encouraging his
 To firmly stand,



carnage strewed the ground,
 men, like rock
 to bide the shock.



THE BROWNIES IN SWITZERLAND.



THIRTEENTH STAGE.

Switzerland the mountains high,
That seemed to blend the earth and sky,
Delighted all the Brownie band;
And oft they tried, with foot and hand,
To scale the rugged cliffs around
Until the highest peak was found.
It mattered not that ice and snow
Made travel dangerous and slow.



Said one: "Where'er the foot of man
Has found a rest, a Brownie's can.
I know the way that men set out,
With pointed staffs to prod about
And feel their way when storms arise
That almost blind their straining eyes.
We 'll do the same, and ropes we 'll take
To tie ourselves for safety's sake,
So should one fall, as fall he may,
The others can his tumble stay."





Thus well prepared for greatest height
They climbed the Matterhorn one night.
Some by a rope were well combined,
So each could prompt assistance find,
In case a Brownie failed to keep
His footing on the windy steep.
For hours they scaled the mountain-side,
Still climbing on without a guide;
But as some higher point appeared
For this at once the Brownies steered.

Said one: "No guiding hand we need
While we have courage to proceed
And eyes to see the summit bare
That still is high above us there;
So, without halting, up we 'll go
Until we leave the clouds below.
We 'll surely know enough to stop



When we at last
Thus chatting free-
Resolved to make
Now toiling up as
Now slipping back,
Now helping others



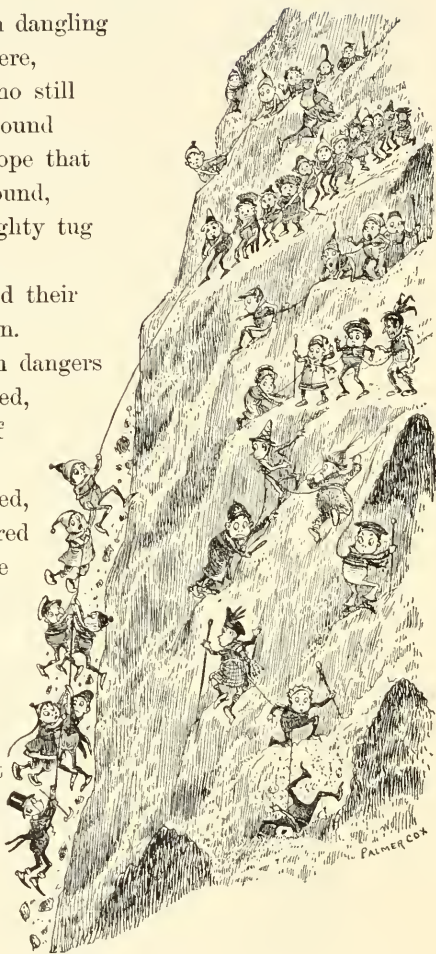
have reached the top."
ly on they went,
the bold ascent.
best they could,
as if for good,
to a shelf,

Now very much concerned for self,
While clouds of snow around them rolled
And sharper grew the biting cold.
Once, as a dangerous point they passed,
So sudden came the icy blast.



In spite of all the care they showed
It blew a number from the road,

To twirl them wildly through
the air
And keep them dangling
helpless there,
While those who still
a footing found
Clung to the rope that
swayed around,
Until, with mighty tug
and strain,
The party could their
place regain.
At times, when dangers
thus assailed,
The courage of
some
Brownie failed,
And one declared
't would take
a week
To carry out
their crazy
freak,
And thought
they should at
once retire
And warm
themselves
around
a fire.



Said he: "The glory we would gain
If we at last the crest attain,
Would hardly, my ambitious friends,
For lost companions make amends."



Another said: "Your paling face
Is not becoming to your race.
Shall we, who dared the raging sea
Upon a raft, now thwarted be,
Because the mountain here enshrouds
Its head in dark and threatening clouds?
My friend, where'er the human kind
Have set their feet, I am inclined
To think we, too, that spot can win,
Or else decline is setting in.
Our usefulness is surely passed
If we must turn from icy blast;
Our courage must be ebbing low
If we 're afraid of drifting snow;
Our enterprise is getting weak
If we can't find a mountain peak.

If mystic power must go for naught
When we 're in face of trials brought,
We might as well give others room
And start at once to build our tomb."

Thus braver spirits cheered the rest
And pointed to the glittering crest
On which, ere long, they all could stand
If courage would uphold the band.
Those who have marked the Brownies' way
And perseverance day by day





Will know that on the top at length
The Brownies stood in all their strength,
And gazed upon the world below
That formed a panorama show.
And paid them well, as they declared,
For all the dangers they had dared.
Once in their midnight rambling round
The Lion of Lucerne they found
That 's chiseled from the mountain hard
In memory of the brave Swiss Guard
That struggling for the Bourbon well
In his defense all fighting fell.

The Brownies next set out to view
Lake Lemman's tide so deep and blue,



The wave-washed walls they gazed upon
That held the Prisoner of Chillon
So many years, while by his side
In fetters fast his
brothers died.
They boldly ventured
down the stair
To see the chains he
used to wear,



And mark the narrow dungeon's bound
In which at last he moved around;
They paced it back and forth to find
To what a vault he was consigned,
And thought how well the poet's pen
Has made his sufferings known to men.
The narrow window they surveyed
To which the bird its visit paid,



As if to try with vocal
powers
To cheer him through the
gloomy hours.
With sympathetic feelings
kind,
Before they left the cell
behind,

They scrawled his name upon the wall,
His long imprisonment and all,
And passed a vote of censure strong
Upon the prince who did the wrong.



Still other countries near at hand
Await the coming of the band.



THE BROWNIES IN HOLLAND.

FIFTEENTH STAGE.



winter season worked around
Before the Brownies Holland found.
They traveled half-way through the land
On skates, a free and happy band.
At times a dike would be their road,
At times a meadow overflowed,
Then up a river they
 would train
Until it
 narrowed
 to a drain,
Compelling
 them to
 walk awhile
Until more
ice would
make them
smile.





If through a sad mistake a few
Went in the stream, as people do
Who sometimes overestimate

The strength of ice beneath the skate,
Their comrades would not leave them there,
But every risk and danger share
With willing hand and courage good,
Till every one in safety stood.
While in that country moving round,
Commenting on the sights they found,
They paused to stare with wondering eyes
Upon a windmill large of size.

Said one: "This turned in days gone by
To grind the farmer's wheat and rye,
But disconnected now with stone,
Or working-gear, it stands alone,
Affording shelter to the mice
When winter coats the land with ice."
At length some daring ones began
To climb the mill, and boldly ran
Upon the roof, then, worst of all,
Upon the vanes to freely crawl,
Until one half the Brownies there
Had found a place to perch in air.

'T is strange, indeed, how storms can rise
As though at once from cloudless skies;
'T is strange how squalls capsizes the boat
Just when it seemed to safest float;
And strange how soon, through groaning trees,
There came that night a sweeping breeze,



THE BROWNIES IN HOLLAND.

And struck with force that ancient mill
That had for years been standing still,
Nor turned a sail nor made a pound
Of flour for the people round.

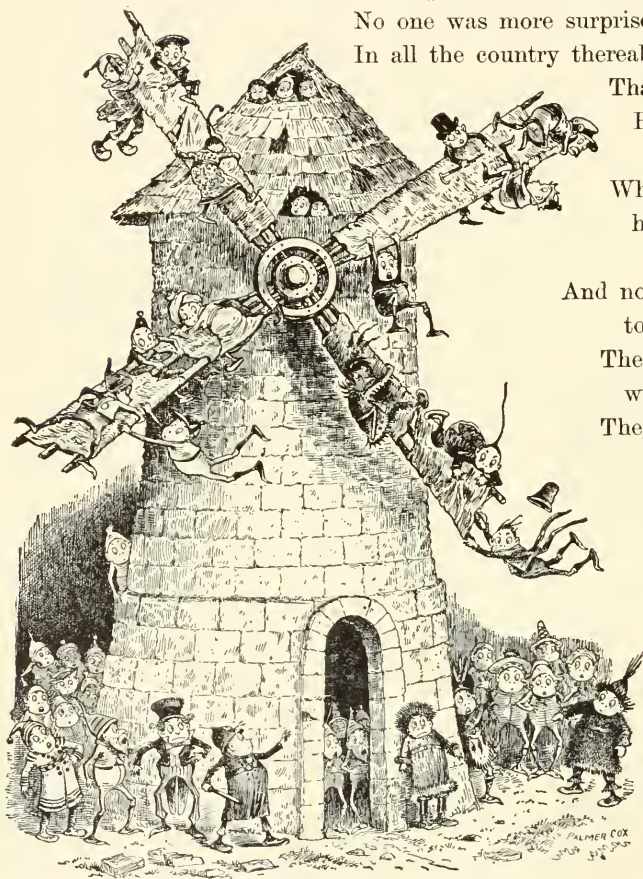
No one was more surprised, no doubt,
In all the country thereabout

Than were those
Brownies,
grave or gay,
Who to the vanes
had found their
way.

And now they learned
to their regret,
The mill had life
within it yet.

They had small
choice of what
to do
As round
and round
it wildly
flew,

They
simply
had to be
content
To travel
with it
as it went.



It did not prove a simple gust,
 To bend the grass and hurl the dust,
 But such a wind as rends the ash
 And brings the steeple with a crash.



And though the rust had time to spoil
 The journals that now screeched for oil,
 As if complaining at the part
 They played against all rules of art,
 The mill did greater stir display
 That hour than in its perfect day,
 And had there been some grain inside,
 The town would soon have been supplied
 With flour from the smoking stones,
 That turned within with creaks and groans.

But Brownies, as before was told,
 Are not the kind that lose their hold,
 And so through all their circling trip
 But few, if any, lost their grip,
 And even when the vanes gave out—
 And some soon did, and flew about
 In wild career before the blast—
 The Brownies still were clinging fast,
 And though they suffered many a shake
 They reached the ground without a break.
 Then one remarked: "I think 't is time
 We traveled to some other clime."

We must travel
 come what may



Other countries
 to survey.

THE BROWNIES



IN RUSSIA.



SIXTEENTH STAGE.

Russian ground no lengthy stay
The Brownies made to work or play.
Said one: "If we had not to go
Across this country, as you know,
While circling the terrestrial ball
We'd hardly give the place a call.
From poorest peasant up to peer
There's too much secret plotting here,
Too many mines and bombs concealed
In city, village, road, and field.
'T is hardly safe to touch a brier
Or twig, lest it should wake a fire
That would not leave a foot or hand
Or head intact of all the band.
However dark may be the night
A sentinel will pop in sight
So we're compelled to hide away
Through hours of night as well as day.
They stand on guard o'er mill and mine
O'er bridges, boats, and pipes of wine.



THE BROWNIES IN RUSSIA.

Some stand to guard the ruler's bed,
More watch his baker make the bread,
For fear some poison he might throw
With vengeful hand amid the dough;
More watch the chemist while he tries
The coffee that the cook supplies;
The horse is guarded on all sides
On which the Czar at morning rides,
For fear they'd deck it well at night
With cartridges of dynamite
To scatter him around the street
The moment that he takes his seat."



At times up to the ears in snow
They struggled through a valley low,
And only that the band possessed
Endurance equal to the best,
Some place like that to-day would hold
The bones of every Brownie bold.
Of Moscow, as they hurried through
The land, the Brownies gained a view.



THE BROWNIES IN RUSSIA.



There on a bridge the wondering band
Before the Kremlin paused to stand



And mark the many-
towered pile
That glowed in Oriental
style.
Once while they crossed
a lonely waste
A pack of wolves the
Brownies chased,
For miles and miles, well
was their need,
They scampered at their
highest speed
Through broken ground
of every kind
And still could hear the
howls behind,
Now sinking to a muffled
wail,
Now rising louder on
the gale,
Until the frosty hills
around
Gave answer to the awful sound.



THE BROWNIES IN RUSSIA.

But as the pack with bristling hair
And open mouths and fiery glare,
Above a snowy ridge appeared,
A friendly tree the Brownies neared,
For this they ran, and well they might
With half a hundred wolves in sight,
Each brute prepared to stow away
A breakfast with but small delay.
But ere they reached the tree in view
The howling terrors closer drew
With bristling backs and clashing jaws,
Bright flashing eyes and nimble paws,
But, though they skirmished left and right
At closest range they failed to bite
As if the cunning rogues surmised



A mystic prey they had surprised
Of quite a different form and caste
From those they had devoured last.
Meanwhile the Brownies ne'er forgot
The tree that graced that lonely spot,
And kept alive and in the race
Until they reached its rugged base.

The hugging, climbing, scratching now,
As each one sought to gain a bough,
Might bring a smile to every face
Had this not been a serious case,
That did in greatest manner plead
For mystic exercise indeed.

If that old tree, that long had grown
Upon the frozen plain alone,



Let your home be where
it will
You'll find work before
you still.



Had been designed with special care
To meet the need of Brownies there,
It hardly could be better planned
In fitness for the lively band.
Through all that night with hungry eyes
The wolves sat glaring at the prize,

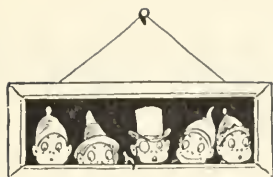
THE BROWNIES IN RUSSIA.

In hopes some branch would snap at last
With overweight, or else a blast
Might shake a shower from the tree
That patience might rewarded be.
At length, as night her mantle rent,
The wolves appeared to catch the scent
Of something on a distant hill
That seemed to promise better still;



So in a trice the siege was raised,
And all the Brownies, much amazed,
Descended from the tree in haste
And made their way across the waste.





THE BROWNIES IN CHINA.

SIXTEENTH STAGE.

THROUGH many trials hard to face
The Brownies moved from place to place,
Now camping on some dreary wild,
Now in some village domiciled,
In waiting till a better chance
Was offered for a safe advance,
Until before their wondering eyes
They saw the strange pagodas rise,
And saw the wall built long ago
To keep aloof a plundering foe,
And then they knew not far away
The "Flowery Kingdom" smiling lay.

Without a ladder, rope, or line,
Or aught except a clinging vine,
To aid them in their steep ascent,
Upon the wall the Brownies went.
Said one: "'T is here this very hour
We show indeed superior power.



THE BROWNIES IN CHINA.



This wall that kept the Tatars out
Two thousand years, or thereabout,
Has failed to keep the Brownie band
For fifteen minutes from the land.”
The Brownies many wonders found
While through that empire roaming round.
’T was large enough to let them range
Through fertile plains and cities strange
For weeks and months, and still pursue
Their way through scenes and wonders new.

Said one: “The oldest country spread
Upon the world we Brownies tread;
Great nations rose and swept away
Their neighbors’ lines, and had their day,
Then crumbled to a final fall,
But this old empire lived through all.
Three thousand years have left no trace
Upon the customs of the race;
Still eating rice and drinking tea,
Behind their wall from trouble free,
They live content to be alone
Among their shrines of wood and stone.”



THE BROWNIES IN CHINA.

Another said: "T is well that they
Are not inclined from home to stray,
For if the sea they venture o'er
They 'll find small welcome at the shore."

The Brownies climbed the towers grand
That are so common in the land,
And freely did their views exchange
About the architecture strange.
Said one: "Not often do we find
A place where builders are so kind.

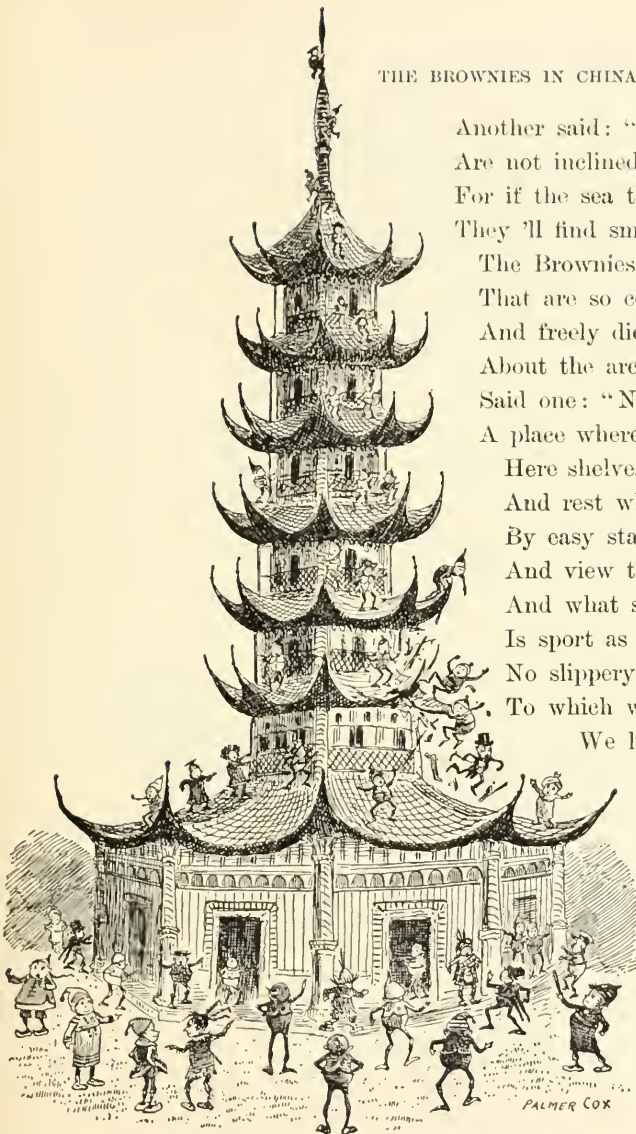
Here shelves abound where one can stop
And rest while climbing to the top:
By easy stages we can rise
And view the land that round us lies,
And what seemed like a trying task
Is sport as good as one could ask.
No slippery spire of tin or slate,
To which we have to trust our weight,

We here encounter as we go

But wood that suits
both hand and toe,
And they must be but
common people
Who lose their hold on
such a steeple."

At times too many
rushed to
view

An object that
attention drew,





And then the odd-shaped roof would bend
 Or yield, and with its load descend,
 And only mystic powers could save
 The Brownies from an early grave.
 It has to be a fearful squall,
 It has to be a stunning fall,
 It needs must be a wild affair
 In shape of beast, or bird of air
 That can subdue the lively band,
 Or bring their actions to a stand.

Oh, could we mortals, toiling here
 Upon this fast-revolving sphere,
 Like them surmount the greatest ill
 And bravely face the music still,
 We might do many things I trow
 We 'll leave unfinished when we go!
 Not often strangers penetrate
 Into that country old and great,
 And when they do some years go by
 While they one half its wonders spy,
 So do not marvel that the band
 Were some weeks passing through the land,
 And oft were prompted to declare
 It paid them well to journey there.



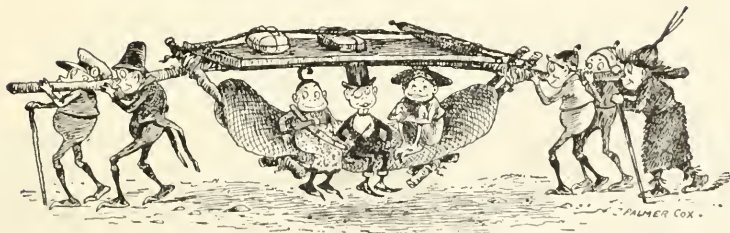


THE BROWNIES IN JAPAN.



SEVENTEENTH STAGE.

course of time the Brownies found
Themselves on the Mikado's ground,
Where, though the natives seemed to be
Enlightened in a small degree
Above their neighbors, soon 't was known
They had strange notions of their own,
And Brownies saw, to their regret,
The people were in darkness yet.



While through the country, strange and vast,
The active band of Brownies passed,
From town to town, o'er many a mile
They traveled in the native style,



Some members riding there in state,
 More bending down beneath the weight,
 As up and down the lengthy road
 They struggled with their heavy load.
 But oft, as onward still, they ranged,
 The situations would be changed,
 And thus by many a shifting scene
 All tried both ways the palanquin.



Again with parasols they 'd go
 Along the road a lengthy row,
 In imitation of the way
 The people guard their heads by day,
 And with their fans when'er they please
 Create an artificial breeze.

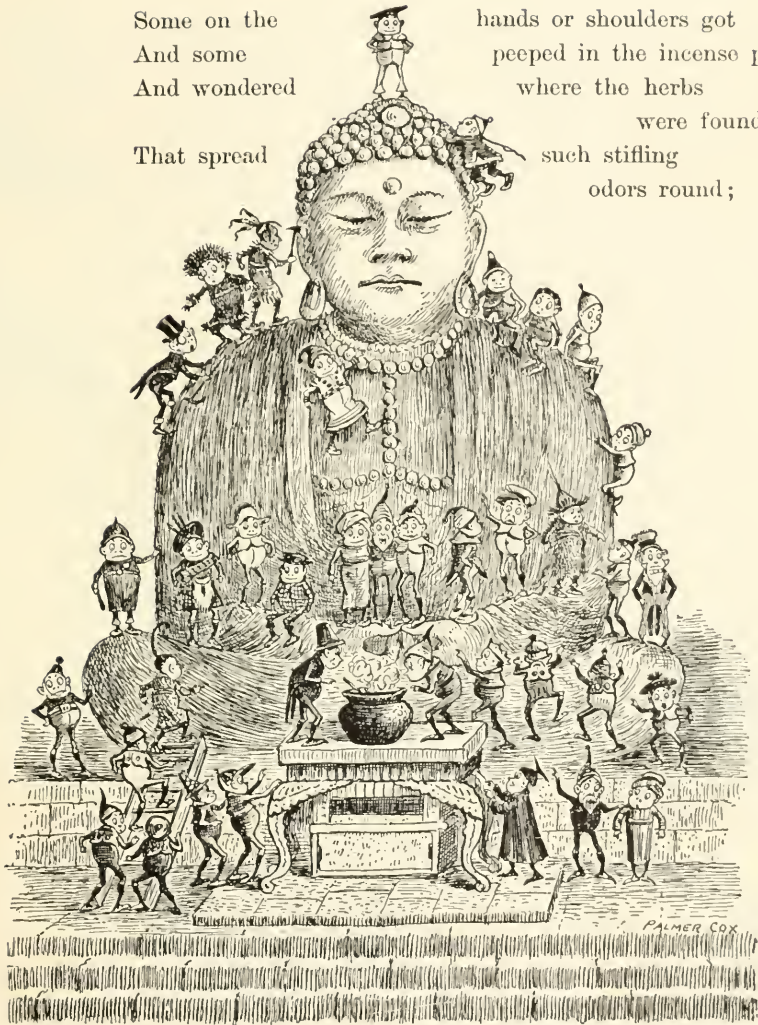
Sometimes they traveled through the land
 With lanterns swinging in each hand,
 To light them through a dangerous ground
 Where trouble might their path surround.
 At times they halted in surprise
 Before an idol of large size,
 And sometimes Brownies were not slow
 Upon the towering form to go.



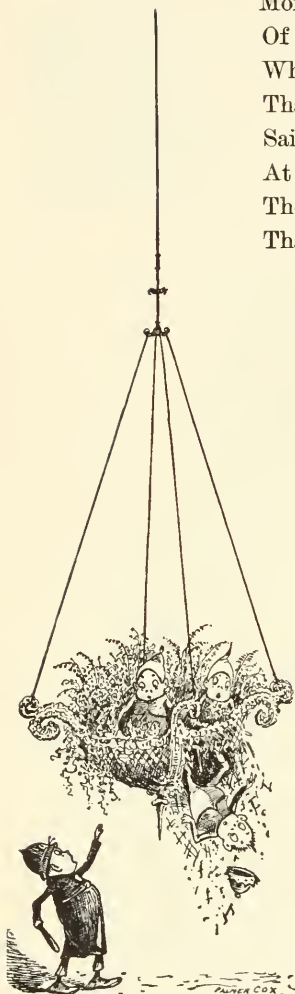
Some on the
And some
And wondered

That spread

hands or shoulders got
peeped in the incense pot,
where the herbs
were found
such stifling
odors round;



More talked about the wretched state
Of people, howsoever great,
Who pin their faith upon a toy
That wind and weather can destroy.
Said one: "'T is painful to behold
At every turn these idols old,
Though dumb they sit, a tale they tell
That thoughtful minds may ponder well;
They hint of millions, strong of will,
Who blindly grope in error still;
There 's work for pen and preachers too
Before the Christians' task is through,
For many a purse its mite must yield
And many a teacher take the field,
And many a stubborn knee must bend,
And many an earnest prayer ascend
Ere every idol in this place
Has tumbled headlong from its base."
Thus moralizing as they ran
The Brownies traveled through Japan,
In the Mikado's gardens strayed
Where flowers bloomed and fountains played,
While mirror lakes and well-tilled ground
Formed pictures fair for miles around.



Now we'll take the road once more
Other regions to explore.

THE BROWNIES IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

EIGHTEENTH STAGE.



on their homeward way at last
The Brownies through wild regions passed,
Where ice was piled and breezes blew
That baffled many a daring crew.
But Brownies, brave in every clime,
Pushed on, nor lost one moment's time.
Fresh from the sunny Land of Tea
They tramped across a frozen sea,
Where fish to few temptations rise,
And have small practice catching flies.

Said one: "This land of northern lights
And shooting stars and lengthy nights
Of which explorers often rave,
Or dream about the icy wave
That lies around the Pole so vast,
Where no one yet has anchor cast,
Is, after all, scarce worth the cost
Of noble lives that still are lost
As expeditions strive in vain
From year to year this point to gain.



But still the time will come, no doubt,
When men will find all secrets out
And feast their eyes upon this sea
So quickly found by you and me.
We need no map, nor chart, nor plan,
Because not limited, like man,
To knowledge passed from hand to hand;
Through ages long, the Brownie band,
In ways peculiar to the race
With all requirements keep pace."
Reviewing thus the region cold
That has such wonders to unfold
In icy island, gulf, and bay,
That maps may show some later day,
The Brownies various methods tried
By which to cross the country wide;
They turned to use whate'er they found
To aid them as they journeyed round.

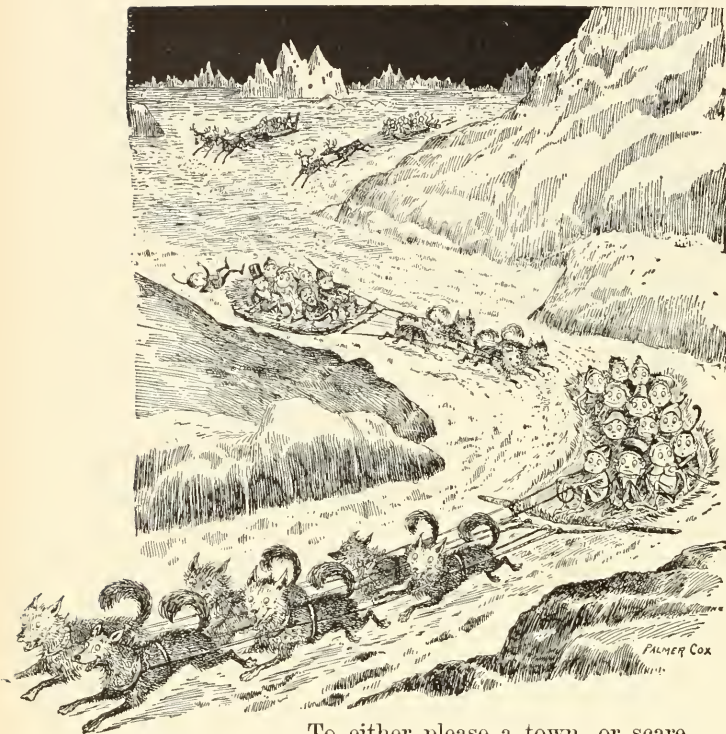
The cunning band some dogs secured,
To cold and hardship well inured,
And on rude sledges void of art,
In which large skins played leading part,
They traveled over many a plain
That bold explorers sought in vain;
While others had the luck to find
Some reindeer of the strongest kind,
That could be trusted to proceed
O'er roughest ground at greatest speed.
In different ways the hardy deer
Was made to render service here;





Some on its back a station found
And by the horns would steer it round
Without the use of curb or rein
Or cruel instrument
of pain,
As if a wondrous
charm controlled
The beast however
strong or old.
While of the space
from head to tail
The Brownies did
themselves avail,
And, though smooth
saddles were denied,

Endured the hardships of the ride.
More tied the reindeer to a sled
And thus across the country sped.
Sometimes well matched, an even span,
With even whiffletree they ran:
Sometimes a tandem team they flew
And gave the driver much to do,
And shook the sled until its load
Was spilling out along the road.
Away, away with flying feet
Would go the snorting courser fleet,
O'er level plains and icy piles,
Till many, many hundred miles
Behind the daring band would slip
Without the use of snapping whip.



Said one: "The
stories have
been read
Of messengers
that quickly
sped
With stirring
news, or good
or bad,
According to
the times
they had,
Who never
halted, never
drew
A rein until
their task
was through.
Now we to-night
no message
bear

To either please a town, or scare,
And yet could people see us go
Thus over fields of ice and snow
At such a rate, they'd argue well
That we had hasty news to tell."
At times mishaps occurred, 't is true,
While over frozen fields they flew,
For some, no matter how they tried
To keep their place upon the hide,

THE BROWNIES IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

Would find themselves through jolt or twist
A mile behind ere they were missed.
But do not think the band would press
Ahead and leave them in distress—
No; quick as they could bring about
A halt, they'd answer to the shout
Of those who for a time were placed
Alone upon the dreary waste.
For brothers from one trundle-bed,
Who at one dish have broken bread
Before a proud and loving mother,
Are not more prompt to aid each other
Than are the Brownies to assist
The poorest member on the list.
Thus on they went o'er plain and hill
Without a thought of change until
They reached a milder clime that gave
More freedom to that northern wave.

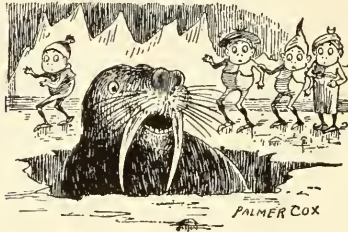


On cakes of ice that floated free
The Brownies then put out to sea,
To cross a gulf or open bay
That in the line of travel lay.
Said one: "We've been on boats before,
And on a raft two weeks or more,
With only slippery logs to keep
Us from the monsters of the deep,
And thought the trials falling fast
Around us ne'er could be surpassed,
But when one comes to take a trip
Upon an iceberg for a ship,



In the coldest land
you'll find
Hearts are often warm
and kind.

That neither has a rudder stout
Nor spreading sail to help him out,
But drifts at random to and fro
Whichever way the tide may go,
He'll not be anxious to extend
His pleasure-trip, you may depend."



Then heaving up through holes in ice
Would rise the walrus in a trice,
And fill each Brownie's heart with fear
That happened to be beating near.
Sometimes a bear that thought to make
A landing on a floating cake,
Would start at once a tumult great
And cause the band to emigrate
Without delay to some new place
In hopes to shun his close embrace.
Thus dangers at each step they found
While through that region floating round
They had good use for ears and eyes
And nimble feet, you may surmise,
But where so many heroes go
To find a winding-sheet of snow,

THE BROWNIES IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

And icy casket that will last
Until the resurrection blast,
The Brownies hardly could expect
To find their way with roses decked.



Sometimes surprises of a kind
Quite different would stir the mind:
A ship, abandoned by its crew
Long years before, would come in view;
On this the Brownies were not slow
To climb about, their skill to show,



Or strive to study out with care
What expedition left it there.
At length against the darkened skies
They saw rough Mount Verstova rise,
Clad in its robes of white and gray
And overlooking Sitka Bay,

And then a town appeared in sight
On which they gazed with great delight,
For o'er the wooden castle old
A banner bright a story told



Of ownership,
that all the
band
Were sharp
enough to
understand.
An eagle with its
pinions wide
Was hovering o'er
their nation's
pride,

And on the instant such a note
Of joy as swelled each Brownie's throat
Because they had been spared to stand
Once more upon the glorious land
From which they bravely started out
To travel all the world about.

So there, while high the flag of red
And white and blue waved overhead,
In songs of praise the band combined.
And then one Brownie spoke his mind:
"Through dangers that came thick and fast
The Brownies round the world have passed,
Contending with misfortunes still
And overcoming every ill,

THE BROWNIES IN THE POLAR REGIONS.



As your oil is growing spare
Trim your lamp with greater care.

Thus teaching lessons day by day
That may be useful in their way."

DEAR READER, now the task is through,
But ere we part, a word to you—
Yes, *you* who traveled hand in hand
With me to watch the Brownie band,
And listened with attentive ear
The prattling of the rogues to hear,
And patiently surveyed the lines
The pen has traced in these designs,—
May you prove always stanch and true
To comrades, and to neighbors, too.
Be brave when trials fast descend,
And persevering to the end,
And, Brownie-like, you may be blessed
They seldom fail who do their best.

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With a friendly wave of hand,
Now retires the Brownie band.



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