

THE  
BROWNIES  
AROUND  
THE WORLD

BY  
PALMER  
COX

OUR FOURTH  
BOOK





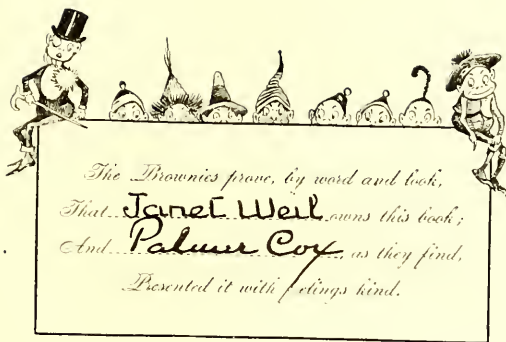


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### Day-Stars.

The daisies on the hillside play  
That they are little stars all day;  
They nod and twinkle in the grass  
To guide wee cricket-folk that pass,  
Till in the tender sunset glow  
The soft-eyed cattle homeward go.

"Darlings," the wind says, rustling by,  
"The real stars now shine from the sky!"  
"Good-night!" they whisper, one and all,  
As tired of play asleep they fall;  
If any should be losted roam,  
The other stars will guide him home!"

Walden, N. C.,  
Dec. 15, 1898.

Malcolm Douglas.



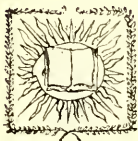
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# THE BROWNIES AROUND THE WORLD

BY  
PALMER COX



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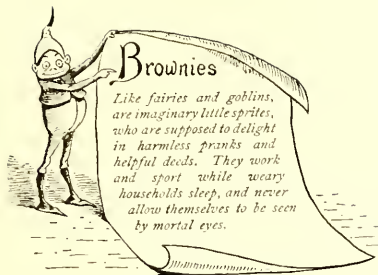
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THE BIRDS GATHERED TOGETHER AND FLEW BEFORE THEM TO SHOW THE WAY



## 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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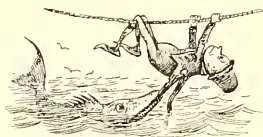


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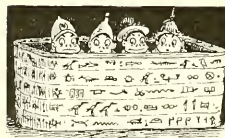
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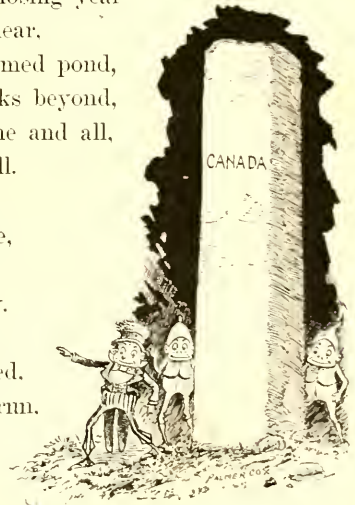
## THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.

### 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,



THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.

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 cast,  
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.

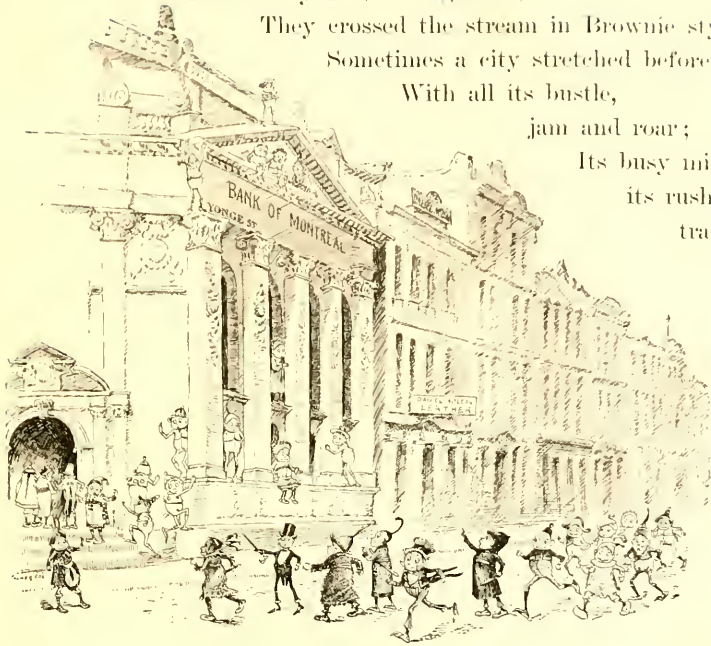
Let me remark, the Brownie kind  
Are not to human powers confined,  
For mystic arts with mortal blend,  
Insuring triumph in the end.



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.

THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.

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.



THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.



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.

THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.

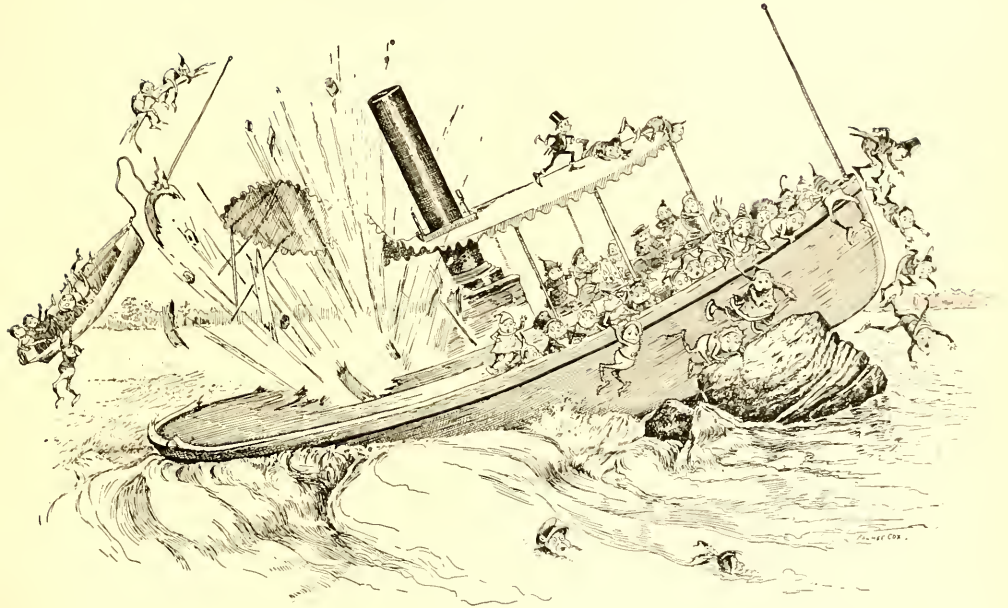


I think it will not be amiss  
Now while beside a flood like this,  
That we may not again come near  
On pleasure bound for many a year,  
For us to take a boat or two  
And down the stream our way pursue.”  
Another said, “We can command  
A naphtha launch that’s near at hand.  
’T will just about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

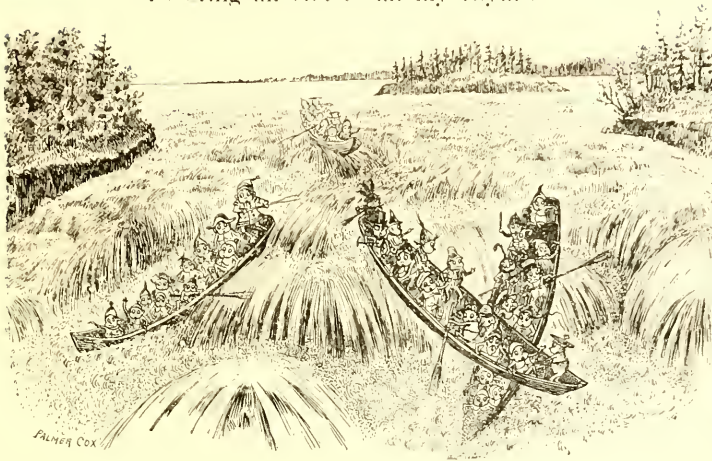
    The children strain  
    Their eyes in vain  
To see a Brownie sprite,  
    For those that find  
    The Brownie kind  
Must have a second sight.

“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.”

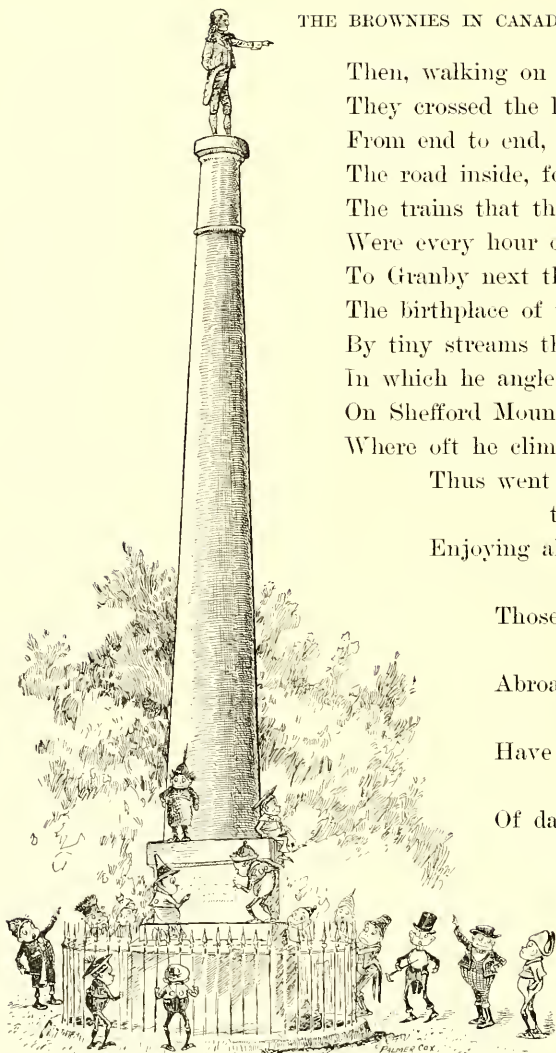
THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.

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 far  
Who won and died at Trafalgar,

THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.



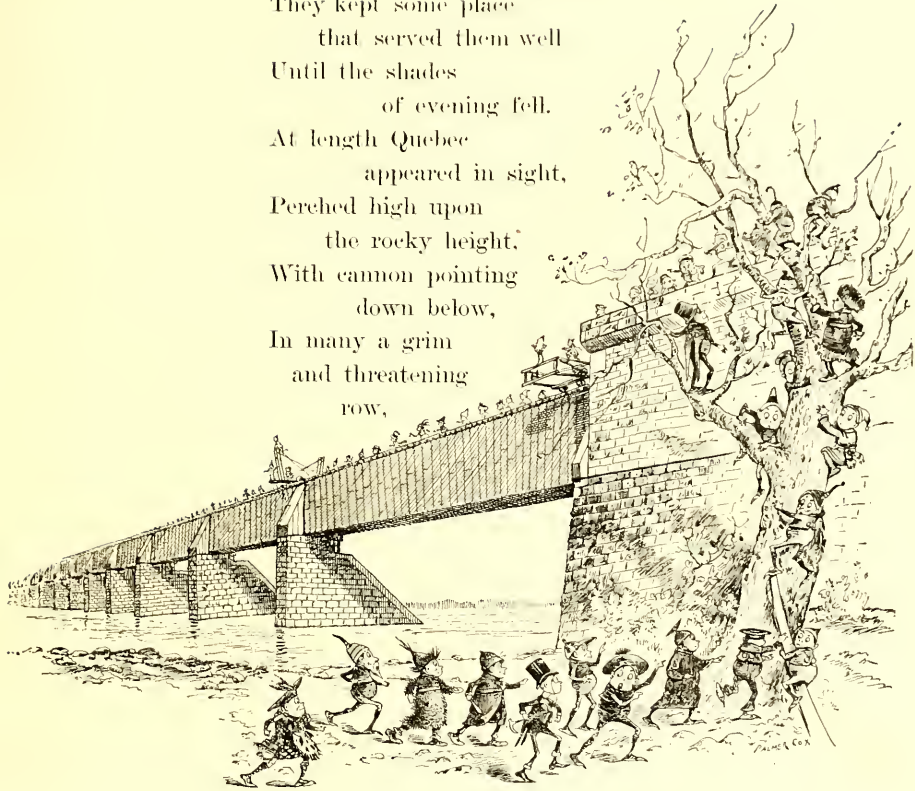
Then, walking on the roof or ridge,  
They crossed the long Victoria Bridge  
From end to end, not trusting to  
The road inside, for well they knew  
The trains that thundered to and fro  
Were every hour on the go.  
To Granby next they quickly ran,  
The birthplace of the Brownie man.  
By tiny streams 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 canon 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.

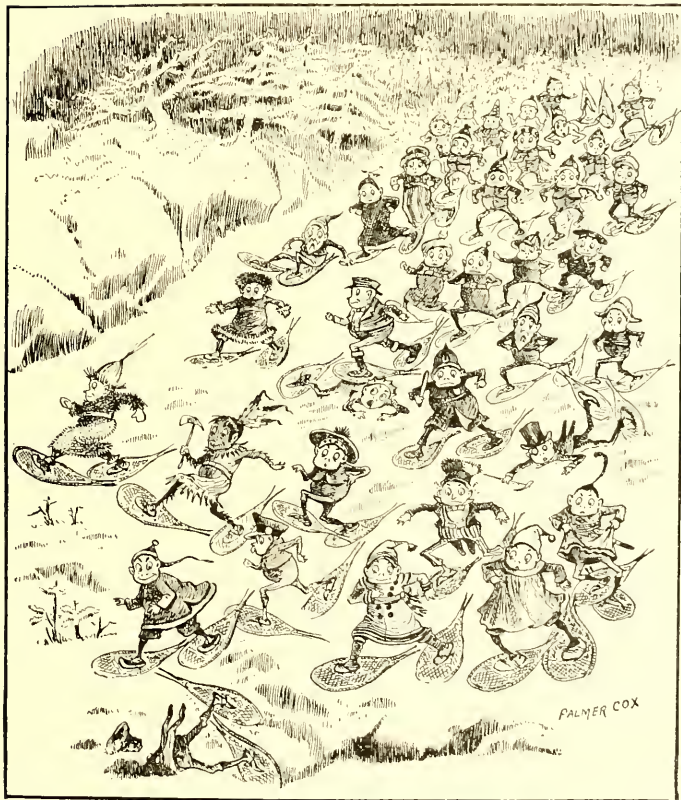
THE BROWNIES IN CANADA.



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.



THE BROWNIES CROSS THE ATLANTIC.

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.

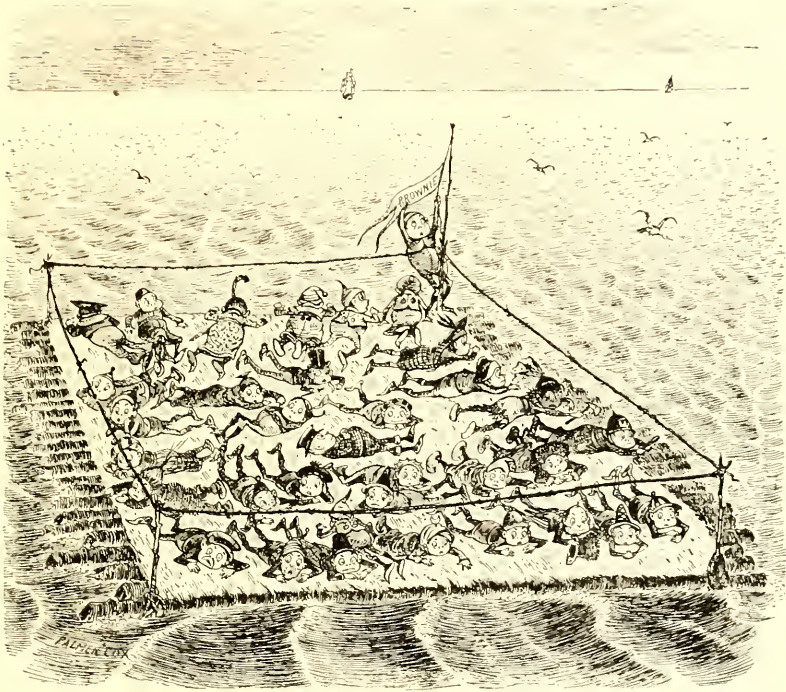


Said one: "No state-rooms we 'll provide  
Wherein a favored few can hide,  
Nor make a hold or steerage deep  
Where some in dangerous times might creep;  
But all alike, through storm or wreck,  
Must take their chances on the deck."  
With willing hands, in manner fine  
To carry out their grand design,

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 scarce 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.

THE BROWNIES CROSS THE ATLANTIC.

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."





## THE BROWNIES IN IRELAND.



### THIRD STAGE.

The 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 cries 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

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

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.





THE BROWNIES IN IRELAND.



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.

THE BROWNIES IN IRELAND.



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.

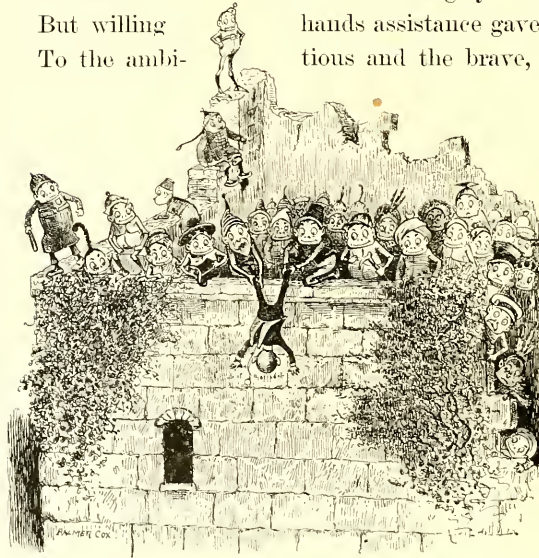
As for ourselves, we little care—  
A wakeful night we well can bear;  
But those who labor hard all day  
Their bread to win, or rent to pay,  
Should have a chance to sleep at night,  
And rise refreshed at morning light."



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 BROWNIES IN IRELAND.



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 relics 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,

THE BROWNTIES IN SCOTLAND.

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 Venne 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 bogle 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 Scotchmen 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.



Thou'rt gone from land to land  
Seeing what is strange and grand.



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

## THE BROWNIES IN ENGLAND.

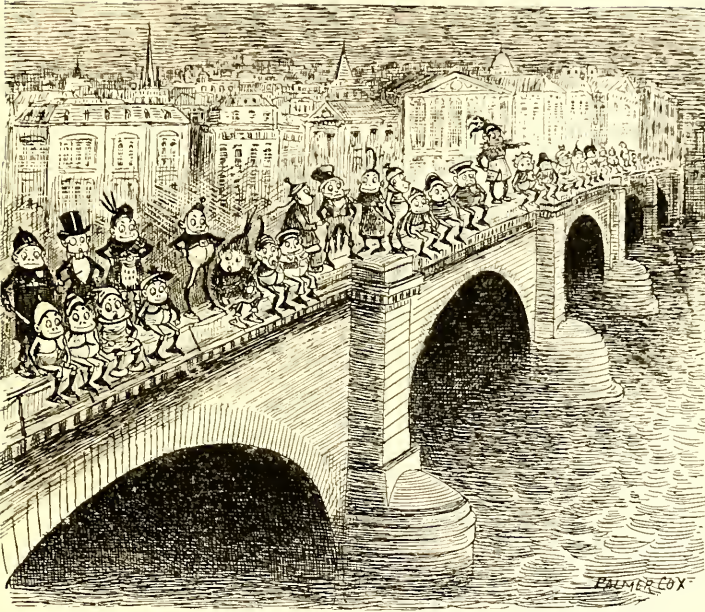


### FIFTH STAGE.

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;

THE BROWNIES IN ENGLAND.

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

Said one: "The Tombs, on Centre Street,  
Seems like a pleasant country-seat  
Compared with that old frowning pile—  
That oft held kings in durance vile,  
And saw the 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 Caesar laid  
Its corner-stone with great parade,  
And in its dungeons, dark and deep,  
Did many a valiant Briton keep.  
Next, William I., 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

THE BROWNIES IN ENGLAND.

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 lesson 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

THE BROWNTIES IN ENGLAND.



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.



THE BROWNIES IN ENGLAND.

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.



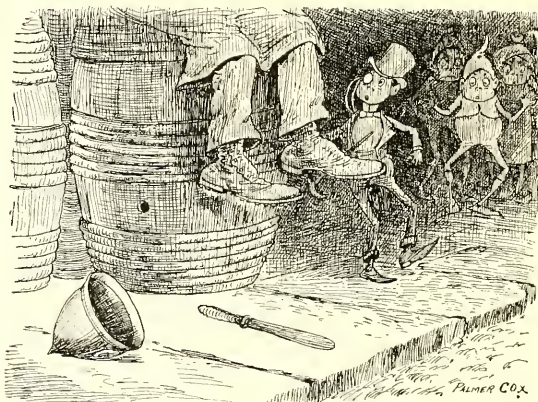
More nights than one they slacked their gait  
In fogs that wrapped the city great,  
And poked about until distressed  
In seeking for some place to rest.  
Some tried with lanterns to pursue  
Their way to points they better knew,  
While others sought some place to hide  
Until the pall should drift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

THE BROWNIES IN ENGLAND.



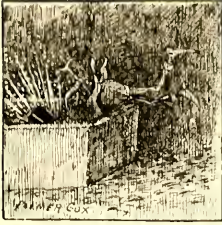
If fogs were not so often spread  
To keep one moving round in dread.  
Last night for hours I groped astray  
In streets where best I know my way;  
'T is hard to go when brightest light  
Is in a fog extinguished quite,  
From door to door, from stone to stone,  
To work your way by touch alone.

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,



THE BROWNIES IN FRANCE.

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."



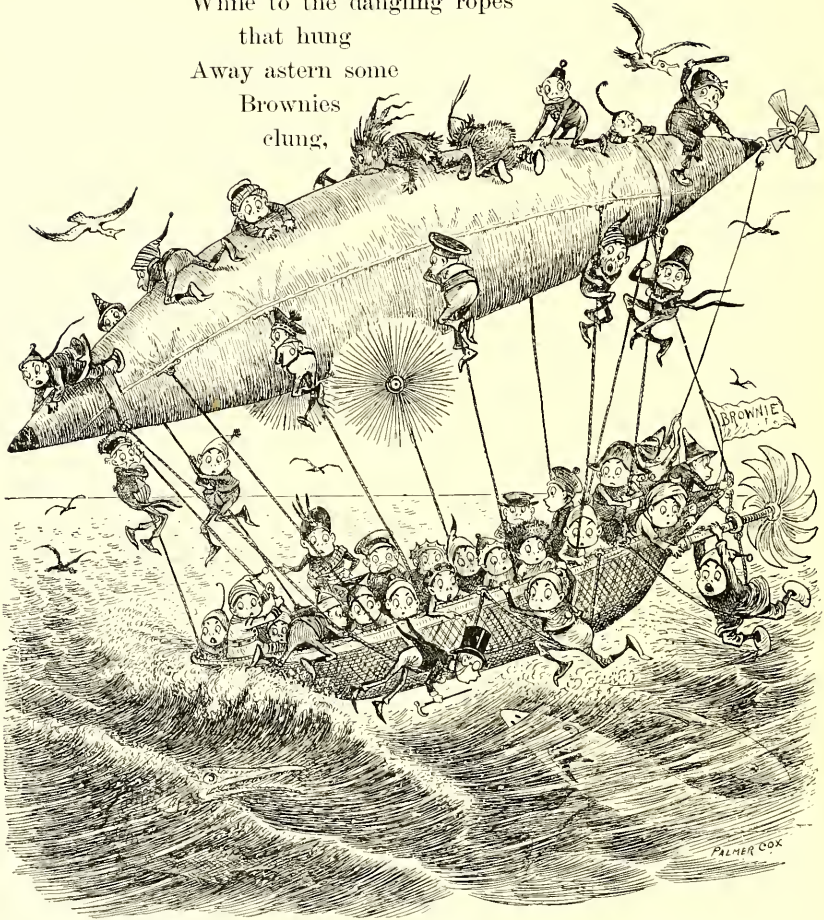
If you hope a crown  
To gain  
You must take the  
early train.

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 loose their hold.

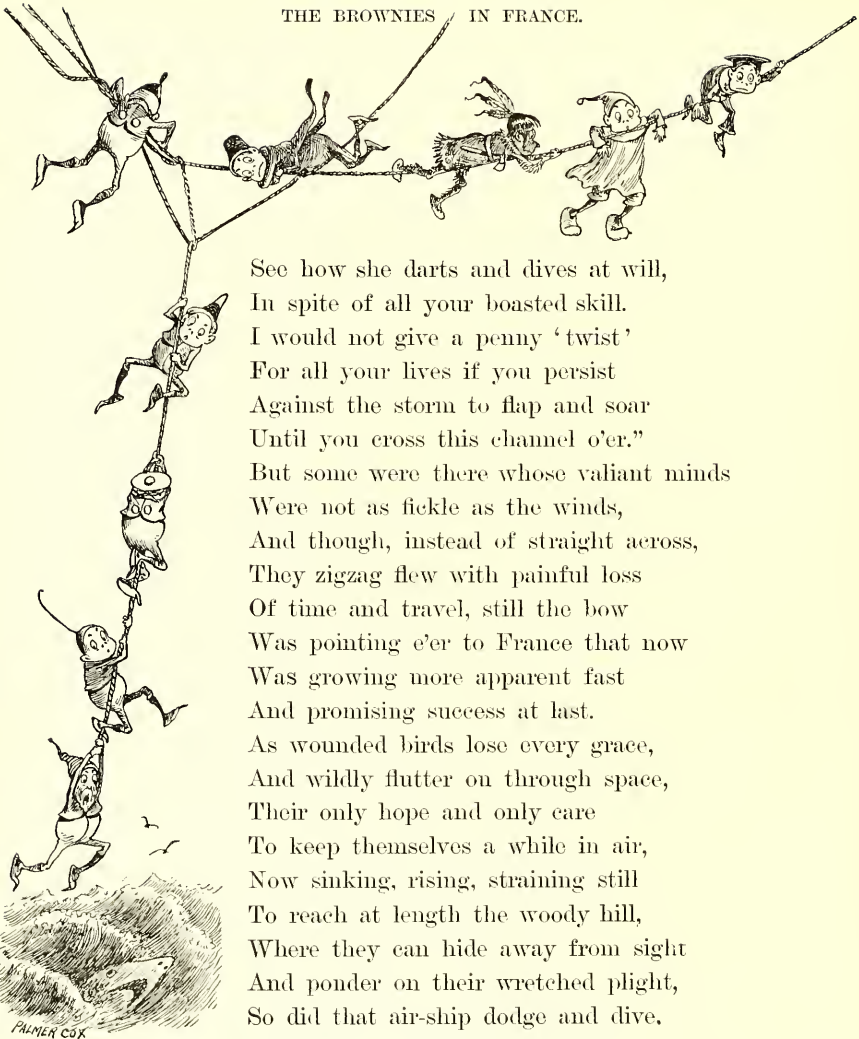
THE BROWNIES IN FRANCE.

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



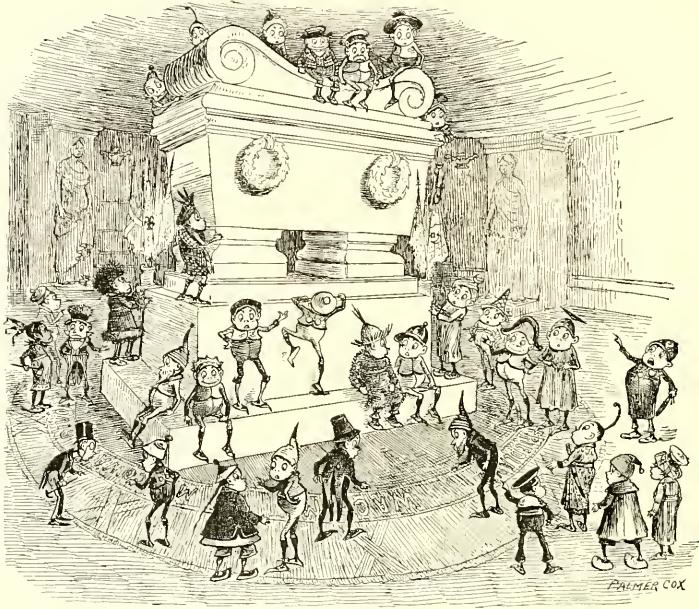
To every danger of the hour,  
Until it proved it had the power  
To bear them safely to the beach  
Which they were glad enough to reach.

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.

THE BROWNIES IN FRANCE.

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.

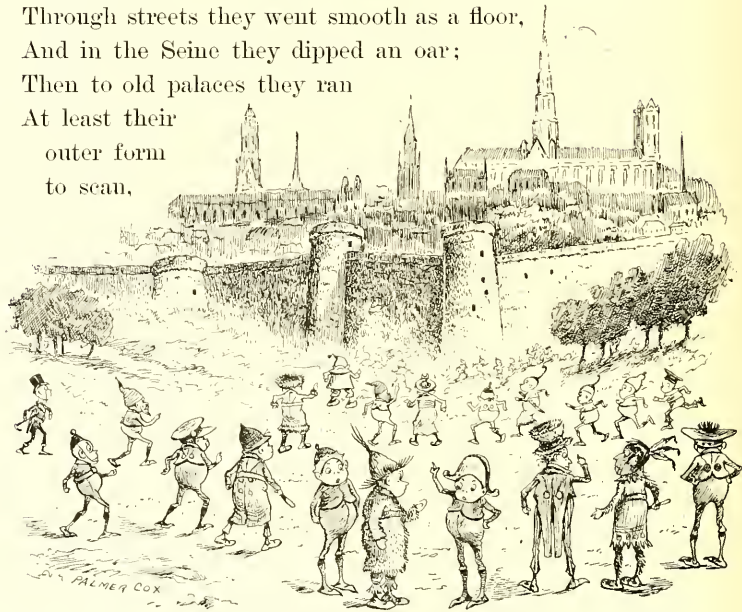
Great space would be  
required to tell  
Each place their pattering  
footsteps fell,  
For lively feet the  
Brownies ply  
And fast can travel  
when they try.  
They stood in galleries of art  
With staring eyes,  
and thankful heart



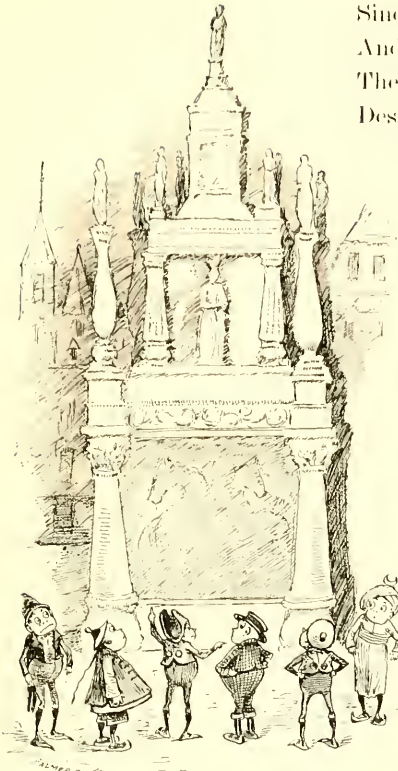
THE BROWNIES IN FRANCE.



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,



THE BROWNIES IN FRANCE.



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,

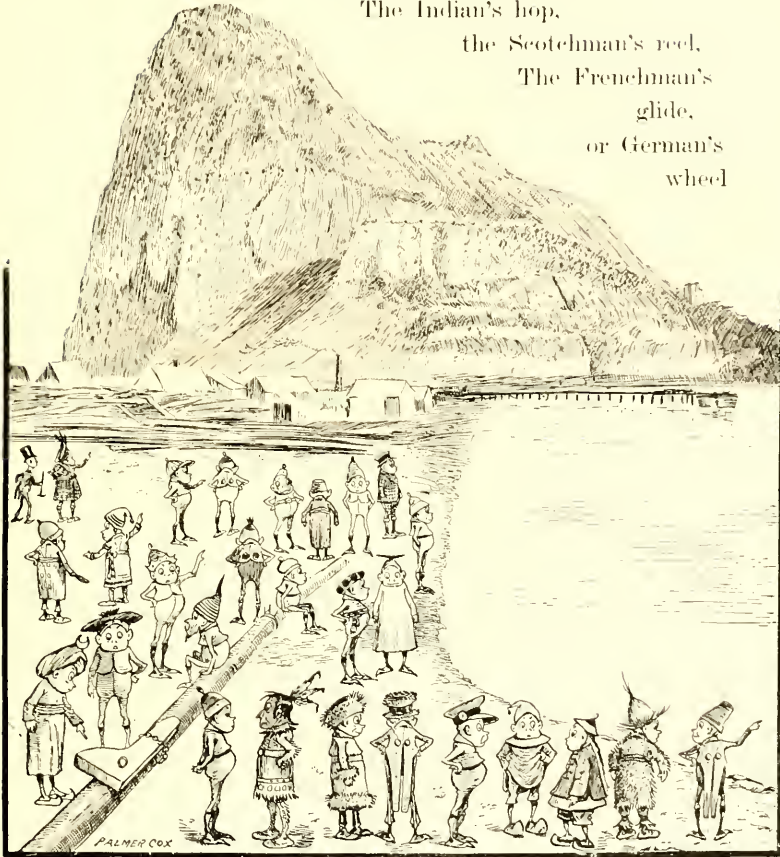
the Scotchman's reel,

The Frenchman's

glide,

or German's

wheel



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

THE BROWNIES IN SPAIN.

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 spry,  
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.

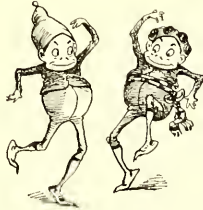


With every caper, toss, and fling  
That Spaniards in the dance can bring,  
And well the lively people know  
The way to trip the nimble toe.

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.



THE BROWNIES IN SPAIN.



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;

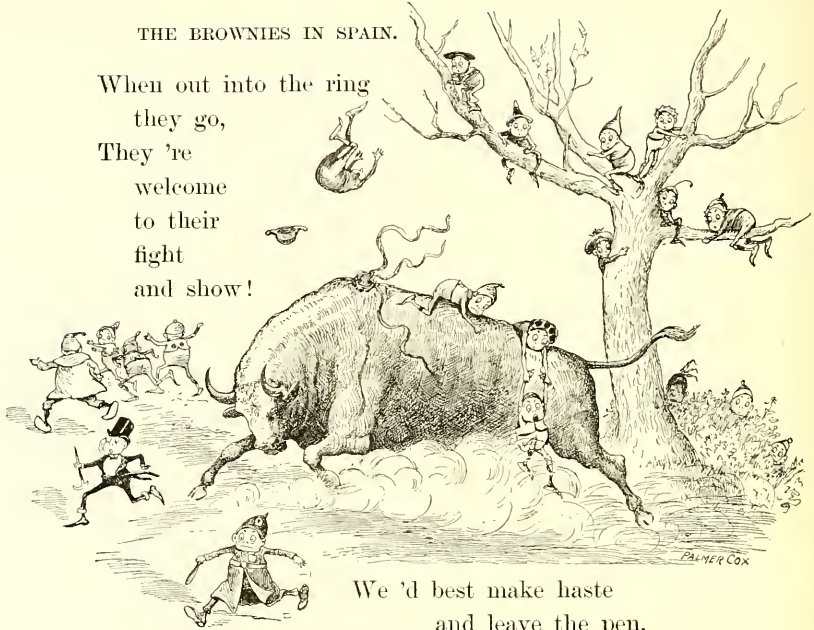
THE BROWNIES IN SPAIN.



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

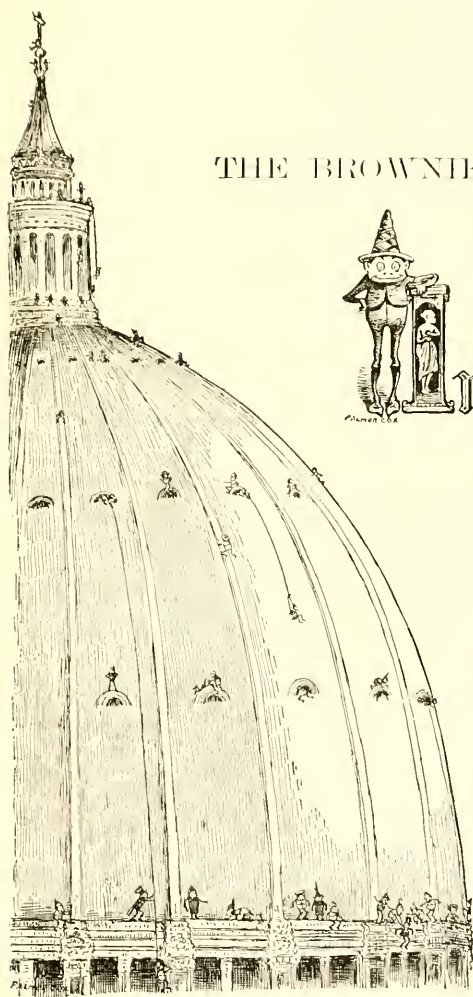
For half a year, I well believe,  
Though best of doctoring I receive."  
Another answered from a vine  
That grew above the danger line,  
"If this is sport, I 'd like to know  
Just when one ought the smile to show.  
I would n't stay in such a town

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



Other countries to behold  
Oft must go the Brownies bold

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



## THE BROWNIES

### IN ITALY.

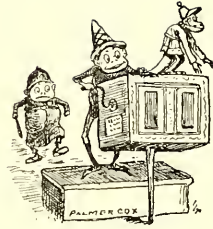


#### EIGHTH STAGE.

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,



THE BROWNIES IN ITALY.



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 cruel sports and fiendish cheers.”  
Another said: “While passing by  
A window in a building high,  
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.



THE BROWNIES IN ITALY.

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;





THE BROWNIES IN ITALY.

Told how he won his lovely bride,  
Nor used a charu 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.

THE BROWNIES IN ITALY.

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, oftentimes 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.

THE BROWNIES IN ITALY.

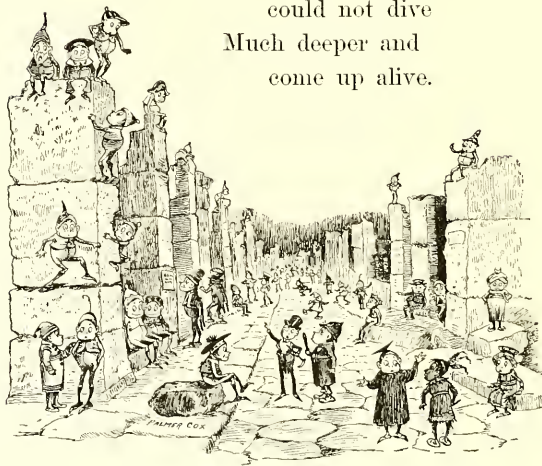


Once while they gazed at wonders there  
They failed to take the needed care,  
For as beneath an arch they ran  
They missed the center of the span,  
And trouble then at once began.  
The lengthy bow slid up the stone  
To find a passage of its own,

THE BROWNIES IN ITALY.

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.

THE BROWNIES IN ITALY.



There climbed upon the ruins great,  
And moralized upon its fate.  
Said one: "Upon these doorstep old  
The tale of love was often told,  
Here children clustered on the walk,  
And round these corners where we talk  
Played hide-and-seek 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.

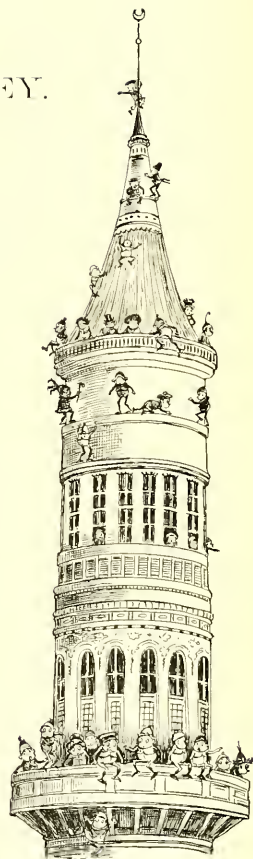


**I**n Turkey there was much to view  
That to the Brownie band  
was new.

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 samtered 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

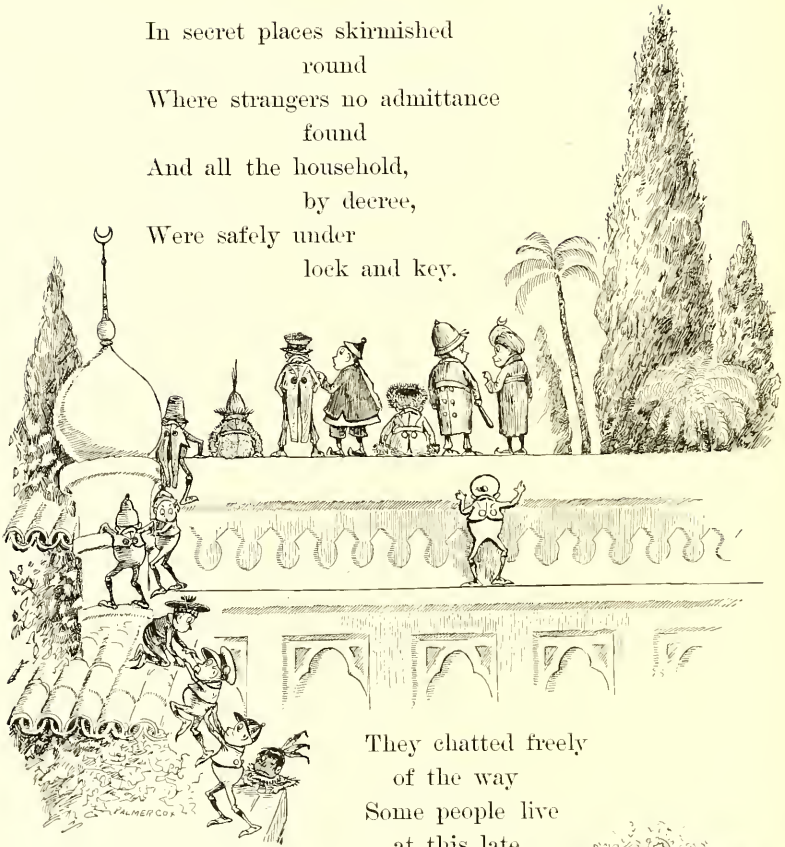
They played at games

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 chibouks;  
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.

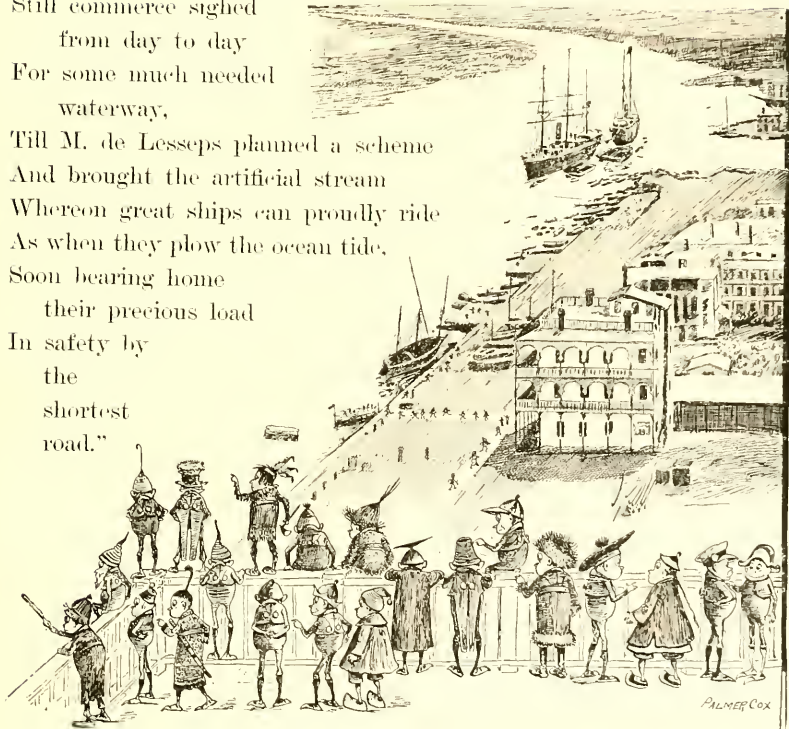
Egypt next the wonders new  
On every side attention drew.  
Upon the Sphinx, the chief of all  
The wonders there, they made a call,  
And on the solemn  
    head they  
        found  
A chance to dance  
    a merry  
        round.  
The great  
    canal that  
        reaches  
            wide  
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."



THE BROWNIES IN EGYPT.



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 nim-  
High on the peak  
Enjoying free and  
Commenting on the  
They gained while  
The daring band,  
With wonders that  
Found courage to  
The dark interior  
With torelies to  
They groped their  
Sometimes they

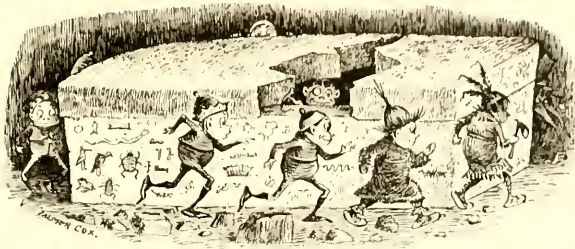


their frame once more,  
clambered o'er;  
without a stop,  
bly to the top.  
for hours they sat,  
friendly chat,  
prospect fair  
perched so high in air.  
not satisfied  
appeared outside,  
pass through a door,  
to explore.  
dispel the gloom  
way from room to room;  
tumbled in a cell,

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,



THE BROWNIES IN EGYPT.



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,



THE BROWNIES IN EGYPT.

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;



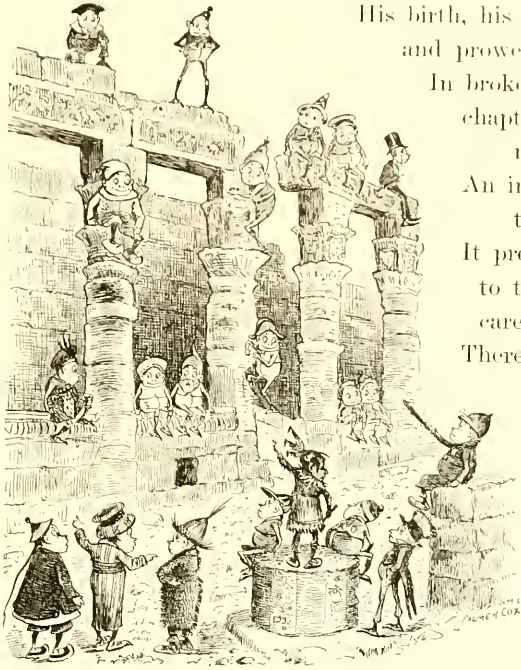
No more they 'll range from place to place  
And subjugate a better race;  
No more impose a double task  
When slaves or bondsmen mercy ask;  
Say who shall live or who shall die,  
Or who their treasury supply.  
'T is well such creatures reach an end,  
And these old rogues, I apprehend,  
If I their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



THE BROWNIES IN EGYPT.



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.



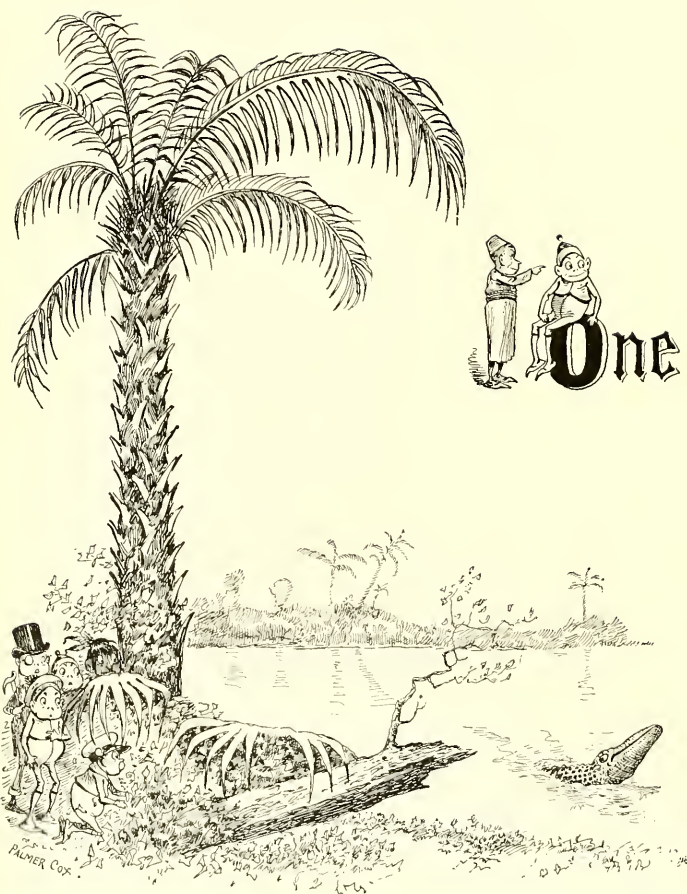
Castles old and legends tender  
Whisper of a vanished splendor.

THE  
BROWNIES  
IN ARABIA.

ELEVENTH STAGE.

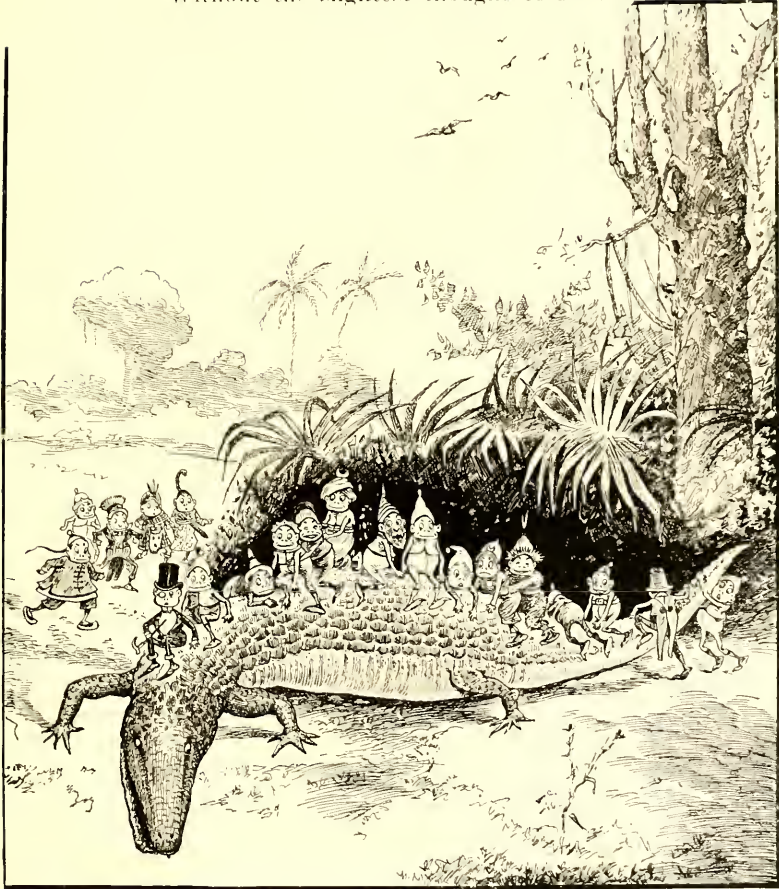


One night, while straying  
by the Nile,  
The Brownies caught  
a crocodile,  
And through some  
mystic sleight, I wot,  
They charmed the  
reptile on the spot,  
Until it played upon  
the sand,  
Affording pleasure to  
the band.  
Then up and down  
the bank it moved,  
While half the band  
the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



THE BROWNIES IN ARABIA.

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.



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,



THE BROWNIES IN ARABIA.



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,

THE BROWNIES IN ARABIA.



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,





THE BROWNIES IN ARABIA.

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  
Good-nature 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 scoured,  
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.

THE BROWNIES IN GERMANY.

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."

THE BROWNIES IN GERMANY.



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.

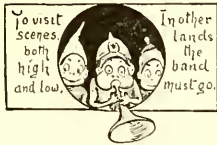


And drummers knowing well the spot  
Where they might bang away or not.  
The cunning Brownies with delight  
In greatest efforts did unite.  
They shook the leaves on tree and vine,  
As loud they played "Die Wacht an Rhein."  
The hymn to liberty, so dear  
To sons of France, charmed every ear;  
The 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,

THE BROWNIES IN GERMANY.

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 off 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."





THE BROWNIES IN SWITZERLAND.



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



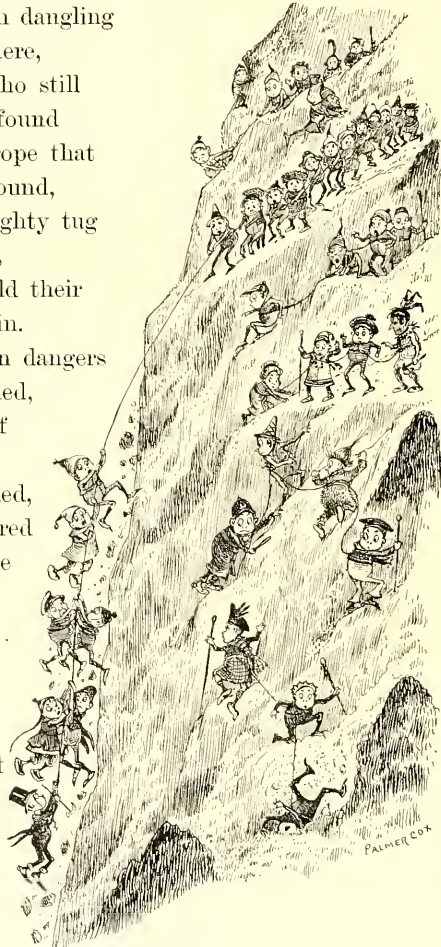
have reached the top."  
ly on they went,  
the bold ascent,  
best they could,  
as if for good,  
to a shelf.

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,



THE BROWNIES IN SWITZERLAND.

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.



THE BROWNIES IN SWITZERLAND.

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

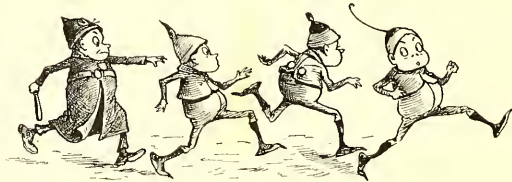


THE BROWNIES IN SWITZERLAND.



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,



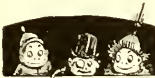
THE BROWNIES IN SWITZERLAND.

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,

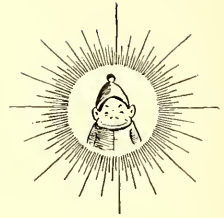


As if to try with vocal  
powers  
To cheer him through the  
gloomy hours,  
With sympathetic feelings  
kind,  
Before they left the cell  
behind,

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 taller 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.



THE BROWNIES IN HOLLAND.



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 capsize 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.

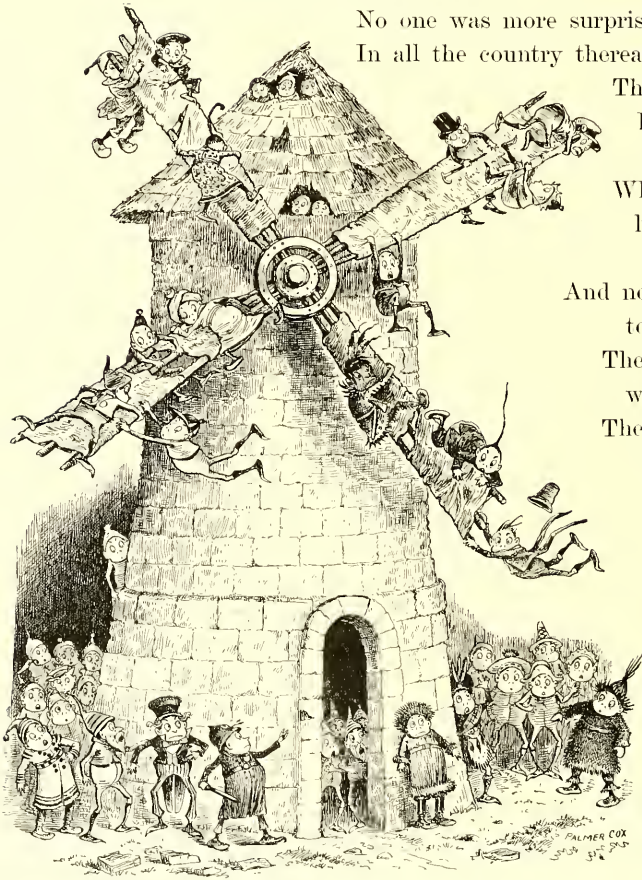
No one was more surprised, no doubt,  
In all the country thereabout

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.





THE BROWNIES IN HOLLAND.

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."



# 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

THE BROWNIES IN RUSSIA.



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.

THE BROWNIES IN RUSSIA.



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.

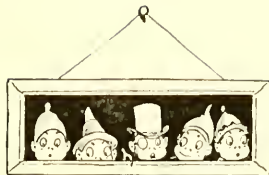
In hopes some branch would snap at last  
With overweight, or else a blast  
Might shake a shower from the tree  
That patience might rewarded be.  
At length, as night her mantle rent,  
The wolves appeared to catch the scent  
Of something on a distant hill  
That seemed to promise better still;



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 baud  
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.

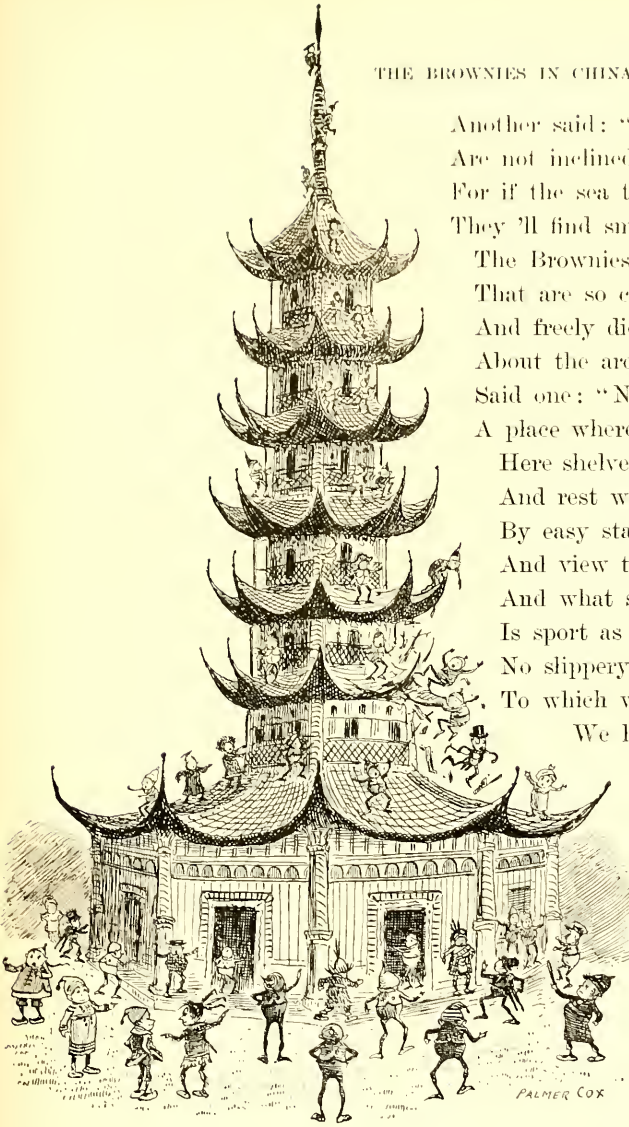
Here shelves abound where one can stop  
And rest while climbing to the top:  
By easy stages we can rise  
And view the land that round us lies,  
And what seemed like a trying task  
Is sport as good as one could ask.  
No slippery spire of tin or slate,  
To which we have to trust our weight,

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 steeply."

At times too many  
rushed to  
view

An object that  
attention drew,



THE BROWNIES IN CHINA.



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 jomney there.



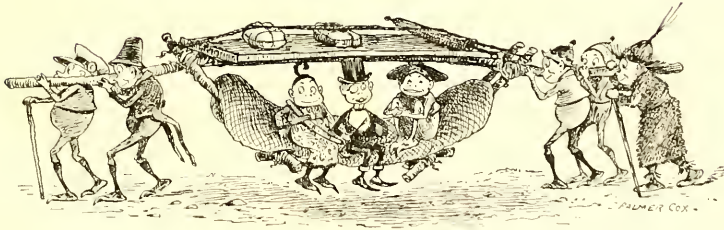


## THE BROWNIES IN JAPAN.



### 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.

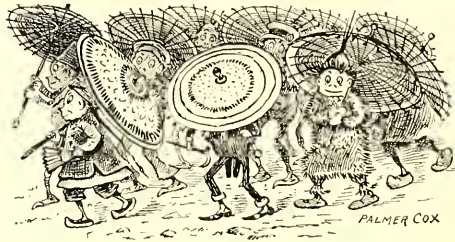


While through the country, strange and vast,  
The active band of Brownies passed,  
From town to town, o'er many a mile  
They traveled in the native style,

THE BROWNIES IN JAPAN.



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 whene'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.



THE BROWNIES IN JAPAN.

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:

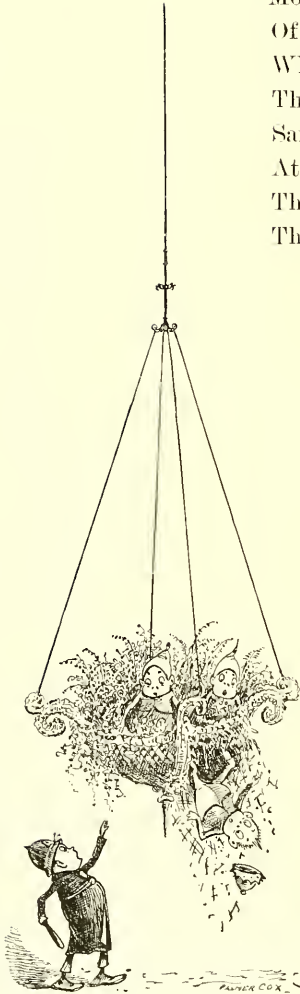


THE BROWNIES IN JAPAN.

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.



THE BROWNIES IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

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;



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.

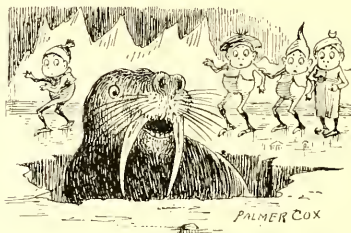


*In the coldest land  
you'll find  
Hearts are often warm  
and kind.*

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,

THE BROWNIES IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

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 wahns 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 tummlt 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.

THE BROWNIES IN THE POLAR REGIONS.



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,

THE BROWNIES IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

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 staunch 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.



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













