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EDITED  
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MRS. G. R. ALDEN.

# The Pansy.

YOUNG PEOPLE  
ABROAD.

VOLUME 9.

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## A "GREAT BIG MONUMENT."

THEY leaned over the library table, and looked steadily at the picture. "What a great big monument!" said Tommy. "I wonder where it is, and what it is made of, and what they put it there for? I wish there was always somebody to tell about pictures."

"If Ellis wasn't writing, he could tell," said Mamie.

Ellis was the big brother; he had been gone for more than a year. Fortunately for him, both Tommy and Mamie were still a little shy. Ellis looked very busy with his writing, still Tommy ventured.

"Ellis, won't you tell us where there is a great big monument; first a square thing, and then a round thing, and then a smaller round thing, very high, and a woman standing on top?"

"Remarkable explanation!" said Ellis, going on with his writing. "I ought to know in a moment, but strange to say I don't."

The children looked astonished.

"No name to it, my boy?"

"Yes, there's a name," said Tommy, dolefully. "It is a *monument*, but we knew that before. "Monument of Victory," it says, but that don't tell anything."

"Doesn't it!" said Ellis, sudden light breaking over his face. "Now there is where we differ; I think it does."

"What?" asked both children at once, eagerly.

"Well, among other things it tells me that the monument is nearly two hundred feet high."

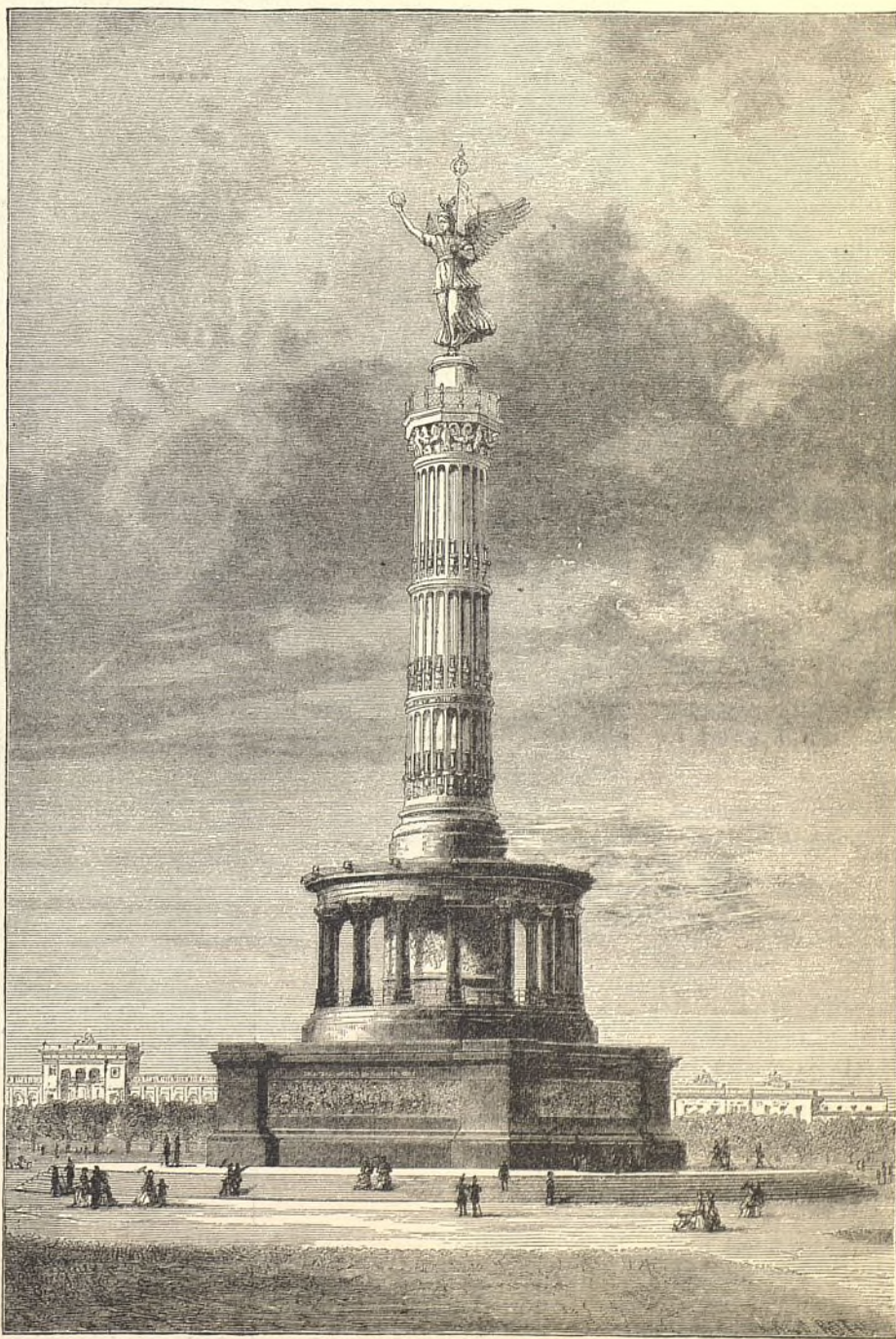
The children looked amazed.

"And that the woman on the top is forty feet high." "Oh, my!" said Mamie, but Tommy looked unbelieving.

"That can't be, you know," he said, gravely, "'cause Goliath was a giant and he was only eight feet high; and there wouldn't be any house built

ever, that a woman forty feet high could get into." Ellis laughed.

"I stand corrected," he said. "I mean that the *figure* of the woman in *marble* is forty feet high."



MONUMENT OF VICTORY.

"Oh!" said both children. "Where is it?"

"It is in a big city across the water—a very big city—a city that has wonderful buildings, churches and museums and schools, and it has grand parks and beautiful drives; the name of one of them is 'The Koniggratzerstrasse.'"

"Oh my!" said both the children.

"And what is the monument for?"

"It is in honor of great victories that the soldiers had, only a few years ago; some of them not much more than ten years ago."

"Ten years is a long time," said Mamie.

"Who is that on top?" asked Tommy.

"That person on top is 'Victory.'"

"Did she lead the army?" Mamie asked, and her big brother answered, that he was inclined to think she did.

But Mamie wanted to know the name of the city.

"I'm trying to have you guess it," said Ellis.

"Tommy, my boy, you ought to know, you study geography." He gave two or three items about the city, that might have been called broad hints; but Tommy didn't know; moreover, he didn't seem to be thinking much about that. "A great big monument of Victory!" he said gravely. "I'd like to be 'Victory' and have one built for me. Father said Victory meant the same as overcome. Mamie, do you know the verse on our card. 'To him that overcometh, will I grant to sit with me in my throne?' I s'pose that's the monument. I guess I'll try for it."

"I would," said Ellis, speaking as gravely as Tommy. In his heart he knew that Tommy was ahead of him. He was "not trying for it."

"But I want to know the name of the city," declared Mamie.

"It is where big brothers are sometimes sent to school," Ellis said.

"It's Berlin!" said Mamie, in triumph.

#### A "SIZAR."

I WONDER if you know what that word means? "Something about size, I guess," says the boy at my side; and he is half-right, since the word was once used to express the smallest quantity of anything that could be measured. But this man was a sizar, and he is certainly not small-sized. No; but he was once a student at Cambridge University in England, and Sizar

was the name they gave to those who had to work for their board, and were helped by others. He was only sixteen when he entered this college, but I think he must have been a good scholar, for he made friends among scholars. You can see by his dress that he must have lived a good while ago. In fact, it is a little more than three hundred years since he went to college. Think of it! And here we are talking about him today! Ah well, he was a poet. I wonder if any of the PANSY young people have yet heard of a poem called "The Faerie Queene." This young man whose picture I show you, is the author of it. I am not sure that you would care to read it yet awhile, but I presume some of you will, one of these days, be studying it, and rejoicing over its beauties.

It is a long poem, in twelve parts, and each part is

supposed to represent some virtue. That delightful book, "The Story of English Literature"—which book you are reading if you belong to the C. Y. F. R. U., as I hope you do—has a few verses from one of the poems in the "Faerie Queene," entitled "Una and the Red-Cross Knight." I will copy a verse for you. "Una," you should understand, though the name of a person, means "Purity." And the "Red-Cross Knight" meant "Holiness."

"A lovely lady rode him fair beside,  
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;  
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide  
Under a veil, that wimpled was full low;  
And over all a black stole she did throw,  
As one that inly mourned; so was she sad,  
And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow;  
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;  
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she led."

I suspect there are several words in that

verse that you will not understand. Here is a chance for the big brothers and sisters to help you.

The author of this famous poem was a friend of Queen Elizabeth's, and I suppose she gave him a good deal of money for it. In fact, she was one of the characters in the poem.

"Upon a great adventure he was bound,  
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,  
(That greatest, glorious queen of fairy-land.)"

Those lines are from the same poem as the verse quoted above, and "Gloriana" was the poet's name for Queen Elizabeth.

I suppose you think he was a very happy man, honored and rich and full of joy. I wonder if there could be found a life that would read, all the way through, like that? Certainly this man had his trials. While



he lived in Ireland there was a sort of war among the poorer classes, and the poet's house was burned. He and his wife escaped alive, but their baby was burned to death! If he had much money he must have lost it all at this time, for he died shortly after in London very poor.

I wonder if you know the poet's name? Or if not, I wonder how many of you will set to work to find it out, and when he was born, and when he died. And I wonder how many other curious and interesting facts about the great man you will discover?

### CAMELS.

IT was a copy of this picture that the "Searchers" of Miss Palmer's school found on the blackboard one morning. The "Searchers" were twelve girls who belonged together by right of being the best scholars in the little school. Once a week a picture of some sort was put on the board for them, and exactly a week from that morning, they were expected to be able to give a good deal of information about the picture.

"A camel!" said Susy Blaine. "What is there to find out about such a looking creature as that, I wonder? He has a hump on his back, and the ugliest face in the world, and that is all there is to say about him."

"Wait a week, Susy," said Miss Palmer, "then we will hear from you again." Sure enough they did. Susy was the first to speak:

"The camel has very queer nostrils, made in the shape of slits that can open and shut whenever he pleases, and when they are crossing the desert, and there comes a storm of hot sand, they close their noses so that they cannot smell it, and so escape much of the danger." "They have little horny spots on their breasts and limbs, so they can kneel down and lean on their breasts, and have heavy loads packed on their backs without hurting them." This was Alice Howell's discovery.

"Their great big humps are just made of fat, and when there is a famine, and they can't get enough to eat, they live a long time on the strength that is in their fat humps." Carrie Jones said this, and the girls laughed. Carrie was so fond of eating, that it seemed the most natural thing in the world for her to look into the camel's way of managing it.

Then the cross-eyed girl who sat next to Carrie had a word to say: "There is a good deal in the Bible about camels. Job had six thousand of them; and Pharaoh gave a great many to Abraham; and the men who bought Joseph and took him to Egypt had a lot of them; the hair under their necks and on their legs, made into cloth, is what John the Baptist wore."

"They are very strong," said Annie Williams. "Some of them can carry as much as a thousand pounds on their backs, and travel fifty miles a day, and they can go for three days without drinking a drop of water."

Then the girls laughed again, for Annie Williams was always asking to get a drink of water.

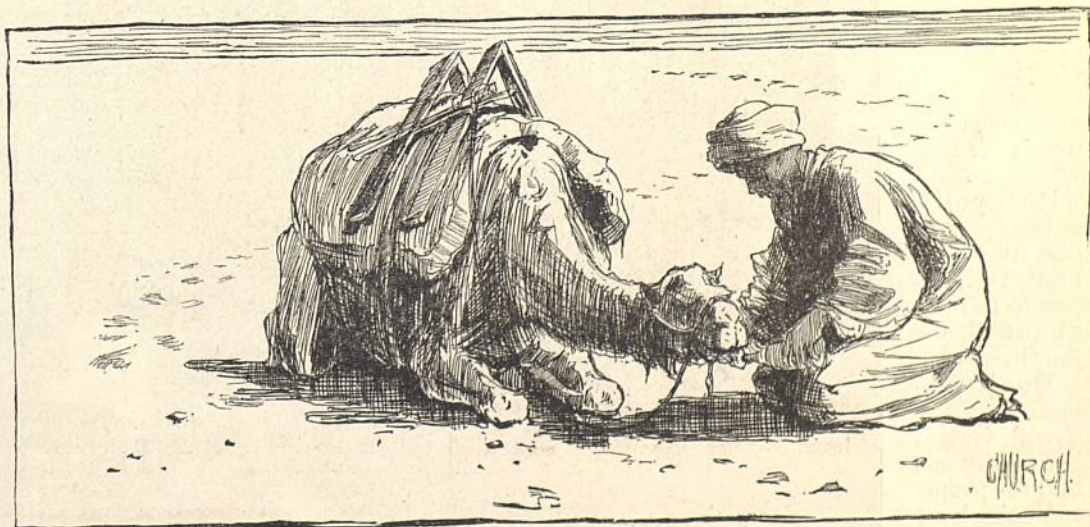
"Sometimes the camel is very useful in finding water," said Delia Parker, taking up the story just where Annie left it. "Their long queer nostrils serve them so well, that they can smell water before their masters see any signs of it; and the leading camels will break their halters, and tramp off to the nearest well in as direct a path as though they had been to it often."

"They are very meek and patient animals," gentle little Fanny White said; but her bright-eyed sister said: "No; they were only stupid. They didn't know enough to keep in the right road, and if they once got turned out, they didn't know enough to go back, and they didn't care anything for their masters; but they knew enough to get awful angry at them, and when a camel-driver had offended one, he put his clothes down before it, and then got out of the creature's way; and the camel would toss the clothes around in a perfect rage, seeming to think his enemy was inside of them."

Now, these last "searchings" seemed to contradict each other so greatly that a most eager discussion followed. All the "Searchers" wanted to talk at once, and Miss Palmer had some trouble to quiet them enough for Edith Miller to speak. It was her business to give one thought which had grown out of hearing this talk about the camel. When she had a chance, this was what she said: "Miss Palmer, I guess we would know that God made the camel, from the strange way in which he is made, with ears and nose and legs, and even a *hump* fixed so that it will help him to live in just the country in which he is found." Now I think that was an excellent thought. Don't you?

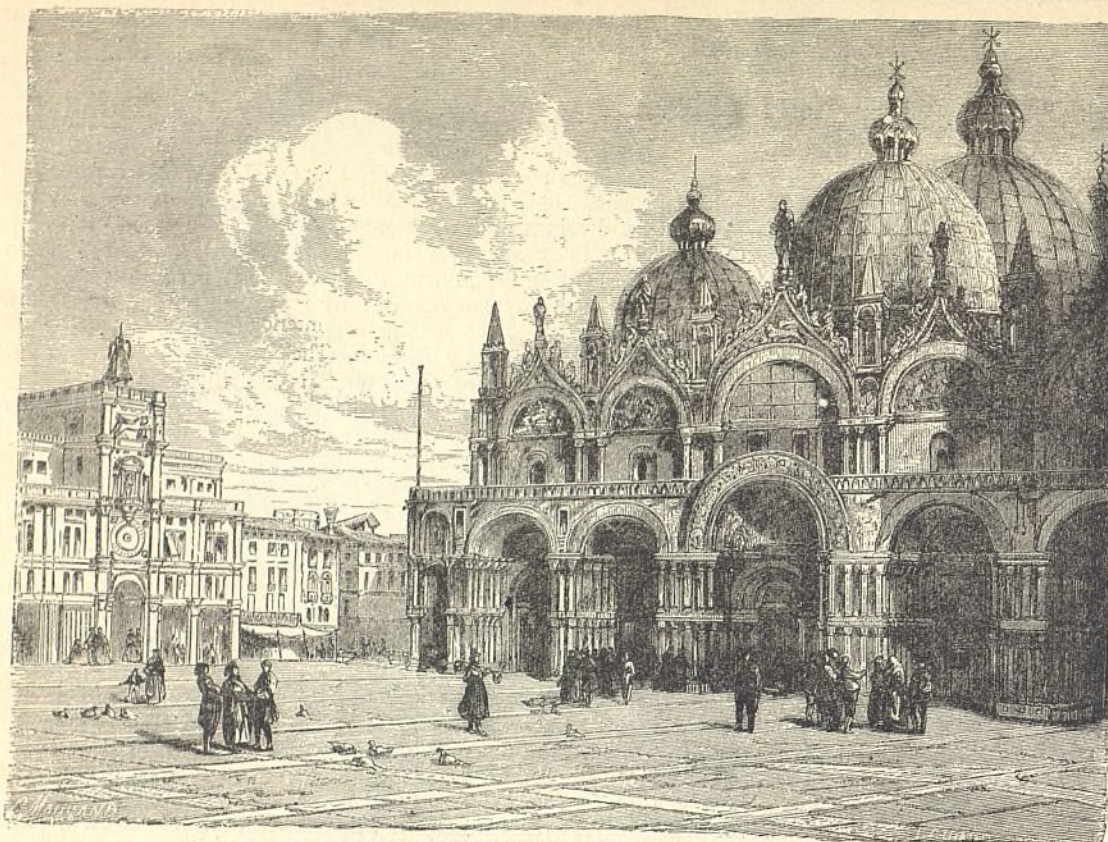
### VENICE.

HOW do you all think you would like to live in a town where the people use boats for horses? It is said that in Venice there are two horses in the Zoological Gardens, exhibited as curiosities! The people all go riding on the Grand Canal. This beau-



THE "SEARCHERS" SUBJECT.

tiful canal is a very crooked piece of water. It is described as looking like a letter S made backwards. All along its shores there are beautiful buildings, the Church of St. Mark's being one of the most elegant. This church stands on the public square, which is a sort of market-place, where prominent buildings are, and where a great deal of business is done. The square is five hundred and seventy-six feet long. It is also



THE CHURCH OF ST. MARK'S. — ON THE PUBLIC SQUARE.

called the Piazza. I cannot describe the beautiful church to you, because you would hardly understand the strange words which architects use. But those who have sailed past it on the canal and looked up at its beauty, say that it is very lovely. It is built of brick, covered, or perhaps inlaid, with delicately-colored marbles. Above the doorway are statues of four horses who were very famous in history. Suppose, on the next rainy afternoon when you don't know what to do with yourselves, you coax the older brothers or sisters to tell you about those four horses?

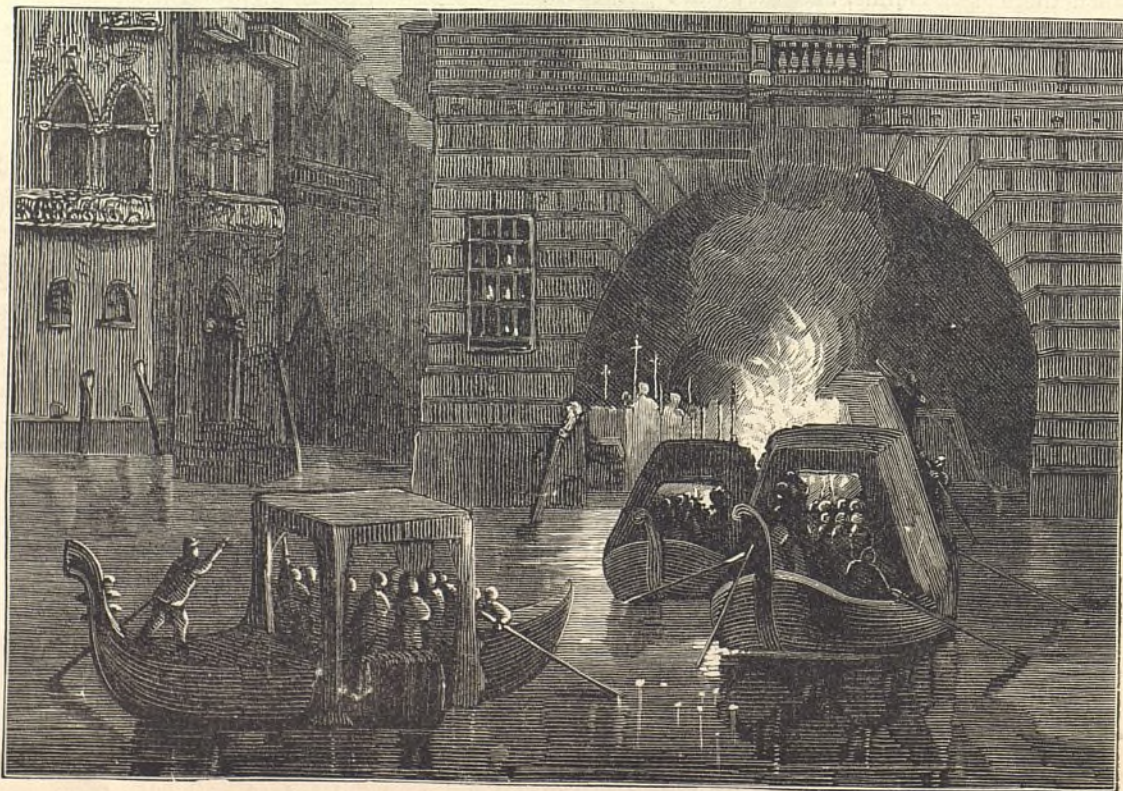
Don't suppose that the Grand Canal is the only one that the people of Venice have to ride on. On the contrary, there are one hundred and forty-six little ones; only the Venetians do not call them canals, but "Rii." Their

boats are not built like ours, but are very queer-shaped. Here is a picture of several of them slipping around on the Canal Orfano.

Still the people are not obliged to go always in boats. They can take walks, for the bridges are as plenty, in fact, plentier than the canals; there are no less than three hundred and six of them. Then, between the houses, there are narrow lanes called "calli," where the people can pass. I think I should rather go on the canals, however.

It just occurs to me that perhaps some of the

Pansies, or their fathers and mothers, have been in Venice, and can tell us something interesting about the beautiful city. If that is the case, don't you think they ought to be unselfish enough to do so? Let us ask them. "Dear people who have traveled abroad, won't you please write to the PANSY, and tell us about the city where the horses are boats, and the streets are water?"



THE CANAL ORFANO. — A STREET IN VENICE.