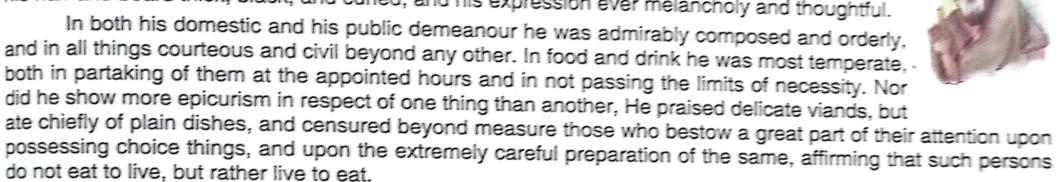
22. Dante was of moderate height and after reaching maturity, was accustomed to walking somewhat bowed, with a slow and gentle pace, clad always in such sober dress as befitted his ripe years. His face was large, and the lower lip protruded beyond the upper. His complexion was dark, his hair and beard thick, black, and curled, and his expression ever melancholy and thoughtful.



None was more vigilant than he in study and in whatever else he undertook, insomuch that his wife and family were annoyed thereby, until they grew accustomed to his ways, and after that they paid no heed thereto. He rarely spoke unless questioned, and then thoughtfully, and in a voice suited to the matter whereof he treated. When, however, there was cause he was eloquent and fluent in speech, and possessed of an excellent and ready delivery. In his youth he took the greatest delight in music and song, and enjoyed the friendship and intimacy of all the best singers and musicians of his time. Led on by this delight he composed many poems, which he made them clothe in pleasing and masterly melody.



In his old-age, Dante was modest in walking and dressing. He had an unusual appearance and a thoughtful expression. Moreover, he was a true gentleman in his all affairs and gave due importance to all the things He ate moderately and always on time. He did not has the liking for a particular food and criticized those who were too much into eating. Besides that he was extremely competent and well-spoken. He also liked music music while he was young and wrote some amazing poems. A Brief Overview of Dante's Life

People moan about poverty as a great evil; and it seems to be an accepted belief that if people only had plenty of money, they would be happy and useful and get more out of life. As a rule, there is more genuine



satisfaction in life and more obtained from life in the humble cottage of the poor man than in the palaces of the rich. I always pity the sons and daughters of rich men, who are attended by servants, and have governesses at a later age; at the same time I am glad to think that they do not know what they have missed.

It is because I know how sweet and happy and pure the home of honest poverty is, how free from perplexing care and from social envies and jealousies—how loving and united its members are in the common interest of supporting the family that I sympathize with the rich man's boy and congratulate the poor man's son. It is for these reasons that from the ranks of the poor so many strong, eminent, self-reliant men have always sprung and always must spring. If you will read the list of the "Immortals who were not born to die," you will find that most of them have been born poor.

It seems nowadays a matter of universal desire that poverty should be abolished. We should be quite willing to abolish luxury; but to abolish honest, industrious, self-denying poverty would be to destroy the soil upon which mankind produces the virtues that will enable our race to reach a still higher civilization than it now possesses.

** The structure of Oak where was daily becoming more and more critical. In proportion as he approached



Poverty is considered a root of all evils, and richness is believed to be a solution to all the problems. But in general, poor live more content and satisfied life than rich. Although, the rich kids enjoy many luxeries in their life but the luxury of living the poor life always outnember them. It is the reason that many self-sufficient men of today have men who wrote history were once poor Today, the world seems to eradicate the poverty but it might also end the rare human capability which will help the world to advance in this universe. The Beauty of the Poverty

24. The situation of Columbus was daily becoming more and more critical. In proportion as he approached

the regions where he expected to find land, the impatience of his crews augmented. The favourable signs which increased his confidence were decided by them as delusive; and there was danger of their rebelling and obliging him to turn back, when on the point of realizing the object of all his labours. They beheld themselves with dismay still wafted onward over the boundless wastes of what appeared to them a mere watery desert surrounding the habitable world. What was to become of them should their provisions fall? Their ships were too weak and defective even for the great voyage they had already made, but if they were still to press forward, adding at every moment to the immense expanse behind them, how should they ever be able to return, having no intervening port where they might victual and refit? Were they to sail in until they perished, or until all return became impossible? In such case they would be the authors of their own destruction.



On the other hand, should they consult their safety and turn back before too late, who would blame them? Any complaints made by Columbus would be of no weight; he was a foreigner, without friends or influence; his schemes had been condemned by the learned and discountenanced by people of all ranks. He had no party to uphold him, and a host of opponents whose pride of opinion would be gratified by his failure. Or, as an effectual means of preventing his complaints, they might throw him into the seas and give out that he had fallen overboard while busy with his instruments contemplaing the stars, a report which no one would have either the inclination or the means to controvert.

Columbus was not ignorant of the mutinous disposition of his crew, but he still maintained a serene and steady countenance—soothing some with gentle words, endeavouring to stimulate the pride or avarice of others, and openly menacing the refractory with signal punishment, should they do anything whatever to impede the voyage.

Columbus was at the crossroads. As he was about to find the promised land at last, his componions were being impatient and there was a chance of their muting. Somehow, they managed to move forward and started to see the signs of the land. Now, they were in the middle of the critical situation. As their ships were heavily damaged, it was in their hands to decide wheather to keep moving forward or return back. Nobooly could intervene in their decision. Even, Columbus had no sony in that decision because he had no allies to support him. They could also throw him in the sea to avoid his complaints. Although Columbus was aware of their schemes, but he remained ealm and used his options to prevent them from hindering the The Story of the Voyage of Columbus The great Roman orator, Cicero, in his celebrated treatise on Friendship, remarks with truth that it increases happiness and diminishes misery by the doubling of our joy and the dividing of our grief. When we do well, it is delightful to have friends who are so proud of our success that they receive as much pleasure from it as we do ourselves. For the friendless man the attainment of wealth, power, and honour is of little value. Such possessions contribute to our happiness most by enabling us to do good to others but if all those whom we are able to benefit are strangers, we take far less pleasure in our beneficence than if it were exerted on behalf of friends whose happiness is as dear to us as our own. Further, when we do our duty in spite of temptation, the mental satisfaction obtained from the approval of our consciences is heightened by the praise of our friends; for their judgement is as it were a second conscience, encouraging us in good and deterring us from evil. Our amusements have little zest and soon pall upon us if we engage in them in solitude, or with uncongenial companions, for whom we can feel no affection. Thus in every case our joys are rendered more intense and more permanent by being shared with friends.

It is equally true that, as Cicero points out, friendship diminishes our misery by enabling us to share the burden of it with others. When fortune has inflicted a heavy unavoidable blow upon us, our grief is alleviated by friendly condolence, and by the thought that as long as friends are left to us, life is still worth living.

But many misfortunes which threaten us are not inevitable and in escaping such misfortunes, the advice and active assistance of our friends may be invaluable. The friendless man stands alone, exposed, without protection to his enemies and to the blows of fortune; but whoever has loyal friends is thereby provided with a strong defence against the worst that fortune can do to him.

26. The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his anamy



Cicero asserts that it is a privilege to have friends in life. They increase happiness and lesson sorrows. They celebrate friend's success as their own. Moreover, the worldly: posessions hold no value if they can not be used to benefit friends. Friends also eneourage good behaviours and discourage bad ones. They highten the joy of every moment that is not possible otherwise. Furthermore, they reduce sorrows and provide relief in unfortunate times. Sometimes their advice can be valuable to avoid bad circumstances. Lastly, a man without friends is always vulnerable to difficult times, but who has faithful friends is not. Cicero on the Importance of Friends

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26. The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or his daughter, that he has reared with loving care, may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith.

The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him perhaps when he needs it most.

A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honour when success is with us, may be the first to throw stones of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.



EXPANSION OF PASSAGES

The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous is his dog.

A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be by his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world.

He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he was a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless, homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in his embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.

A man's closest triend, blood relation or even those whom he considers his everything become unfaithful the may lose his wealth and faine in no time. The people who praise him now, may betray him if he turns unsuccessful. However, his dog never betrays him. He always stay loyal to him through thick and thin. Mor He loves and protects him against all odds. Even a man dies, but not this a dog's loyality and truthfulness to his master. A Dog's Loyality Trumps AH