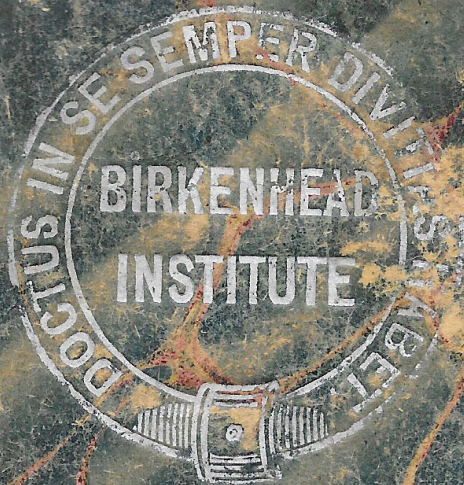


J. B. Scott
ENGLISH



B. Scott.

Form 6A.

English Essays (2).

B. Scott.

Oct. 4th 1871

Composition

!!!
Monsieur Malebranche, in his "Inquiry after Truth", says, some people often lose all count of time, and mistake the duration of a minute for months, or even years.

A passage in the Alcoran leads us to believe that Mahomet favoured this idea. Tradition tells, how the angel Gabriel took Mahomet from his bed, to show him the entire universe in a flash, for he was returned to his bed, in time to prevent a pitcher of water, which he knocked over on leaving, being spilt.

A certain Sultan ridiculed this idea, but a learned doctor, who worked miracles, consented to convince him of its truth.

The Sultan agreed, and was directed, to plunge his head into a tub of water. Immediately he was conducted to a strange land, where he settled down to earn his living, married, and brought up a large family. After some time he became very poverty-stricken. One day while walking along the sea-shore, he decide^d to pray to Mahomet, but first plung^ed into the sea to wash himself, as custom demanded before praying.

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He no sooner raised his head
above the water, when he found himself
back beside the tub, in which the doctor
had hidden dip his head; otherwise
he had not moved.

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B. Scott.

Oct. 18th 1915.

Wireless Telegraphy.

Wireless Telegraphy may be defined, as an electrical method of signalling from place, ^{to place} ~~and~~ by means of ^{the} ~~an~~ ether of space, instead of wires. It is quite a modern discovery, ^{its introduction,} dating back to 1864, when Maxwell published his paper on "of Dynamical Theory of the Electro-magnetic Field". There was a form of "wireless" telegraphy, before this time, but this consisted of various series of light flashes. The principle of the modern wireless depends on the vibration of the air. The "sender" or transmitter consists of some device, which sets the air, in

its immediate vicinity in vibration.

²⁴ These vibrations, or "waves" travel through the air with a velocity of 1100 feet per second, and are detected by another instrument at the receiving station. A simple illustration of the way in which these sound waves travel, may be seen when a stone is dropped into a still pond. The "splash" sends out waves in all directions, and if they encounter a floating object, such as a piece of wood, they cause it to vibrate in sympathy with the water at the point where the stone entered. These concentric ripples, grow larger and weaker, as they extend outwards, and as in the case of sound

waves, gradually die away.
Hence the essential apparatus for wireless signalling is a transmitter to set up vibrations in the "elastic" medium called aether, and ~~on~~ a receiving instrument to detect these disturbances at a distant station.

The number of vibrations ^{per second} made by the transmitting agent, is called the "frequency" of the wave, and the distance measured horizontally from the crest of one wave to next crest is called a "wave length". Hence the velocity of the waves through space is equal to the Frequency multiplied by the wave length. In order that a system of coherent signals, may pass between two

stations, it is necessary that the transmitter and receiver be "tuned" alike. This "tuning" is known by the technical name of Syntony, and was introduced into telegraphy by Sir Oliver Lodge. The "tuning" between a transmitting and a receiving aerial, is a state of adjustment which renders their frequency of vibration identical. Tuning, not only increases the possible distance between two stations, but also prevents any complication in the numerous waves passing through the æther.

The original form of Transmitter was introduced by Professor Hertz in 1888. It consisted of two zinc plates, each on an insulated base, and bearing a brass rod

with a brass ball at the end.

The plates are connected to a sparking coil, and become charged with electricity and a spark passes ^{and re-passes typically,} between the two brass balls, and ~~a~~ magnetic disturbances are set up in the surrounding medium. This transmitting apparatus has been greatly elaborated, but as the principle is the same, we will not give ^{here} a description which would be as tedious as it would necessarily be technical.

An aerial, ~~is~~ which is tuned to that of the ~~receiving~~ transmitting station, is erected at the receiving station, in order to "pick up" the waves. The instrument which detects the presence

of waves is called a coherer. The first form of coherer, which was used with any success, consisted of a glass tube, fitted with iron plugs at each end, and containing iron filings.

When electric waves pass through the coherer, the filings tend ^{to cling} together, and so lessen the resistance to a current passing through the coherer when electric waves are present. If the coherer be attached to a local battery and bell circuit, the current, which is too weak to overcome the normal resistance, will flow through it when the resistance is decreased by the filings clinging together. The one great disadvantage of this type of coherer is the fact, that the

Filings remain clinging together after the passage of electric waves, so that it is rendered useless for detecting further wave trains. To counteract this difficulty, the local battery, mentioned before, is utilised to work a small hammer, (similar to that of an electric bell) which taps the coherer in sympathy with the waves which are received, and so causes the filings to separate. Since the introduction of this last type several other more sensitive instruments, have come into use, ~~the~~ probably the most reliable being Marconi's magnetic detector, but it is ~~of~~ too complicated to be discussed here.

Wireless has introduced a new era, into

the world's history; by it we can send messages round the world in less than five minutes. It is wireless telegraphy that has made it possible for the Lords of the Admiralty to sit in Whitehall, and "watch" the movements of the Navy, miles away, just as a shepherd, seated on a hillside, watches his scattered flocks.

By means of wireless, we can —, but we hear the receiving bell; the coherer has begun to make that curious clicking noise, heralding a message, probably from Cape Breton Station or from some liner in mid-ocean, we must attend to it at once.

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B. Scott.

Nov. 8th, 1915.

A walking Tour.

Many people have disagreed with me concerning the title of this essay. They argue in a most offended way, that it is inappropriate, gives a false impression of the nature of the essay, and in mild terms, is a terminological inexactitude. A few apparently well-informed persons have condescendingly come to my rescue, and endeavoured to convince me that my journey could not ^{possibly} be termed a walking tour since I travelled by bicycle. My only

reply to such "helpful" critics, is that they should take a "cycle tour in the English Lake District, and then I feel certain that my title would not only appeal to them, but they would be inclined to extend it to, "A walking, and swimming tour with a bicycle" A very fair impression is given by the lines,

"If you cycle in Lakeland,
you'll find, on the whole,
It's a mixture of pushing
and losing control."

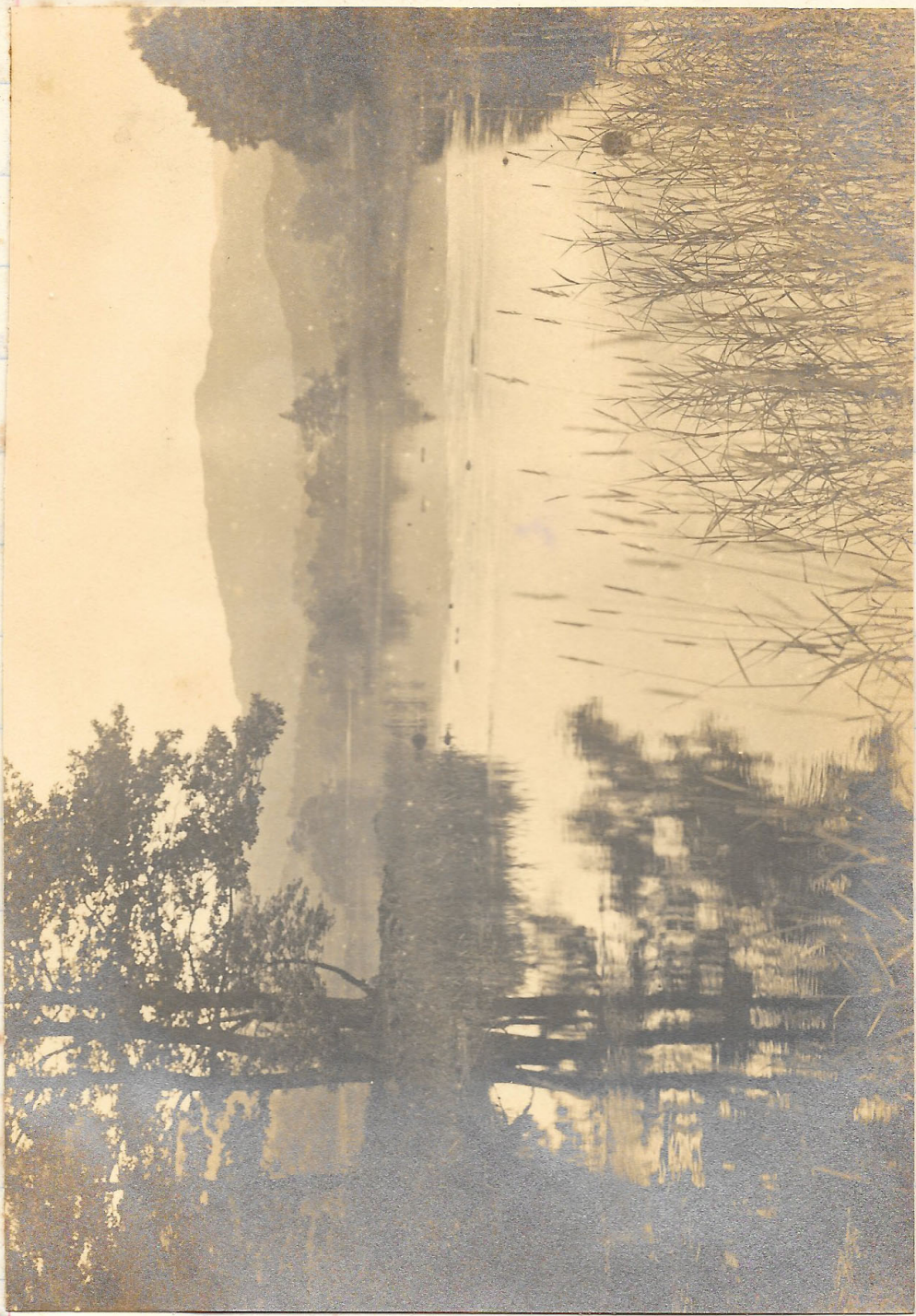
Of course as in everything else, there are "silver linings" but it is only after five annual tours that,

taught by bitter experience, I am able to avoid the "obstacle-race" tour, and follow the line of least resistance.

It is a very difficult matter to decide on a tour, which will enable one to see the most picturesque places, and yet travel by moderately good roads, and in my last tour I succeeded in this object fairly well, but only after lengthy consultations of maps and guide-books, and not forgetting the scenes of my former bitter experiences. This following essay is merely an account of ~~the~~^{my} worst experiences, so I will leave the discussion of the Ideal

tour, until I have brought my "experiments" to a greater degree of perfection. The reader will do well to follow this account on an ordnance survey map so that he may mark the scenes of sorrow for his own edification in the future.

We left Liverpool (Lime Street) by the 10-10 A.M. train, travelling to Windermere, in order to start our tour in the heart of Lakeland. We arrived at Windermere about 1 o'clock, and after satisfying the inn-keepers we set off for Ambleside. The ride along the shores of Windermere, through fragrant woods, which



Rygdeal Water.

stretched over the steep mountain slopes, surmounted with frowning crags, standing out sable against the azure sky. Oh! it seemed that life was indeed worth living — and so passed the first four miles, nearly all of that distance downhill, on a smooth macadam road. After this delightful, *preliminary* cantour, we were in high spirits. So much so, that we had passed through ~~at~~bleside, thronged with motors and Americans, and were passing along the shores of Rydal water, admiring the awe-inspiring scenery of ~~Knab~~ ^{Knab} Scart; before we

noticed the change in the weather. The sky had changed from azure to a slaty grey, the lake which had glittered like burnished copper, now looked like an immense blot of ink, the surface constantly disturbed by the ~~the~~ rising wind.

We were nearing Grasmere when the first shower overtook us, — and then it rained! The wind ^{seemed} ~~seemed~~ determined to prevent us reaching shelter, but after a hard struggle, (for although we were wet externally, our spirits took a lot of damping) we reached Grasmere. We had no sooner

installed ourselves in a suitable shelter, than the downpour ceased, the sky cleared, so we stowed our capes away, and proceeded ~~is~~ with renewed hopes. We left Grasmere behind and on rounding a ^{sharp} bend we came in sight of Dunmail Raise. I could never understand why this exceedingly "stiff" climb was called by the mild ~~name~~ ^{term} "Raise". In ~~my~~ ^{my} opinion, it is only appropriate when used in sarcasm. We rode a few yards after the hill became apparent, and then we desisted, gently but firmly, and commenced to climb

To crown all the sun came out, and scorched down upon us in that innocent air, which seems to say "what is rain". We had completed about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the 2 mile climb (measured by means of our cyclometers) when we were forced to take off our jackets; ^{thus} we had not lost all ^{the} traces of the last shower when we were bathed in perspiration. The traditional "Lion and the Lamb" gazed down on us from the summit of Helm ~~berg~~, but "Hope springs eternal in the human breast", so we thought of the free wheel which would follow this

"collar work", and were glad
the road did not ascend
Hevellyn, ^{the summit of} which now appeared.
At last we reached the summit
of the "Raise", and enjoyed a well-
earned rest. The extensive
panorama was enchanting, but
of course the sun ^{had} disappeared
now that we could appreciate
it, and a strong breeze was
blowing from Thirlmere, which
lay before us. We set off
for our anticipated free-wheel,
but the strong breeze strengthened,
and we had to peddle down-
hill. Our spirits were ebbing fast
but a happy occurrence

renewed our vigour.

We had been advised to take the road which ran along the western side of Thirlmere, instead of the ^{on the eastern side,} road which was the most frequented. We were rather dubious of this advice when we saw the entrance to this road, but we risked it and were afterwards thankful. We turned sharp to the left when we reached the bottom of the hill, and started upon the great venture. The road turned out to be all that it had been described, and we enjoyed a delightful

"spin" on one of the finest surfaces
it had been out privilege
to ^{traverse} ~~travel~~ on. The road is the
property of the Manchester Waterworks
Committee, (Thirlmere is the source of Manchester's
water supply) and is made on the
same system as a railway track,
that is, to say, it cuts through
the hills instead of going over them.
It continues for nearly four miles
before it rejoins the main road
to Keswick. We traversed about three
miles on "top gear" and were feeling
sublimely happy with all our picturesque
surroundings, when — pop! hiss — etc.
!!! Yes it was a puncture; we came
to earth, in more ways than one.



Thirlmere
Mending the Puncture.

It did not take us long to discover the cause; it was a nail about ~~one~~ inch long, well and truly embedded in the tyre of my back wheel! Words failed us. We patched the tyre, and in our eagerness to resume our journey we replaced the inner tube and attempted — I say attempted — to inflate the tyre but alas! it was of no avail. We investigated and found that the patch was not holding, so we affixed another about six times larger in order to make ~~sure~~. This time we did not replace the inner tube, and it proved very fortunate for the tyre still persisted

(12) in "going down". We were quite exasperated by this time, so we made a systematic overhauling of the tube, and discovered that the nail had been moving about, and ~~so~~ had made several smaller punctures of the under side of the tube. We repeated the experiment and obtained more successful results. We found we had spent nearly an hour in "repair operations", and as we began to feel an aching void, we "pushed" on to Keswick. "Pushed" on quite describes our mode of progression for we had to walk up three "complicated" steep hills. The tyre still required inflating,

which we had to do about every two miles. We arrived at Keswick after navigating a series of "twisty" dangerous hills. ~~The~~ My bike was first taken to a repair depot, where they found it necessary to put in a new "inner", for the malignant nail had made a most complicated series of punctures, and then we disappeared in to the "luxurious" confines of an hotel. It was about six o'clock when we sat down to a most appetising meal, which we thought we fully deserved, and to which we did full justice.

Next morning after breakfast we visited Derwentwater, Friar's bog,

and Lodore Falls, and then soon after ten o'clock we were "in the saddle" en route for Kirkstile, Laneswater (a favourite holiday place of ours)

Our first "sorrow" was the dust, which the motors churned up, and smothered us, but the day was yet young, so we love it, although we did not grin in case we got a mouthful. However we soon left the main motor road, and after leaving Braithwaite village, we commenced the stiff ascent of Whinlatter Pass. We obtained a grand view of Shiddaw and Bassenthwaite Lake from the summit, but our admiration was checked

by a sudden approach of ^{one of those} storms,
which are so frequent among the hills.
It was no less severe for all that,
and we ^{were} wet through in no time.
Sheltering on such a bleak road was
impossible, and everytime we
mentioned anything about it
abating, it rained with renewed
vigour. Our only consolation was
that there was no dust. We commenced
the descent in a wet blinding
mist, when we espied a junction of
two roads and a sign-post. On
approaching this outpost of civilisation,
we discovered that this branch road
was evidently a "short cut" to our
destination, so we hailed it with what



Whinlatter Pass and Grasmoot

little joy still remained undissolved.
The "agonies" we endured on that
short cut, which soon became a
mere mountain track, can never
be described. We swam on in
silence. Riding was impossible.

At last there was a break in the
clouds, and we saw the valley,
where lay our destination, away
beneath us. We had begun to despair
of ever descending again, for our
track seemed to be climbing higher,
when we met another "swimmer"
who gave us a weak "grin", and
told ^{us} we had not far to go. After this
meeting we regained ^{our} spirits, because
we were not the only "cheerful

idiots" who had braved the elements. Our "comrade in distress" proved to be right, and about half-an-hour later we arrived at our destination drenched but "grimly" happy. Mine host fitted us up with various articles of attire, while our own dried, and then we went out to see that curiosity called the sun, which by now was shining "mockingly" upon the valley. Our luggage which had been sent in "advance" had not arrived, so we had to keep in doors for the rest of the ~~day~~ evening, but this was no punishment, for we had been "out" quite enough.



Loweswater Lake and Holme Wood

We spent a delightful fortnight
in this picturesque district, and
then we resumed our tour, via
Ennerdale Lake, Westwater, Eskdale
Valley, the Langdales, Ambleside,
Coniston, and Barrow-in-Furness.
We made short stays at various
places, and then cycled by easy
stages to Preston where we entrained
for Liverpool. To tell ~~how~~ all the
details of this latter part; ^{of the tour} would take
too much space here. Although we had
many "sorrows", our struggles were
rewarded by the grandeur of the
scenery, and the experience we gained.
Worried by midges, hampered by breakdowns,
drenched, scorched, and choked by dust

we pressed on, but still we looking
back on our experiences with joyful
remembrances. There was one
journey, however, which still
embraces its terrors, and that
was the "pilgrimage" over Wrynose
and Hard Knot Pass, (between
Eskdale Valley and Elterwater) when it
took us five hours, to traverse
seven miles of the roughest
mountain track, scrambling ^{on} and
in places carrying our machines;—
yes we "went through it" that time.
We learned from this experience, not
to trust to rustics' directions, who have
never ridden a "bike", and to
consult "official" ordnance maps <sup>before attempting
the unknown</sup> A

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We will not go again with
cycles, and yet we would not have
missed it for worlds.

Good, but —

Spelling.

B. Scott.

Nov 29^d 1915.

Sea Power and The War.

What would Britain become without her Sea Power?

Probably some colony of a greater power, or at least, some vassal state. We owe all our freedom and independence, to our insular position, and the navy, which keeps the seas open for commerce and our imported supplies. The British Isles, may be likened to a gigantic fortress, guarded on all sides by an extensive moat, on which the "watch dogs" of the fleet, are ever on alert.

The result of our position, is that we either sally out to fight enemies, on foreign soil, or the navy settles our differences at ~~sea~~^{sea}, and keeps us free from the invader.

When one considers, for a moment, the relative size of our country, that is ^{to say} the land devoted to agriculture, and the large population, it is evident that we depend, not on our home supplies, but on the foodstuffs and merchandise brought from overseas.

It is therefore essential that we should be supreme at sea, especially in such a time as

the present crisis, when crafty enemies have realized, that our most important factor, and yet, the one which would prove most fatal to us, if weakened, or destroyed, is our navy.

The German blockade has not been a success because, our navy, has still made it possible for our supplies to be brought, and we are still far from starvation, (W) in fact we are living in comparative luxury, whereas Germany is feeling the "punch" of hunger.

The only undesirable result of our naval supremacy, is that a great number of people have not

yet realised, what this great war means. We have plenty of food, the prices are only slightly advanced, fresh supplies arrive daily; they think over these points, and come to the conclusion, that ~~is~~ war is not half so terrible as it is ~~pretended~~ ^{claimed} to be. Surely all these reports are merely to aid recruiting. This class of people convince themselves of our ultimate victory, and then take advantage of other people's economy, to live in even greater luxury, than in normal times. They utterly forget how we depend on our navy, and how

chiefly by virtue of our naval power, otherwise many would be annexed by the enemies' colonists, (in the same way as we ourselves obtained them), while others would rebel, and break away from the motherland. We depend very much on supplies from our colonies in ^{time of} war, when the enemies' ports are closed, and imports coming from the overseas are likely to be attacked; it is then as it is at present, that sea power and naval supremacy, prove invaluable.

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J. B. Scott.

Jan 17th 1916.

My favourite Poem.

To consider a poem, with any degree of favouritism, it must essentially be one in which the writer has some definite goal in view, and so gives me some object in reading it.

In other words I am not sufficiently versed in the art of poetry, to read mechanically through a maze of lines, whose meaning is probably obscure even to the author, merely for the sake of the poetical construction.

I require something whose

meaning is clear, and whose author really understands what he is endeavouring to convey to his readers. I cannot ~~pretend~~ ^{pretend} to enjoy the works of a poet just because he holds a high place in the poetical world; I may admire his superior intellect if his thoughts are too "high-flown" for my appreciation, but I would not "ramble" through his works except under educational pressure. My imagination, must have something in sympathy with that of the writer, and then I may, ~~in~~ in some smaller degree, appreciate the poem.

It is in accordance with these reasons, that I considered Scott's "Marmion" to be my favourite poem. I do not intend to criticise this poem, in the light of its poetical value, and metrical construction, but merely to briefly state ~~my reasons~~, why this poem appeals to me.

Up to the present time, I have not read the poetical works, to any great extent, and being no connoisseur, it is the plot, that is, the fictional part of the poem, which most strongly appeals to me. The tale of "Marmion" possesses an interest, which

holds the reader throughout the poem, so giving one an object in reading it. The greatest point in "Marmion", with which I am in sympathy, is the detailed description of the wild, and ruggedly picturesque mountainous country. I am a lover of the wild and lonely mountainous country, and these eloquent references, ^{found} in "Marmion" recall, in all their true vividness, the scenes of my happiest hours.

"yet cherish the remembrance still,
Of the lone mountain and the rill;
— And you will think right frequently,
But, well I hope, without a sigh,

On the free hours that we have spent
Together on the brown hill's bent."

The detailed accounts of the manners
and customs of the age of
chivalry contrast pleasantly,
with the pageant of nature, which
remains the same to-day, while
the dress of ~~the~~ the period of the
Battle of Flodden, has changed
and varied times without number.

"The livelong day Lord Marmion rode;

The mountain path the Palmer show'd,

By glen and streamlet winded still,

Where stunted birches hid the rill.

— Oft on the trampling band, from crown
Of some tall cliff the deer looked down;

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The tone of the essay is quite good. The construction needs revision here & there; but it is a decent piece of work.

31 JAN 1916

On wing of jet, from his repose
In ^{the} deep heath the black-cock rose;
- And when the stony path ~~they~~ ^{began}
By which the naked peak they wan
Up flew the snowy ptarmigan."

There are numerous
other instances in which the
wild realm of nature has
impressed me in the same way
as, ^{it has} the writer of "Marmion", whose
poetical mind and eloquent
description has reproduced my
impressions, and so given me
good reason for regarding "Marmion"
as my favourite poem.

"Why then a final note prolong,
Or lengthen out a closing song."
Scott.

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He no sooner raised his head
above the water, when he found himself
back beside the tub, in which the doctor
had bidden dip his head, otherwise
he had not moved.

