

charmed by my remarkable merits. He who inhabits the place of the fulness of health had given me an important post.

Conduct towards his parents and his fellows.

My sincerity and my goodness were in the heart of my father and mother; my affection was in them. Never have I outraged it in my mode of action towards them from the beginning of the time of my youth. Though great, yet have I acted as if I had been a little one. I have not disabled anyone worthier than myself. . . .

XI. PRODUCTS OF ARABIA

A group of inscriptions on the inner walls of an Egyptian temple gives an account of the conquest of Arabia Felix by the Regent Queen Mother of Thothmes III. It includes a description of the spoils brought home by the expedition. Naturally these same products were imported from Arabia in time of peace. *Records of the Past*, x. 14.

Imports into Egypt; *Ancient World*, 15.

The loading of the ships of transport with a great quantity of the magnificent products of Arabia, with all kinds of precious woods of the Holy Land, with heaps of incense resin, with verdant incense trees, with ebony, with pure ivory, with gold and silver from the land of Amu, with the tesep-wood, and the cassia-bark, aham-incense and mes-temkohl, and hounds, with skins of leopards of the South, apes and monkeys, with women and children. Never has a convoy been made like this one by any king since the creation of the world.

XII. THE LABORING CLASSES

From a papyrus in the British Museum, copied in the nineteenth dynasty from an original of the twelfth dynasty or earlier. The document gives an account of the various occupations, and with quaint humor pictures their hardships as contrasted with the easy life of the scribe. *Records of the Past*, viii. 147-156.

I have not seen a blacksmith on a commission, a founder who goes on an embassy. I have seen the blacksmith at his work at the mouth of his furnace, his fingers like the skin of a crocodile; he smells worse than the roe of a fish. Every carpenter carrying tools—is he more at rest than the common laborers? His fields are of wood, his tools of metal; at night when he is free, he works his hands further in making at night the lighting of his house. The stone-cutter, he searches for employment in all kinds of hard stones. When he has completed his task, his arms are fatigued; when he is at rest, his knees and his back are broken. The barber is shaving till evening; when he places himself to eat, he reclines on his elbows. He betakes himself from street to street to seek after his shaving; he wearies his hands to feed his stomach, as bees feed by their labors. The boatman, he navigates to At'hu that he may have his price. He has done beyond the power of his hands in doing, to kill geese and flamingoes; he has suffered his suffering; he approaches his orchard; he approaches his house at night, for he must go again to his labors on the morrow.

The hard lot of mechanics.

Ancient World, 14 f.

Cutting wood.

The little laborer with a field, he passes his life among rustics. He is worn down for vines and pigs, to furnish his kitchen with what his fields have. His clothes are heavy with weight; he is tied as a forced laborer; he goes into the air and he suffers though coming forth well from his fireplace. He is bastinadoed with a stick on his legs, but escapes with his life. Shut against him is the wall of every house—drawn are the chambers. I tell you also of the builder of precincts. Disease tastes him, for he is in draughts of air. . . . To go on to his end, his hands are worn with labor. Disordered are his clothes. He eats himself, the bread his fingers; he washes himself at one

The field-laborer, builder, gardener, and farmer.

time only. He lowers himself to examine all directions. His passage is from place to place, which is from ten to six cubits; his passage is from month to month upon the beams of the lotuses of the houses, while he does all its work. Should there be bread for him, he gives it his house. Exhausted are his children. The gardener brings me wreaths (?); all his yokes are heavy; his hands are chiefly on his neck. When he has done the fertilizing, he passes the morning watering vegetables, the evening vines. He has worked day by day; his stomach is wretched. Ignorant of his mother is his name—more tranquil than any employment. The farmer, his garments are for eternity. He elevates his voice like a bird. His fingers aid me, for his arms are dry in the wind. He reposes at the middle of the marshes, for he is a forced laborer. He is in good health with the beasts. Illnesses taste him; he resides among them. He arrives at his garden; he comes to his house in the evening; he must go out next morning.

The weaver,
armorer,
courier, and
other work-
men.

The weaver inside the houses is more wretched than a woman; his knees are at the place of his heart; he has not tasted the air. Should he have done little in a day of his weaving, he is dragged as a lily in a pool. He gives bread to the porter that he may be allowed to behold the light. The maker of weapons suffers extremely, going forth to foreign countries. He gives a great deal for his asses, more than the labors of his hands; he gives a great deal for their pasturing in a field. He gives on the road; he arrives at his garden; he reaches his house at night; he must be off in the morning. The courier, going to foreign countries, bequeaths his goods to his children, because of the fears of beasts and Asiatics. What happens to him when he is at Kam; he arrives at his garden; he goes to his house in the evening; he must be off on the morrow. His

heavy bond comes forth; no joys come. The dyer, his fingers smell—the smell of bad fish. His two eyes are weary with very fatigue; his hand does not stop; he watches at the rent of the old garment—abominable are the clothes. The sandal-maker is very miserable, he is always begging; his health is as the health of a bad fish; he gnaws the leather. The washerman, washing on the quay, traverses the ground approaching the crocodiles. The father of the water brings out the dirt: his hand does not stop. A quiet employment is not before you, no easier than other employment. His draughts are mixed up with his clothes: not a limb of him is clean. There is given to him the bonds of women, for he is in misfortunes. I lament to thee that he passes his time with a bat. . . . The fowler of birds suffers very much. The confines of Num are before thee, when he says, "Let the net refuse." The god will not show his forms; vain are his plans. I tell you the fisherman suffers more than any employment. Consider: is he not toiling on the river? he is mixed up with the crocodiles. Should the clumps of papyrus diminish, then he is crying out for help. If he has not been told a crocodile is there, terrors blind him.

STUDIES

1. Who was Strabo, and what did he write?. Who was Plato (ch. vi)? How did they get their information as to Egypt? Describe the overflow of the Nile and explain its cause.
2. Who was Herodotus (ch. vi)? What made the Nile so fertile?
3. Describe the building of the greatest pyramid. How was Cheops able to build so grandly? What did the people probably think of such undertakings?
4. Write in the simplest form the terms of treaty between Ramesses II and the Hittites. Who were the Hittites? What is meant by extradition?

END OF SAMPLE TEXT



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