

Bijlage VWO
2008

tijdvak 2

Engels

Tekstboekje

Land reform

Sir, you report angry Scottish landowners drawing parallels with President Mugabe's "land grab" in Zimbabwe (Scotland votes for land reform, January 30).

The 16th-century Elizabethan settlement in England and Wales ensured the exclusion of the Catholic Church for 270 years. All *nouveau riche* Tudor landowners got their land at the expense of religious orders and were petrified at the idea of having to give it back. The Northern Ireland problem has a similar foundation.

People should not benefit from owning land they are not prepared to farm themselves. This type of land reform should become a global priority.

Few of those who own the land in England and Wales farm it or have any right to it. They own the land under laws more arcane than the unwritten constitution of the UK. The constitution remains unwritten because if anyone tried to put it in writing, it would be a laughing stock.

Colin Kirk

Mortagne-au-Perche, France

Guardian Weekly

Letters

Consuming passions

- While correctly cautioning against a simplistic approach to tackling the new epidemic of obesity, John Miller (February 27) claims that becoming obese is a “voluntary act”. Such an assertion invites the question as to why there has been such a dramatic increase in “volunteers”.

Changes over the past 25 years have resulted in what may be called a toxic eating environment, characterised by ready access to food at any time, and supported by massive marketing efforts to celebrate constant consumption. The practice of offering larger sizes for an additional few cents contributes to the easy overconsumption.

Any serious strategy to combat obesity must avoid simply berating individuals for their “stupid” behaviour and must deal with these larger issues with a view to making healthy choices easy choices.

Paul Fieldhouse

Winnipeg, Canada

- In his letter attacking obese children for suing McDonald’s, John Miller neglected to mention that he has worked as a nutritional adviser to the company. Perhaps this is why he is so keen to see them absolved of any responsibility. He asserts that customers should know better, but completely ignores the role advertising plays in influencing food choices.

I was a defendant in a UK libel case brought by McDonald’s. In 1997 the London high court judge trying the case ruled that McDonald’s advertising had pretended to a positive nutritional benefit that their food did not match, and that the firm exploits children by using them to pressure their parents into going to McDonald’s.

Giving evidence during the trial, McDonald’s senior vice-president of marketing said that part of the company’s strategy was to target heavy users to increase their visits, and he agreed that the company could change people’s eating habits.

In the light of all this it is fairly easy to see the responsibility McDonald’s bears for its part in the increasing rates of obesity in the countries where it operates.

Helen Steel

London, UK

International Herald Tribune

De volgende tekst is het begin van The Final Cut, een politieke roman van Michael Dobbs.

The door of the stage manager's box opened a fraction for Harry Grime to peer into the auditorium.

'Hasn't arrived, then,' he growled.

Harry, a leading dresser at the Royal Shakespeare Company, didn't like Francis Urquhart. Fact was, he loathed the man. Harry was blunt, Yorkshire, a raging queen going to seed who divided the universe into them that were for him and them that weren't. And Urquhart, in Harry's uncomplicated and unhumble opinion, weren't.

'Be buggered if that bastard'll get back,' Harry had vouchsafed to the entire company last election night. Yet Urquhart had, and Harry was.

Three years on, Harry had changed his hair colour from vivid chestnut to a premature orange and shed his wardrobe of tight leather in preference for something that let him breathe and allowed his stomach to fall more naturally, but he had moved none of his political opinions. Now he awaited the arrival of the Prime Minister with the sensibilities of a Russian digging in before Stalingrad. Urquhart was coming, already he felt violated.

'Sod off, Harry, get out from under my feet,' the stage manager snapped from his position alongside the cobweb of wires that connected the monitors and microphones with which he was supposed to control the production. 'Go check that everyone's got the right size codpiece or something.'

Harry bristled, about to retaliate, then thought better of it. The Half had been called, all hands were now at their posts backstage and last-minute warfare over missing props and loose buttons was about to be waged. No one needed unnecessary aggravation, not tonight. He slunk away to recheck the wigs in the quick-change box at the back of the stage.

It was to be a performance of *Julius Caesar* and the auditorium of the Swan Theatre was already beginning to fill, although more slowly than usual. The Swan, a galleried and pine-clad playhouse that stands to the side of the RSC's main theatre in Stratford-upon-Avon, is constructed in semi-circular homage to the Elizabethan style and has an intimate and informal atmosphere, 432 seats max. Delightful for the performance but a nightmare for Prime Ministerial security. What if some casual theatre-goer who loved Shakespeare much yet reviled Francis Urquhart more, more even than did Harry Grime, took the opportunity to ... To what? No one could be sure. The Stratford bard's audiences were not renowned for travelling out with assorted weaponry tucked away in pocket or purse – Ibsen fans, maybe, Chekhov's too, but surely not for Shakespeare? Yet no one was willing to take responsibility, not in the presence of most of the Cabinet, a handful of lesser Ministers, assorted editors and wives and other selected powers in the realm who had been gathered together to assist with celebrations for the thirty-second wedding anniversary of Francis and Elizabeth Urquhart.

Geoffrey Booza-Pitt was the gatherer. The youngest member of Francis Urquhart's Cabinet, he was Secretary of State for Transport and a man with an

uncanny eye for opportunity. And for distractions, of all forms. And what better distraction from the shortcomings of Ministerial routine than to block-book a hundred seats in honour of the Master's anniversary and invite the most powerful men in the land to pay public homage? Two thousand pounds' worth of tickets returned a hundred-fold of personal publicity and left favours scattered throughout Westminster, including Downing Street. That's precisely what Geoffrey had told Matasuyo, car giant to the world and corporate sponsor to the RSC, who had quietly agreed to pay for the lot. It hadn't cost him a penny. Not that Geoffrey would tell.

They arrived late, their coming almost regal. If nothing else, after the eleven years they had lived in Downing Street, they knew how to make an entrance. Elizabeth, always carefully presented, appeared transported onto a higher plane in an evening dress of black velvet with a high wing collar and a necklace of pendant diamonds and emeralds that caught the theatre's lighting and reflected it back to dazzle all other women around her. The wooden floors and galleries of the playhouse complained as people craned forward to catch a glimpse and a ripple of applause broke out amongst a small contingent of American tourists which took hold, the infection making steady if reluctant progress through the auditorium to the evident embarrassment of many.

'Le roi est arrivé.'

Naturally, I'm not so wild about the concrete jungle



RICHARD TOMKINS

1 A while ago in this column I described London's Barbican, the place where I live, as a forbidding concrete housing complex with hardly a green leaf in sight. Afterwards, several fellow residents complained that this description was not only unfair but could also quite possibly knock a bit off the value of their properties.

2 So in order to reduce my litigation risk, I would now like you to know that I was strolling through the verdant pastures of the subterranean car park the other day when, to my amazement, I found myself almost eye to eye with a red, slinky and very cheeky fox.

3 5, urban foxes are hardly a new phenomenon in Britain's towns and cities, where they have discovered they can find much richer pickings in the throw-away society's prolific output of rubbish than in the unforgiving wild. Still, I never imagined they had penetrated this far. The Barbican, after all, sits right next to the heart of London's financial district. What next? Will foxes be stalking the corridors of the typical big City bank, foraging on the trading floor for worms and small invertebrates or stealing chickens from the staff canteen?

4 And foxes, I would like to add, are

not the only creatures of the wild finding comfort in the centre of London. In the Barbican, we also have an infestation – sorry, thriving colony – of seagulls. These graceful ballerinas of the skies, sometimes unfairly described as winged rats, entertain us daily with their melodic screeching and comical attacks on pensioners, postmen and newspaper delivery boys.

5 “You don't like nature?” I say to those who complain about having their eyes plucked out or babies taken by these lovable, marauding scavengers. “So, go and live in the country.”

6 For this is the paradox, is it not? Once, we all knew where we stood: the people lived in the cities and the animals lived in the wild. Yet, slowly but inexorably, we are trading places. In many countries, including the US, Britain and France, the generations-old trend towards urbanisation has been thrown into reverse as people craving the authenticity of rural life move out of the cities and into the sticks. And in a Hitchcockian act of revenge, the animals are moving in the opposite direction.

7 You see this most starkly in the US, where the two forces are clashing in the no-man's land of suburbia. As urban sprawl extends into what used to be the wilderness, and animals are attracted to human habitats by hunting bans and the abundance of leftover food, people are finding themselves living cheek by jowl with coyotes, vultures, wolves, raccoons, deer, bobcats and even mountain lions. Last year, New Jersey faced such

a rapidly growing population of black bears that it sanctioned its first bear hunt in more than 30 years.

8 Frankly, I blame computers and communications technology. Urbanisation was a product of the industrial age as mass manufacturing led to the centralisation of production in big, dirty factories. But, as the industrial economy has given way to the knowledge economy and production has given way to service, this centralising force has eased and people have begun to disperse.

9 Just as importantly, anxiety created by our passing from the certainties of the industrial age to the uncertainties of the information age has produced an equal and opposite reaction in our craving to revert to the world as we knew it. From this has come society's obsession with nostalgia, primitivism and the romanticisation of the wild and, with it, an increasing desire to escape the pressures of life by reverting to country living.

10 But here is another paradox. On the one hand, we want to go back to nature; but, on the other, we want nature, too, to be what it was: red in tooth and claw. So people are pressing not only for the protection of endangered species but also for the

reintroduction of dangerous predators that we sensibly eradicated centuries ago.

11 In Britain, giant eagles with 8ft wingspans have already been successfully released in the Scottish Hebrides and people are now enthusing over the idea of bringing them south. With claws the size of a human hand, these enormous birds of prey could soon be nesting at the mouth of the Thames and swooping down over London to seize fish, ducks and perhaps the occasional cruise boat from the river.

12 Why is it that the species people most want to restore are the ones most likely to eat us? In the conservation business, the rule seems to be the bigger and more dangerous, the better. In Scotland a wealthy businessman has proposed reintroducing the wolf 250 years after the last one was shot. You have to wonder if conservationists will ever be satisfied until woolly mammoths have taken over the shopping malls and plague-carrying black rats are once again scurrying through the streets.

13 Meanwhile, all we can do is fend for ourselves as best we can. Pass me my loincloth and spear: I am going home to the Barbican.

Financial Times

The fall of the Roman Empire:

A new history of Rome and the barbarians

By Peter Heather

Oxford University Press

BY RON SMITH

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

As we wonder today which hammer blow will -- or already has -- put the fatal cracks in American culture, Peter Heather's *The Fall of the Roman Empire* makes for sometimes frightening but generally comforting reading.

When Rome was sacked by Goths in 410, it was the first time in 800 years that
5 barbarians had managed such a feat. A despairing St. Jerome wrote, "In one city, the whole world perished." The empire had only recently adopted Christianity as its official religion, and Romans dismissive of the Jesus cult saw it as a clear cause. One wrote, "If Rome hasn't been saved by its guardian deities, it's because they are no longer there."

At its height, the Roman way of life was the norm from the Scottish border to the Fertile
10 Crescent. While the republic and then the empire were pagan, they were invincible.

Some 14 centuries after the traumatic sack, the 18th century historian Edward Gibbon could be seen as agreeing with pagan commentators. His magisterial *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* laid the blame for the fall not only on endemic moral corruption but also on the weakening effects of pacifistic and antisocial tendencies in
15 Christianity. Such claims in the fifth century moved St. Augustine to write his "The City of God" in defense of the faith. 15, his emphasis on the relative unimportance of earthly government actually seems to lend support to Gibbon, if not to Gibbon's ancient and more superstitious soulmates.

What Gibbon shared with fifth-century pagan commentators was the belief that the
20 collapse of the Roman system was caused by purely internal problems. Historian Peter Heather begs to differ. He rejects the view that the empire was particularly corrupt: Barbarians destroyed it. Most of Heather's book is concerned with tracing the complex interaction between, on the one hand, the growing power and changing nature of barbarian societies and, on the other, a spectacularly successful Roman system whose
25 massive strength was gradually sapped by external pressures.

Heather is, of course, right that "the immediate emotional reaction to any great event is rarely the best indicator of its real significance." He says that "the sack of Rome was not so much a symbolic blow to the Roman Empire as an admission of Gothic [diplomatic] failure." He refers to the sack of 410 as a cozy little sack, calling it "one of the most

30 civilized sacks ... ever witnessed." Forty-five years later, the Vandals subjected Rome to the real thing.

Heather's book is an effective, overarching narrative propelled by fascinating smaller narratives and illuminated by memorable miniature biographies. It only occasionally bogs down in evidentiary quagmires. Indeed, it's generally a pleasure to watch this
35 level-headed historian sort evidence; he's particularly impressive when reading between the lines of ancient spin doctors (most of them poets). His book is based on what he convincingly claims is a "closer reading of the sources," as well as new archeological evidence.

How new is Heather's view? Not so new, it seems to this general reader. The views of
40 the ancients and of Gibbon, for instance, always seemed simplistic. Meanwhile, the errors caused by what Heather rightly calls "the quasi-religious fervor" of 19th-century nationalistic interpretations have long been corrected. Heather doesn't so much overthrow late-20th-century historians' views as nudge them in his preferred direction. OK, sometimes he nudges them hard.

<http://www.RichmondTimes-Dispatch.com>

Famine insurance

Hedging against the horsemen

- 1 Ask an Ethiopian peasant what would most improve his life, and he will not mention weather derivatives¹⁾. Nonetheless, some brainy people at the World Food Programme (WFP), the UN body charged with saving the starving, think they could save more people by using arcane financial instruments.
- 2 A typical famine might unfold like this. First, the rains fail. Then the harvest fails. Then people start to go hungry. After a while, the television cameras arrive. Western donors, moved by pictures of swollen-bellied tots, reach into their pockets. Eventually, truckloads of food aid arrive. But they arrive too late for many.
- 3 This is slightly over-simplified, but it illustrates a real problem. If help arrives before people start starving, fewer will die. But it is only when people start to die that the money to save them starts flowing in.
- 4 Some kind of catastrophe insurance ought to help. Commercial farmers already buy insurance against bad weather. Peasants cannot afford to, but a body such as the WFP could do so on their behalf.
- 5 This could work in one of two ways. The WFP could buy an insurance policy that paid out when, say, the rainfall in Ethiopia was below a certain level. Or it could issue “catastrophe bonds”. In years of good or mediocre rainfall, the WFP would pay interest, out of its income from donors, but when drought came, bondholders would lose their principal sum.
- 6 Should disaster strike, the WFP would have ready cash. The WFP thinks its ideas would be cost-effective, though you might think investors would demand a stiff return for what looks like a high risk of losing money. Leading reinsurance firms in rich countries may be tempted because they currently have very little exposure to the weather in the southern hemisphere, and it is always wise to diversify one’s portfolio. Richard Wilcox, the man at the WFP assessing the scheme’s feasibility, says he thinks it could be up and running in two years’ time.
- 7 Sceptics may grumble that the real cause of famine is bad government, not bad weather. This is true, in the sense that well-governed countries cope much better with the effects of drought, whereas ill-governed ones are more likely to collapse into civil war, which tends to spoil the harvest. But bad government is hard to measure, and therefore hard to insure against.
- 8 Rainfall, by contrast, is easy to measure. It also varies enormously from year to year. In Ethiopia, for example, where some 90% of people rely on rain-fed agriculture, household incomes rise dramatically when the rain falls and fall dramatically when it does not.
- 9 In bad years, families sell their possessions to buy food. Worse, they sell their means of production, such as tools and livestock, so even if the rains are better the next year, they may not be able to take advantage of this. Even worse, they all tend to own the same types of goods and they all try to sell them at the same time – i.e., as soon as they can see that the rains will fail – so they receive low prices for them.
- 10 But suppose these families knew that food aid would arrive promptly when the rains fail? In that case, the WFP argues, they might not rush to sell their ploughs, so they

would be better able to take advantage of good weather the next year. Famine insurance, in other words, could offer more than a Band-Aid for the poorest.

The Economist

noot 1 weather derivatives: a type of insurance against the risk of weather-related losses

Boys and girls wear their political hearts on their sleeves

LUDOVIC HUNTER-TILNEY

POP

Last week Busted, a toothsome British boy band with a potent hold over the hearts and hormones of the nation's teenage girls, outed themselves in an interview as supporters of the Conservative party. Band member Matt Jay homed in on taxation as the reason, explaining succinctly: "Yeah, actually, you know what, I am not going to be ripped off any more. From the 26 position I am in now, I am a f***ing Tory boy too."

Young Matt's forthright endorsement is good news for the Conservatives, who are in dire need of rejuvenation – the average age of its membership is almost 60. But it's not such good news for Busted's handlers, who have to digest the consequences of their boyish charges hitching themselves to 27 so uncool that few pop careers survive contact with it. In 1979, for instance, Gary Numan's reputation as an enigmatic synth-pop pioneer evaporated after he backed Margaret Thatcher. Rick Wakeman's presence at last week's Tory party conference would have proved fatal to his 28 had the former keyboard player with prog-rock bores Yes actually possessed any.

Pop's values are overwhelmingly liberal, as shown by the bands now performing in the Vote for Change tour in the US and the jeers that greeted Bryan Ferry when he spoke in support of his fox-hunting son at a recent awards ceremony.

But there are 29 for Busted's lurch to the right. The Spice Girls claimed the conservative PM Margaret Thatcher as a "girl power" role model and backed her successor John Major. George W. Bush danced with Ricky "Living la Vida Loca" Martin at his presidential inauguration and was serenaded by MTV starlet Jessica Simpson, who crooned "George Bush, I think I'm in love with you" at him.

In 2000 an Abba-soundalike pop group called Steps were forced to deny being racist after a newspaper published an interview in which one of their members complained about asylum-seekers in the UK. Another spoke approvingly of capital punishment. Dannii Minogue, Kylie's less talented younger sister, also made some 30 remarks about immigration in an interview, which she later claimed were taken out of context.

What these acts have in common is a background in 31 pop. This is popular music at its most commodified, with performers rolling off an assembly line singing songs precisely calibrated to appeal to an audience of kids. Amid fierce competition, bands like Busted have to put the hours in to stand out from their peers and keep their fickle fans from deserting them.

Mel B., speaking after the Spice Girls were nominated for the new UK Music Hall of Fame, described their life as one of constant work and travel: "The record company and our management weren't silly. Things like the Spice Girls didn't have 32 and they milked it for everything they could."

Boy bands and girl groups are subjected to the pressures of the market in a way that liberal rock stars like R.E.M. and Bruce Springsteen aren't. So it's 33 that Busted should call for lower taxation and announce their allegiance to the Conservatives. Whether their fans will

34 when they're old enough to vote is a moot point, however – by then they'll probably all be listening to Radiohead and protesting against globalisation.

Financial Times

Whaling troubles

Sigrun Davidsdottir

1 Ask Icelanders about last week's announcement that their government plans to kill 38 minke whales for "research" purposes and they will most likely shrug their shoulders. Polls have repeatedly shown that 70%-80% of the island's 268,000 inhabitants support full commercial whaling, which could begin in 3 years' time.

2 But the decision to start limited "scientific whaling" was made hesitantly, because there is no international, and only a small domestic market for whale meat, and because there is concern over a clash between whale watching and whale catching.

3 The catch has been scaled down from the original programme that proposed to catch 200 minke whales, 200 fin whales and 100 sei whales over two years. Instead, 38 minke whales will be caught, starting this week. The commercial gain, it is acknowledged, will be next to nothing, since the catch will be run on scientific terms.

4 Stefan Asmundsson, commissioner for whaling, says: "The catch can in no way be seen as any threat to the Icelandic [whale] stock, which is estimated to comprise 43,000 minke whales. Opposition can hardly be based on environmental reasons.

5 "Without the planned catch we know for certain that our knowledge-base is not as broad as it could be. Our approach is to look at the ecosystem as a whole, in this case trying to



In demand: tourists watch a minke whale in Iceland where scientists have the go-ahead to kill 38 of the animals for research

understand the role of the minke whales," he says.

6 Konrad Eggertsson, chairman of the organisation of Icelandic minke whale hunters and an active minke whale hunter until the 1985 moratorium on small whale catching, lives in Isafjordur, a struggling fishing village of 3,200 people. He stands to benefit from the catch but says that he does not wish to see nature turned into a playground for the urban population.

7 "Commercial catching of minke whales is of vital importance for us, and should never have been banned. The stock isn't threatened. Minke whale meat is pure health food, full of good fatty acid and the best meat for barbecue," he says.

8 Yet whaling, at least in its last years of activity, was never a major industry in Iceland. From the 15th century, foreigners were whaling in Icelandic waters, even running whaling stations there. In 1916, Iceland banned whaling to protect its dwindling stocks.

9 The ban was abolished only when an Icelandic whaling company was set up in the late 1940s. Whaling was a seasonal activity and most products were exported. It amounted to roughly 2% of the export of fish products.

10 But whaling in Iceland is about

more than the right to whale, say historians. The Icelandic republic was founded in 1944 – the country had been under Danish rule – and in the Icelandic mind, the battle for independence is still going on.

11 “This battle is continued in the right to whale,” explains Gudmundur Halfdanarson, professor of history at the University of Iceland. “Icelanders don’t hesitate to fight for their cause, when they feel that their rights are infringed upon by foreigners. Icelandic politics has the tendency to be very patriotic. I think the Icelandic attitude towards whaling can only be understood in this light, since the commercial and the scientific gain can be disputed.”

12 Now, however, after decades of national agreement on the right to whale, the unanimity is broken by tourist interests. Icelanders must ask whether whale catching or whale watching serves the country’s wider interests.

13 Husavik is a thriving fishing village in north Iceland, with 2,500 inhabitants, two whale watching companies and a whale museum, run by Asbjorn Bjorgvinsson, which can attract up to 500 visitors daily. It is estimated that whale watching brings £5m a year to the economy and, during the summer, the industry employs 100 people.

14 “With no markets for whale products there is no commercial basis for whaling, so why should Icelanders jeopardise the booming business of whale watching? It is much better to ‘harvest’ whales by whale watching,” says Bjorgvinsson.

15 The Icelandic tourist board is certainly unhappy at the decision, fearing that western opinion will turn against a country that has in the past promoted ecotourism.

16 Iceland, however, has always lived off nature and is determined to continue to do so. How the two interests play out will be of national and international significance.

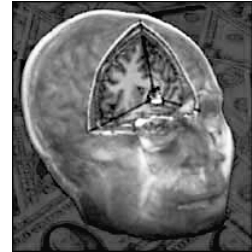
The Guardian

Tekst 9

Brain Scans Reveal The Secret of Revenge

In Dante's *Inferno*, the inner circle of hell was reserved for betrayers like Judas and Brutus. But new research indicates that punishing those who break social norms is not merely the province of poets.

Dominique J.-F. de Quervain of the University of Zurich and his colleagues set up an experiment to study how a group of male participants responded to acts of selfishness. As described in today's edition of *Science*, the researchers devised a game in which one player (A) offered money to an anonymous player (B), knowing that B would actually receive four times the specified amount. Player B then had to choose whether or not to share his windfall equally with player A. If player B was stingy, player A could penalize him.



The scientists tested different scenarios. In some instances A set a fine that B had to pay, but other times A knew his punishment would be merely symbolic and that B would lose no money. While player A was contemplating his revenge, a positron emission tomography (PET) scan determined what parts of his brain were active. The scans showed increased activity in the striatum, a region associated with the processing of rewards, but only when A knew he could hurt B financially. The implication was that real punishment feels good. To explore the significance of this emotion, the researchers sometimes charged A for his revenge. They found that the level of striatum activity positively correlated with how much money a participant was willing to pay for the opportunity to retaliate. The anticipation of pleasure apparently affected a player's eagerness to punish.

This sort of causal relationship may explain why people are willing to discipline a stranger even when there is no immediate gain in it for them. Brian Knutson of Stanford University who penned an accompanying commentary remarks that "passionate" forces may need to be included in economic models because, as this research shows, "people show systematic deviations from rationality." --*Michael Schirber*

Scientific American

Different shine

Boot polish jingle blackens Dickens' tale of woe

John Ezard

Charles Dickens penned a cheerful advertising jingle for the boot-blackening factory which had supposedly been so traumatic to him in childhood, research shows.

The novelist wrote of “the superlative splendour” of the shoe polish he had slaved to make, according to a study in today’s Guardian Review.

The author, John Drew, a teacher at the University of Buckingham, found the jingle in the True Sun, a newspaper the young Dickens worked on briefly as a parliamentary reporter in the year the verse appeared, 1832, when he was 20. Other scholars have scoured the paper unsuccessfully for Dickens juvenilia. Mr Drew found it by looking among the advertisements.

The author wrote “no words can express the secret agony of my soul” at having to work 10-hour days at Warren’s factory, London, at the age of 12. “My whole nature



was ... penetrated with the grief and humiliation.” Critics have viewed this as a classic creative trauma behind the sombre parts of his novels.

Mr Drew traced the jingle after noticing a brief diary reference by a contact of Dickens, the journalist John Payne Collier.

Part of the first verse reads:

*I mused on my boots in
their bright beauty dawning,
By Warren’s Jet Blacking -
the pride of mankind*

It ends

*I ne’er shall forget
the superlative splendour
Of Warren’s Jet Blacking -
the pride of mankind.*

The Guardian