

1: Seldwyla Folks: Three Singular Tales by Gottfried Keller

Singular Listlessness has 3 ratings and 1 review. Mel said: This book is a very interesting read, particularly looking at the development, or lack thereof.

Most adverse events are mild in severity and transient in nature. Vomiting, abdominal disturbance, tooth ache, fecal incontinence , gastrointestinal bleeding, bloating, epigastric pain Uncommon 0. Dizziness, insomnia, somnolence, tremor, paresthesia, ataxia, nervousness, aphasia Uncommon 0. Seizure, bad taste, cerebrovascular accident , intracranial hemorrhage , transient ischemic attack , neuralgia , muscle spasm, dysphoria, gait abnormality, hypertonia, hypokinesia, neurodermatitis , numbness localized , dysarthria, dysphasia, nystagmus, pacing Rare less than 0. Extrapyramidal symptoms Very rare less than 0. Hypertension, hemorrhage, syncope , vasodilation, atrial fibrillation , hot flashes, hypotension Uncommon 0. Bradycardia , angina pectoris , postural hypotension, myocardial infarction, AV block first degree , congestive heart failure , arteritis, peripheral vascular disease , supraventricular tachycardia , deep vein thrombosis. Rare less than 0. Eczema rash, pruritus , ecchymosis, diaphoresis, urticaria Uncommon 0. Urinary incontinence , nocturia Uncommon 0. Anorexia, decreased weight, dehydration Uncommon 0. Muscle cramps, arthritis, bone fracture Uncommon 0. Cataract, eye irritation, vision blurred Uncommon 0. Fatigue, pain, accidental overdose, vertigo , abnormal crying Uncommon 0. Hallucinations, agitation, aggressive behavior , abnormal dreams, nightmares , delusions, irritability, aggression, increased libido, restlessness Uncommon 0. Common cold , influenza , chest pain, dyspnea , sore throat, bronchitis Uncommon 0. Epistaxis, post nasal drip, pneumonia , hyperventilation, pulmonary congestion, wheezing, hypoxia, pharyngitis , pleurisy, pulmonary collapse, sleep apnea , snoring[Ref] Endocrine Uncommon 0. Diabetes mellitus , goiter [Ref] Hematologic Uncommon 0. Anemia, thrombocythemia , thrombocytopenia , eosinophilia , erythrocytopenia[Ref] Hepatic Rare less than 0. Liver dysfunction including hepatitis [Ref] References 1. Kawashima T, Yamada S "Delirium caused by donepezil: Babic T, Zurak N "Convulsions induced by donepezil. Purpuric rash with donepezil treatment. Some side effects may not be reported. You may report them to the FDA.

2: Singular Listlessness by Timothy Hugh Barrett

The singular form of listlessness is also listlessness. Find more words! Another word for Opposite of Meaning of Rhymes with Sentences with Find word forms Translate from English Translate to English Words With Friends Scrabble Crossword / Codeword Words starting with Words ending with Words containing exactly Words containing letters Pronounce.

This article uses material from the Wikipedia article List of slaves , that was deleted or is being discussed for deletion, which is released under the Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 3. You can help by expanding it with reliably sourced entries. Slavery is a social-economic system under which certain persons known as slaves are deprived of personal freedom and compelled to perform labour or services. The following is a list of known slaves in alphabetical order of first name: Contents [show] A Abby Guy sued her master William Daniel for her freedom in Arkansas, alleging that her mother had been a kidnapped and enslaved white woman. See The Slave in European Art for portraits. Absalom Jones , 1774–1845, February 13, 1774, former slave who purchased his freedom, abolitionist and clergyman - first ordained black priest of the Episcopal Church. Aelfsige, a male cook in Anglo-Saxon England, property of Wynflaed, who left him to her granddaughter Eadgifu. Aelius Dionysius included by name on a stela for him, his wife, their freedman and those who came after them. Agathoclia , a martyr. Andrea Aguyar , a freed Black slave from Uruguay who joined Garibaldi during Italian revolutionary involvement in the Uruguayan Civil War of the 1820s, followed him to Italy, and was killed fighting in defence of the Roman Republic of Ann Calhoun, a white girl and cousin to John C. Calhoun , was enslaved from the age of 4 until she was 7 by the Cherokee. Cooper , author, educator, speaker and prominent African-American scholar Antarah ibn Shaddad , pre-Islamic Arab born to a slave mother, freed by his father on the eve of battle, also a poet. Antisthenes, an Athenian slave and banker. Antonio and Mundy, the presumed names of 16th Century African slaves brought by Portuguese owners to Macau , who managed to escape into China. The first time when an English person learned Chinese was from one of them. B Sarah Basset d. Balthild , a 7th century Anglo-Saxon woman of elite birth, was sold into slavery on the Continent as a young girl and served in the household of Erchinoald , mayor of the palace of Neustria. Later she married King Clovis II. Forced into a convent when her son came of age, Balthild was canonised by Pope Nicholas I about years after her death. Bilal ibn Ribah , 6th century, was freed. Billy, a seven-year-old black boy captured by Creek raiders in 1806; he passed through several hands before being sold at auction in Havana. After escaping from slavery to Canada , he founded an abolitionist newspaper, The Voice of the Fugitive. He returned to the US and lectured against slavery. Blaesus and Blaesia, whose late Republican Rome tomb inscription name them as the freedman of Caius, and the freedwoman of Aulus. Washington â€” , born into slavery, became an American educator, author and leader of the African-American community after the Civil War. Brigitta Scherzenfeldt â€” , Swedish memoirist and weaving teacher, was captured during the Great Northern War and lived as a slave in the kingdom of the Kalmyk in Central Asia. C Caenis , a former slave and secretary of Antonia Minor mother of the emperor Claudius , was the mistress of the Roman emperor Vespasian. Pope Callixtus I died , a former slave, became pope from about 217 to about 222, during the reigns of the Roman Emperors Heliogabalus and Alexander Severus. He was martyred for his Christian faith and is a canonized saint of the Roman Catholic Church. Charles Taylor, a slave freed by General Benjamin F. United States case in Claudia Prepontis, a freedwoman, erected a funerary altar to her freedman husband T. Claudius Dionysius; their clasped hands, depicted on it, show the legitimacy of their marriage, possible only once they obtained their freedom. He may have been a freedman of Titus Flavius Clemens. Cooper, a black slave about 20, fled to the Creek. He was captured for sale to the whites and killed after he wounded a warrior. Well-educated, working as a cook but not allowed to marry his French mistress and go free, which had led him to murder his lover and kill himself. The affair shocked public opinion and was one of the factors contributing to the abolition of Slavery in Romania see [2]. He joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in its early days, was among the first blacks to receive its priesthood and the first black to rise to the ranks of an elder and seventy. Elsey Thompson, a white captive enslaved by a Creek.

3: Listless - Definition for English-Language Learners from Merriam-Webster's Learner's Dictionary

Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.

Thoreau writes to Cyrus Stow: *The Correspondence*, Princeton, 1: Special Collections, Concord Mass. Free Public Library 23 January Thoreau writes in his journal: A day is lapsing. I hear cockerels crowing in the yard, and see them stalking among the chips in the sun. I hear busy feet on the floors, and the whole house jars with industry. Mankind is as busy as the flowers in summer, which make haste to unfold themselves in the forenoon, and close their petals in the afternoon. I almost shrink from the arduousness of meeting men erectly day by day. To-day I feel the migratory instinct strong in me, and all my members and humors anticipate the breaking up of winter. The punishment of sin is not positive, as is the reward of virtue. Resistance is a very wholesome and delicious morsel at times. When Venus advanced against the Greeks with resistless valor, it was by far the most natural attitude into which the poet could throw his hero to make him resist heroically. To a devil one might yield gracefully, but a god would be a worthy foe, and would pardon the affront. In trivial circumstances I find myself sufficient to myself, and in the most momentous I have no ally but myself, and must silently put by their harm by my own strength, as I did the former. As my own hand bent aside the willow in my path, so must my single arm put to flight the devil and his angels. God is not our ally when we shrink, and neuter when we are bold. If by trusting in God you lose any particle of your vigor, trust in Him no longer. When you trust, do not lay aside your armor, but put it on and buckle it tighter. Far over the fields, between the tops of yonder wood, I see a slight cloud not larger than the vapor from a kettle, drifting by its own inward purpose in a direction contrary to the planet. As it flits across the dells and defiles of the tree-tops, now seen, then lost beyond a pine, I am curious to know wherein its will resides, for to my eye it has no heart, nor lungs, nor brain, nor any interior and private chamber which it may inhabit. It was wholly of the village, and not at all of the wood. I tread in the tracks of the fox which has gone before me by some hours, or which perhaps I have started, with such a tiptoe of expectation as if I were on the trail of the Spirit itself which resides in these woods, and expected soon to catch it in its lair. Here is the distinct trail of a fox stretching [a] quarter of a mile across the pond. Fair Haven Pond is scored with the trails of foxes, and you may see where they have gambolled and gone through a hundred evolutions, which testify to a singular listlessness and leisure in nature. Suddenly, looking down the river, I saw a fox some sixty rods off, making across to the hills on my left. As the snow lay five inches deep, he made but slow progress, but it was no impediment to me. So, yielding to the instinct of the chase, I tossed my head aloft and bounded away, snuffing the air like a fox-hound, and spurning the world and the Humane Society at each bound. Olympian and Elean youths were waving palms on the hills. In the meanwhile I gained rapidly on the fox; but he showed a remarkable presence of mind, for, instead of keeping up the face of the hill, which was steep and unwooded in that part, he kept along the slope in the direction of the forest, though he lost ground by it. Notwithstanding his fright, he took no step which was not beautiful. The course on his part was a series of most graceful curves. It was a sort of leopard canter, I should say, as if he were nowise impeded by the snow, but were husbanding his strength all the while. He ran as though there were not a bone in his back, occasionally dropping his muzzle to the snow for a rod or two, and then tossing his head aloft when satisfied of his course. When he came to a declivity he put his fore feet together and slid down it like a cat. He trod so softly that you could not have heard it from any nearness, and yet with such expression that it would not have been quite inaudible at any distance. So, hoping this experience would prove a useful lesson to him, I returned to the village by the highway of the river. At each step man measures himself against the system. If he cannot actually belay the sun and make it fast to this planet, yet the British man alone spins a yarn in one year which will reach fifty-one times the distance from the earth to the sun. So, having his cable ready twisted and coiled, the fixed stars are virtually within his grasp. He carries his lasso coiled at his saddle bow, but is never forced to cast it. It steads us to be as true to children and boors as to God himself. It is the only attitude which will suit all occasions; it only will make the earth

yield her increase, and by it do we effectually expostulate with the wind. Ralph Waldo Emerson writes in his journal on 4 February: When I heard them in Boston, I had some dreams about music: Last night I enjoyed the audience. When you are once comfortably seated at a public meeting, there is something unmanly in the sitting on tiptoe and qui vive attitude,â€”the involuntarily rising into your throat, as if gravity had ceased to operate,â€”when a lady approaches, with quite godlike presumption, to elicit the miracle of a seat where none is. Music will make the most nervous chord vibrate healthily. These Rainers, if they are not brothers and sisters, must be uncles and cousins at least. These Swiss who have come to sing to us, we have no doubt are the flower of the Tyrol. One may discover a new side to his most intimate friend when for the first time he hears him speak in public. He will be stranger to him as he is more familiar to the audience. The longest intimacy could not foretell how he would behave then. Without greatcoat or drawers I have advanced thus far into the snow-banks of the winter, without thought and with impunity. When I meet my neighbors in muffs and furs and tippets, they look as if they had retreated into the interior fastnesses from some foe invisible to me. They remind me that this is the season of winter, in which it becomes a man to be cold. To be of most service to my brother I must meet him on the most equal and even ground, the platform on which our lives are passing. But how often does politeness permit this? Better be defamed than overpraised. Thou canst then justly praise thyself. What notoriety art thou that can be defamed? Who can be praised for what they are not deserve rather to be damned for what they are. It is hard to wear a dress that is too long and loose without stumbling. He and I, and all the world, went outdoors to breathe the free air and stretch ourselves. For the world is but outdoors,â€”and we duck behind a panel. True help, for the most part, implies a greatness in him who is to be helped as well as in the helper. It takes a god to be helped even. A great person, though unconsciously, will constantly give you great opportunities to serve him, but a mean one will quite preclude all active benevolence. It needs but simply and greatly to want it for once, that all true men may contend who shall be foremost to render aid. It must ask divinely. But men so cobble and botch their request, that you must stoop as low as they to give them aid. Their meanness would drag down your deed to be a compromise with conscience, and not leave it to be done on the high table-land of the benevolent soul. They would have you doff your bright and knightly armor and drudge for them, â€”serve them and not God. But if I am to serve them I must not serve the devil. Those great men who are unknown to their own generation are already famous in the society of the great who have gone before them. We may still keep pace with those who have gone out of nature, for we run on as smooth ground as they. The early and the latter saints are separated by no eternal interval. The child may soon stand face to face with the best father. I am confined to the house by bronchitis, and so seek to content myself with that quiet and serene life there is in a warm corner by the fireside, and see the sky through the chimney top. The jingling team which is creaking past reminds me of that verse in the Bible which speaks of God being heard in the bells of the horses. There is elevation in every hour. No part of the earth is so low and withdrawn that the heavens cannot be seen from it, but every part supports the sky. We have only to stand on the eminence of the hour, and look out thence into the empyrean, allowing no pinnacle above us, to command an uninterrupted horizon. Our work should be fitted to and lead on the time, as bud, flower, and fruit lead the circle of the seasons. I do not judge men by anything they can do. Their greatest deed is the impression they make on me. Some serene, inactive men can do everything. Talent only indicates a depth of character in some direction. We do not acquire the ability to do new deeds, but a new capacity for all deeds. A truly good book attracts very little favor to itself. It is so true that it teaches me better than to read it. I must soon lay it down and commence living on its hint. I do not see how any can be written more, but this is the last effusion of genius. When I read an indifferent book, it seems the best thing I can do, but the inspiring volume hardly leaves me leisure to finish its latter pages. It is slipping out of my fingers while I read. It creates no atmosphere in which it may be perused, but one in which its teachings may be practiced. It confers on me such wealth that I lay it down with the least regret. What I began by reading I must finish by acting.

What is the noun for listlessness? What's the noun for listlessness? Here's the word you're looking for. Singular. Past Tense. Present Tense. Word Unscrambler.

Books of natural history make the most cheerful winter reading. I read in Audubon with a thrill of delight, when the snow covers the ground, of the magnolia, and the Florida keys, and their warm sea breezes; of the fence-rail, and the cotton-tree, and the migrations of the rice-bird; of the breaking up of winter in Labrador, and the melting of the snow on the forks of the Missouri; and owe an accession of health to these reminiscences of luxuriant nature. Within the circuit of this plodding life There enter moments of an azure hue, Untarnished fair as is the violet Or anemone, when the spring strews them By some meandering rivulet, which make The best philosophy untrue that aims But to console man for his grievances. I am singularly refreshed in winter when I hear of service berries, poke-weed, juniper. Is not heaven made up of these cheap summer glories? There is a singular health in those words Labrador and East Main, which no desponding creed recognises. How much more than federal are these states. If there were no other vicissitudes than the seasons, our interest would never tire. Much more is adoining than Congress wots of. What journal do the persimmon and the buckeye keep, and the sharp-shinned hawk? The merely political aspect of the land is never very cheering; men are degraded when considered as the members of a political organization. On this side all lands present only the symptoms of decay. But paltry are they all beside one blast of the east or the south wind which blows over them. In society you will not find health, but in nature. Unless our feet at least stood in the midst of nature, all our faces would be pale and livid. Society is always diseased, and the best is the most so. There is no scent in it so wholesome as that of the pines, nor any fragrance so penetrating and restorative as the life-everlasting in high pastures. I would keep some book of natural history always by me as a sort of elixir, the reading of which should restore the tone of the system. To the sick, indeed, nature is sick, but to the well, a fountain of health. To him who contemplates a trait of natural beauty no harm nor disappointment can come. The doctrines of despair, of spiritual or political tyranny or servitude, were never taught by such as shared the serenity of nature. Surely good courage will not flag here on the Atlantic border, as long as we are flanked by the Fur Countries. There is enough in that sound to cheer one under any circumstances. The spruce, the hemlock, and the pine will not countenance despair. Methinks some creeds in vestries and churches do forget the hunter wrapped in furs by the Great Slave Lake, and that the Esquimaux sledges are drawn by dogs, and in the twilight of the northern night, the hunter does not give over to follow the seal and walrus on the ice. Cannot these sedentary sects do better than prepare the shrouds and write the epitaphs of those other busy living men? In it the woods must be relieved against the sky. Men tire me when I am not constantly greeted and refreshed as by the flux of sparkling streams. Surely joy is the condition of life. Think of the young fry that leap in ponds, the myriads of insects ushered into being on a summer evening, the incessant note of the hyla with which the woods ring in the spring, the nonchalance of the butterfly carrying accident and change painted in a thousand hues upon its wings, or the brook minnow stoutly stemming the current, the lustre of whose scales worn bright by the attrition is reflected upon the bank. It is the three-inch swing of a pendulum in a cupboard, which the great pulse of nature vibrates by and through each instant. When we lift our eyelids and open our ears, it disappears with smoke and rattle like the cars on a railroad. When I detect a beauty in any of the recesses of nature, I am reminded, by the serene and retired spirit in which it requires to be contemplated, of the inexpressible privacy of a life,--how silent and unambitious it is. The beauty there is in mosses must be considered from the holiest, quietest nook. What an admirable training is science for the more active warfare of life. Indeed, the unchallenged bravery, which these studies imply, is far more impressive than the trumpeted valor of the warrior. I am pleased to learn that Thales was up and stirring by night not unfrequently, as his astronomical discoveries prove. Linnaeus, setting out for Lapland, surveys his "comb" and "spare shirt," "leathern breeches" and "gauze cap to keep off gnats," with as much complacency as Bonaparte a park of artillery for the Russian campaign. The quiet bravery of the man is admirable. His eye is to take in fish, flower, and bird, quadruped and biped. Science is always brave, for to

know, is to know good; doubt and danger quail before her eye. What the coward overlooks in his hurry, she calmly scrutinizes, breaking ground like a pioneer for the array of arts that follow in her train. But cowardice is unscientific; for there cannot be a science of ignorance. There may be a science of bravery, for that advances; but a retreat is rarely well conducted; if it is, then it is an orderly advance in the face of circumstances. But to draw a little nearer to our promised topics. Entomology extends the limits of being in a new direction, so that I walk in nature with a sense of greater space and freedom. It suggests besides, that the universe is not rough-hewn, but perfect in its details. Nature will bear the closest inspection; she invites us to lay our eye level with the smallest leaf, and take an insect view of its plain. She has no interstices; every part is full of life. I explore, too, with pleasure, the sources of the myriad sounds which crowd the summer noon, and which seem the very grain and stuff of which eternity is made. Who does not remember the shrill roll-call of the harvest fly? For thine are they all, Whatever thou seest in the fields, And whatever the woods bear. Thou art the friend of the husbandmen, In no respect injuring any one; And thou art honored among men, Sweet prophet of summer. And Phoebus himself loves thee, And has given thee a shrill song; Age does not wrack thee, Thou skillful, earthborn, song-loving, Un suffering, bloodless one; Almost thou art like the gods. Nor can all the vanities that vex the world alter one whit the measure that night has chosen. Alternate with these if you can. About two hundred and eighty birds either reside permanently in the State, or spend the summer only, or make us a passing visit. Those which spend the winter with us have obtained our warmest sympathy. The nuthatch and chickadee flitting in company through the dells of the wood, the one harshly scolding at the intruder, the other with a faint lisp ing note enticing him on, the jay screaming in the orchard, the crow cawing in unison with the storm, the partridge, like a russet link extended over from autumn to spring, preserving unbroken the chain of summers, the hawk with warrior-like firmness abiding the blasts of winter, the robin. A white robin and a white quail have occasionally been seen. It is mentioned in Audubon as remarkable that the nest of a robin should be found on the ground; but this bird seems to be less particular than most in the choice of a building spot. The Graces send forth roses; Behold, how the wave of the sea Is made smooth by the calm; Behold, how the duck dives; Behold, how the crane travels; And Titan shines constantly bright. The shadows of the clouds are moving; The works of man shine; The earth puts forth fruits; The fruit of the olive puts forth. The cup of Bacchus is crowned, Along the leaves, along the branches, The fruit, bending them down, flourishes. The first flock of geese is seen beating to north, in long harrows and waving lines, the jingle of the song-sparrow salutes us from the shrubs and fences, the plaintive note of the lark comes clear and sweet from the meadow, and the bluebird, like an azure ray, glances past us in our walk. The fish-hawk, too, is occasionally seen at this season sailing majestically over the water, and he who has once observed it will not soon forget the majesty of its flight. It sails the air like a ship of the line, worthy to struggle with the elements, falling back from time to time like a ship on its beam ends, and holding its talons up as if ready for the arrows, in the attitude of the national bird. It is a great presence, as of the master of river and forest. Its eye would not quail before the owner of the soil, but make him feel like an intruder on its domains. And then its retreat, sailing so steadily away, is a kind of advance. I have by me one of a pair of ospreys, which have for some years fished in this vicinity, shot by a neighboring pond, measuring more than two feet in length, and six in the stretch of its wings. Nuttall mentions that "The ancients, particularly Aristotle, pretended that the ospreys taught their young to gaze at the sun, and those who were unable to do so were destroyed. Linnaeus even believed, on ancient authority, that one of the feet of this bird had all the toes divided, while the other was partly webbed, so that it could swim with one foot, and grasp a fish with the other. Its shrill scream seems yet to linger in its throat, and the roar of the sea in its wings. There is the tyranny of Jove in its claws, and his wrath in the erectile feathers of the head and neck. It reminds me of the Argonautic expedition, and would inspire the dullest to take flight over Parnassus. The booming of the bittern, described by Goldsmith and Nuttall, is frequently heard in our fens, in the morning and evening, sounding like a pump, or the chopping of wood in a frosty morning in some distant farm-yard. The manner in which this sound is produced I have not seen anywhere described. On one occasion, the bird has been seen by one of my neighbors to thrust its bill into the water, and suck up as much as it could hold, then raising its head, it pumped it out again with four or five heaves of the neck, throwing it two or three feet, and making the sound each time. In May and June the

woodland quire is in full tune, and given the immense spaces of hollow air, and this curious human ear, one does not see how the void could be better filled. Each summer sound Is a summer round. As the season advances, and those birds which make us but a passing visit depart, the woods become silent again, and but few feathers ruffle the drowsy air. But the solitary rambler may still find a response and expression for every mood in the depths of the wood. The boys call it "yorrick," from the sound of its querulous and chiding note, as it flits near the traveller through the underwood. The phoebe still sings in harmony with the sultry weather by the brink of the pond, nor are the desultory hours of noon in the midst of the village without their minstrel. Upon the lofty elm tree sprays The vireo rings the changes sweet, During the trivial summer days, Striving to lift our thoughts above the street. With the autumn begins in some measure a new spring. Among the earliest indications of the advancing year the clear whistle of the oriole is occasionally heard among the elms late in the summer--as if he sung out of a perennial near lying spring, harmonizing with the aftermath spring under our feet. This bird resumes its strain as if it were still the love season, and he had paused but a moment to secure his prey. The faint flitting note of the goldfinch which indicates the turning point of the year is heard in the gardens a month earlier than this, as if this little pensioner, the harbinger of the Fall, were prompting nature to make haste. It is associated with the rustling of the leaves--shuddering at the first cool blast--and the swift lapse of time. The birds are the true heralds of the seasons, and they no doubt appreciate a thousand delicate changes in the atmosphere which is their peculiar element--of which men are unconscious. The plover is heard whistling high in the air over the dry pastures, the finches flit from tree to tree, the bobolinks and flickers fly in flocks, and the goldfinch rides on the earliest blast, like a winged hyla peeping amid the rustle of the leaves. The crows, too, begin now to congregate; you may stand and count them as they fly low and straggling over the landscape, singly or by twos and threes, at intervals of half a mile, until a hundred have passed. I have seen it suggested somewhere that the crow was brought to this country by the white man; but I shall as soon believe that the white man planted these pines and hemlocks. He is no spaniel to follow our steps; but rather flits about the clearings like the dusky spirit of the Indian, reminding me oftener of Philip and Powhatan, than of Winthrop and Smith. He is a relic of the dark ages. By just so slight, by just so lasting a tenure does superstition hold the world ever; there is the rook in England, and the crow in New England. Why shouldst thou haunt the day?

5: Sinology - Wikipedia

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Terminology[edit] The terms "sinology" and "sinologist" were coined around , [2] and use "sino-", derived from Late Latin Sinae from the Greek Sinae, from the Arabic Sin which in turn may derive from Qin, as in the Qin Dynasty. Eastern sinology[edit] In East Asia , the studies of China-related subjects began early. In modern China, the studies of China-related subjects is known as "National Studies" simplified Chinese: Western sinology[edit] Beginnings to 17th century[edit] The earliest Westerners to study the Chinese language were 16th-century Portuguese, Spanish, and Italian missionaries—“all from either the Dominican Order or the Society of Jesus Jesuits —“seeking to spread Roman Catholicism among the Chinese people. An early Spanish Dominican mission in Manila operated a printing press, and between and produced four works on Catholic doctrine for the Chinese immigrant community, three in Classical Chinese and one in a mixture of Classical Chinese and vernacular Hokkien. Unlike most of his predecessors and contemporaries, Ricci did not view the Chinese as "idolatrous pagans", but viewed them as "like-minded literati approachable on the level of learning. Though often unscientific and incomplete, their works inspired the development of Chinoiserie and a series of debates comparing Chinese and Western cultures. At that time, sinologists often described China as an enlightened kingdom, comparing it to Europe, which had just emerged from the Dark Ages. In , he appointed a young Chinese, Arcadio Huang to catalog the royal collection of Chinese texts. Ripa had worked as a painter and copper-engraver at the imperial court of the Kangxi Emperor between and Ripa returned to Naples from China with four young Chinese Christians, all teachers of their native language and formed the Institute sanctioned by Pope Clement XII to teach Chinese to missionaries and thus advance the propagation of Christianity in China. Chinese texts, perhaps because they did not have these connections, were the last to be studied in European universities until around except in France. In , a Professorship of Far Eastern Languages, the first of its kind in the German-speaking world, was created at the University of Leipzig with von der Gabelentz taking the position. Scholars like Legge often relied on the work of ethnic Chinese scholars such as Wang Tao. He was notable for his translations not only of classical texts but also works of vernacular literature, and for his knowledge of Manchu. Chavannes pursued broad interests in history as well as language. While some in Europe learned to speak Chinese, most studied written classical Chinese. This emphasis on translating classical texts inhibited the use of social science methodology or comparing these texts of other traditions. Twentieth century and after[edit] The Paris-based type of sinology dominated learning about China until the Second World War even outside France. Maspero expanded the scope of sinology from Confucianism to include Daoism, Buddhism, and popular religion, as well as art, mythology, and the history of science. The contribution of Granet was to apply the concepts of Emile Durkheim , a pioneer sociologist, to the society of ancient China, especially the family and ritual. For example, the contribution of the Russian sinologist Julian Shchutsky was especially valuable. The best full translation of the I Ching Book of Changes was made by him in Later his translation was translated in English and other European languages. The rise of Area studies , the role of China watchers , and the growth of university graduate programs has changed the role of sinology. Scholars such as John King Fairbank promoted the "study of China within a discipline," an approach which downplayed the role of philological Sinology and focused on issues in history and the social sciences. Sinology is dead; long live Chinese studies! He doubted that Sinology was a tool which social scientists would still find useful, [14] while another historian, Benjamin I. Schwartz , on the other hand, replied that the disciplines were too often treated as ends in themselves. Mote , a specialist in traditional China, replying to Skinner, spoke up for Sinology, which he saw as a field or discipline in itself. At one extreme it is used to characterize a rather ridiculous caricature compounded of pedantry and preoccupation with peripheral and precious subjects of little general significance At the other extreme, the definition used by Prof. Mote is so broad and all-inclusive as to mean little more than the humanistic studies in the Chinese field. Mutual distrust between the United States and China and the prohibition of travel between the countries meant

they did not have access to press briefings or interviews. They therefore adopted techniques from Kremlinology , such as the close parsing of official announcements for hidden meanings, movements of officials reported in newspapers, and analysis of photographs of public appearances. But in the years since the opening of China, China watchers can live in China and take advantage of normal sources of information. Towards the end of the century, many of those studying China professionally called for an end to the split between Sinology and the disciplines.

6: Faineance Synonyms, Faineance Antonyms | www.enganchecubano.com

30 synonyms of listlessness from the Merriam-Webster Thesaurus, plus 52 related words, definitions, and antonyms. Find another word for listlessness. physical or mental inertness Synonyms: hebetude, languor, lassitude.

Natural History of Massachusetts Ch 2: Natural History of Massachusetts [Note: I read in Audubon with a thrill of delight, when the snow covers the ground, of the magnolia, and the Florida keys, and their warm sea-breezes; of the fence-rail, and the cotton-tree, and the migrations of the rice-bird; of the breaking up of winter in Labrador, and the melting of the snow on the forks of the Missouri; and owe an accession of health to these reminiscences of luxuriant nature. Within the circuit of this plodding life, There enter moments of an azure hue, Untarnished fair as is the violet Or anemone, when the spring strews them By some meandering rivulet, which make The best philosophy untrue that aims But to console man for his grievances. I am singularly refreshed in winter when I hear of service-berries, poke-weed, juniper. Is not heaven made up of these cheap summer glories? There is a singular health in those words, Labrador and East Main, which no desponding creed recognizes. How much more than Federal are these States. If there were no other vicissitudes than the seasons, our interest would never tire. Much more is adoin than Congress wots of. What journal do the persimmon and the buckeye keep, and the sharp-shinned hawk? The merely political aspect of the land is never very cheering; men are degraded when considered as the members of a political organization. On this side all lands present only the symptoms of decay. But paltry are they all beside one blast of the east or the south wind which blows over them. In society you will not find health, but in nature. Unless our feet at least stood in the midst of nature, all our faces would be pale and livid. Society is always diseased, and the best is the most so. There is no scent in it so wholesome as that of the pines, nor any fragrance so penetrating and restorative as the life-everlasting in high pastures. I would keep some book of natural history always by me as a sort of elixir, the reading of which should restore the tone of the system. To the sick, indeed, nature is sick, but to the well, a fountain of health. To him who contemplates a trait of natural beauty no harm nor disappointment can come. The doctrines of despair, of spiritual or political tyranny or servitude, were never taught by such as shared the serenity of nature. Surely good courage will not flag here on the Atlantic border, as long as we are flanked by the Fur Countries. There is enough in that sound to cheer one under any circumstances. The spruce, the hemlock, and the pine will not countenance despair. Methinks some creeds in vestries and churches do forget the hunter wrapped in furs by the Great Slave Lake, and that the Esquimaux sledges are drawn by dogs, and in the twilight of the northern night, the hunter does not give over to follow the seal and walrus on the ice. Cannot these sedentary sects do better than prepare the shrouds and write the epitaphs of those other busy living men? In it the woods must be relieved against the sky. Men tire me when I am not constantly greeted and refreshed as by the flux of sparkling streams. Surely joy is the condition of life. Think of the young fry that leap in ponds, the myriads of insects ushered into being on a summer evening, the incessant note of the hyla with which the woods ring in the spring, the nonchalance of the butterfly carrying accident and change painted in a thousand hues upon its wings, or the brook minnow stoutly stemming the current, the lustre of whose scales worn bright by the attrition is reflected upon the bank. It is the three-inch swing of a pendulum in a cupboard, which the great pulse of nature vibrates by and through each instant. When we lift our eyelids and open our ears, it disappears with smoke and rattle like the cars on a railroad. When I detect a beauty in any of the recesses of nature, I am reminded, by the serene and retired spirit in which it requires to be contemplated, of the inexpressible privacy of a life,--how silent and unambitious it is. The beauty there is in mosses must be considered from the holiest, quietest nook. What an admirable training is science for the more active warfare of life. Indeed, the unchallenged bravery, which these studies imply, is far more impressive than the trumpeted valor of the warrior. I am pleased to learn that Thales was up and stirring by night not unfrequently, as his astronomical discoveries prove. Linnaeus, setting out for Lapland, surveys his "comb" and "spare shirt," "leathern breeches" and "gauze cap to keep off gnats," with as much complacency as Bonaparte a park of artillery for the Russian campaign. The quiet bravery of the man is admirable. His eye is to take in fish, flower, and bird, quadruped and biped. Science is always brave, for to

know, is to know good; doubt and danger quail before her eye. What the coward overlooks in his hurry, she calmly scrutinizes, breaking ground like a pioneer for the array of arts that follow in her train. But cowardice is unscientific; for there cannot be a science of ignorance. There may be a science of bravery, for that advances; but a retreat is rarely well conducted; if it is, then is it an orderly advance in the face of circumstances. But to draw a little nearer to our promised topics. Entomology extends the limits of being in a new direction, so that I walk in nature with a sense of greater space and freedom. It suggests besides, that the universe is not rough-hewn, but perfect in its details. Nature will bear the closest inspection; she invites us to lay our eye level with the smallest leaf, and take an insect view of its plain. She has no interstices; every part is full of life. I explore, too, with pleasure, the sources of the myriad sounds which crowd the summer noon, and which seem the very grain and stuff of which eternity is made. Who does not remember the shrill roll-call of the harvest fly? Thou art the friend of the husbandmen, In no respect injuring any one; And thou art honored among men, Sweet prophet of summer. The Muses love thee, And Phoebus himself loves thee, And has given thee a shrill song; Age does not wrack thee, Thou skilful, earthborn, song-loving, Unsuffering, bloodless one; Almost thou art like the gods. Nor can all the vanities that vex the world alter one whit the measure that night has chosen. Alternate with these if you can. About two hundred and eighty birds either reside permanently in the State, or spend the summer only, or make us a passing visit. Those which spend the winter with us have obtained our warmest sympathy. The nut-hatch and chickadee flitting in company through the dells of the wood, the one harshly scolding at the intruder, the other with a faint lisping note enticing him on; the jay screaming in the orchard; the crow cawing in unison with the storm; the partridge, like a russet link extended over from autumn to spring, preserving unbroken the chain of summers; the hawk with warrior-like firmness abiding the blasts of winter; the robin [Footnote: A white robin, and a white quail have occasionally been seen. It is mentioned in Audubon as remarkable that the nest of a robin should be found on the ground; but this bird seems to be less particular than most in the choice of a building spot. I have seen its nest placed under the thatched roof of a deserted barn, and in one instance, where the adjacent country was nearly destitute of trees, together with two of the phoebe, upon the end of a board in the loft of a saw-mill, but a few feet from the saw, which vibrated several inches with the motion of the machinery. As the spring advances, and the ice is melting in the river, our earliest and straggling visitors make their appearance. The shadows of the clouds are moving; The works of man shine; The earth puts forth fruits; The fruit of the olive puts forth. The cup of Bacchus is crowned, Along the leaves, along the branches, The fruit, bending them down, flourishes. The first flock of geese is seen beating to north, in long harrows and waving lines; the gingle of the song-sparrow salutes us from the shrubs and fences; the plaintive note of the lark comes clear and sweet from the meadow; and the bluebird, like an azure ray, glances past us in our walk. The fish-hawk, too, is occasionally seen at this season sailing majestically over the water, and he who has once observed it will not soon forget the majesty of its flight. It sails the air like a ship of the line, worthy to struggle with the elements, falling back from time to time like a ship on its beam ends, and holding its talons up as if ready for the arrows, in the attitude of the national bird. It is a great presence, as of the master of river and forest. Its eye would not quail before the owner of the soil, but make him feel like an intruder on its domains. And then its retreat, sailing so steadily away, is a kind of advance. I have by me one of a pair of ospreys, which have for some years fished in this vicinity, shot by a neighboring pond, measuring more than two feet in length, and six in the stretch of its wings. Nuttall mentions that "The ancients, particularly Aristotle, pretended that the ospreys taught their young to gaze at the sun, and those who were unable to do so were destroyed. Linnaeus even believed, on ancient authority, that one of the feet of this bird had all the toes divided, while the other was partly webbed, so that it could swim with one foot, and grasp a fish with the other. Its shrill scream seems yet to linger in its throat, and the roar of the sea in its wings. There is the tyranny of Jove in its claws, and his wrath in the erectile feathers of the head and neck. It reminds me of the Argonautic expedition, and would inspire the dullest to take flight over Parnassus. The booming of the bittern, described by Goldsmith and Nuttall, is frequently heard in our fens, in the morning and evening, sounding like a pump, or the chopping of wood in a frosty morning in some distant farm-yard. The manner in which this sound is produced I have not seen anywhere described. On one occasion, the bird has been seen by one of my neighbors to thrust its bill into the

water, and suck up as much as it could hold, then raising its head, it pumped it out again with four or five heaves of the neck, throwing it two or three feet, and making the sound each time. In May and June the woodland quire is in full tune, and given the immense spaces of hollow air, and this curious human ear, one does not see how the void could be better filled. Each summer sound is a summer round. As the season advances, and those birds which make us but a passing visit depart, the woods become silent again, and but few feathers ruffle the drowsy air. But the solitary rambler may still find a response and expression for every mood in the depths of the wood. The boys call it "yorrick," from the sound of its querulous and chiding note, as it flits near the traveller through the underwood. Upon the lofty elm-tree sprays The vireo rings the changes sweet, During the trivial summer days, Striving to lift our thoughts above the street. With the autumn begins in some measure a new spring. The plover is heard whistling high in the air over the dry pastures, the finches flit from tree to tree, the bobolinks and flickers fly in flocks, and the goldfinch rides on the earliest blast, like a winged hyla peeping amid the rustle of the leaves. The crows, too, begin now to congregate; you may stand and count them as they fly low and straggling over the landscape, singly or by twos and threes, at intervals of half a mile, until a hundred have passed. I have seen it suggested somewhere that the crow was brought to this country by the white man; but I shall as soon believe that the white man planted these pines and hemlocks. He is no spaniel to follow our steps; but rather flits about the clearings like the dusky spirit of the Indian, reminding me oftener of Philip and Powhatan, than of Winthrop and Smith. He is a relic of the dark ages. By just so slight, by just so lasting a tenure does superstition hold the world ever; there is the rook in England, and the crow in New England. Why shouldst thou haunt the day? What makes thy melancholy float? What bravery inspires thy throat, And bears thee up above the clouds, Over desponding human crowds, Which far below Lay thy haunts low? The late walker or sailor, in the October evenings, may hear the murmurings of the snipe, circling over the meadows, the most spirit-like sound in nature; and still later in the autumn, when the frosts have tinged the leaves, a solitary loon pays a visit to our retired ponds, where he may lurk undisturbed till the season of moulting is passed, making the woods ring with his wild laughter. This bird, the Great Northern Diver, well deserves its name; for when pursued with a boat, it will dive, and swim like a fish under water, for sixty rods or more, as fast as a boat can be paddled, and its pursuer, if he would discover his game again, must put his ear to the surface to hear where it comes up. When it comes to the surface, it throws the water off with one shake of its wings, and calmly swims about until again disturbed.

7: Cinema: Fabulous '50s - TIME

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Definition of listless written for English Language Learners from the Merriam-Webster Learner's Dictionary with audio pronunciations, usage examples, and count/noncount noun labels.

9: Excursions by Henry David Thoreau: Ch 2: Natural History of Massachusetts

Fair Haven Pond is scored with the trails of foxes, and you may see where they have gambolled and gone through a hundred evolutions, which testify to a singular listlessness and leisure in nature. Suddenly, looking down the river, I saw a fox some sixty rods off, making across to the hills on my left.

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