

1: GGRAsia – Macau ops potential targets of US-China trade war: scholar

Software's unreliability is the stuff of legend. Software Engineering Notes, a journal published by the ACM, the largest professional association of computer scientists, is known mostly for the tongue-in-cheek catalogue of technical catastrophes that appears at the beginning of each issue.

President and Gentlemen, I greet you on the re-commencement of our literary year. Our anniversary is one of hope, and, perhaps, not enough of labor. We do not meet for games of strength or skill, for the recitation of histories, tragedies, and odes, like the ancient Greeks; for parliaments of love and poesy, like the Troubadours; nor for the advancement of science, like our cotemporaries in the British and European capitals. Thus far, our holiday has been simply a friendly sign of the survival of the love of letters amongst a people too busy to give to letters any more. As such, it is precious as the sign of an indestructible instinct. Perhaps the time is already come, when it ought to be, and will be, something else; when the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids, and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions, that around us are rushing into life, cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise, that must be sung, that will sing themselves. Who can doubt, that poetry will revive and lead in a new age, as the star in the constellation Harp, which now flames in our zenith, astronomers announce, shall one day be the pole-star for a thousand years? Year by year, we come up hither to read one more chapter of his biography. Let us inquire what light new days and events have thrown on his character, and his hopes. It is one of those fables, which, out of an unknown antiquity, convey an unlooked-for wisdom, that the gods, in the beginning, divided Man into men, that he might be more helpful to himself; just as the hand was divided into fingers, the better to answer its end. The old fable covers a doctrine ever new and sublime; that there is One Man, – present to all particular men only partially, or through one faculty; and that you must take the whole society to find the whole man. Man is not a farmer, or a professor, or an engineer, but he is all. Man is priest, and scholar, and statesman, and producer, and soldier. In the divided or social state, these functions are parcelled out to individuals, each of whom aims to do his stint of the joint work, whilst each other performs his. The fable implies, that the individual, to possess himself, must sometimes return from his own labor to embrace all the other laborers. But unfortunately, this original unit, this fountain of power, has been so distributed to multitudes, has been so minutely subdivided and peddled out, that it is spilled into drops, and cannot be gathered. The state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about so many walking monsters, – a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man. Man is thus metamorphosed into a thing, into many things. The planter, who is Man sent out into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden by the routine of his craft, and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney, a statute-book; the mechanic, a machine; the sailor, a rope of a ship. In this distribution of functions, the scholar is the delegated intellect. In the right state, he is, Man Thinking. In this view of him, as Man Thinking, the theory of his office is contained. His nature solicits with all her placid, all her monitory pictures; him the past instructs; him the future invites. And, finally, is not the true scholar the only true master? Let us see him in his school, and consider him in reference to the main influences he receives. The first in time and the first in importance of the influences upon the mind is that of nature. Every day, the sun; and, after sunset, night and her stars. Ever the winds blow; ever the grass grows. Every day, men and women, conversing, beholding and beholden. The scholar is he of all men whom this spectacle most engages. He must settle its value in his mind. What is nature to him? There is never a beginning, there is never an end, to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself. Therein it resembles his own spirit, whose beginning, whose ending, he never can find, – so entire, so boundless. Far, too, as her splendors shine, system on system shooting like rays, upward, downward, without centre, without circumference, – in the mass and in the

particle, nature hastens to render account of herself to the mind. To the young mind, every thing is individual, stands by itself. By and by, it finds how to join two things, and see in them one nature; then three, then three thousand; and so, tyrannized over by its own unifying instinct, it goes on tying things together, diminishing anomalies, discovering roots running under ground, whereby contrary and remote things cohere, and flower out from one stem. It presently learns, that, since the dawn of history, there has been a constant accumulation and classifying of facts. But what is classification but the perceiving that these objects are not chaotic, and are not foreign, but have a law which is also a law of the human mind? The astronomer discovers that geometry, a pure abstraction of the human mind, is the measure of planetary motion. The chemist finds proportions and intelligible method throughout matter; and science is nothing but the finding of analogy, identity, in the most remote parts. The ambitious soul sits down before each refractory fact; one after another, reduces all strange constitutions, all new powers, to their class and their law, and goes on for ever to animate the last fibre of organization, the outskirts of nature, by insight. Thus to him, to this school-boy under the bending dome of day, is suggested, that he and it proceed from one root; one is leaf and one is flower; relation, sympathy, stirring in every vein. And what is that Root? Is not that the soul of his soul? Yet when this spiritual light shall have revealed the law of more earthly natures, when he has learned to worship the soul, and to see that the natural philosophy that now is, is only the first gropings of its gigantic hand, he shall look forward to an ever expanding knowledge as to a becoming creator. He shall see, that nature is the opposite of the soul, answering to it part for part. One is seal, and one is print. Its beauty is the beauty of his own mind. Its laws are the laws of his own mind. Nature then becomes to him the measure of his attainments. So much of nature as he is ignorant of, so much of his own mind does he not yet possess. The next great influence into the spirit of the scholar, is, the mind of the Past, in whatever form, whether of literature, of art, of institutions, that mind is inscribed. Books are the best type of the influence of the past, and perhaps we shall get at the truth, learn the amount of this influence more conveniently, by considering their value alone. The theory of books is noble. The scholar of the first age received into him the world around; brooded thereon; gave it the new arrangement of his own mind, and uttered it again. It came into him, life; it went out from him, truth. It came to him, short-lived actions; it went out from him, immortal thoughts. It came to him, business; it went from him, poetry. It was dead fact; now, it is quick thought. It can stand, and it can go. It now endures, it now flies, it now inspires. Precisely in proportion to the depth of mind from which it issued, so high does it soar, so long does it sing. Or, I might say, it depends on how far the process had gone, of transmuting life into truth. In proportion to the completeness of the distillation, so will the purity and imperishableness of the product be. But none is quite perfect. As no air-pump can by any means make a perfect vacuum, so neither can any artist entirely exclude the conventional, the local, the perishable from his book, or write a book of pure thought, that shall be as efficient, in all respects, to a remote posterity, as to cotemporaries, or rather to the second age. Each age, it is found, must write its own books; or rather, each generation for the next succeeding. The books of an older period will not fit this. Yet hence arises a grave mischief. The sacredness which attaches to the act of creation, the act of thought, is transferred to the record. The poet chanting, was felt to be a divine man: The writer was a just and wise spirit: Instantly, the book becomes noxious: The sluggish and perverted mind of the multitude, slow to open to the incursions of Reason, having once so opened, having once received this book, stands upon it, and makes an outcry, if it is disparaged. Colleges are built on it. Books are written on it by thinkers, not by Man Thinking; by men of talent, that is, who start wrong, who set out from accepted dogmas, not from their own sight of principles. Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views, which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon, have given, forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries, when they wrote these books. Hence, instead of Man Thinking, we have the bookworm. Hence, the book-learned class, who value books, as such; not as related to nature and the human constitution, but as making a sort of Third Estate with the world and the soul. Hence, the restorers of readings, the emendators, the bibliomaniacs of all degrees. Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end, which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book, than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul. This

every man is entitled to; this every man contains within him, although, in almost all men, obstructed, and as yet unborn. The soul active sees absolute truth; and utters truth, or creates. In this action, it is genius; not the privilege of here and there a favorite, but the sound estate of every man. In its essence, it is progressive. The book, the college, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius. This is good, say they, "let us hold by this.

2: The American Scholar by Ralph Waldo Emerson | Ralph Waldo Emerson

When I was a kid, I had a comic book called The Big Book of Martyrs, part of a series by Factoid Books that included such titles as The Big Book of Thugs, The Big Book of Losers, and The Big Book of Weirdos. Inside the martyr book were comic-book depictions of various saints and their horrible.

Emerson begins the essay with a sketch of the social fragmentation caused by work. Equated with their occupational function, people become tool-like, with a corresponding social arrangement that reinforces this state of affairs. He views this deformation as inherent in the mercantile and manufacturing culture then emerging in the United States. This social fragmentation not only inhibits human potential; in the extreme case of chattel slavery, its soul-destroying consequences are dehumanizing. In vivid contrast to this lapsed condition, Emerson posits a vital aboriginal state that is characterized by a kind of cosmic consciousness. In this sense his examination of the American scholar is a reformation project, an idealized portrait of intellectual life rooted in the liberated humanity of the individual thinker. In practice this means an outright rejection of conformity and groupthink, including the uncritical acceptance of established creeds and dogmas. For Emerson, systems and institutions promote mental timidity. They diminish the value and intensity of direct experience while undermining the self-reliant agency necessary for authentic engagement with the world. Emerson then reviews the primary educative influences on what he calls Man Thinking: The essay treats nature as endless depth, a mirror image of the mind and the soul. The innate tendency of the mind, says Emerson, is to classify seemingly disparate natural phenomena into tendencies, facts, and laws. Moreover, nature and reason reciprocally form and illuminate one another. The section on history focuses on books as the primary repositories of the past. Nonetheless, says Emerson, books pose a grave threat to intellectual self-reliance if the creativity and energy used to make them are congealed through misuse. One form of misuse is canonization. Another is the focus on books as aesthetic or material artifacts. Another misuse of books is to use them as purveyors of the status quo. For Emerson, books are tools to inspire and provoke the reader to enlarge and vitalize his or her life. Their ultimate value is instrumental: Properly used, the best books inspire self-trust because they comment on larger concerns, connecting the reader to deep human possibilities and perennial themes. The scholar immerses him- or herself in the world rather than fleeing it. The world is an occasion to gain valuable knowledge through focused, mindful participation. In advancing such ideas in *The American Scholar*, Emerson knew that he was countering nineteenth century and later stereotypes of people who work primarily with their mind. Although action is itself material to be used for self-knowledge, purposeful action deepens perception and awareness. Distilling value from adversity or the dreariest circumstances results from the creative power to transform all experience into valuable spiritual resources. Emerson emphasizes the mutually reinforcing fusion of thought and action in its most obvious manifestationâ€”the character and speech of the self-reliant intellectual. He finds affirmation for this concept in nature by way of a principle he calls polarity. A central theme in *The American Scholar* is the striving for wholeness. In this regard, his ideas resemble the nineteenth century school of thought known as voluntarism, except that Emerson would finally reject this perspective as one-sided. Nonetheless, the harmonization of will, intellect, and soul is difficult, perhaps the chief impediment to the full realization of self-reliance and self-trust. These duties presuppose certain qualitiesâ€”freedom, courage, openness, attentiveness, a resolute awareness of the momentâ€”essential for undertaking the task of living and thinking at the highest intensity. However, the abstract, almost visionary argument in this section suggests certain ironies and inconsistencies. Historical figures and trends are used to illustrate and summarize major themes even as Emerson accentuates the atemporal dimensions of his project. A radical individualist philosophy rooted in self-cultivation and instinct becomes, in part, a studied denunciation of eccentricity. Emerson celebrates everyday life and vernacular culture even as he diminishes the role of the masses in effecting significant historical change. Wherever circumstances threaten the value of autonomy, the outspoken message of *The American Scholar* will offer encouragement, providing a clear alternative to debilitating conformity and spiritual alienation.

3: Civil War Scholars: The Powerful Experience of the War-Torn, Northern Shenandoah Valley

Unless you happen to be British, the brash spectacle known as the Last Night of the Proms might seem more like a carnival than the culmination of a venerable classical music festival. Traditionally, on the second Saturday in September, thousands of patrons in outlandish costumes and hats gather.

President and Gentlemen, I greet you on the re-commencement of our literary year. Our anniversary is one of hope, and, perhaps, not enough of labor. We do not meet for games of strength or skill, for the recitation of histories, tragedies, and odes, like the ancient Greeks; for parliaments of love and poesy, like the Troubadours; nor for the advancement of science, like our cotemporaries in the British and European capitals. Thus far, our holiday has been simply a friendly sign of the survival of the love of letters amongst a people too busy to give to letters any more. As such, it is precious as the sign of an indestructible instinct. Perhaps the time is already come, when it ought to be, and will be, something else; when the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids, and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions, that around us are rushing into life, cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise, that must be sung, that will sing themselves. Who can doubt, that poetry will revive and lead in a new age, as the star in the constellation Harp, which now flames in our zenith, astronomers announce, shall one day be the pole-star for a thousand years? Year by year, we come up hither to read one more chapter of his biography. Let us inquire what light new days and events have thrown on his character, and his hopes. Show More It is one of those fables, which, out of an unknown antiquity, convey an unlooked-for wisdom, that the gods, in the beginning, divided Man into men, that he might be more helpful to himself; just as the hand was divided into fingers, the better to answer its end. The old fable covers a doctrine ever new and sublime; that there is One Man, "present to all particular men only partially, or through one faculty; and that you must take the whole society to find the whole man. Man is not a farmer, or a professor, or an engineer, but he is all. Man is priest, and scholar, and statesman, and producer, and soldier. In the divided or social state, these functions are parcelled out to individuals, each of whom aims to do his stint of the joint work, whilst each other performs his. The fable implies, that the individual, to possess himself, must sometimes return from his own labor to embrace all the other laborers. But unfortunately, this original unit, this fountain of power, has been so distributed to multitudes, has been so minutely subdivided and peddled out, that it is spilled into drops, and cannot be gathered. The state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about so many walking monsters, "a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man. Man is thus metamorphosed into a thing, into many things. The planter, who is Man sent out into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden by the routine of his craft, and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney, a statute-book; the mechanic, a machine; the sailor, a rope of a ship. In this distribution of functions, the scholar is the delegated intellect. In the right state, he is, Man Thinking. In this view of him, as Man Thinking, the theory of his office is contained. Him nature solicits with all her placid, all her monitory pictures; him the past instructs; him the future invites. And, finally, is not the true scholar the only true master? Let us see him in his school, and consider him in reference to the main influences he receives. The first in time and the first in importance of the influences upon the mind is that of nature. Every day, the sun; and, after sunset, night and her stars. Ever the winds blow; ever the grass grows. Every day, men and women, conversing, beholding and beholden. The scholar is he of all men whom this spectacle most engages. He must settle its value in his mind. What is nature to him? There is never a beginning, there is never an end, to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself. Therein it resembles his own spirit, whose beginning, whose ending, he never can find, "so entire, so boundless. Far, too, as her splendors shine, system on system shooting like rays, upward, downward, without centre, without circumference, "in the mass and in the

particle, nature hastens to render account of herself to the mind. To the young mind, every thing is individual, stands by itself. By and by, it finds how to join two things, and see in them one nature; then three, then three thousand; and so, tyrannized over by its own unifying instinct, it goes on tying things together, diminishing anomalies, discovering roots running under ground, whereby contrary and remote things cohere, and flower out from one stem. It presently learns, that, since the dawn of history, there has been a constant accumulation and classifying of facts. But what is classification but the perceiving that these objects are not chaotic, and are not foreign, but have a law which is also a law of the human mind? The astronomer discovers that geometry, a pure abstraction of the human mind, is the measure of planetary motion. 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He shall see, that nature is the opposite of the soul, answering to it part for part. One is seal, and one is print. Its beauty is the beauty of his own mind. Its laws are the laws of his own mind. Nature then becomes to him the measure of his attainments. So much of nature as he is ignorant of, so much of his own mind does he not yet possess. And, in fine, the ancient precept, "Know thyself," and the modern precept, "Study nature," become at last one maxim. The next great influence into the spirit of the scholar, is, the mind of the Past, in whatever form, whether of literature, of art, of institutions, that mind is inscribed. Books are the best type of the influence of the past, and perhaps we shall get at the truth, learn the amount of this influence more conveniently, by considering their value alone. The theory of books is noble. The scholar of the first age received into him the world around; brooded thereon; gave it the new arrangement of his own mind, and uttered it again. 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orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul. This every man is entitled to; this every man contains within him, although, in almost all men, obstructed, and as yet unborn. The soul active sees absolute truth; and utters truth, or creates. In this action, it is genius; not the privilege of here and there a favorite, but the sound estate of every man. In its essence, it is progressive. The book, the college, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius.

4: Vagabond Scholar: The War to End All Wars

Editorial team. General Editors: David Bourget (Western Ontario) David Chalmers (ANU, NYU) Area Editors: David Bourget Gwen Bradford.

Occasional blogging, mostly of the long-form variety. By the end, by most estimates, about 8. Add in a couple million civilian deaths from fighting and several million more indirectly from disease and hunger, and the toll is just staggering. The Imperial War Museums a set of five museums in Britain has posted an excellent collection of first-hand British accounts on the armistice years ago. Not everyone got the news about the armistice, and even for those who did, the final hours could be tense: The news travelled at different speeds, and was delayed in getting to some places. We knew that things were getting pretty critical, we knew that we were doing well and nobody wanted to cop out on one when the war might be ending tomorrow, sort of thing. It was the wrong time to get wounded or hit or anything, you see! So we were pretty careful. Nobody would believe it. And we then realised the war was over. Fighting continued in some places as the news made its way along the Western Front, and men still lost their lives on the final day of the war. Jim Fox of the Durham Light Infantry remembered one such incident. Maybe there was one an hour. He was killed with shrapnel, you know. Thought that was very unlucky. On armistice morning, I remember the fog was "it was a Monday morning, November the 11th. The fog was so thick that visibility was down to 10 yards. So there I was, back where the war started after nearly four and a half years of it. In the field, some soldiers celebrated the armistice with gusto, while others were simply exhausted: Charles Wilson of the Gloucestershire Regiment was delighted when he heard of the armistice. Well of course there was tremendous jubilation, I can remember. We had just come out of this battle and the armistice was on the 11th of November. We were doing battalion drill back in some village in France when we formed up and the commanding officer made the announcement: Of course there was a swell of excitement amongst the men and our only interest then was to find something to drink to celebrate it and there was nothing to be had, not a bottle of wine or anything else! However we soon put that right! But Clifford Lane was just too physically and mentally shattered to celebrate. Then as far as the armistice itself was concerned, it was an anti-climax. We were too far gone, too exhausted, really to enjoy it. All we could do was just go back to our billets; there was no cheering, no singing, we had no alcohol "that particular day we had no alcohol at all " and we simply celebrated the armistice in silence and thankfulness that it was all over. And I believe that happened quite a lot in France. Then it was a question of when we were going to get home! Trafalgar Square, London. Mary Lees, who worked for the Air Ministry, was caught up in the scenes of jubilation that day. But of course, I mean, Armistice Day was fantastic. You see, you visualise every single office in Kingsway pouring down the Strand. I should think there must have been about 10, people. There was no traffic of course. It was solid, like that. And you see, when they got to the end of the Strand of course it opened up, like that, into Trafalgar Square. And still Trafalgar Square was packed. And, when I came to get my bus back in the evening, the people had been careering all round London on the buses. But nobody would go inside because they all wanted to go on top and cheer. I forget how many it was in the papers the next morning, fifty or sixty buses had all their railings broken, going up the stairs on the top. For many, the moment of the armistice was a time to reflect on all the lives that had been lost during the war. I think it was a bit of an anti-climax. Suddenly you thought about, you see, all the people you had known who were killed, etc. They were just in the war zone, and they could come home in your imagination. I think that it was not such a time of rejoicing as it might have been. You were glad the fighting was over and that not more men would be killed. But I do think it was dampened down very much, in France. I think they had all the enthusiasm probably in England, but I think we were too near reality to feel that way. I did not go out of camp on Armistice Day. This remembrance seems the best to end on: After the long years of hardship, suffering and loss, it was no surprise that the news the war had finally ended was received with such a mixture of emotions by those who were immediately affected by it. From shock and disbelief, to relief and jubilation, men and women around the world had their own reactions to the armistice. Basil Farrer served on the Western Front during the war. In London, they were dancing in the streets, the crowds, in all the cities, in Paris and in

Nottingham too. In Market Square, it was one mass of people dancing and singing. I did not go there. I do remember for some reason or other inexplicable, especially in so young a chap as myself, I felt sad. I did I had a feeling of sadness. And I did have a feeling of sadness that day.

5: The Normandy Scholar Program on World War II - Not Even Past

In his speech, 'The American Scholar,' Emerson addresses the concern of intellectual integrity by outlining the influences on a scholar's mind nature, books, and actions, while also stressing the.

Henry Herbert, 4th Earl of Carnarvon The first series of wars, the "Confederation Wars" in the late 18 and early 19 s, were due in large part to the Confederation plan of the British Colonial Secretary, the Earl of Carnarvon and the disastrous attempts to enforce it. This scheme was intended to forge the diverse states of southern Africa into one single British controlled federation. This was strongly resisted by the Cape Colony, the Boer republics, and the independent African States. These led to enormous social upheaval and instability. Crucially, they fuelled the rise to power of the ambitious imperialist Cecil Rhodes. When he succeeded in gaining power as the Cape Prime Minister, he instigated a rapid expansion of British influence into the hinterland. In particular, he sought to engineer the conquest of the Transvaal, and although his ill-fated Jameson Raid failed and brought down his government, it led to the Second Anglo-Boer War and British conquest at the turn of the century. They started in in Gcalekaland and spread to other parts of the Transkei and Basutoland, also to the Cape Colony-controlled Ciskei. In ethnic tensions began to emerge, particularly between the Mfengu, the Thembu and the Gcaleka Xhosa. Another factor was centuries of oppression and disaffection,[citation needed] brought to a head by the attempt by the new British Colonial Secretary, the Earl of Carnarvon in office " and " , to force the varied states of southern Africa into a British-ruled confederation. The outbreak initially involved tensions and violence between Gcaleka Xhosa and Cape Mfengu police. The Confederation attempt failed, but the wars resulting from that attempt continued for decades. Anglo-Zulu War Battle of Isandlwana painting by Charles Edwin Fripp " Foreign settlers first came into conflict with the Zulu in the 18 s as they began expanding into Zulu territory. The British supported the Zulu cause against the Boers and supported the Zulu leader Cetshwayo during his coronation in Cetshwayo assumed this support would continue when the British took control of the Transvaal in However, the British proved to care more about placating the Boers than they did concerning themselves with the Zulu priorities. The lack of a continuous line of communication from London to South Africa enabled Frere and Shepstone to push their agenda faster than London could react. Frere provoked war with an ultimatum to Cetshwayo that he knew would be unacceptable. Chelmsford crossed the Blood River on 11 January with 4, men and set up camp at Isandlwana. He took the main part of his force from camp on 22 January to sweep the countryside, and while he was out, the Zulu surrounded the remaining forces at Isandlwana and slaughtered the majority of the British troops who had remained. It was one of the worst defeats in the history of the British Army. The shock of the British defeat led to a desire of the British to crush the Zulu and dismantle their nation. The removal of British focus from its Boer issues allowed the Boers to concentrate on the continued British control of the Transvaal. General Wolseley was openly against any notion of Boer independence and issued statements that gatherings in protest of the British rule could lead to prosecution for treason. The Boers continued to push for their independence, to the point that the Boer leader Paul Kruger, who had initially preached caution against rushing to fight, began accepting that war was inevitable. Continued British indifference to Boer protests and increasing demands placed on the Boers triggered an all-out rebellion in late The issue that finally brought the conflict to a head was the seizure of a farm wagon over tax dues. The Boers held that the British seizure was illegal because they had never recognised the annexation of the Transvaal. The first was a Boer defeat of a British column that was unprepared for actual conflict. The Boers demanded that the column halt while the British commander, Colonel Philip Anstruther, insisted on continuing to Pretoria. The Boers proceeded to overrun and force the surrender of the column. Colley was short on field experience and marched against the Boer forces who were laying siege to British garrisons and demanding their surrender. His brash tactics in assaulting the Boers led to the loss of a quarter of his troops in a series of engagements in later January and early February Colley was determined to redeem himself and led forces, in the Battle of Majuba Hill, to seize the hill in spite of the chance of an armistice to end the war. He attacked with a small force that had no knowledge of the initial planning, no proper reconnaissance, and no heavy weapons support. They seized the

hill and set up camp without taking the precaution of setting up defensive positions. When the British announced their position, the Boers were initially cowed, but then began covertly scaling the hill from the north, reaching the Highlander lines and attacking. The Highlanders attempted on separate occasions to warn Colley of the attack, but he ignored the reports. Colley was killed in the final assault, as the British lines fractured from a lack of leadership. While many demanded vengeance, the British quietly conducted a settlement that gave the Boers independence with only nominal lip service paid to the authority of the Crown in an effort to allow the British to withdraw "with minimum embarrassment". Pioneer Column Officers of the Pioneer Corps, c. Despite numerous envoys and letters from Queen Victoria to Lobengula, of the Matabele nation, no progress had been made on the opening the "road. Rhodes wanted to strike the main towns and military posts to cause turmoil in the Matabele or Ndebele nation. He also wanted to remove the power of the Amandebele to raid nearby villages and wanted to send their state into general confusion. Rhodes believed this would give the British South Africa Company the opportunity to begin mining the land in safety. The plan was approved at the local level, but once London received the report, the plan was seen as an agitation designed to involve Britain in a war with Lobengula. This led to further negotiations with Lobengula in an attempt to open the "road. In a bit of manoeuvring, Jameson told Lobengula that he was going to inform Rhodes of his decision to keep the "road" closed. Johnson had his "pioneers" at camp, preparing to cross. Rhodes insisted that he take prominent Cape members with him in case they were cut off, his reason being that the Imperial Forces would be more likely to rescue well to-do members of the Cape than miners. While the pioneer column moved out of camp and was preparing to cross, false assurances were being sent to Lobengula about the number of white men in his country. First Matabele War Matabele warrior in ceremonial dress, by Thomas Baines During the second annual meeting of the South Africa Company, Rhodes stated that the company was on friendly terms with Lobengula, the last king of the Ndebele people, all the while knowing that war was to come. At the end of his meeting with Lobengula, who refused to move from the border, Jameson sent for Captain Lendy and Boer transport riders to find the Ndebele, and if they refused to leave to move them by force. When confronted, Captain Lendy followed orders and fired upon the Ndebele. After the men returned to Fort Victoria, Jameson sent word to Rhodes and Loch that they must go to war. By October, Jameson had gathered volunteers and Shona auxiliaries. Jameson continued to send word that Lobengula had troops planning to attack. The war was an easy win for Jameson, for as his troops advanced in Matabeleland, they swept over the Ndebele defenders with their machine guns and artillery. Once defeated, Lobengula destroyed his capital and fled to the north. In a desperate attempt to get away, Lobengula addressed a council of his indunas near the Shangani River, and asked that they give all hidden gold to the white men to have peace. Ultimately, the gold was given to men that the messengers came across, and never did reach Jameson or his troops. Malaboch War [edit] Main article: The authorities took action through forced removal, which ultimately resulted in the "Malaboch War", with the chief and his subjects defending their territory. As it became evident that the Bahananwa people were losing the war against the soldiers of Commandant-General Piet Joubert, they began surrendering, and subsequently their chief followed suit, on 31 July, after a siege of more than a month. On the day he was taken prisoner, Chief Malaboch twice attempted suicide by jumping into a fire, but both attempts at suicide failed. He was tried by a council of war on 2 August and was found guilty on all charges. He was never sentenced but kept prisoner of war until his release by the British authorities in during the Second Anglo-Boer War. The chief returned to his people and ruled until his death in In March, the whites were attacked first at outlying farms, mining camps, and stores. As people fled, and when word reached Bulawayo, the capital, people began to panic and rush for arms. Since the Ndebele had first attacked on the outskirts the element of surprise had passed, and allowed time for the whites to gather and manoeuvre. As volunteers arrived, Rhodes came from Fort Salisbury and, after naming himself colonel, rode into combat with the troops. In June, it seemed that the Ndebele forces were falling back from Bulawayo to the Mambo Hills, but the whites were surprised once more, for the Shona had joined in the revolt. Eventually there was a deadlock in the Matopo Hills, and assaults continued until Rhodes sent a captured royal widow, Nyamabezana, to the rebels, stating that if they waved a white flag it would be a sign for peace, for the cost of the war was becoming too much for the British South Africa Company. Ultimately, Rhodes rode with several

others to meet the rebels. After meeting with them and compromising to meet their demands Rhodes met with other Ndebele leaders, and the details of the agreement were finished in October. The Second Boer War” [edit].

6: The american scholar essay | Sales Architects

In this hope, I accept the topic which not only usage, but the nature of our association, seem to prescribe to this day, the AMERICAN SCHOLAR. Year by year, we come up hither to read one more chapter of his biography.

The program, which celebrated its 25th anniversary this year, continues to evolve. It is now named after one of its greatest supporters, Frank Denius. The program began at UT in the fall of 1966. The Battle of Normandy Foundation, in conjunction with Governor Bill Clements, University of Texas President William Cunningham, and several years later, decorated veteran of the Normandy invasion and philanthropist Frank Denius, all worked to establish a program that would provide an opportunity for undergraduates to study the causes, conduct, consequences, and contemporary representations of the Second World War. Professor Judith Coffin teaches on modern France and the war, and Prof. Omaha Beach today. These classes are complemented with weekly film screenings to expose the students to classics like Casablanca, as well as less well known European films such as Come and See and Flame and Citron. Normandy Scholars also attend regular guest lectures, including talks by veterans and a Holocaust survivor. It was also the most rewarding, exciting, and life altering. It has, in short, changed their lives and mine. The students come from all areas of the university, including architecture, fine arts, business, economics, and government. Not surprisingly, though, about half are usually history majors, and many more end up history minors by the end of the program. The intellectual rigor of the program makes recruiting students with proven academic ability a necessity; students need at least a 3. At the end of the semester, as other students are preparing to take final exams, the NSP students and faculty take a three-week trip to Normandy, Paris, London, and Berlin to visit important historical sites and museums they have studied all semester long. Not surprisingly NSP alumni often recall the trip abroad as the highlight of the program. The main change is the broadening of focus, both in Austin and in Europe. The program began as a way to help students remember the struggle and sacrifice of Americans during World War II, but it has expanded to include the wartime experiences of civilians as well as soldiers, and includes the historical perspectives of Germany, France, England, and the Soviet Union. Whereas students used to travel only to Paris and Normandy, they now visit London and Berlin, and the faculty hope to include a trip to Poland in the near future. There has also been more emphasis in recent years on the experience of the Pacific War, which Prof. Stoff covers in his class, to provide a better sense of World War II as a truly global conflict. Frank Denius continues to be a stalwart supporter of the NSP. Recently, the Cain Foundation, of which Denius is the president, provided a generous donation, which will enable the NSP to move into its own space in the new Liberal Arts building, scheduled for completion in 2010. During the month of September, we will be posting articles by NSP and other history department faculty, some of which derive directly from the courses taught in the Normandy Scholar Program. We begin with a riveting book on the Pacific war recommended by Prof Stoff; a poignant film on the aftermath of World War I recommended by Prof Coffin; a moving memorial to Holocaust victims uncovered by Prof Crew, and a terrifying legal document from the Soviet Union discussed by Prof Wynn.

7: The American Scholar Summary - www.enganchecubano.com

The causation of the American Civil War has been one of the largest issues in the historiography of this nation's past. Explanations for the question have been offered, debated, and reinterpreted ever since the time of the war; indeed, even before some individuals were setting forth reasons why an "irrepressible conflict" must come.

8: South African Wars (1899-1902) - Wikipedia

government, some ephemeral trade, or war, or man, is cried up by half mankind and cried down by the other half, as if all depended on this particular up or down.

9: John Hope Franklin | American scholar | www.enganchecubano.com

Lt. Gen. David W. Barno, USA (Ret.) is a Distinguished Practitioner in Residence, and Dr. Nora Bensahel is a Distinguished Scholar in Residence, at the School of International Service at American University.

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