

Walden

- 15 most near land lives of great despatch
 improving the rich of time
 110 taking very manual labor.
 122 the power & fruit of man
 136 Walden pond
 141 improvement of each day.
 142 morning is when I am awake ... to be awake is to be alive
 144 Simplicity.
 151 children who fly life ...
 155 Time is but the stream I go fishing in
 179 The large birds, working put, out late ...
 205 there can be no very dark melancholy to him who looks in nature ...
 214 I have a great deal of company in my house -
 247 night-haunts -
 281 The cage of Walden pond.
 292 The gleamy surface of a lake.
 293 the meaning of ripples on a lake
 295 Walden - a mirror never chilled.
 306 Thoreau's Pond.
 324 Remember thy Creator ...
 332 employment at Walden pond
 351 mice
 352-353 partridge
 423-425 red squirrel
 435 rabbit & partridge
 479 grow like a spring fire
 487 a hawk - ethereal flight
 489 we need the tonic of wildness
 491 in the luxuriant and unglazed sunset brightness like running to the ledge
 503 perfection
 509 that of you work with satisfaction
 512 the light that puts out our eyes in darkness to us.

WE NEED THE TONIC OF WILDNESS, - TO WADE SOMETIMES IN MARSHES
WHERE THE BITTERN AND THE MEADOW-HEN LURK, AND HEAR THE BOOMING
OF THE SNIPE; TO SMELL THE WHISPERING SEDGE WHERE ONLY SOME WILDER
AND MORE SOLITARY FOWL BUILDS HER NEST, AND THE MINK CRAWLS WITH
ITS BELLY CLOSE TO THE GROUND. AT THE SAME TIME THAT WE ARE
EARNEST TO EXPLORE AND LEARN ALL THINGS, WE REQUIRE THAT ALL THINGS
BE MYSTERIOUS AND UNEXPLORABLE, THAT LAND AND SEA BE INFINITELY
WILD, UNSURVEYED AND UNFATHOMED BY US BECAUSE UNFATHOMABLE. WE
CAN NEVER HAVE ENOUGH OF NATURE. [WE MUST BE REFRESHED BY THE SIGHT
OF INEXHAUSTIBLE VIGOR, VAST AND TITANIC FEATURES, THE SEA-COAST
WITH ITS WRECKS, THE WILDERNESS WITH ITS LIVING AND ITS DECAYING
TREES, THE THUNDER CLOUD, AND THE RAIN WHICH LASTS THREE WEEKS AND
PRODUCES FRESHETS.] WE NEED TO WITNESS OUR OWN LIMITS TRANSGRESSED,
AND SOME LIFE PASTURING FREELY WHERE WE NEVER WANDER.

} 6 pages.

Walden

REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH. RISE FREE FROM
CARE BEFORE THE DAWN, AND SEEK ADVENTURES. LET THE NOON FIND
THEE BY OTHER LAKES, AND THE NIGHT OVERTAKE THEE EVERYWHERE AT
HOME. THERE ARE NO LARGER FIELDS THAN THESE, NO WORTHIER GAMES
THAN MAY HERE BE PLAYED. [GROW WILD ACCORDING TO THY NATURE, LIKE
THESE SEDGES AND BRAKES, WHICH WILL NEVER BECOME ENGLISH HAY. LET
THE THUNDER RUMBLE; WHAT IF IT THREATEN RUIN TO FARMERS' CROPS?
THAT IS NOT ITS ERRAND TO THEE. TAKE SHELTER UNDER THE CLOUD,
WHILE THEY FLEE TO CARTS AND SHEDS.] LET NOT TO GET A LIVING BE THY
TRADE, BUT THY SPORT. ENJOY THE LAND, BUT OWN IT NOT. [THROUGH
WANT OF ENTERPRIZE AND FAITH MEN ARE WHERE THEY ARE, BUYING AND
SELLING, AND SPENDING THEIR LIVES LIKE SERFS.]

Walden,

61-115 or

61-93

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For the first week, whenever I look out on the pond it impressed me like a tarn high up on the side of a mountain, its bottom far above the surface of other lakes, and, as the sun rose, I saw it throwing off its nightly clothing of mist, and here and there, by degrees, its soft ripples or its smooth reflecting surface was revealed, while the mists, like ghosts, were stealthily withdrawing in every direction into the woods, as at the breaking up of some nocturnal conventicle. The very dew seemed to hang upon the trees later into the day than usual, as on the sides of mountains.

Morning is when I am awake and there is dawn in me. . . .

To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?

they with ropes of men

Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it;
but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it
is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains.
I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is
pebbly with stars. I cannot count one. I know not the first
letter of the alphabet. I have always been regretting that I
was not as wise as the day I was born.

The large buds, suddenly pushing out late in the spring from dry sticks which had seemed to be dead, developed themselves as by magic into graceful green and tender boughs, an inch in diameter; and sometimes, as I sat at my window, so heedlessly did they grow and tax their weak joints, I heard a fresh and tender bough suddenly fall like a fan to the ground, when there was not a breath of air stirring, broken off by its own weight. In August, the large masses of berries, which, when in flower, had attracted many wild bees, gradually assumed their bright velvety crimson hue, and by their weight again bent down and broke the tender limbs.

Survival

I have a great deal of company in my house; especially in the morning, when nobody calls. Let me suggest a few compariⁿsons, that some one may convey an idea of my situation. I am no more lonely than the loon in the pond that laughs so loud, or than Walden Pond itself. What company has that lonely lake, I pray? And yet it has not the blue devils, but the blue angels in it, in the azure tint of its waters. The sun is alone, except in thick weather, when there sometimes appear to be two, but one is a mock sun. God is alone,- but the devil, he is far from being alone; he sees a great deal of company; he is legion. I am no more lonely than a single mullein or dandelion in a pasture, or a bean leaf, or sorrel, or a horse-fly, or a humble-bee. I am no more lonely than the Mill Brook, or a weathercock, or the north star, or the south wind, or an April shower, or a January thaw, or the first spider in a new house.

Perhaps on that spring morning when Adam and Eve were driven out of Eden Walden Pond was already in existence, and even then breaking up in a gentle spring rain accompanied with mist and a southerly wind, and covered with myriads of ducks and geese, which had not heard of the fall, when still such pure lakes sufficed them. Even then it had commenced to rise and fall, and had clarified its waters and colored them of the hue they now wear, and obtained a patent of Heaven to be the only Walden Pond in the world and distiller of celestial dews.

pond picture

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Flint's Pond ! Such is the poverty of our nomenclature. What right had the unclean and stupid farmer, whose farm abutted on this sky water, whose shores he had ruthlessly laid bare, to give his name to it? Some skin-flint, who loved better the reflecting surface of a dollar, or a bright cent, in which he could see his own brazen face; who regarded even the wild ducks which settled in it as trespassers; his fingers grown into crooked and horny talons from the long habit of grasping harpy-like;- so it is not named for me. I go not there to see him nor to hear of him; who never saw it, who never bathed in it, who never loved it, who never protected it, who never spoke a good word for it, nor thanked God that he had made it. Rather let it be named from the fishes that swim in it, the wild fowl or quadrupeds which frequent it, the wild flowers which grow by its shores, or some wild man or child the thread of whose history is interwoven with its own; not from him who could show no title to it but the deed which a like-minded neighbor or legislature gave him, - him who though only of its money value; whose presence perchance cursed all the shore; who exhausted the land around it, and would fain have exhausted the waters within it; who regretted only that it was not English hay or cranberry meadow,- there was nothing to redeem it, forsooth, in his eyes,- and would have drained and sold it for the mud at its bottom. It did not turn his mill, and it was no privilege to him to behold it. I respect not his labors, his farm where everything has its price, who would carry the landscape, who would carry his God, to market, if he could get anything for him; who goes to market for his god as it is; on whose farm nothing grows free, whose fields bear no crops, whose meadows no flowers, whose trees no fruit, but dollars; who loves not the beauty of his fruits, whose fruits are not ripe for him till they are turned to dollars. Give me the poverty that enjoys true wealth.

The grass flames up on the hillsides like a spring fire, - . . .
as if the earth sent forth an inward heat to greet the returning
sun; not yellow but green is the color of its flame; - the symbol
of perpetual youth, the grass-blade, like a long green ribbon, streams
from the sod into the summer, checked indeed by the frost, but anon
pushing on again, lifting its spear of last year's hay with the fresh
life below.

grass + ferns

Y Early in May, the oaks, hickories, maples, and other trees,
just putting out amidst the pine woods around the pond, imparted
a brightness like sunshine to the landscape, especially in cloudy
days, as if the sun were breaking through the mists and shining
faintly on the hillsides here and there.

early morn'g + beech leaves