WALDEN

BY HENRY DAVID THOREAU

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1854

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SOLITUDE

mikbes delight though every port. Is and come with a strangin Strater, a part of breach. It will all agest them where of it in my alter aleven, though it is cold as well as clearly and vinitetion of the stranger of the stranger of the stranger of the stranger of comparison to me. The brings tranger to show the facility, and of the whipe poor well is borne on the ripidity strain from over if of the whipe poor well is borne on the ripidity strain from over if a symplecty with the fattering allow and poly the research of the strain and two services and the strain of the strain of the strain of the strain and two services of the events with old one are returned south reflecting strain of the words, the strain of the strain of the strain of the word, the server will allow, and some returned of the representation of the prop some tip the case of the strain one rouns the fields and woods without fair. They are Nature's schedulers— this wide chance the day of estimates life.

When I return to my house I find that visions have been there. Belt their cards, dather a should fill owner, as a variety of a very green, a man in praction as yellnew valuate first of a city, if they show the constraint of the contract o

There is commonly sufficient space about us. Our horizon is need at our elbows. The thick wood is not just at our door, nor the posomewhat is always clearing, familiar and worn by us, appropried.

This is a delicious evening, when the whole body is one sense, and imbibes delight through every pore. I go and come with a strange liberty in Nature, a part of herself. As I walk along the stony shore of the pond in my shirt-sleeves, though it is cool as well as cloudy and windy, and I see nothing special to attract me, all the elements are unusually congenial to me. The bullfrogs trump to usher in the night, and the note of the whip-poor-will is borne on the rippling wind from over the water. Sympathy with the fluttering alder and poplar leaves almost takes away my breath; yet, like the lake, my serenity is rippled but not ruffled. These small waves raised by the evening wind are as remote from storm as the smooth reflecting surface. Though it is now dark, the wind still blows and roars in the wood, the waves still dash, and some creatures lull the rest with their notes. The repose is never complete. The wildest animals do not repose, but seek their prey now; the fox, and skunk, and rabbit, now roam the fields and woods without fear. They are Nature's watchmen — links which connect the days of animated life.

When I return to my house I find that visitors have been there and left their cards, either a bunch of flowers, or a wreath of evergreen, or a name in pencil on a yellow walnut leaf or a chip. They who come rarely to the woods take some little piece of the forest into their hands to play with by the way, which they leave, either intentionally or accidentally. One has peeled a willow wand, woven it into a ring, and dropped it on my table. I could always tell if visitors had called in my absence, either by the bended twigs or grass, or the print of their shoes, and generally of what sex or age or quality they were by some slight trace left, as a flower dropped, or a bunch of grass plucked and thrown away, even as far off as the railroad, half a mile distant, or by the lingering odor of a cigar or pipe. Nay, I was frequently notified of the passage of a traveller along the highway sixty rods off by the scent of his pipe.

There is commonly sufficient space about us. Our horizon is never quite at our elbows. The thick wood is not just at our door, nor the pond, but somewhat is always clearing, familiar and worn by us, appropriated and fenced in some way, and reclaimed from Nature. For what reason have I