

As we paddled up or down we see
the columns of ^{mountain} ~~mountain~~ siding from
around the neck - and the strong
odor of musk is home & from particular
parts of the shore. After the odor
I think is wafted from over the meadow
or fields. The fog appears in some
places gathered into a little pyramid or
squad by itself - on the surface of the
water. When the shore is very low
the actual crockets trees appear &
stand just to back - & it is but a line
that separates them & the water below
they almost flow into one another -
the shore seems to float. Home at 10.

Oct 4th

This morning the fog over the river &
the woods & meadow running into it
has risen to the height of 40 or 50 feet.

They showed me little Harry
Macarty the other day; as bright
a boy of four years as ever ^{to see} ~~noticed~~
the ~~cat~~; whom you could not see
for 5 minutes without loving &
honoring him. He lives in what
they call the Harry in the woods.
He had an in the middle of January
of the coldest winter we have had
for 20 years, one thick with ^{my} ~~my~~
good cloth sewed on to his ~~front~~ ^{front} along
over his little shirt, and shoes with
large holes in the toes into which
the snow got, as he was obliged to
compensate - he also had trodden four
winter under his feet. Thus clad
he walked a mile to school every
day over the ~~leaves~~ ^{ice} ~~road~~
canebrays, where ~~the snow~~ ^{the snow} ~~of the snow~~
even the ground was would frequently
~~lose~~ ^{lose} some of his ^{as} ~~features~~ ^{more} if they were
not well protected - for his ^{feet} ~~feet~~
have no ^{removal} ~~removal~~ - all of it
wearing & warm to & then what
the heat of his hands. Then clothes,
with countless patches which had for
vehicle - & home - home - home

taloon that had been mine -
He whispered to me - that if his
mother had pitted them to a teakettle

just
I glimpsed him the other morning
taking his last step from his last
snow drift on to the school-house
door step, ^{plundering} saw not his face nor
his profile, only his vision - but
saw clearly in imagination his "old-
worthy" face behind the sober vision
of his cap - & he revived to my mind
the ^{whitely} of one ^{of} many narrowness of ancient
troops. He never was drawn in
a willow waggon, but progressed
by his own bare steps. Was not the
world waited for such a generation?
Here he indescends it is a boy with
not one mile, who has the same
grudges uncounted in his brain. He
speaks not of the adventures of the
cave way. What was the waning of
Semi-bru & his 300 boys at the
pass of the mountain? At this infant?
Try don't look back; he dares to live,
and takes his reward of merit, he
chance without relaxing his face into

smile, that does not reward
the unwarlike parts of his merits,
but overlooks in unseen & unre-
wardable merit. Little Johnny
Shannon, like a man, cold and
rout, it like a Persian army, who
ruminant chance, in his knee
the strength of a thousand men.

if they be not to be seen
dearly mentioned as you O'ferment?
All day he plays with his words
equals - and then they go to
their ^{home}

I am the little mil boy,
That lives in the straits,
I am four years old today,
But shall soon be one and twenty.

It seems I play
with little Polly O'gay,
But when winter's done,
Then away I run.

But if I meet the cans,
I'll write the notes, track,
And then I know what comes,
I need not look back.

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Having carried off the palm in the
intellectual contest with the
men of luxury, how harshly he
contemplates his destiny -

I shall be a man
- But be a great man,
And travel all day
As hard as I can.

His tender goblet for the rats, cast
into a cold world with a torn linen-
leaf wrapped about him! I would
rather hear that America's first
born were all slain than that
his little fingers & toes should feel
cold while I am warm - Is man
so cheap that he cannot be clothed and
with a mat or a rag? That we should
abandon to him our worn-out clothes
or our cold initials! In fancy heads
with equal eloquence in all platforms.
Rather let the natives wear the
rag, & insignificant clothing - but
let the infant - poor & rich, if any
wear the costly fur - the purple & fine
linen. For charitable imitation
is an insult to humanity - a
shame - ^{which} dispenses the crumbs
that fall from it overloaded tables!
Whose waste & worse example
helped to produce that poverty!
While the charitable would

about covered in fur & finery, this
boy, as a cricket, leaves them
as his way to school. I see that,
for the present, the wild is happy,
is not hungry, and has all
the comforts of nature for his toys.
I have not faith that his children
will in some way be sheltered
and protected as the lamb sleeping
in the remotest winter dell as
his than in the garden & summer-
house?