They showed me little Johnny Riorden Macarty the other day; as bright as a boy of four years as ever walked trd our paths the sod, whom you could not see for 5 minutes without loving & honoring him. He lives in what they call the shanty in the woods.

He had on in the middle of January of the coldest winter we have had only for 20 years, one thickness of ragged cloth sewed on to his pantaloons over his little shirt, and shoes with large holes in the toes into which the snow got, as he was obliged to confess——he who had trodden four winters under his feet! Thus clad he walked a mile to school every
day over the bleakest of railroad
causeways, where I know by experi- where . . . experi- cancelled, then
cancellation cancelled
ence the grown man would frequently
freeze ears or nose
lose some of his features ^ if they were
not well protected--for his [                ]
have no thermometer--all to get
learning & warmth & there sit at
the head of his bench. These clothes,
with countless patches which had for
vehicle--o shame--shame--pan-
taloons that had been mine--
they whispered to me--set as if his
mother had fitted them to a teakettle
first.

I glimpsed him the other morning
taking his last step from his last
snow drift on to the school-house
floundering still, doorstep, ^ saw not his face nor
his profile, only his mien--but
saw clearly in imagination his “old- “ cancelled
worthy” face behind the sober visor

1 1906 reads “parents” here; I don’t think that’s correct, but the image I have is very poor and I
don’t have an alternative.
of his cap--& he revived to my mind
nobility &
the gave ^ magnanimity of ancient
heroes. He never was drawn in
a willow waggon, but progresses
by his own brave steps. Has not the
world waited for such a generation?
Here he condescends to his a, b, c with-
out one smile, who has the lore
of worlds uncounted in his brain. He
speaks not of the adventures of the
causeway. What was the bravery of
Leonidas & his 300 boys at the
pass of Thermopylae to this infants?
They dared but to die; he dares to live,
and takes his reward of merit, per-
chance, without relaxing his face into

a smile, that does not reward
a thousandth part of his merits,
that overlooks his unseen & unre-
wardable merits--Little Johnny
Macarty--who faces cold and
routs it like a Persian army. Who,
yet innocent, carries in his knees
the strength of a thousand Indras.

All day he Not to be so tenderly nurtured as you & I forsooth?

All day he plays with his coevals
& equals--and then they go to
their several homes.

I am the little Irish boy,

That lives in the shanty,

I am four years old today, four cancelled in pencil

And shall soon be one and twenty.

At recess I play

With little Billy Grey,

And when school is done,

Then away I run.

And if I meet the cars,

I get on the other track,

And then I know whatever comes

I need 'nt look back.

Having carried off the palm in the
intellectual contest\textsuperscript{2} with the children of luxury, how bravely he contemplates his destiny--

I shall grow up

And be a great man,

And shovel all day

As hard as I can.

This tender gobbet for the fates, cast into a cold world, with a torn lichen-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 but with a mat or a rag? That we should abandon to him our worn-out clothes or our cold victuals! Infancy pleads with equal eloquence from all platforms.

Rather let the mature rich wear the rags & insufficient clothing--but let the infant poor & rich, if any,

\textsuperscript{2} February 8, 1852, Journal entry: Johnny “proves a forward boy” in primary school.
wear the costly furs--the purple & fine linen. Our charitable institutions are an insult to humanity--a which charity that dispenses the crumbs that fall from its overloaded tables! whose waste & whose example helped to produce that poverty!

While the charitable waddle about case%d% in furs & finery, this boy, lively as a cricket, passes them on his way to school. I see that, for the present, the child is happy, is not puny, and has all the wonders of nature for his toys. Have I not faith that his tenderness will in some way be cherished and protected, as the buds of spring in the remotest wintry dell no less than in the garden & summer-house?
From Journal entry dated November 28, 1850: see *Journal 3*, pp. 155-156

vertical use marks in pencil through entire passage

The thought of its greater independence & its closeness to nature diminishes the pain I feel when I see a more interesting child than usual destined to be brought up in a shanty.

I see that the child is happy--& is not puny--& has all the wonders of nature for its toys-- I have faith that its transposition mark in pencil tenderness will in some way be cherished and protected as the buds of the spring in the remotest & wildest dell no less than in the garden plot. summer house--% I am the little Irish boy That lives in the shanty I am four years old today And shall soon be one and twenty I shall grow up And be a great man And shovel all day As hard as I can. Down in the deep cut
Where the men lived
Who made the Rail road.

for supper
I have some potatoes
And sometimes some bread
And then if its cold
I go right to bed.

I lie on some straw
Under my fathers coat

At recess I play And if I meet the cars
With little Billy Gray I get on the other track
And/But/ when school is done And then I know whatever comes
home Then away I run. I need'nt look back

My mother does not cry
And my father does not scold
For I am a little Irish Boy
And I'm four years old.

Every day I go to school
Along the Railroad
It was so cold it made me cry
The day that it snowed.
And if my feet ache
I do not mind the cold
For I am a little Irish boy
& I'm four years old.
vertical use marks in pencil through entire passage

%v s. They showed me little
Johnny Macarty%

I have seen in the form in the expression
of face of a child 3 years old the
tried magnanimity--and grave nobility
of ancient & departed worthies. Just
saw a little Irish boy come from the
distant shanty in the woods over the
bleak rail-road to school this morn-
ing--take his last step--from his
last snow drift onto the school house
floundering still
door-step-- ^ saw not his face or his
profile only his mien & imagined--
saw clearly in imagination his old worthy
face behind the sober visor of his
cap-- Ah! this little Irish boy I know
not why--revives to my mind the worthies
of antiquity--he is not drawn he never
was drawn in a willow wagon--he
progresses by his own brave steps-- Has
not the world waited for such a gene-
ration. Here he condescends to his abc
without one smile who has the lore
of worlds uncounted in his brain--
He speaks not of the adventures of
the causeway-- What was the bravery
of Leonidas & his 300 boys at the pass
of Thermopylae to this infants!-- They
but dared to die--he dares to live.-- And
take his “reward of merit” perchance without
relaxing his face in to a smile--that overlooks
his unseen & unregardable merits. Little
Johnny Riaden. Who faces cold & routs
it like a Persian army-- Who yet
innocent carries in his knees the strength
of a thousand Indras.-- That do not
reward the thousandth part of his merit--

While the charitable waddle about
cased in furs--he lively as a cricket passes
& forget for the time
them on his way to school. Kossuth & his Hungarians
There’s a Kossuth for you.
They showed me Johnny Ruyaden today--with one thickness of ragged cloth over his little shirt for all this cold weather--with shoes with large holes in the toes into which the snow got as he said--Without a an outer garment--to walk a mile to school every day over the bleakest %where I know by my own experience a grown man can not walk with impunity without covering his ears--% of causeways-- The clothes with countless %but infant blood circulates faster--% patches--which hailed from--claimed descent from were originally identical with pantaloons of mine-- Which set as if his mother had fitted them to a teakettle first-- This little mass of humanity--this tender gobbet for the fates, cast into a cold world with a torn lichen leaf wrapped about-- him-- O I should rather hear that Americas first born were all slain than that his little fingers and toes should feel cold
while I am warm-- Is man so cheap
that he cannot be clothed but with
\[\text{that we should bestow on him our cold victuals}\]
a mat--a rag-- \%^% Are there any
fellow creatures to whom we abandon
our rags--to whom we give our old
clothes and shoes when they will not
fend the weather from ourselves?

Let the mature rich wear
the rags & insufficient clothing--
let the infant poor wear the pur-
ple & fine linen-- I shudder when
I think of the fate of innocency-- Our
charitable institutions are an insult
to humanity. A charity which dispenses
the crumbs that fall from its over-
loaded tables. which are left after its
feasts. \%^Whose feasting produces that poverty \(\text{whose waste & whose example produced that poverty.}\)\%
I am honestly not sure what to do for my project. I feel like I'm not using my own voice enough. I think it's important to express my own thoughts. I need to find a way to make my ideas more clear. I'm not sure how to approach it. I'm feeling a bit overwhelmed.

Economy is a really tough subject. I think I need to learn more about it. I'm not sure if I can do it on my own. I need help with the subject. I think I need to talk to someone about it. I'm feeling a bit nervous about it. I need to figure out how to approach it.
clothes and lives where life itself
and we rest from existence.

At the instant of death
the universe seems to part
in two lines, never to meet
in peace again. A moment
after the soul departs, our
essence is reduced to a
shapeless mass, and the
universe is left to the
administration of chance.

The life of a human mind
is but a series of accidents
and coincidences, and the
only thing we can be said
to control is our own
attitude towards them.

The world is a stage, and
we are merely players. The
events of life are like
the scenes in a play, and
the characters are like
the actors. We all
play our roles, but in the
end, it is the script that
matters.

Yet there is a greater
truth. Life is not just
about the events that
occur, but about how
we respond to them.
The true test of our
character is not in the
events themselves, but in
our reactions.

For we are not just
actors, but also the
audience. We judge the
performance, and we
create the story ourselves.

So let us be mindful
of our actions, and let
our lives be a reflection
of our true selves.

For in the end, it is not
the events that define
us, but how we respond
to them. For in the
end, it is not
the events that define
us, but how we respond
to them.
Carried a new cloak to Johnny Riaden? I found that the shanty Riaden cancelled in pencil was warmed by the simple social relations of the Irish. On sunday they come from the town & stand in the door way & so keep out the cold. One is not cold among his brothers and sisters. What if there is less fire on the hearth, if there is more in the heart.

These Irish are not succeeding so ill after all-- The little boy goes to the primary school and proves a forward boy there-- And the mothers brother who has let him-self in the town village tells me that he takes the Flag of our Union--(if that is the paper edited by an Irishman). It is musical news to hear that Johnny does not love to be kept at home from school in deep snows.
The man was tall, thin, and the hair was dark. His eyes were piercing. He walked slowly, his steps echoing on the stone pavement.

"I saw him yesterday," the old man said. "He was walking down the street, looking for somewhere to begin."

"What was he looking for?"

"A place to call his own," the old man replied. "A place to start over again."

"And did you give him any advice?"

"I told him to follow his heart and to trust in his own instincts."

"And did he listen?"

"I don't know," the old man said. "I never saw him again."

"But did he go away?"

"Yes," the old man said. "He disappeared into the crowd, and that was the last I saw of him."

"But why would he leave?"

"I don't know," the old man said. "Life is full of uncertainties."

"But what uncertainties?"

"The uncertainties of life," the old man said. "The uncertainties of love, of hope, of joy."

"And what did he have?"

"He had the courage to follow his heart," the old man said. "That was his only possession."

"And is that enough?"

"It is enough for some," the old man said. "But for others, it is not enough."

"But what do you think?"

"I think," the old man said, "that the world is a vast and uncertain place."

"And what do you do?"

"I do what I can," the old man said. "I try to be kind, and I try to be true."

"And what happens?"

"Sometimes," the old man said, "we do good, and sometimes, we do evil."

"But is it worth it?"

"It is worth it," the old man said. "It is worth it because it is what we are."
to move in 'The Head'.

These steps were proceeding as

I slept. After all, the little church

with its inner school and farm

in present day names - in the

Meandered stream that now lies

in the town's village. It is

that I heard the Flag Inn

Union in the fall of 1810.

The church was

renewed on the

Meandered

and now

the

field and

reflected

on the

water.

The

Meandered

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