

**Chapter 1 : Walden: (Or Life in the Woods) - free PDF, CHM, FB3, RTF**

*Walden (/ ˈ ɛ · w ɛ · ˈ ɛ · l d ɛ · ˈ ɪ n /; first published as Walden; or, Life in the Woods) is a book by transcendentalist Henry David Thoreau. The text is a reflection upon simple living in natural surroundings.*

By Elizabeth Witherell, with Elizabeth Dubrulle When I wrote the following pages, or rather the bulk of them, I lived alone, in the woods, a mile from any neighbor, in a house which I had built myself, on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts, and earned my living by the labor of my hands only. I lived there two years and two months. Over the course of the next three hundred-odd pages, Thoreau outlined his philosophy of life, politics, and nature, laying the foundation for a secure place in the canon of great American writers. The book has inspired other young people to follow his example and retire to a lonely spot--even if only in imagination--to ponder the world and their place in it. For many, Walden has served as a touchstone. Which view of Thoreau is most accurate: The dour hermit of Walden Woods? None suffices to represent Thoreau by itself; all find support in Walden. By July 4 of that same year, the house was substantially complete and Thoreau moved to the pond. The experiment had begun. I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. Walden, 90 He also went to the pond to work on a book that was to be a memorial tribute to his older brother John, who had died three years earlier of lockjaw. The narrative frame of the story is provided by a boat trip the brothers had taken in , but there are many philosophical digressions. At Walden, Thoreau worked diligently on *A Week*, but he also explored Walden Woods and recorded his observations on nature in his *Journal*. He entertained visitors and made regular trips to town; friends and neighbors began to inquire about his life at the pond. What did he do all day? How did he make a living? Did he get lonely? What if he got sick? He began collecting material to write lectures for his curious townsmen, and he delivered two at the Concord Lyceum, on February 10 and 17, . By the time he left the pond on September 6, , he had combined his lectures on life at Walden with more notes from his journal to produce the first draft of a book which he hoped to publish shortly after *A Week*. *A Week* was published in , with a note at the back announcing the imminent publication of *Walden; or, Life in the Woods*. *A Week* was not well received by the public, however, and only two hundred copies of it sold in the first few years after its publication. Thoreau financed the volume himself. When publisher James Munroe returned the unsold copies to him in , Thoreau wrote in a journal entry for October 28, , "I have now a library of nearly volumes over of which I wrote myself--" Considering the failure of *A Week*, publishers were not enthusiastic about *Walden*, and plans for its publication were postponed. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life In the s a group of admirers who had not known Thoreau personally but who had been affected by his writings began actively to promote him. *Walden* was reprinted several times in both America and England during the second half of the nineteenth century. Beginning in the s, interest in Thoreau began to rise markedly. Under the editorship of Walter Harding , William L. Thoreau, has published fourteen of its projected thirty-volume series with Princeton University Press. The Princeton Edition of *Walden* was published in I learned this, at least, by my experiment; that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them. The cairn became a standard stop for pilgrims to Walden. The proper use of Walden Pond and Walden Woods has been the subject of debate for over a century. Should it serve as a public park with full access for swimming, fishing, hunting, and camping? Should it be preserved in a pristine state? Should commercial development be allowed? For several decades, the area has been open to the public for swimming and fishing. Those who have felt that the pond was threatened by overuse have been very vocal

in Concord, and during the s the number of users per day was limited by closing the parking area when a certain capacity was reached. During the same period, though, the town made it possible for some of the land around the pond to be developed. When the door to development opened, two projects were proposed: These plans were brought to the attention of Don Henley, lead singer of the rock group the Eagles, by a group of concerned local residents. Henley spearheaded a campaign to preserve the area, and rallied political figures such as Senators Ted Kennedy and Paul Tsongas, as well as a number of actors and musicians, to the support of the Walden Woods Project WWP. WWP arranged a number of fund-raising events, including rock concerts, movie premieres, and a "Walk for Walden Woods," and successfully negotiated with the developers to purchase the endangered land, as well as additional land in Walden Woods. The Thoreau Institute and the Thoreau Society promote continued interest in and research on Thoreau and his work. All references are to Walden, ed. Princeton University Press,

**Chapter 2 : Henry David Thoreau – “The Walden Woods Project”**

*Walden; Or, Life in the Woods (Dover Thrift Editions) and millions of other books are available for instant access. view Kindle eBook | view Audible audiobook Enter your mobile number or email address below and we'll send you a link to download the free Kindle App.*

Plot[ edit ] I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practice resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. Readers are reminded that at the time of publication, Thoreau is back to living among the civilized again. The book is separated into specific chapters, each of which focuses on specific themes: In this first and longest chapter, Thoreau outlines his project: He easily supplies the four necessities of life food, shelter, clothing, and fuel with the help of family and friends, particularly his mother, his best friend, and Mr. The latter provided Thoreau with a work exchange –“ he could build a small house and plant a garden if he cleared some land on the woodlot and did other chores while there. The poem criticizes those who think that their poverty gives them unearned moral and intellectual superiority. Much attention is devoted to the skepticism and wonderment with which townspeople greeted both him and his project as he tries to protect his views from those of the townspeople who seem to view society as the only place to live. He recounts the reasons for his move to Walden Pond along with detailed steps back to the construction of his new home methods, support, etc. Thoreau takes to the woods dreaming of an existence free of obligations and full of leisure. He announces that he resides far from social relationships that mail represents post office and the majority of the chapter focuses on his thoughts while constructing and living in his new home at Walden. Thoreau discusses the benefits of classical literature , preferably in the original Greek or Latin , and bemoans the lack of sophistication in Concord evident in the popularity of unsophisticated literature. He also loved to read books by world travelers. Thoreau encourages the reader to be "forever on the alert" and "looking always at what is to be seen. Thoreau reflects on the feeling of solitude. Thoreau meditates on the pleasures of escaping society and the petty things that society entails gossip, fights, etc. He also reflects on his new companion, an old settler who arrives nearby and an old woman with great memory "memory runs back farther than mythology". Thoreau talks about how he enjoys companionship despite his love for solitude and always leaves three chairs ready for visitors. The entire chapter focuses on the coming and going of visitors, and how he has more comers in Walden than he did in the city. Thoreau then reflects on the women and children who seem to enjoy the pond more than men, and how men are limited because their lives are taken up. He touches upon the joys of his environment, the sights and sounds of nature, but also on the military sounds nearby. The rest of the chapter focuses on his earnings and his cultivation of crops including how he spends just under fifteen dollars on this. On one of his journeys into Concord, Thoreau is detained and jailed for his refusal to pay a poll tax to the "state that buys and sells men, women, and children, like cattle at the door of its senate-house". In autumn, Thoreau discusses the countryside and writes down his observations about the geography of Walden Pond and its neighbors: While on an afternoon ramble in the woods, Thoreau gets caught in a rainstorm and takes shelter in the dirty, dismal hut of John Field, a penniless but hard-working Irish farmhand, and his wife and children. Thoreau urges Field to live a simple but independent and fulfilling life in the woods, thereby freeing himself of employers and creditors. Thoreau discusses whether hunting wild animals and eating meat is necessary. He concludes that the primitive, carnal sensuality of humans drives them to kill and eat animals, and that a person who transcends this propensity is superior to those who cannot. Thoreau eats fish and occasionally salt pork and woodchuck. He also recognizes that Native Americans need to hunt and kill moose for survival in "The Maine Woods", and eats moose on a

trip to Maine while he was living at Walden. One must love that of the wild just as much as one loves that of the good. What men already know instinctively is true humanity. The hunter is the greatest friend of the animal which is hunted. No human older than an adolescent would wantonly murder any creature which reveres its own life as much as the killer. If the day and the night make one joyful, one is successful. The highest form of self-restraint is when one can subsist not on other animals, but of plants and crops cultivated from the earth. The conversation is about a hermit himself and a poet Channing and how the poet is absorbed in the clouds while the hermit is occupied with the more practical task of getting fish for dinner and how in the end, the poet regrets his failure to catch fish. After picking November berries in the woods, Thoreau adds a chimney, and finally plasters the walls of his sturdy house to stave off the cold of the oncoming winter. He also lays in a good supply of firewood, and expresses affection for wood and fire. Former Inhabitants; and Winter Visitors: Thoreau relates the stories of people who formerly lived in the vicinity of Walden Pond. Then he talks about a few of the visitors he receives during the winter: Thoreau amuses himself by watching wildlife during the winter. He relates his observations of owls, hares, red squirrels, mice, and various birds as they hunt, sing, and eat the scraps and corn he put out for them. He also describes a fox hunt that passes by. The Pond in Winter: Thoreau describes Walden Pond as it appears during the winter. He says he has sounded its depths and located an underground outlet. Then he recounts how laborers came to cut great blocks of ice from the pond, the ice to be shipped to the Carolinas. As spring arrives, Walden and the other ponds melt with powerful thundering and rumbling. Thoreau enjoys watching the thaw, and grows ecstatic as he witnesses the green rebirth of nature. He watches the geese winging their way north, and a hawk playing by itself in the sky. As nature is reborn, the narrator implies, so is he. He departs Walden on September 6, This final chapter is more passionate and urgent than its predecessors. In it, he criticizes conformity: Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away", [ citation needed ] By doing so, men may find happiness and self-fulfillment. I do not say that John or Jonathan will realize all this; but such is the character of that morrow which mere lapse of time can never make to dawn. The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us. Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star. Please help improve this article by adding citations to reliable sources. Unsourced material may be challenged and removed. First, it was written in an older prose, which uses surgically precise language, extended, allegorical metaphors, long and complex paragraphs and sentences, and vivid, detailed, and insightful descriptions. Thoreau does not hesitate to use metaphors, allusions, understatement, hyperbole, personification, irony, satire, metonymy, synecdoche, and oxymorons, and he can shift from a scientific to a transcendental point of view in mid-sentence. Second, its logic is based on a different understanding of life, quite contrary to what most people would call common sense. Ironically, this logic is based on what most people say they believe. Thoreau, recognizing this, fills Walden with sarcasm, paradoxes, and double entendres. He likes to tease, challenge, and even fool his readers. Thoreau must use non-literal language to express these notions, and the reader must reach out to understand. There are signs of ambiguity, or an attempt to see an alternative side of something common. Some of the major themes that are present within the text are: Thoreau constantly refuses to be in "need" of the companionship of others. Though he realizes its significance and importance, he thinks it unnecessary to always be in search for it. Self-reliance, to him, is economic and social and is a principle that in terms of financial and interpersonal relations is more valuable than anything. To Thoreau, self-reliance can be both spiritual as well as economic. Throughout the book, Thoreau constantly seeks to simplify his lifestyle: In a world where everyone and everything is eager to advance in terms of progress, Thoreau finds it stubborn and skeptical to think that any outward improvement of life can bring inner peace and contentment. The need for spiritual awakening: Spiritual awakening is the way to find and realize the truths of life which are often buried under the mounds of daily affairs. Thoreau holds the spiritual awakening to be a quintessential component of life. It is the source from which all of the other themes flow. Man as part of nature Nature and its reflection of human emotions The state as unjust and corrupt Meditation: Thoreau was an avid meditator and often spoke about the benefits of meditating. Origins and publishing history[ edit ] There has been much guessing as to why Thoreau went to the pond. Could he survive, possibly even thrive, by stripping away all superfluous luxuries, living a plain, simple life in radically reduced conditions? Although Thoreau went to

Walden to escape what he considered, "over-civilization", and in search of the "raw" and "savage delight" of the wilderness, he also spent considerable amounts of his time reading and writing. During those years Thoreau slowly edited and drafted what were originally 18 essays describing his "experiment" in basic living. After eight drafts over the course of ten years, *Walden* was published in 1849. He never took seriously "the idea that he could truly isolate himself from others". While valuing freedom from possessions, Thoreau was not communal in the sense of practicing sharing or of embracing community. After all, for me, I prefer walking on two legs". John Updike wrote of *Walden*, "A century and a half after its publication, *Walden* has become such a totem of the back-to-nature, preservationist, anti-business, civil-disobedience mindset, and Thoreau so vivid a protester, so perfect a crank and hermit saint, that the book risks being as revered and unread as the Bible. Skinner wrote that he carried a copy of *Walden* with him in his youth, [28] and eventually wrote *Walden Two* in 1949, a fictional utopia about 1,000 members who live together in a Thoreau-inspired community. An Annotated Edition [40] Ultimately, the project will provide a space for readers to discuss Thoreau in the margins of his texts.

Chapter 3 : Walden - Wikipedia

*Walden, Or, Life In The Woods by Henry David Thoreau This is a reproduction of a book published before This book may have occasional imperfections such as missing or blurred pages, poor pictures, errant marks, etc. that were either part of the original artifact, or were introduced by the scanning process.*

His paternal grandfather had been born on the UK crown dependency island of Jersey. He began to call himself Henry David after he finished college; he never petitioned to make a legal name change. The house has been restored by the Thoreau Farm Trust, [22] a nonprofit organization, and is now open to the public. He studied at Harvard College between and He lived in Hollis Hall and took courses in rhetoric , classics, philosophy, mathematics, and science. Harvard College offered it to graduates "who proved their physical worth by being alive three years after graduating, and their saving, earning, or inheriting quality or condition by having Five Dollars to give the college. Return to Concord, â€"[ edit ] The traditional professions open to college graduatesâ€"law, the church, business, medicineâ€"did not interest Thoreau, [26]: After he graduated in , he joined the faculty of the Concord public school, but he resigned after a few weeks rather than administer corporal punishment. The school closed when John became fatally ill from tetanus in after cutting himself while shaving. Emerson urged Thoreau to contribute essays and poems to a quarterly periodical, *The Dial* , and lobbied the editor, Margaret Fuller, to publish those writings. In his early years he followed Transcendentalism , a loose and eclectic idealist philosophy advocated by Emerson, Fuller, and Alcott. They held that an ideal spiritual state transcends, or goes beyond, the physical and empirical, and that one achieves that insight via personal intuition rather than religious doctrine. In their view, Nature is the outward sign of inward spirit, expressing the "radical correspondence of visible things and human thoughts", as Emerson wrote in *Nature* He rediscovered the process of making good pencils with inferior graphite by using clay as the binder. Later, Thoreau converted the pencil factory to produce plumbago, a name for graphite at the time, which was used in the electrotyping process. In April he and his friend Edward Hoar accidentally set a fire that consumed acres 1. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. I see no other alternative, no other hope for you. Thoreau refused because of his opposition to the Mexicanâ€"American War and slavery , and he spent a night in jail because of this refusal. The next day Thoreau was freed when someone, likely to have been his aunt, paid the tax, against his wishes. In January and February , he delivered lectures on "The Rights and Duties of the Individual in relation to Government", [43] explaining his tax resistance at the Concord Lyceum. Bronson Alcott attended the lecture, writing in his journal on January His allusions to the Mexican War, to Mr. Thoreau did not find a publisher for the book and instead printed 1, copies at his own expense; fewer than were sold. Thoreau left Walden Pond on September 6, The book compresses that time into a single calendar year, using the passage of the four seasons to symbolize human development. Part memoir and part spiritual quest, *Walden* at first won few admirers, but later critics have regarded it as a classic American work that explores natural simplicity, harmony, and beauty as models for just social and cultural conditions. In , he and his family moved into a house at Main Street , where he lived until his death. He jested that all he got from this adventure "was a cold. Whereas his own country had had its revolution, in Canada history had failed to turn. He read avidly on botany and often wrote observations on this topic into his journal. The point of this task was to "anticipate" the seasons of nature, in his word. He also kept a series of notebooks, and these observations became the source of his late writings on natural history, such as "Autumnal Tints", "The Succession of Trees", and "Wild Apples", an essay lamenting the destruction of indigenous wild apple species. Until the s, literary critics[ who? With the rise of environmental history and ecocriticism as academic disciplines, several new readings of Thoreau began to emerge, showing him to have been both a philosopher

and an analyst of ecological patterns in fields and woodlots. Walden Pond He traveled to Canada East once, Cape Cod four times, and Maine three times; these landscapes inspired his "excursion" books, *A Yankee in Canada*, *Cape Cod*, and *The Maine Woods*, in which travel itineraries frame his thoughts about geography, history and philosophy. Paul and Mackinac Island. He devoured all the first-hand travel accounts available in his day, at a time when the last unmapped regions of the earth were being explored. He processed everything he read, in the local laboratory of his Concord experience. Among his famous aphorisms is his advice to "live at home like a traveler. Thoreau was disgusted by this, and he composed a key speech, *A Plea for Captain John Brown*, which was uncompromising in its defense of Brown and his actions. As a biographer of Brown put it, "If, as Alfred Kazin suggests, without John Brown there would have been no Civil War, we would add that without the Concord Transcendentalists, John Brown would have had little cultural impact. In , following a late-night excursion to count the rings of tree stumps during a rainstorm, he became ill with bronchitis. Recognizing the terminal nature of his disease, Thoreau spent his last years revising and editing his unpublished works, particularly *The Maine Woods and Excursions*, and petitioning publishers to print revised editions of *A Week and Walden*. He wrote letters and journal entries until he became too weak to continue. His friends were alarmed at his diminished appearance and were fascinated by his tranquil acceptance of death. When his aunt Louisa asked him in his last weeks if he had made his peace with God, Thoreau responded, "I did not know we had ever quarreled. Today, Thoreau is regarded as one of the foremost American writers, both for the modern clarity of his prose style and the prescience of his views on nature and politics. His memory is honored by the international Thoreau Society and his legacy honored by the Thoreau Institute at Walden Woods, established in in Lincoln, Massachusetts. Nature and human existence[ edit ] Most of the luxuries and many of the so-called comforts of life are not only not indispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind. He was himself a highly skilled canoeist; Nathaniel Hawthorne , after a ride with him, noted that "Mr. Thoreau managed the boat so perfectly, either with two paddles or with one, that it seemed instinct with his own will, and to require no physical effort to guide it. He wrote in *Walden*, "The practical objection to animal food in my case was its uncleanness; and besides, when I had caught and cleaned and cooked and eaten my fish, they seemed not to have fed me essentially. It was insignificant and unnecessary, and cost more than it came to. A little bread or a few potatoes would have done as well, with less trouble and filth. Instead he sought a middle ground, the pastoral realm that integrates nature and culture. His philosophy required that he be a didactic arbitrator between the wilderness he based so much on and the spreading mass of humanity in North America. He decried the latter endlessly but felt that a teacher needs to be close to those who needed to hear what he wanted to tell them. The wildness he enjoyed was the nearby swamp or forest, and he preferred "partially cultivated country. His expectations were high because he hoped to find genuine, primeval America. But contact with real wilderness in Maine affected him far differently than had the idea of wilderness in Concord. Instead of coming out of the woods with a deepened appreciation of the wilds, Thoreau felt a greater respect for civilization and realized the necessity of balance. I believe that water is the only drink for a wise man; wine is not so noble a liquor. Of all ebriosity, who does not prefer to be intoxicated by the air he breathes? He strove to portray himself as an ascetic puritan. However, his sexuality has long been the subject of speculation, including by his contemporaries. Critics have called him heterosexual, homosexual, or asexual. Some scholars have suggested that homoerotic sentiments run through his writings and concluded that he was homosexual. In him are the spaces which my orbit traverses".

**Chapter 4 : Walden; Or, Life in the Woods**

*Walden; or, Life in the Woods* by Henry David Thoreau *Walden (also known as Walden; or, Life in the Woods)* by Henry David Thoreau is one of the best-known non-fiction books written by an American.

Rowse crayon portrait of Thoreau. From until he and his older brother John, Jr. In John, Jr. Having returned to Concord, in Thoreau and Edward Hoar, a companion, accidentally set fire to some woods in Concord when trying to prepare a fish chowder near Fair Haven Pond on a windy day. From to Thoreau lived in a small house that he built himself on the shore of Walden Pond, a mile and a half south of Concord Center. In , while still at the pond, he climbed to the summit of Mt. Katahdin while on a visit to the Maine woods and spent one night in jail for refusing to pay his poll tax. He later worked these experiences into lectures that were later still published as the "Ktaadn" chapter of *The Maine Woods* and the famous, influential essay "Civil Disobedience". At about this time he began the routine of morning and evening study and writing, and afternoon walks that were the foundation upon which he may be said to have built his creative life. Thoreau made the first of four trips to Cape Cod in , and he later delivered lectures about his experiences that were posthumously published as *Cape Cod*. The following year he traveled to Quebec and wrote up that experience in a lecture titled "An Excursion to Canada," partially published in as *A Yankee in Canada*. His famous book *Walden; or, Life in the Woods* later shortened at his request to *Walden* was published in , and in that same year he delivered his lecture-essay "Slavery in Massachusetts" at an Independence Day meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society. In Thoreau traveled to Perth Amboy, New Jersey, to survey a large estate and deliver three lectures. While there he visited Walt Whitman in nearby Brooklyn. In and he visited Cape Cod, the woods of Maine, and the White Mountains of New Hampshire; and in the latter year he published what was to become the second chapter of *The Maine Woods* , his essay "Chesuncook". In October of that year the abolitionist Capt. His essay "A Plea for Capt. Thoreau Family Graves Sleepy Hollow, Concord While counting tree rings on 3 December Thoreau contracted a cold that quickly worsened into bronchitis. His lungshad long been tubercular, and Thoreau was housebound for many weeks. During the summer of he traveled to Minnesota in a vain effort to recover his health. Arriving back home he began putting his affairs in order and began preparing for publication many of his late lectures.

**Chapter 5 : Walden; or, Life in the Woods - Existential Comics**

*From a general summary to chapter summaries to explanations of famous quotes, the SparkNotes Walden Study Guide has everything you need to ace quizzes, tests, and essays.*

Retrieved November 09, , from <http://Next> The embedded audio player requires a modern internet browser. You should visit [Browse Happy](http://BrowseHappy.com) and update your internet browser today! But while we are confined to books, though the most select and classic, and read only particular written languages, which are themselves but dialects and provincial, we are in danger of forgetting the language which all things and events speak without metaphor, which alone is copious and standard. Much is published, but little printed. The rays which stream through the shutter will be no longer remembered when the shutter is wholly removed. No method nor discipline can supersede the necessity of being forever on the alert. What is a course of history or philosophy, or poetry, no matter how well selected, or the best society, or the most admirable routine of life, compared with the discipline of looking always at what is to be seen? Will you be a reader, a student merely, or a seer? Read your fate, see what is before you, and walk on into futurity. I did not read books the first summer; I hoed beans. Nay, I often did better than this. There were times when I could not afford to sacrifice the bloom of the present moment to any work, whether of the head or hands. I love a broad margin to my life. I grew in those seasons like corn in the night, and they were far better than any work of the hands would have been. They were not time subtracted from my life, but so much over and above my usual allowance. I realized what the Orientals mean by contemplation and the forsaking of works. For the most part, I minded not how the hours went. The day advanced as if to light some work of mine; it was morning, and lo, now it is evening, and nothing memorable is accomplished. Instead of singing like the birds, I silently smiled at my incessant good fortune. As the sparrow had its trill, sitting on the hickory before my door, so had I my chuckle or suppressed warble which he might hear out of my nest. My days were not days of the week, bearing the stamp of any heathen deity, nor were they minced into hours and fretted by the ticking of a clock; for I lived like the Puri Indians, of whom it is said that "for yesterday, today, and tomorrow they have only one word, and they express the variety of meaning by pointing backward for yesterday forward for tomorrow, and overhead for the passing day. A man must find his occasions in himself, it is true. The natural day is very calm, and will hardly reprove his indolence. I had this advantage, at least, in my mode of life, over those who were obliged to look abroad for amusement, to society and the theatre, that my life itself was become my amusement and never ceased to be novel. It was a drama of many scenes and without an end. If we were always, indeed, getting our living, and regulating our lives according to the last and best mode we had learned, we should never be troubled with ennui. Follow your genius closely enough, and it will not fail to show you a fresh prospect every hour. Housework was a pleasant pastime. When my floor was dirty, I rose early, and, setting all my furniture out of doors on the grass, bed and bedstead making but one budget, dashed water on the floor, and sprinkled white sand from the pond on it, and then with a broom scrubbed it clean and white; and by the time the villagers had broken their fast the morning sun had dried my house sufficiently to allow me to move in again, and my meditations were almost uninterrupted. They seemed glad to get out themselves, and as if unwilling to be brought in. I was sometimes tempted to stretch an awning over them and take my seat there. It was worth the while to see the sun shine on these things, and hear the free wind blow on them; so much more interesting most familiar objects look out of doors than in the house. A bird sits on the next bough, lifeâ€™everlasting grows under the table, and blackberry vines run round its legs; pine cones, chestnut burs, and strawberry leaves are strewn about. It looked as if this was the way these forms came to be transferred to our furniture, to tables, chairs, and bedsteadsâ€™because they once stood in their midst. My house was on the side of a hill, immediately on the edge of the larger wood, in the midst of a young forest of pitch pines and hickories, and half a dozen rods from the pond, to which a narrow footpath led down the hill. In my front yard grew the strawberry, blackberry, and lifeâ€™everlasting, johnswort and goldenrod, shrub oaks and sand cherry, blueberry and groundnut. Near the end of May, the sand cherry *Cerasus pumila* adorned the sides of the path with its delicate flowers arranged in umbels cylindrically about its short stems, which last, in the fall, weighed

down with goodsized and handsome cherries, fell over in wreaths like rays on every side. I tasted them out of compliment to Nature, though they were scarcely palatable. The sumach *Rhus glabra* grew luxuriantly about the house, pushing up through the embankment which I had made, and growing five or six feet the first season. Its broad pinnate tropical leaf was pleasant though strange to look on. 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. As I sit at my window this summer afternoon, hawks are circling about my clearing; the tantivy of wild pigeons, flying by two and threes athwart my view, or perching restless on the white pine boughs behind my house, gives a voice to the air; a fish hawk dimples the glassy surface of the pond and brings up a fish; a mink steals out of the marsh before my door and seizes a frog by the shore; the sedge is bending under the weight of the reedâ€™birds flitting hither and thither; and for the last halfâ€™hour I have heard the rattle of railroad cars, now dying away and then reviving like the beat of a partridge, conveying travellers from Boston to the country. For I did not live so out of the world as that boy who, as I hear, was put out to a farmer in the east part of the town, but ere long ran away and came home again, quite down at the heel and homesick. I doubt if there is such a place in Massachusetts now: I usually go to the village along its causeway, and am, as it were, related to society by this link. The men on the freight trains, who go over the whole length of the road, bow to me as to an old acquaintance, they pass me so often, and apparently they take me for an employee; and so I am. I too would fain be a trackâ€™repairer somewhere in the orbit of the earth. As they come under one horizon, they shout their warning to get off the track to the other, heard sometimes through the circles of two towns. Here come your groceries, country; your rations, countrymen! Nor is there any man so independent on his farm that he can say them nay. With such huge and lumbering civility the country hands a chair to the city. All the Indian huckleberry hills are stripped, all the cranberry meadows are raked into the city. Up comes the cotton, down goes the woven cloth; up comes the silk, down goes the woollen; up come the books, but down goes the wit that writes them. If all were as it seems, and men made the elements their servants for noble ends! I watch the passage of the morning cars with the same feeling that I do the rising of the sun, which is hardly more regular. Their train of clouds stretching far behind and rising higher and higher, going to heaven while the cars are going to Boston, conceals the sun for a minute and casts my distant field into the shade, a celestial train beside which the petty train of cars which hugs the earth is but the barb of the spear. The stabler of the iron horse was up early this winter morning by the light of the stars amid the mountains, to fodder and harness his steed. Fire, too, was awakened thus early to put the vital heat in him and get him off. If the enterprise were as innocent as it is early! If the snow lies deep, they strap on his snowshoes, and, with the giant plow, plow a furrow from the mountains to the seaboard, in which the cars, like a following drillâ€™barrow, sprinkle all the restless men and floating merchandise in the country for seed. All day the fireâ€™steed flies over the country, stopping only that his master may rest, and I am awakened by his tramp and defiant snort at midnight, when in some remote glen in the woods he fronts the elements incased in ice and snow; and he will reach his stall only with the morning star, to start once more on his travels without rest or slumber. Or perchance, at evening, I hear him in his stable blowing off the superfluous energy of the day, that he may calm his nerves and cool his liver and brain for a few hours of iron slumber. If the enterprise were as heroic and commanding as it is protracted and unwearied! Far through unfrequented woods on the confines of towns, where once only the hunter penetrated by day, in the darkest night dart these brilliant saloons without the knowledge of their inhabitants; this moment stopping at some brilliant stationâ€™house in town or city, where a social crowd is gathered, the next in the Dismal Swamp, scaring the owl and fox. The startings and arrivals of the cars are now the epochs in the village day. They go and come with such regularity and precision, and their whistle can be heard so far, that the farmers set their clocks by them, and thus one wellâ€™conducted institution regulates a whole country. Have not men improved somewhat in punctuality since the railroad was invented? Do they not talk and think faster in the

depot than they did in the stage-office? There is something electrifying in the atmosphere of the former place. I have been astonished at the miracles it has wrought; that some of my neighbors, who, I should have prophesied, once for all, would never get to Boston by so prompt a conveyance, are on hand when the bell rings. To do things "railroad fashion" is now the byword; and it is worth the while to be warned so often and so sincerely by any power to get off its track. There is no stopping to read the riot act, no firing over the heads of the mob, in this case. We have constructed a fate, an Atropos, that never turns aside. Let that be the name of your engine. We live the steadier for it. We are all educated thus to be sons of Tell. The air is full of invisible bolts. Every path but your own is the path of fate. Keep on your own track, then. What recommends commerce to me is its enterprise and bravery. It does not clasp its hands and pray to Jupiter. I see these men every day go about their business with more or less courage and content, doing more even than they suspect, and perchance better employed than they could have consciously devised. Commerce is unexpectedly confident and serene, alert, adventurous, and unwearied. It is very natural in its methods withal, far more so than many fantastic enterprises and sentimental experiments, and hence its singular success. I am refreshed and expanded when the freight train rattles past me, and I smell the stores which go dispensing their odors all the way from Long Wharf to Lake Champlain, reminding me of foreign parts, of coral reefs, and Indian oceans, and tropical climes, and the extent of the globe. I feel more like a citizen of the world at the sight of the palm-leaf which will cover so many flaxen New England heads the next summer, the Manilla hemp and cocoanut husks, the old junk, gunny bags, scrap iron, and rusty nails. This carload of torn sails is more legible and interesting now than if they should be wrought into paper and printed books. Who can write so graphically the history of the storms they have weathered as these rents have done? They are proof-sheets which need no correction. Here goes lumber from the Maine woods, which did not go out to sea in the last freshet, risen four dollars on the thousand because of what did go out or was split up; pine, spruce, cedar—first, second, third, and fourth qualities, so lately all of one quality, to wave over the bear, and moose, and caribou. Next rolls Thomaston lime, a prime lot, which will get far among the hills before it gets slacked. These rags in bales, of all hues and qualities, the lowest condition to which cotton and linen descend, the final result of dress-of patterns which are now no longer cried up, unless it be in Milwaukee, as those splendid articles, English, French, or American prints, ginghams, muslins, etc. This closed car smells of salt fish, the strong New England and commercial scent, reminding me of the Grand Banks and the fisheries. Who has not seen a salt fish, thoroughly cured for this world, so that nothing can spoil it, and putting, the perseverance of the saints to the blush? Next Spanish hides, with the tails still preserving their twist and the angle of elevation they had when the oxen that wore them were careering over the pampas of the Spanish Main—a type of all obstinacy, and evincing how almost hopeless and incurable are all constitutional vices. Here is a hogshead of molasses or of brandy directed to John Smith, Cuttingsville, Vermont, some trader among the Green Mountains, who imports for the farmers near his clearing, and now perchance stands over his bulkhead and thinks of the last arrivals on the coast, how they may affect the price for him, telling his customers this moment, as he has told them twenty times before this morning, that he expects some by the next train of prime quality. It is advertised in the Cuttingsville Times.

### Chapter 6 : Thoreau's Life " The Walden Woods Project

*Walden Quotes (showing of ) "I learned this, at least, by my experiment: that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours."*

Walden by Henry D. Thoreau What I have heard of Bramins sitting exposed to four fires and looking in the face of the sun; or hanging suspended, with their heads downward, over flames; or looking at the heavens over their shoulders "until it becomes impossible for them to resume their natural position, while from the twist of the neck nothing but liquids can pass into the stomach"; or dwelling, chained for life, at the foot of a tree; or measuring with their bodies, like caterpillars, the breadth of vast empires; or standing on one leg on the tops of pillars -- even these forms of conscious penance are hardly more incredible and astonishing than the scenes which I daily witness. The twelve labors of Hercules were trifling in comparison with those which my neighbors have undertaken; for they were only twelve, and had an end; but I could never see that these men slew or captured any monster or finished any labor. I see young men, my townsmen, whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle, and farming tools; for these are more easily acquired than got rid of. Better if they had been born in the open pasture and suckled by a wolf, that they might have seen with clearer eyes what field they were called to labor in. Who made them serfs of the soil? Why should they eat their sixty acres, when man is condemned to eat only his peck of dirt? Why should they begin digging their graves as soon as they are born? How many a poor immortal soul have I met well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty, its Augean stables never cleansed, and one hundred acres of land, tillage, mowing, pasture, and woodlot! The portionless, who struggle with no such unnecessary inherited encumbrances, find it labor enough to subdue and cultivate a few cubic feet of flesh. But men labor under a mistake. The better part of the man is soon plowed into the soil for compost. By a seeming fate, commonly called necessity, they are employed, as it says in an old book, laying up treasures which moth and rust will corrupt and thieves break through and steal. It is said that Deucalion and Pyrrha created men by throwing stones over their heads behind them: Or, as Raleigh rhymes it in his sonorous way,-- "From thence our kind hard-hearted is, enduring pain and care, Approving that our bodies of a stony nature are. Most men, even in this comparatively free country, through mere ignorance and mistake, are so occupied with the factitious cares and superfluously coarse labors of life that its finer fruits cannot be plucked by them. Their fingers, from excessive toil, are too clumsy and tremble too much for that. Actually, the laboring man has not leisure for a true integrity day by day; he cannot afford to sustain the manliest relations to men; his labor would be depreciated in the market. He has no time to be anything but a machine. How can he remember well his ignorance -- which his growth requires -- who has so often to use his knowledge? We should feed and clothe him gratuitously sometimes, and recruit him with our cordials, before we judge of him. The finest qualities of our nature, like the bloom on fruits, can be preserved only by the most delicate handling. Yet we do not treat ourselves nor one another thus tenderly. Some of you, we all know, are poor, find it hard to live, are sometimes, as it were, gasping for breath. Page 2 of

### Chapter 7 : Walden: Or, Life in the Woods : Henry David Thoreau :

*Originally published in , Walden; or, Life in the Woods, is a vivid account of the time that Henry D. Thoreau lived alone in a secluded cabin at Walden Pond. It is one of the most influential and compelling books in American literature.*

### Chapter 8 : Walden | Summary, Transcendentalism, Analysis, & Facts | [theinnatdunvilla.com](http://theinnatdunvilla.com)

*Walden, in full Walden; or, Life in the Woods, series of 18 essays by Henry David Thoreau, published in An important contribution to New England Transcendentalism, the book was a record of Thoreau's experiment in simple living on the northern shore of Walden Pond in eastern Massachusetts ().*

Chapter 9 : Henry David Thoreau - Wikipedia

*Walden; or, Life in the Woods () by Henry David Thoreau Study Guide () for Walden by Henry David Thoreau Written by David Barber, Associate Professor of English, University of Idaho.*