



## Selections from Walden, by Henry David Thoreau

1. “I bought the shanty of James Collins, an Irishman who worked on the Fitchburg Railroad, for boards to use in my house.” (Economy)
2. “We do not ride on the railroad; it rides upon us. The rails are laid on an Irishman or a Yankee man and they are covered with sand, and the cars run smoothly over them.” (Where I Lived and What I Lived For)
3. “The whistle of the locomotive penetrates my woods summer and winter, sounding like the scream of a hawk sailing over some farmer’s yard. Here come your groceries, country; your rations, countrymen! And here’s your pay for them! screams the countryman’s whistle. 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 woolen; up come the books, but down goes the wit that writes them.” (Sounds)
4. “In the course of the summer it appeared by the arrowheads which I turned up in hoeing, that an extinct nation had anciently dwelt here.” (The Beanfield)
5. “As I drew a still fresher soil about the rows with my hoe, I disturbed the ashes of unchronicled nations who in primeval years lived under these heavens, and their small implements of war and hunting were brought to the light of this modern day.” (The Beanfield)
6. “From under a rotten stump my hoe turned up a sluggish portentous and outlandish spotted salamander, a trace of Egypt and the Nile, yet our contemporary.” (The Beanfield)
7. “On gala days the town fires its great guns, which echo like popguns to these woods, and some waifs of martial music occasionally penetrate thus far. When there was a military turnout of which I was ignorant, I have sometimes had a vague sense all the day of some sort of itching and disease in the horizon.” (The Beanfield)
8. “Perchance the first who came to this well have left some trace of their footsteps. I have been surprised to detect encircling the pond, even where a thick wood has just been cut down on the shore, a narrow shelf-like path in the steep hillside, alternately rising and falling, approaching and receding from the water’s edge, as old probably as the race of man here, worn by the feet of aboriginal hunters, and still from time to time unwittingly trodden by the present occupants of the land.” (The Ponds)
9. “The woodchoppers have laid the forest to waste, and now for many a year there will be no more rambling through the aisles of the wood, with occasional vistas through which you see the water. My Muse may be excused if she is silent henceforth. How can you expect the birds to sing when their groves are cut down?” (The Ponds)
10. “A part of the woods was burned, and though I burned it myself by accident, I grieved with a grief that lasted longer and was more inconsolable than that of the proprietors.” (Housewarming)
11. “I would that our farmers when they cut down a forest felt some of that awe which the old Romans did when they came to thin, or let in the light to, a consecrated grove, that is, would believe that it is sacred to some god.” (Housewarming)



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12. “East of my beanfield, had once lived Cato Ingraham, slave of Duncan Ingraham. Cato’s half-obliterated cellar-hole still remains, though known to few, being concealed from the traveler by a fringe of pines.” (Former Inhabitants and Winter Visitors)
13. “Down the road, on Brister’s Hill, had once lived Brister Freeman, slave of Squire Cummings, and there grow still the apple trees which Brister planted and tended; large old trees now, but their fruit still wild and ciderish.” (Former Inhabitants and Winter Visitors)
14. “A hundred Irishmen, with Yankee overseers, came from Cambridge every day to get out the ice. They divided it into cakes, and these, being sledded to the shore, were rapidly hauled off on to an ice platform, and raised by grappling irons and block and tackle, worked by horses, on to a stack, as surely as so many barrels of flour, and there placed evenly side by side, and row upon row, as if they formed the solid base of an obelisk designed to pierce the clouds.” (The Pond in Winter)
15. “We need the tonic of wildness—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.” (Spring)