in the afternoon over against one's self whom you have known all the morning, to starve out a garrison to whom you are bound by such strong ties of sympathy. I wonder that about this time, or say between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, too late for the morning papers and too early for the evening ones, there is not a general explosion heard up and down the street, scattering a legion of aerostatic and house-bred notions and whims to the four winds for an airing—and so the evil cure itself.

How woman-kind, who are confined to the house still more than men, stand it do I not know; but I have ground to suspect that most of them do not stand it at all. When, early in a summer afternoon, we have been shaking the dust of the village from the skirts of our garments, making haste past those houses with purely Doro or Cothie fronts, which have such an air of repose about them, my companion whispers that probably about these times their occupants are all gone to bed. Then it is that I appreciate the beauty and the glory of architecture, which itself turns in, but forever stands out and erect, keeping watch over the lumberers.

No doubt temperament, and, above all, age, have a good deal to do with it. As a man grows older, his ability to sit still and follow indoor occupations increases. He grows vestigial in his habits at the evening of life approaches, till at last he comes forth only just before sundown, and gets all the walk that he requires in half an hour.

But the walking of which I speak has nothing in it akin to taking exercise, as it is called, as the sick take medicine at stated hours—as the swinging of dumbbells or chains; but is itself the enterprise and adventure of the day. If you would get exercise, go in search of the springs of life. Think of a man's swinging dumbbells for his health, when those springs are bubbling up in far-off pastures unsought by him!

Moreover, you must walk like a camel, which is said to be the only beast which translates when walking. When a traveler asked Wordsworth's servant to show him master's study, she answered, "Here is his library, but his study is out of doors."

Living much out of doors, in the sun and wind, will no doubt produce a certain roughness of character—will cause a thicker cuticle to grow over some of the finer qualities of our nature, as on the face and hands, or as severe manual labor the hands of some of their delicacy of touch. So, staying in the house, on the other hand, may produce a softness and smoothness, not to say thinness of skin, accompanied by an increased sensibility to certain impressions. Perhaps we should be more susceptible to some influences important to our intellectual and moral growth if the sun had shone and the wind blown on us a little less and no doubt it is a nice matter to proportion rightly the thick and thin skin. But methinks that is a scar of that will fall off fast enough—that the natural remedy is to be found in the proportion which the night bears to the day, the winter to the summer, thought to experience. There will be so much the more air and sunshine in our thoughts. The callous palms of the laborer are conversant
What king
Did the dog?
I am still wondering:
Set bag or what order.
By what selection,
George or Lion.
Clark or Derby?
They’re a great adventure.
To be something forever.
Blank or one of some.
Where a man might grove.
And in one sentence.
Grave all that is known.
Which another might read.
In his extreme need.
I know one or two.
Lines that would do.
Literature that might stand.
All over in that land.
Which a man could remember.
Till next December.
And read again in the spring.
After the thawing.
If with fancy unfolded.
You leave your abode.
You may go round the world.
By the Old Marborough Road.

At present, in this vicinity, the best part of the land is not private property; the landscape is not owned, and the walker enjoys comparative freedom. But possibly the day will come when it will be partitioned off into so-called

pleasure grounds, in which a few will take a narrow and exclusive pleasure only—when fences shall be multiplied, and mantraps and other engines invented to confine men to the public road, and walking over the surface of God’s earth be construed to mean trespassing on some gentleman’s grounds. To enjoy a thing exclusively is common to exclude yourself from the true enjoyment of it. Let us improve our opportunities, then, before the evil days come.

What is that it makes so hard sometimes to determine whether we will walk? I believe there is a subtle magnetism in Nature, which, if we unconsciously yield to it, will direct us right. It is not indifferent to us which way we walk. There is a right way; but we are very liable to be drawn, inattentive and stupidly, and thus taking one. We would find take that walk, never taken by us through this actual world, which is perfectly symbolic of the path which we love to travel in the interior and ideal world; and sometimes, no doubt, we find it difficult to choose our direction, because it does not yet exist distinctly in our ideas.

When I go out of the house for a walk, uncertain as yet whether I will walk or not, and submit myself to my instinct to decide for me, I find, strange and whimsical as it may seem, that it finally and inevitably settle southwest, towards some particular wood or meadow or deserted pasture or hill in that direction. My need is slow to settle—varies a few degrees, and does not always point due south

with finer tissues of self-respect and heroism, whose touch thrills the heart, than the languid fingers of idleness. That is mere sentimentality that lies abed by day and thinks itself wise, but far from the tan and callus of experience.

When we walk, we naturally go to the fields and woods: what would become of us, if we walked only in a garden or a mall? Even some of philosophers have felt the necessity of improving the woods to themselves, since they did not go to the woods. They planted groves and walks of Platanus, where they took subtilias ambulationes in porosum open to the air. Of course, it is of no use to direct our steps to the woods, if they do not carry us thither. I am alarmed when it happens that I have walked a mile into the woods bodily, without getting there in spirit. In my afternoons I walk with my eyes shut, and as soon as I open them, I find myself in the woods. I cannot easily shake off the village. The thought of some work will run in my head and I am not where my body is—I am out of my senses. In my walks I would fain return to my senses. What business have I in the woods, if I am thinking of something out of the woods? I suspect myself, and cannot help a shudder, when I find myself so implicated even in what are called good works—this may sometimes happen.

My vicinity affords many good walks, and though for so many years I have walked almost every day, and sometimes for several days together, I have not yet exhausted them. An absolutely new prospect is a great happiness, and I can still get this any afternoon. Two or three hours' walking