Do not stay, Travelling, Thoreau.
Unpublished MSS.
1347 Connecticut Avenue.

How little curious is man
He has not reached it's mystery at
yet dreams of mines of treasure
Which he neglects to measure.

For three score years and ten
weeks 5 and 4 among this foolish
Over this small tract of continental land
And never raise a divining wand

Our uninquiring compass the more low
Than our life's curiosity cloth go
And our ambitious steps with climb no high
As in their daily sport The Sparrow fly

And yonder cloud's borne farther in a day
Than our most vagrant steps may carry.
Surely, 0 Lord, he has not greatly erred
Who has so little from his freedhold Stood.
He wonders through this new & strange world

Scarce or his loftier thoughts those unfurled

Through this low walled world where his huge sin

Was hardly room To rest a harbor eel.

He wonders then until his end draws nigh

And then lays down his aged head to die.

And this is life this is that famous strife.

So talk pleased my youthful imagination

more than the journey of a day or a

Picture of Roman life, and to my

maturer years it suggests the form

at least in which many

Thoughts might pleasantly be

cast. Life is such a journey

Such a progress that the

traveller seems only and the name

for a man. He is by no means a

stranger. Are we aware that if

The Ocean is unfashioned its

depth is but the symbol of our

own.
So pleases my youthful imagination
more than the journey of a fag in a
picture of a man's life, and they manners
seem to suggest the same at least to
which many thoughts might pleasantly
be cast. Life is such a young man a
progress that the travel seems my
own name for a mortally so near
a stranger, and one aware that of
the river is unfathomed its depth is that
The report of your own thought with
friend is the direction which is travelled
by the as one manner. The whole of your
life is the field of intellect, you look at the
mountain of Magnemia, which is cornished with
the snake like a man's breath by the manner
in which he deals with the mind of
other and nature as with himself.
If he is preserving he will fashion to own
death the infinitely terrible is possible
we are. These is but one degeneracy
and that is a sense of what is
motion — go abroad and travel at
and sea land and water instead of
sailing in the fields where our life resides
with the inordinate flames and voyages
— the expedition of Jason — the
Temple of Minerva
For voyages of the Sun and — the