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<th>Title</th>
<th>Walden, draft of concluding paragraphs, holograph</th>
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<td>Creator</td>
<td>Thoreau, Henry David, 1817-1862</td>
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<tr>
<td>Published/Created Date</td>
<td>1864 June 17</td>
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<td>Collection Title</td>
<td>Henry David Thoreau collection</td>
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Every one has heard
the story, which has gone
the rounds of New England
of a strange, beautiful boy
which came out of the
dry leaf from an old table
of apple tree wood which had
stood in a farmer’s kitchen
for fifty years, just in Con-
necticut, and afterward other
reminiscences, from an eggde-
posit in the living tree many
years earlier still, as addi-
ced by counting the annual r"-
ings beyond it — which was laid
shivering cold for several weeks’
hatched heron-chance (the dear
of an egg). Who does not feel
his faith in a resurrection
immutably strengthened by hear-
ing of others? Who knows what
beautiful and serene life (an
egg has been buried for ages
under many decanters lager
of woodmen in the dead
of life) I recall, deposited
first in the ellipse of
A. The green and living tree
which has been gradually con-
vulsed with the resemblance
of well reasoned tombs—had
purchase of having a tutor now
for years. The resident
family man is, the rat
round the parson's hearth,
may unexpectedly come forth
from amidst society, most
formal and handkerchief
furniture to enjoy it, perhaps
men like at last?
1. A most great man
of another—
that the
character
of the
morning
which, may capric
if time can never make to
dawn.

The light shone bright on the
eyes of darkness then. Then is a
dawn breaking behind the hills?
every horizon at noonside. Then encroach
with the glowing mists, and eye that see the fainting
dews over them. Only that day dawning, which we
are awake, their is more day to dawn; the sun is
morning still.
Which has been gradually converted into the semblance of a well-weathered tomb—head recharge moving out now for years. The old family man is the rat, round the pristine house, way unexpectedly, comes forth from amidst society most trivial and hand-tiled furniture to empty its perfect men life at last.

John Henry Court—That generation of the next age that this act is the next best ready made, the character of that morrow which mere time can never make to dawn.

The light of dail light bestow eye of nature best. Now's er's dawn walking behind the wall. Every horizon at even tide. The weather then the drowsy mind, and eye that see the dazzling news ever then. Only that day dawn to which we are awake; then is more day to dawn. The sun is under a muscular star.