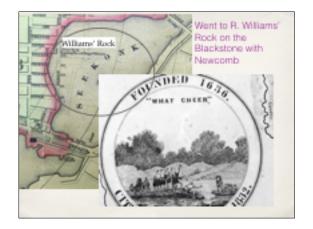


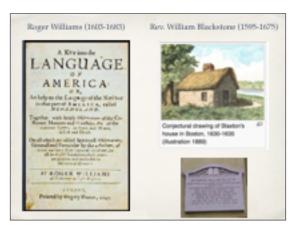
Dec 6. To Providence to lecture I see thick ice and boys skaling all the way to Psovidence, but know not when it toze I have been so busy writing my lecture; probably the night of the 4th.

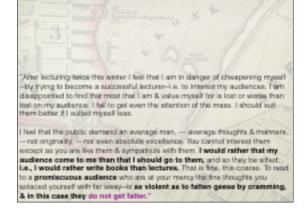
In order to go to Blue Hill by Providence Railroad, stop at Readville Station (Dedham Low Plain once), eight miles; the hill apparently two miles east. Was struck with the Providence depot, its towers and great length of brick. Lectured in it.

Went to R. William's Rock on the Blackstone with Newcomb and thence to hill with an old fort atop in Seekorik, Mass., on the east side of the Bay, whence a fine view down it. At lecture spoke with a Mr. Clark and Vaughn and Eaton.



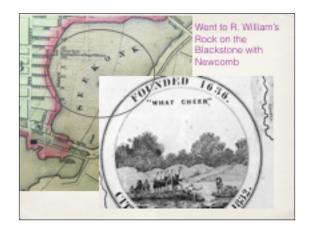


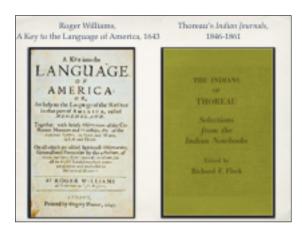




i.e., I would rather write books than lectures. That is fine, this coarse.

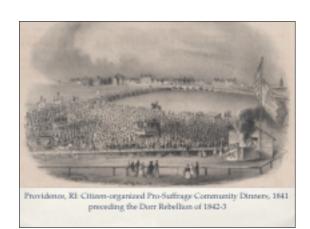
To read to a promiscuous audience who are at your mercy the fine thoughts you solaced yourself with far away--is
as violent as to fatten geese by cramming, & in this case they do not get fatter."





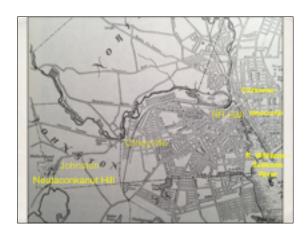


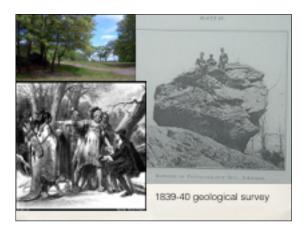


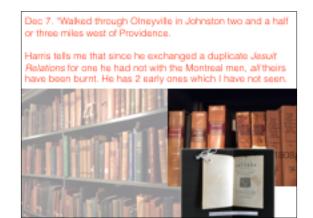














By the eve of Dec 8th Thoreau is back at "Walden"

Winter has come unnoticed by me. I have been so busy writing—This is the life most lead in respect to nature. How different from my habitual one! It is hasty coarse & trivial as if you were a spindle in a factory. The other is leisurely fine & glorious like a flower—In the first case you are merely getting your living—in the 2nd you live as you go along. You travel only on coads of the proper grade without jar or running of the track—& seesep nound the hills by beauthil curves. Here is the triver frozen over in many places—I am not sure whether the 4th night or later—but the skatling is hobbly or all hobbled like a coat of mail or thickly bossed shield—ap sleat frozen in water… Why do the mis rever look so fair as from my native fields?



