

Boards.....	\$8.03½	—Mostly shanty boards.
Refuse shingles for roof and sides....	4.00	
Laths.....	1.25	
Two second-hand windows with glass.....	2.43	
One thousand old brick.....	4.00	
Two casks lime....	2.40	—That was high.
Hair.....	0.31	—More than I needed.
Mantle tree, iron..	0.15	
Nails.....	3.90	
Hinges and screws.	0.14	
Latch.....	0.10	
Chalk.....	0.01	
Transportation....	1.40	—I carried a good part on my back.
In all.....	\$28.12½	

Rather a moderate price for a house, and, adds the builder, "these are all the material, excepting the timber, stones, and sand, which I claimed by squatter's right. I have also a small small wood-shed adjoining, made chiefly of the stuff which was left after building the house."

Now let us look a little into our hermit's family expenses, or house-keeping account, to speak more correctly. His wants were few, and he lived economically, but how many of us would be content to go and do likewise? This is the record which he has left:—

By surveying, carpentry, and day labor of various other kinds in the village, in the meanwhile, for I have as many trades as fingers, I had earned \$13.34. The expense of food for eight months, namely, from July 4 to March 1, the time when these estimates were made, though I lived there more than two years—not counting potatoes, a little green corn, and some peas which I had raised, nor considering the value of what was on hand at the last date, was:—

Rice.....	\$1.73½	
Molasses.....	1.73	—Cheapest form of Saccharine.
Rye Meal.....	1.04½	
Indian Meal.....	0.99½	—Cheaper than Rye.
Pork.....	0.22	
Flour.....	0.88	—Cost more than Indian Meal, both money, and trouble.
Sugar.....	0.80	
Lard.....	0.65	
Apples.....	0.25	
Dried Apples.....	0.22	
Sweet Potatoes.....	0.10	—All experiments which failed.
One Pumpkin.....	0.06	
One Water Melon..	0.02	
Salt.....	0.03	

Yes, I did eat \$8.74, all to'd; but I should not thus unblushingly publish my guilt, if I did not know that most of my readers were equally guilty with myself, and that their deeds would look no better in print. The next year, I sometimes caught a mess of fish for my dinner, and once I went so far as to slaughter a wood-chuck which ravaged my bean-field,—effect his transmigration, as a Tartar would say, and devour him, partly for experiment's sake; but though it afforded me a momentary enjoyment, notwithstanding a musky flavor, I saw that the longest use would not make that a good practice, however it might seem to live your wood-chucks ready-dressed by the village butcher.

Clothing and some incidental expenses within the same dates, though little can be inferred from this item, amounted to... \$8.40½

Oil, and some household utensils... 2.00

So that all the pecuniary out-goes, excepting for washing and mending, which, for the most part, were done out of the house, and their bills have not yet been received, and these are all and more than all the ways by which money necessarily goes out in this part of the world, were:—

House.....	\$28.12½
Farm, one year.....	14.72½
Food, 8 months.....	8.74
Clothing, &c., 8 months.....	8.40½
Oil, &c.....	2.00

In all..... \$69.99½

I address myself now to those of my readers who have a living to get, and to meet this, I have for

Farm produce, sold.....	\$23.44
Earned by day-labor.....	13.34

In all..... \$36.78

which, subtracted from the sum of the out-goes, leaves a balance of \$25.21½ on the inside,—this being very nearly the means with which I started, and the measure of expenses to be incurred—and on the other, beside the leisure and independence and health thus secured, a comfortable house for me, as long as I chose to occupy it.

His life at Walden Pond was very pleasant to him, and he made the most of it. Every natural fact which he discovered, and he found out very many, was a constant source of delight. "He was no pedant of a department," writes Emerson, "his eye was open to beauty, and his ear to music. He found these, not in rare conditions, but wheresoever he went. He thought the best of music was in single strains; and he found poetic suggestion in the humming of the telegraph wire." And Alcott says of him, about this time: "He united the qualities of the sylvan and human in a more remarkable manner than any whom it has been my happiness to know. Lover of the wild, he lived a borderer on the confines of civilization, jealous of the least encroachment upon his possessions. He came nearer the