Chapter 12 – Life in America in the first half of the 19th century.

Essential Question - Were the Second Great Awakening, and other movements, a response to the industrialization of America?

America was not always of one mind with regard to the industrial growth and effects that caused on American Society in the first half of the nineteenth century. Attached are a select number of writings and images that reflect the reactions. As groups you are to look for the changes and differences in society. Be sure to use OUTSIDE INFORMATION to support the readings and information you find.

YOU MAY KEEP AND WRITE ON THE DOCUMENT PACKETS

Below are some things you might find helpful in your readings and understandings as well as some questions to help you think and guide you along the process.

Motivations and causes of reform in America, 1830 - 1850
1. Changing relationships between men and women, masters and workers, as a result of the market economy, growth of cities, and increasing immigration
2. Finney and other religious revivals in the Second Great Awakening
3. Social activist and ethical impulses of the Whig party
4. Psychological anxieties over shifting class and ethnic relationships
5. Family traditions and youthful idealism
6. Puritan and Revolutionary traditions of the American mission to remake the world
7. Republican ideology and enlightenment emphasis on virtue and good citizenship
8. Romantic literary influences such as Transcendentalism

Some thoughts and/or questions to guide you along:

Rules for Husbands and Wives
• Would any aspects of this essay be considered radical in 1830?
• If so, then which ones?
• Why does Carey feel he is qualified to write such an essay?
• Upon what does he base his authority?
• In what ways did Carey’s maxims challenge traditional gender roles, and in what ways did they reinforce them?

Writers such as Walt Whitman and Ralph Waldo Emerson, for the most part, embraced the new technology, finding in the railroad a vehicle for uniting the country and furthering democratic ideals. However, such a response was not universally shared. Herman Melville, Henry David Thoreau among others, provided alternative perspectives, often critiquing the materialistic value systems that accompanied industrialism through the metaphors, themes, and details of their works.
What is/are hierarchy, social class, democracy, ideology, egalitarianism, rhetoric? How does it relate to the nineteenth century?

When you read Longfellow and Whitman pay careful attention to the identity of the worker/s, the values being celebrated, the apparent purpose of the poem, the poem’s form (i.e. its rhyme scheme, stanza arrangement, the line breaks, and layout on the page, its point of view, the diction choices and tone) reflects that purpose.

Analyze the two lithographs “The Village Blacksmith and “The Happy Home”

Compare and contrast the two poems, what is the author’s apparent purpose and how does the structure, or organization communicate that purpose?

Which of the poems would be more similar in form and purpose to the Currier and Ives images? Why?

- Which one do you believe would have been, or still be more popular and why?
- Which text would have been, or still is, more controversial and why?
- Which values are celebrated in each of the poems?
- Who is not included in Longfellow’s poem? Does it matter?
- Which poem seems more American or more democratic in its ideology?
- To what extent do you believe Longfellow’s poem corresponded with the reality of work in America in the 19th century? Today?

What is Emerson writing about? What is the connection to America at this time? In other words, what outside knowledge do you need to bring in and why?

What are the connections that Thoreau is trying to make to America at this time? Why is he writing this? What is his purpose?

Based on Noyes’s comparison of marriage with “whoredom,” what kinds of criticisms might he be answering?
How did the system of marriage Noyes describes here actually work?
Are you aware of any similar communities functioning in the United States today?

What is the allegory that Melville is trying to use in Moby Dick? Is this a reaction to something?
Mathew Carey, “Rules for Husbands and Wives,” (1830)

Irish-born Mathew Carey eventually settled in Philadelphia, where he became a publisher, bookseller, and economist, with a special fondness for universal education. His Miscellaneous Essays included the excerpt below, which outlined what he believed to be proper behavior between married persons. The United States was changing in the early 1830s, as recorded by Alexis de Tocqueville in Democracy in America. This period was marked by economic growth, westward expansion, expanding international and domestic markets, and scientific progress. It was also during this period that the anti-slavery movement was gaining momentum, and from within that movement would emerge the women’s rights movement. Carey’s essay is one example of an early reconsideration of proper gender roles in American society.

Having seen various sets of maxims for the conduct of married life, which have appeared to me to contain some very injudicious items, degrading to wives, sinking them below the rank they ought to occupy, and reducing them in some degree to the level of mere housekeepers, and believing them radically erroneous, I annex a set which appear more rational and just than most of those which I have seen:

1. A good husband will always regard his wife as his equal; treat her with kindness, respect and attention; and never address her with an air of authority, as if she were, as some husbands appear to regard their wives, a mere housekeeper.

2. He will never interfere in her domestic concerns, hiring servants, &c.

3. He will always keep her liberally supplied with money for furnishing his table in a style proportioned to his means, and for the purchase of dress suitable to her station in life.

4. He will cheerfully and promptly comply with all her reasonable requests, when it can be done, without loss, or great inconvenience.

5. He will never allow himself to lose his temper towards her, by indifferent cookery, or irregularity in the hours of meals, or any other mismanagement of her servants, knowing the difficulty of making them do their duty.

6. If she have prudence and good sense, he will consult her on all great operations, involving the risque of ruin, or serious injury in case of failure. Many a man has been rescued from destruction by the wise counsels of his wife. Many a foolish husband has most seriously injured himself and family by the rejection of the advice of his wife, fearing, lest, if he followed it, he would be regarded as ruled by her! A husband can never procure a counsellor more deeply interested in his welfare than his wife.

7. If distressed, or embarrassed in his circumstances, he will communicate his situation to her with candour, that she may bear his difficulties in mind, in her expenditures. Women sometimes, believing their husband's circumstances to be far better than they really are, expend money which cannot well be afforded, and which, if they knew their real situation, they would shrink from expending.

1. A good wife will always receive her husband with smiles,—leave nothing undone to
render home agreeable--and gratefully reciprocate his kindness and attention.

2. She will study to discover means to gratify his inclinations, in regard to food and cookery; in the management of her family; in her dress, manners and deportment.

3. She will never attempt to rule, or appear to rule her husband. Such conduct degrades husbands--and wives always partake largely of the degradation of their husbands.

4. She will, in every thing reasonable, comply with his wishes--and, as far as possible, anticipate them.

5. She will avoid all altercations or arguments leading to ill-humour--and more especially before company.

6. She will never attempt to interfere in his business, unless he ask her advice or counsel, and will never attempt to control him in the management of it.

Should differences arise between husband and wife, the contest ought to be, not who will display the most spirit, but who will make the first advances. There is scarcely a more prolific source of unhappiness in the married state, than this "spirit," the legitimate offspring of pride and want of feeling.

Perhaps the whole art of happiness in the married state, might be compressed into these two maxims--"Bear and forbear"--and "let the husband treat his wife, and the wife treat her husband with as much respect and attention, as he would a strange lady, and she a strange gentleman." And surely this is not an extravagant requisition.
The Village Blacksmith
by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
(1841)

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And bear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his haul, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.
“Song of Myself”
Canto 15
by Walt Whitman

And of these one and all I weave the song of my The pure contralto sings in the organ loft,
The carpenter dresses his plank, the tongue of his foreplane whistles its wild ascending lisp,
The married and unmarried children ride home to their Thanksgiving dinner,
The pilot seizes the king-pin, he heaves down with a strong arm,
The mate stands braced in the whale-boat, lance and harpoon are ready,
The duck-shooter walks by silent and cautious stretches,
The deacons are ordain'd with cross'd hands at the altar,
The spinning-girl retreats and advances to the hum of the big wheel,
The farmer stops by the bars as he walks on a First-day loaf and looks at the oats and rye,
The lunatic is carried at last to the asylum a confirm'd case,
(He will never sleep any more as he did in the cot in his mother's bed-room;)
The jour printer with gray head and gaunt jaws works at his case,
He turns his quid of tobacco while his eyes blurr with the manuscript;
The malform'd limbs are tied to the surgeon's table,
What is removed drops horribly in a pail;
The quadroon girl is sold at the auction-stand, the drunkard nods by the bar-room stove,
The machinist rolls up his sleeves, the policeman travels his beat, the gate-keeper marks who pass,
The young fellow drives the express-wagon, (I love him, though I do not know him;)
The half-breed straps on his light boots to compete in the race,
The western turkey-shooting draws old and young, some lean on their rifles, some sit on logs,
Out from the crowd steps the marksman, takes his position, levels his piece;
The groups of newly-come immigrants cover the wharf or levee,
As the woolly-pates Hoe in the sugar-field, the overseer views them from his saddle,
The bugle calls in the ball-room, the gentlemen run for their partners, the dancers bow to each other,
The youth lies awake in the cedar-roof'd garret and harks to the musical rain,
The Wolverine sets traps on the creek that helps fill the Huron,
The squaw wrapt in her yellow-hemm'd cloth is offering moccasins and bead-bags for sale,
The connoisseur peers along the exhibition-gallery with half-shut eyes bent sideways,
As the deck-hands make fast the steamboat the plank is thrown for the shore-going passengers,
The young sister holds out the skein while the elder sister winds it off in a ball, and stops now and then for the knots,
The one-year wife is recovering and happy having a week ago borne her first child, 
The clean-hair'd Yankee girl works with her sewing-machine or in the factory or mill, 
The paving-man leans on his two-handed rammer, the reporter's lead flies swiftly over 
the note-book, the sign-painter is lettering with blue and gold, 
The canal boy trots on the tow-path, the book-keeper counts at his desk, the shoemaker 
waxes his thread, 
The conductor beats time for the band and all the performers follow him, 
The child is baptized, the convert is making his first professions, 
The regatta is spread on the bay, the race is begun, (how the white sails sparkle!) 
The drover watching his drove sings out to them that would stray, 
The pedler sweats with his pack on his back, (the purchaser higgling about the odd 
cent;) 
The bride unrumples her white dress, the minute-hand of the clock moves slowly, 
The opium-eater reclines with rigid head and just-open'd lips, 
The prostitute draggles her shawl, her bonnet bobs on her tipsy and pimpled neck, 
The crowd laugh at her blackguard oaths, the men jeer and wink to each other, 
(Miserable! I do not laugh at your oaths nor jeer you;) 
The President holding a cabinet council is surrounded by the great Secretaries, 
On the piazza walk three matrons stately and friendly with twined arms, 
The crew of the fish-smack pack repeated layers of halibut in the hold, 
The Missourian crosses the plains toting his wares and his cattle, 
As the fare-collector goes through the train he gives notice by the jingling of loose 
change, 
The floor-men are laying the floor, the tinner are tinning the roof, the masons are 
calling for mortar, 
In single file each shouldering his hod pass onward the laborers; 
Seasons pursuing each other the indescribable crowd is gather'd, it is the fourth of 
Seventh-month, (what salutes of cannon and small arms!) 
Seasons pursuing each other the plougher ploughs, the mower mows, and the 
wintergrain falls in the ground; 
Off on the lakes the pike-fisher watches and waits by the hole in the frozen surface, 
The stumps stand thick round the clearing, the squatter strikes deep with his axe, 
Flatboatmen make fast towards dusk near the cotton-wood or pecan-trees, 
Coon-seekers go through the regions of the Red river or through those drain'd by the 
Tennessee, or through those of the Arkansas, 
Torches shine in the dark that hangs on the Chattahooche or Altamahaw, 
Patriarchs sit at supper with sons and grandsons and great-grandsons around them, 
In walls of adobie, in canvas tents, rest hunters and trappers after their day's sport, 
The city sleeps and the country sleeps, 
The living sleep for their time, the dead sleep for their time, 
The old husband sleeps by his wife and the young husband sleeps by his wife; 
And these tend inward to me, and I tend outward to them, 
And such as it is to be of these more or less I am, 
And of these one and all I weave the song of myself.
The Village Blacksmith, Currier and Ives Print

The Happy Home, Currier and Ives
Transcendentalism (excerpts)

The Transcendentalist movement which began flourishing in the early 19th century America, especially in New England, was based on some of the concepts of Transcendental Philosophy but did not strictly follow it. In America "transcendentalism" was mostly used in a literary form having a semi-religious nature.

The formation of the movement was in 1836 with the establishment of the Transcendental Club of Boston, Massachusetts. The early transcendentalists included the essayist and poet Ralph Waldo Emerson, the feminist, social reformer, and author Margaret Fuller, a minister Theodore Parker, and the naturalist and author Henry David Thoreau.

"Transcendentalism... maintains that man has ideas, that come not through the five senses, or the powers of reasoning, but are either the result of direct revelation from God, his immediate inspiration, or his immanent presence in the spiritual world," and "it asserts that man has something besides the body of flesh, a spiritual body, with senses to perceive what is true, and right and beautiful, and a natural love for these, as the body for its food."

The vigorous seedbed in New England for transcendentalism during the early half of the 19th century was among Unitarian ministers who were disappointed in Unitarianism at that time. Emerson was among them since he had resigned the ministry of the Second Church of Boston in 1832 because he felt uncomfortable administering Communion.

Emerson and his friends were searching for a philosophy with a more broad moral and aesthetic appeal. This they discovered in the philosophy of Immanuel Kant and the German transcendentalists of the 18th century. These German influences were not the only sources from which American transcendentalism grew. The early American transcendentalists were very selective in the evolution of their philosophy and borrowed ideas from their extensively widespread readings. Such works included Oriental writings such as the Bhagavad Gita of Hinduism and the Sayings of Confucius.

The first step to the formation of the Transcendentalist Club led first to the Hedge Club. It was in 1836 when Emerson, George Ripley, Frederic Henry Hedge with some friends were attending the bicentennial celebration of their alma mater, Harvard College, they found their own discussions of a new philosophy more interesting than the bicentennial activities. So they went to the Willard Hotel of Boston.

When their discussions proved stimulating they decided to meet regularly in private homes to further their talks and planning. These meetings usually coincided with Hedge's visits to Boston from his pastorate in Bangor, Maine. Thus the group became known as "the Hedge Club." The club remained informal, electing no officers and having no constitution. Its membership varied from meeting to meeting for several years.
Members of the group started two communal living projects, both of which were not successful. The first was called Brook Farm, (I gave you a reading from there) in West Roxbury a suburb of Boston, was mainly the idea of George Ripley. His plan for the community was to bring together all types of artists who could work together to jointly build more financial security that would permit them to continue their art work more easily than working independently in the ordinary world. This community never received sufficient personal and financial backing to succeed…

Although they stressed self-reform the transcendentalists participated in most of the social action movements of the times such as temperance, peace, universal suffrage, and antislavery. Some members were particularly active in the latter especially Thoreau with his Civil Disobedience (1849), Slavery in Massachusetts (1854) and A Plea for Captain John Brown (1860). All these works were classics for the movement. Members, including Thoreau, participated actively in helping the Underground Railroad.

Following Thoreau's death and the retirement of Emerson the Transcendentalist movement died out after the Civil War. Mark Twain once referring to it “the Gilded Age,” said it died because of an increase emphasis on materialism. In the 1870s there disobedience policies came from Thoreau's writing on the subject. A.G.H.

*Sources:* 1, (Walter Harding, State University of New York at Geneseo) 61, 64.

http://www.themystica.com/mystica/articles/t/transcendentalism.html

**Ralph Waldo Emerson**

**Excerpts from his essay titled “Self-Reliance”**

**1841**

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers, and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort, and advancing on Chaos and the Dark.

The nonchalance of boys who are sure of a dinner, and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say aught to conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature. A boy is in the parlour what the pit is in the playhouse; independent, irresponsible, looking out from his corner on such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences them on their merits, in the swift, summary way of boys, as good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, troublesome. He cumbers himself never about consequences, about interests: he gives an independent, genuine verdict. You must court him: he does not court you. But the man is,
as it were, clapped into jail by his consciousness. As soon as he has once acted or spoken with eclat, he is a committed person, watched by the sympathy or the hatred of hundreds, whose affections must now enter into his account. There is no Lethe for this. Ah, that he could pass again into his neutrality! Who can thus avoid all pledges, and having observed, observe again from the same unaffected, unbiased, unribbale, unafrighted innocence, must always be formidable. He would utter opinions on all passing affairs, which being seen to be not private, but necessary, would sink like darts into the ear of men, and put them in fear.

These are the voices which we hear in solitude, but they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into the world. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind.

**Thoreau, Two Excerpts from his book Walden Circa 1845**

1. Our life is frittered away by detail. An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb-nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion. Our life is like a German Confederacy, made up of petty states, with its boundary forever fluctuating, so that even a German cannot tell you how it is bounded at any moment. The nation itself, with all its so-called internal improvements, which, by the way are all external and superficial, is just such an unwieldy and overgrown establishment, cluttered with furniture and tripped up by its own traps, ruined by luxury and heedless expense, by want of calculation and a worthy aim, as the million households in the land; and the only cure for it, as for them, is in a rigid economy, a stern and more than Spartan simplicity of life and elevation of purpose. It lives too fast. Men think that it is essential that the Nation have commerce, and export ice, and talk through a telegraph, and ride thirty miles an hour, without a doubt, whether they do or not; but whether we should live like baboons or like men, is a little uncertain. If we do not get out sleepers, and forge rails, and devote days and nights to the work, but go to tinkering upon our lives to improve them, who will build railroads? And if railroads
are not built, how shall we get to heaven in season? But if we stay at home and mind our business, who will want railroads? We do not ride on the railroad; it rides upon us.

2. I see young men, my townsmen, whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle, and farming tools; for these are more easily acquired than got rid of. Better if they had been born in the open pasture and suckled by a wolf, that they might have seen with clearer eyes what field they were called to labor in. Who made them serfs of the soil? Why should they eat their sixty acres, when man is condemned to eat only his peck of dirt? Why should they begin digging their graves as soon as they are born? They have got to live a man's life, pushing all these things before them, and get on as well as they can. How many a poor immortal soul have I met well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty, its Augean stables never cleansed, and one hundred acres of land, tillage, mowing, pasture, and woodlot! The portionless, who struggle with no such unnecessary inherited encumbrances, find it labor enough to subdue and cultivate a few cubic feet of flesh.

John H. Noyes on Free Love (1865)

John Noyes was a Christian minister who is perhaps most famous for founding the Oneida Community in New York in 1848. Oneida was one of several 19th-century utopian communities. Some of these communities, like Oneida, were religious, and others were secular. However, they all adhered to the concept of collective ownership of property and wealth, although different communities interpreted daily living in a communal setting in different ways. The particular form of marriage practiced at Oneida was called “communal marriage,” a system in which every adult female was married to every adult male and vice versa. Not surprisingly, this practice was harshly criticized by outsiders. By 1879, Noyes had fled to Canada to avoid prosecution for immorality. The practice of communal marriage was ended, and the colony broke up by 1881, although several of its members formed a successful company that became famous for its silverware. The excerpt below illustrates some of Noyes’s controversial teachings regarding marriage.

The obvious and essential difference between marriage and whoredom may be stated thus:

- Marriage is a permanent union. Whoredom is a temporary flirtation.

- In Marriage, communism of property goes with communism of persons. In Whoredom, love is paid for by the job.

- Marriage makes the man responsible for the consequences of his acts of love to a woman. In whoredom a man imposes on a woman the heavy burdens of maternity, ruining perhaps her reputation and her health, and then goes his way without responsibility.

- Marriage provides for the maintenance and education of children. Whoredom
ignores children as nuisances, and leaves them to chance.

- Now in respect to every one of these points of difference between marriage and whoredom, we stand with marriage. Free love with us does not mean freedom of love today and leave tomorrow; or freedom to take a woman’s person and keep our property to ourselves; or freedom to freight a woman with our offspring and send her downstream without care or help; or freedom to beget children and leave them to the street and the poorhouse.

- Our Communities are families, as distinctly bounded and separated from promiscuous society as ordinary households. The tie that binds us together is as permanent and sacred, to say the least, as that of marriage, for it is our religion. We receive no members (except by deception and mistake), who do not give heart and hand to the family interest for life and forever. Community of property extends just as far as freedom of love. Every man's care and every dollar of the common property is pledged for the maintenance and protection of the women and the education of the children of the Community. Bastardy, in any disastrous sense of the word, is simply impossible in such a social state. Whoever will take the trouble to follow our track from the beginning will find no forsaken women or children by the way. In this respect we claim to be a little ahead of marriage in common civilization.

"Moby Dick" by Herman Melville

In Moby-Dick, Herman Melville produced a novel sufficiently original in form and conception to more than fulfill the demand of Young Americans for "a New Literature to fit the New Man in the New Age." But Melville was too deep a thinker not to see the perils that underlay the soaring ambition and aggressiveness of the new age. The whaling captain Ahab, who brings destruction to himself and his ship by his relentless pursuit of the white whale, symbolized—among other things—the dangers facing a nation that was overreaching itself by indulging its pride and exalted sense of destiny with too little concern for the moral and practical consequences

Moby Dick (Chapter 1)

Loomings

Call me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off—then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes, belted round by wharves as Indian isles
by coral reefs-commerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and left, the streets take you waterward. Its extreme downtown is the battery, where that noble mole is washed by waves, and cooled by breezes, which a few hours previous were out of sight of land. Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.

Circumambulate the city of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon. Go from Corlears Hook to Coenties Slip, and from thence, by Whitehall, northward. What do you see?-Posted like silent sentinels all around the town, stand thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries. Some leaning against the spiles; some seated upon the pier-heads; some looking over the bulwarks glasses! of ships from China; some high aloft in the rigging, as if striving to get a still better seaward peep. But these are all landsmen; of week days pent up in lath and plaster- tied to counters, nailed to benches, clinched to desks. How then is this? Are the green fields gone? What do they here?

But look! here come more crowds, pacing straight for the water, and seemingly bound for a dive. Strange! Nothing will content them but the extremest limit of the land; loitering under the shady lee of yonder warehouses will not suffice. No. They must get just as nigh the water as they possibly can without falling in. And there they stand-miles of them-leagues. Inlanders all, they come from lanes and alleys, streets and avenues,-north, east, south, and west. Yet here they all unite. Tell me, does the magnetic virtue of the needles of the compasses of all those ships attract them thither?

Once more. Say you are in the country; in some high land of lakes. Take almost any path you please, and ten to one it carries you down in a dale, and leaves you there by a pool in the stream. There is magic in it. Let the most absent-minded of men be plunged in his deepest reveries-stand that man on his legs, set his feet a-going, and he will infallibly lead you to water, if water there be in all that region. Should you ever be athirst in the great American desert, try this experiment, if your caravan happen to be supplied with a metaphysical professor. Yes, as every one knows, meditation and water are wedded for ever.

[...]