

“New York.” *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, [*The American Magazine*], Volume 1, (Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, 1876), 490.

NEW YORK.

All day long, without a moment's break, the trucks, omnibuses, cars, carriages, and vans roll lengthwise off Manhattan Island, and across it from river to river. You see no thinning out in the ranks of pedestrians, never for a moment miss the roar produced by wheels and feet and shouts and yells. Yankee, Briton, French, Bussian, German, Italian, and Turk, pass in review, dodging and elbowing, and one wonders where all the people come from, and where they can disappear.

From dawn to dark New York is a maelstrom, never ceasing to whirl, and human beings are carried about on the circles like bits of wreck. The roar is a voice which speaks in its own strange way of ships sailing in and sailing out; of millions of bushels of cereals pouring into warehouses to be sent across the seas; of a mint of money passing from hand to hand; of muscle hammering at wood, iron, and stone; of minds planning humble homes and great edifices—of a thousand things spoken by no other voice.

When the lamplighter starts out New York feels his influence almost in a moment. The rolling vehicles are less in number, the roar is not so loud, and the police stationed along Broadway motion to pedestrians that the crossing is safe. The walks can hardly hold the multitudes which pass homeward when darkness shuts up the workshops, but by-and-by there is more room. The street cars come and go with great speed, and the Jehus on Broadway crack their whips and cry "Care, there !" in a voice showing relief. New York is going to sleep. Thousands are yet passing to and fro, and gaslight makes everything as light as day almost, but half a million are indoors for the night.

At ten o'clock Broadway looks thirty feet wider, the street cars wait a little longer to pick up passengers, and the 'bus drivers look around sharp. Iron blinds hide the gaslight, and the big stores put on a grim, forbidding look. You have room and to spare now to walk the length of Broadway, and a lone omnibus rattling over the stones carries but a single passenger. At midnight New York is asleep. A carriage passes now and then, conveying some reveler or belated traveler, and up or down the street you may hear a shout from some one who has been forced homeward by the closing of a saloon. Your footfall brings a strange echo, and the officer startles you as he steps out of a doorway after seeing that the door is secured against thieves.

No. New York is not asleep. She never sleeps. Along the wharves men work

night and day, ships come and go, and trains arrive and depart. There are thousands who work when others sleep, and, under cover of darkness, a thousand bad men skulk from corner to corner, and come and go through dark alleys. But she is at rest as a city. The great balance-wheel of the mighty engine which drives her is still, and the fires under the great boilers smoulder and smoke.

When day breaks the ragpicker moves, and the slamming of his door behind him awakens the ash-sifters and fagot-gatherers. For half an hour New York is in the hands of those who gain their daily bread by the humblest occupations, and whose homes are in the garret or under the ground. They swarm out of narrow, dirty streets, and pour from half-hidden alleys, and they hurry along beside the curb-stones, eyes on the ground, heads bent, and a painful look of greed on their faces, greed mingled with the fear that some one will secure something of value ahead of them. At full daybreak saloons and restaurants begin to open, store-porters remove shutters, workmen hurry along, and New York is shaking off sleep — the balance-wheel begins to tremble. The street-cars are running, the omnibuses roll along, the sidewalks teem with life, and, like the rumble of distant thunder, you hear the birth of the great roar which is to fill your ears till darkness comes again.