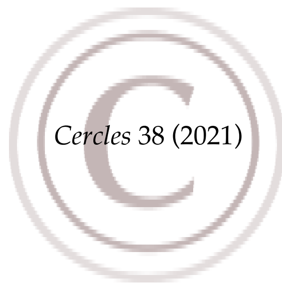
Cercles 38 (2021)

THE ONE AND THE MANY
POE'S 'MAN OF THE CROWD'

Danielle FOLLETT
Université Sorbonne Nouvelle (PRISMES)

Edgar Allan Poe's short story 'The Man of the Crowd' (1840) reflects on the relation of singularity to multiplicity, on the possibility or impossibility of connection between one and one, and on whether this effort at addition can actually create two, and not remain only two separate ones. This fascinating story is told by unnamed first person narrator, who as the story opens is sitting in the window of a coffee house in London at the end of day. We learn almost nothing about him except he had been sick, and his return to health put him into a state of heightened senses.

> For some months I had been ill in health, but was now convalescent, and, with returning strength, found myself in one of those happy moods which are so precisely the converse of *ennui* – moods of the keenest appetency, when the film from the mental vision departs' [388].

He watches the crowd pass in the busy street, and categorizes the kinds of people he sees by social status but also by certain characteristics, 'decending in the scale of what is termed gentility' [391]: those with a business-like demeanor, the tribe of clerks, the race of swell pickpockets, the gamblers, pedlars, invalids, modest young working-class girls, prostitutes, and drunkards, all of whom are described in some detail, and then a list of other categories: pic-men, porters, coal-heavers, sweeps; organ-grinders, monkey-exhibitors, and ballad-mongers. After this feverish categorizing, he then sees 'a decrepid old man, some sixty-five or seventy years of age' who fascinates him for his 'idiosyncrasy' [392]. He leaves the coffeehouse and follows the old man in the rain, and the second half of the story recounts the stalking. The old man is wearing old and dirty clothes, but of a beautiful texture, and the narrator thinks he sees a diamond and a dagger on him. The man wanders all over the busiest areas of London, seemingly without aim; he goes into a bazar, buying nothing, never stopping, 'with a wild and vacant stare' [394]. When night falls and people thin out, he goes to a theater and throws himself into the crowd that is just leaving it; then wandering in the slums he finds a late-night bar and drifts among the drinkers. When it closes he walks back to central London which is starting to fill up at daybreak. He continues to wander all the next day, apparently seeking the crowds, still followed by the narrator. This lasts until a final confrontation occurs:

Danielle Follett, "'The One and the Many': Poe's Man of the Crowd", *Cercles* 38 (2021): 14-21

> As the shades of the second evening came on, I grew wearied unto death, and, stopping fully in front of the wanderer, gazed at him steadfastly in the face. He noticed me not, but resumed his solemn walk, while I, ceasing to follow, remained absorbed in contemplation [396].

The ultimate meeting between the two does not take place.

Throughout the story is woven an overt reference to reading: the introductory paragraph states that some people die without ever disclosing their terrible secrets, that some people can never be read. The narrator himself is difficult to read; we know almost nothing about him. He then 'reads' the crowd from his window, and tries in vain to read the old man, concluding that he is illegible. Many commentaries on this story focus on the important issue of reading;[1] others analyse the story's relation to democracy, arguing whether it critiques or embraces democracy.[2] Others still center around the idea of the doppelganger, and how the old man is a double of the narrator, but with an impossible meeting.[3] This article will focus on the question of numbers and addition: the relation between the one and the many, the attempt to aggregate or add individuals together into groups, or to connect particulars and relieve them of their isolation – and the failure to achieve connection, relation and addition.

The narrator is an isolated individual, and he resists our scrutiny. However, he himself scrutinizes. Sitting in his window he is isolated from the crowd he observes. His endeavor to read and interpret the crowd may be considered an attempt to form aggregates and ultimately make connections as he analyzes the mob, trying to make sense of their multifarious particularity by breaking it down into categories. 'At first my observations took an abstract and generalizing turn. I looked at the passengers in masses, and thought of them in their aggregate relations' [389]. In the process of reading we make connections between disparate things; we form links, witness analogies, try to make things 'add up.' The sum of the relations we find may be called meaning. The narrator's categorizations of the elements of the crowd constitute an attempt to view the connections between those elements, to make sense of the crowd, break it down, add together its constituent parts, and form groups or sets; thus the narrator reads and analyzes the crowd. Through this process he interprets the mob statistically, so that it does not remain an undifferentiated, anonymous wash, or an infinity of isolated singuarities, but rather contains groups of connected people with legible common identities. This constitutes an attempt to create meaning and connection.

He looks first at the majority groupings: 'By far the greater number of those who went by had a satisfied, business-like demeanor, and seemed to be thinking only of making their way through the press' [389]. The category of business-like people seems reasonable enough at rush hour, but the description of the class is odd: 'Their brows were knit, and their eyes rolled quickly; when pushed against by fellow-wayfarers they evinced no symptom of impatience, but adjusted their clothes and hurried on' [389]. Did *all* of the members of this majority group roll their eyes quickly, and adjust their clothes? We are led to believe so, and probably do not stop to reflect on the surprising nature of this statement.

---

[1] On the subject of reading, see for example K. Hayes, 'Visual Culture'; J. Cagle, 'Reading Well'; G. Amaral, 'Edgar Allan Poe's Fear of Texts'.

[2] See M. Elbert, 'The Man of the Crowd'.

[3] D. Grunes argues that the story responds to Poe's tragic loss of his own brother when he was 23: 'Together – or rather, forever apart – the narrator and the old man dramatize the failure of Romantic fraternal myth, the impossibility for brothers to come together' ['Fraternal Hopes Dashed' : 351]. J. Weinstock discusses the idea that the old man is the projection of the solitary and lonely narrator himself, who follows him in a futile attempt to find completeness and fulfillment ('The Crowd Within').

Others, still a numerous class, were restless in their movements, had flushed faces, and talked and gesticulated to themselves, as if feeling in solitude on account of the very denseness of the company around. When impeded in their progress, these people suddenly ceased muttering; but redoubled their gesticulations, and awaited, with an absent and overdone smile upon their lips, the course of the persons impeding them [389].

This description of a category is extremely detailed and particular, listing such minute elements as the 'absent and overdone smile'. This may attempt the logic of synechdoche, where the entire class is depicted through the illustration of a single member of it; but the statement implies that all of the members participate in the description, which then becomes a pseudo-scientific classification, and this insistance creates a humorous dissonance. The observant reader may begin to doubt the narrator's classification system, and thus his reliability. Furthermore, this numerous class consists of solitary individuals who directly experience their solitude – that is, their non-belonging to a group – a rather ironic qualification which tends indirectly to undermine the coherence of the classification.

This overly precise form of classification becomes even more exagerated, thus heightening the reader's doubt about its objectivity:

> The division of the upper clerks of staunch firms, or of the 'steady old fellows,' it was not possible to mistake. These were known by their coats and pantaloons of black or brown, made to sit comfortably, with white cravats and waistcoats, broad solid-looking shoes, and thick hose or gaiters. They had all slightly bald heads, from which the right ears, long used to pen-holding, had an odd habit of standing off on end. I observed that they always removed or settled their hats with both hands, and wore watches, with short gold chains of a substantial and ancient pattern. Theirs was the affectation of respectability [390].

While it is possible that the dress described could belong to an entire class of individuals, it is unlikely that they all have 'slightly bald heads' and especially that their right ears stick out. Not only does the narrator give extremely detailed depictions of the class, but he insists that it is through these details that the class is identifiable: 'It was not possible to mistake'. He goes on to describe the pickpockets:

> There were many individuals of dashing appearance, whom I easily understood as belonging to the race of swell pick-pockets, with which all great cities are infested. I watched these gentry with much inquisitiveness, and found it difficult to imagine how they should ever be mistaken for gentlemen by gentlemen themselves. Their voluminousness of wristband, with an air of excessive frankness, should betray them at once [390].

Again the narrator focuses on both the obviousness of their identifiability as members of a certain class, and the particularity of individual details, a contradiction which creates humorous tension:

> The gamblers, of whom I descried not a few, were still more easily recognizable. They wore every variety of dress, from that of the desperate thimble-rig bully, with velvet waistcoat, fancy neckerchief, gilt chains, and filagreed buttons, to that of the scrupulously inornate clergyman, than which nothing could be less liable to suspicion. Still all were distinguished by a certain sodden swarthiness of complexion, a filmy dimness of eye, and pallor and compression of lip. There were two other traits, moreover, by which I could always detect them: a guarded lowness of tone in conversation, and a more than ordinary extension of the thumb in a direction at right angles with the fingers [390].

What is clear is not necessarily that these are gamblers, but that there is too much particularity in the description of each class for it to be realistic. Singularity has entered into and colonized the generalizations. The reader's doubt has culminated in incredulity: these are not credible classes or species. The connections the narrator is making or inventing do not realistically hold, and the reader is destabilized by what she realizes is an unreliable narrator whose senses are possibly in an overexcited state and who may still be ill. This is reinforced by the later statement:

> Although the rapidity with which the world of light flitted before the window prevented me from casting more than a glance upon each visage, still it seemed that, in my then peculiar mental state, I could frequently read, even in that brief interval of a glance, the history of long years [392].

Through his absurd assertions, the narrator's classification system is gradually called into doubt, and the groupings fall apart, back into the crowd's wash of particularity.

By such clearly incorrect inductions, such impossible analyses of faces, Poe is stretching the process of analysis and 'reading' beyond its capacity. We can attempt to understand this impossible categorizing through three angles. First, he is clearly mocking the mid-century fad for face-reading, physiognomy, and phrenology. The imputation of moral qualities such as dishonesty (being a pickpocket for example) to a person after 'reading' his face in only a second, using as evidence such traits as 'their voluminousness of wristband, and their air of excessive frankness', exaggerates and mocks the absurd and discredited practice of phrenology. Secondly, Poe is deriding the utilitarian categorizing of the population into classes and the new and growing use of statistics. Sociology was in its infancy, and scholars invented analytical categories freely, often reflecting their own biases. Society was subdivided into various groups, especially higher and lower, regarding profession, crime, alcoholism, and so on. The narrator's activity of categorizing the population into such groups – using classifications that are ludicrous and unbelievable – makes an ironic commentary on such early statistical sociology. Maurice S. Lee writes: '"The Man of the Crowd" […] shows Poe simultaneously critiquing and exploiting statistical reasoning for sensational literary ends. […] The unexpected ending of "The Man of the Crowd" enacts the failure of statistical sociology'[Lee : 26, 33]. Poe's ironic commentary on statistics may be compared with Charles Dickens' mocking of the utilitarians' 'tabular statements' which prove with absolute clarity that certain (working class) people belong to categories that are considered 'a bad lot,' in *Hard Times*:

> Then came the experienced chaplain of the jail, with more tabular statements, outdoing all the previous tabular statements, and showing that the same people *would* resort to low haunts…. Then came Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Bounderby, the two gentlemen at this present moment walking through Coketown, and both eminently practical, who could, on occasion, furnish more tabular statements derived from their own personal experience, and illustrated by cases they had known and seen, from which it clearly appeared—in short, it was the only clear thing in the case—that these same people were a bad lot altogether, gentlemen… [66].

Dickens' passage similarly parodies the irrational use of statistics, with the same insistance on how clear and obvious the categories are and the same pseudo-scientific classifying that we see in Poe's story. Dickens' formulations are more obviously ironic than Poe's narrator's descriptions; Poe uses the vehicle of an unreliable narrator which has the effect of confusing the reader as to the legitimacy of the groupings, as we gradually realize that he is not entirely trustworthy. Poe's classifications only gradually grow more absurd and the reader must be attentive to catch the humor.

Thirdly, in 'The Man of the Crowd,' Poe is creating an anti-detective story. The narrator is an over-excited detective, finding evidence where there is none. The story places him, and then us as the

reader identifying with him, in a position of power, intelligence, and peircing insight.[1] Though it is not 'normal' to derive 'positive pleasure even from many of the legitimate sources of pain' [388], which should act as a warning at the outset of the story, we are willing to go along with him at first and allow that he may have a particularly sharp perception. But when we find that the evidence is unbelievable and his claims are becoming absurd, his status as a particularly acute detective crumbles. In this sense, the story acts as a foil to Poe's own other detective stories such as 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue', incongruously combining both the detective genre and the unreliable narrator to humorous effect. The effect of the concealed attacks towards these three targets – phrenology, statistics and detective stories – is to leave the reader feeling slightly disconcerted, with a hesitant laugh.

Through this procedure, it is clear that the attempt at addition and connection through combining the members of the crowd is unsuccessful. The narrator desires to create groupings out of the scattered individuals, to connect them to one another, but does so in such a hyperbolic way that he betrays the failure of the enterprise. This is obviously an amusing failure, but it is also pathetic, psychologically poignant, and philosophically profound. It tells us that one plus one plus one never arrives at coherent groups of twenty or two hundred, but only remains at one, one, one, one…. The groupings fall apart, the crowd melts back into an unending wash of particular, unrelated, singular identities, and the goal of connection, whether via classification or interpersonal connection, seems impossible. We have either the one, or the many, but no intermediary ground, no midplace between monad and infinity.

The staging of the impossibility of addition and the idea that singularity is the ultimate reality continues in the second half of the story. The narrator then spots the startling old man:

> With my brow to the glass, I was thus occupied in scrutinizing the mob, when suddenly there came into view a countenance (that of a decrepid old man, some sixty-five or seventy years of age) – a countenance which at once arrested and absorbed my whole attention, on account of the absolute idiosyncrasy of its expression. Any thing even remotely resembling that expression I had never seen before. There arose confusedly and paradoxically within my mind, the ideas of vast mental power, of caution, of penuriousness, of avarice, of coolness, of malice, of blood-thirstiness, of triumph, of merriment, of excessive terror, of intense – of supreme despair. I felt singularly aroused, startled, fascinated [392].

The narrator uses the word 'singularly' here to describe his own reaction, emphasizing his personal uniqueness and loneliness. He goes even further in reference to the old man, using the term 'absolute idiosyncrasy.' The old man is an absolute monad, and fits into no category; he cannot be added to another, he is One, alone unto himself.[2] However, paradoxically, this singular being seems also to desire groupings, addition, aggregation, just like the narrator. He seeks the direct presence of people and plunges into the multitude. When the crowd thins out, he seems to get anxious and finds another bustling place. His life seems devoted to trying to participate in aggregates, which should theoretically mean overcoming isolation, and yet he remains isolated as he drifts through crowds without any other connection than mutual presence for a fleeting moment. The form that his desire for aggregation takes is as irrational as that of the narrator, who intellectually and artificially aggregates the passerby into impossible groupings; the old man's desire for association takes the immediate form of simple physical juxtaposition, but without real contact. He achieves immediate

---

[1] B. Nicol writes that 'The narrator of "The Man of the Crowd" can plausibly be regarded as a prototypical detective, one who pursues his quarry through the mean streets of London' ['The Urban Environment' : 80].

[2] I use the term 'the old man' to refer to this character, rather than the traditional term used by scholars, 'the man of the crowd', since it is not certain that the title of the story refers to him.

contiguity without connection. The groupings he joins are fluid and unstable, not coherent sets, just like the narrator's invented categories, and they dissipate physically as the crowd thins, just as the narrator's categories fall apart intellectually. The old man has to run to find another grouping, until it too dwindles. His project of addition is equally unsuccessful.

The failure of addition takes a third and final form in the short story. At the end of the story, the narrator himself appears to want to create some connection between himself and the old man. 'As the shades of the second evening came on, I grew wearied unto death, and, stopping fully in front of the wanderer, gazed at him steadfastly in the face. He noticed me not, but resumed his solemn walk, while I, ceasing to follow, remained absorbed in contemplation' [396]. He confronts the old man, forcing a meeting between the two individuals; this is perhaps the most important failed connection, on a psychological level. This is the moment of potential connection between the two isolated monads, the ultimate moment of truth: in their similarity, will they create two, not just one and one? Is addition actually possible? But the old man does not acknowledge or notice the narrator, despite the violently frontal encounter, and continues going on his way. They remain separate singularities. One and one do not make two, but remain one and one.

Paul Hurh, in *American Terror : The Feeling of Thinking in Edwards, Poe and Melville*, writes that the old man is both a figure of the crowd at large and the projection of the narrator's self [131]. According to him, these seemingly contradictory identities, one objective and one subjective, are brought together in the character of the strange old man. Both of these ways of understanding the old man consider his identity as the manifestation of something else – the crowd, the narrator – and as a product, not an autonomous individual. This is possible and constitutes a compelling reading of the story. However, it is conceivable that the old man does have autonomy and is not simply a manifestation of either the mob or the narrator, and it is precisely his absolute otherness that makes him inscrutable. His is an opaque identity into which we cannot see or read, as is stated several times in the story. Whether his identity is to be understood as an internal [and projected outwards] or an external other, it seems to be an absolute other, with which no communication is possible. In addition, his relationship [or non-relationship] with the crowd is frought and anxious. He does not seem to have a smoothly synecdochal relation with the masses of people, but rather the narrative highlights his isolation and alienation from the crowd.

The story thus thematizes singularity, in the isolation and alienation of individuals, as well as multiplicity, as embodied in the multifarious crowd. It puts into play not only singularity and multiplicity, but also the complex idea of addition and the possibility of real groupings through depicting their failure, and the absence of anything between one and many, one and infinity. It portrays this failure through the narrator's absurd categorizing, the old man's absurd aggregative behaviour, and the final absurd non-meeting between the two. The story asks the question: what does it mean to be grouped, to belong to the same category? What does it mean when we say that one and one equals two (or that 1 + 1+ 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 = 7, for example)? Is it really two, or is it still only one and one? Are there actually any numbers beyond one? What is the real meaning of 7, and do those individuals have enough in common to be called 7? Are these 3 things only 3 for a only fleeting moment, during the moment of contiguity, but then fall back into one and one and one? Does it do injustice to an individual's particularity when s/he is lumped together with others into larger units? Are categories real or only nominal? And is combination truly possible or is there only particularity in the world? These are real questions, especially at a time when the concepts of validity and reliability were not yet developed in statistical science, and may have taken intuitive forms, such as when Gradgrind and Bounderby use tabular statements to prove that the lower class is a 'bad lot.' But this is also a valid question because it participates in a longstanding philosophical debate, continuing still today: the debate between realism and nominalism. Do categories, universals and

shared properties really exist? Realism holds that they do; nominalism holds that abstractions and categories are only names, and that actually only particulars exist. Poe did not necessarily conceive of his story in these philosophical terms [whereas the critique of phrenology and statistical classification of the population do seem to be conscious], but whether intentional or not, the story seems to take a stand on this longstanding debate by mocking categorization and asserting ultimate singularity, non-connection, failure of addition. It seems to adopt the nominalist position.

In addition, beyond its nominalist stance, a story written in 1840 that critiques natural relations between beings can only be seen in the light of the most prominent theory of connectivity at the time, the romantic theory of correspondences. This idea, held by the Transcendentalists among others, was being theorized during these years by writers like Ralph Waldo Emerson. It posits the existence of analogies and relations between all parts of existence, and especially between the real and the spiritual. By saying that there is nothing but singularities, the story runs directly against this view. Here, instead of the human subject within nature experiencing a direct correspondence and sympathy with the universe, we have the human subject in the city, isolated, alienated, connected with nothing. Poe's story may almost be seen to be the presentation of a theory of anti-correspondences; it is a clear denial of the doctrine of omnipresent analogies. It is impossible to know if this nominalist story could constitute an implicit and conscious critique of Emersonian Transcendentalism; suffice it to say that Poe was no friend of the Boston and Concord thinkers. He called them Frogpondians, after the pond in Boston commons (well before Walden).[1] For Poe, Emerson was engaged in mysticism for mysticism's sake. Poe clearly criticizes allegories and Hawthorne's allegorizing tendency in his review of *Twice-Told Tales*.[2] It is not inconceivable that the story's pessimism about analogy participates in his critique of Transcendentalism, among the other threads woven in it.[3] Although Poe's metaphysical philosophy was idealist like Emerson's, it was much more dualist and less immanentist/quasi-pantheist than the Transcendentalists'. That dualism may be reflected in the story in its refusal of any immanent correspondences between members of the crowd, or between the two protagonists. Indeed, if the crowd is an Emersonian analogy for the immanent dynamic flux of cosmic forces (as Whitman would go on to depict in poems such as 'Crossing Brooklyn Ferry', for example, linking the crowds to the 'flood-tide'), Poe's individual, whether the narrator or the old man, is entirely isolated and alienated from this dynamic flux, thus embodying the absence of romantic correspondences and cosmic unity ['Crossing Brooklyn Ferry' : 135]. This view would be in keeping with Poe's notorious anti-democratic sentiment, expressing the opposite of *in pluribus unum*. Implicitly rejecting the Transcendentalist philosophy of the inherent relatedness of the particular and the universal – that is, Emerson's 'Unity in Variety,' 'each and all,' or *hen kai pan* – Poe's story constitutes a critique of Transcendentalist optimism, and a nominalist anti-Transcendentalism.[4]

In Poe's 'The Man of the Crowd,' the one and the many are irretrivably split, with nothing in the middle. All is either singularity or infinity, with no intermediary numbers; the possibility of addition is explicitly sought but denied. This view is anchored in Poe's particular historical period: the rise of statistics, the fad for phrenology, and the phenomenon of urbanization. Its resolute nominalism also seems related to Poe's critique of Transcendentalist philosophy, near its height in

---

[1] See E. Carlson, 'Poe's Ten-Year Frogpondian War'.

[2] E.A. Poe, review of Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Twice-Told Tales*.

[3] M. Lee comments on the anti-analogical logic of the story: 'Such statistical typology departs significantly from the analogical inclinations of romanticism' [*Uncertain Chances* : 32].

[4] For Emerson's statement of 'Unity in Variety,' see *Nature* 1 : 27; for 'Each and All', see the poem by this title in *Poems* 9 : 14-15. On Emerson's attempt to balance both realism and nominalism, or to reconcile the universal with the particular, see J. Urbas, '"Bi-Polar" Emerson'.

1840. And finally it constitutes a very modern expression of alienation, as well as a depiction of the perhaps timeless psychological reality of singularity.

Works Cited

AMARAL, Genevieve. 'Edgar Allan Poe's Fear of Texts : "The Man of the Crowd" as Literary Monster.' *The Comparatist* 35 (2011) : 227-238.

CAGLE, Jeremey. 'Reading Well : Transcendental Hermeneutics in Poe's "The Man of the Crowd"'. *The Edgar Allan Poe Review* 9/2 (2008) : 17-35.

CARLSON, Eric W. 'Poe's Ten-Year Frogpondian War.' *The Edgar Allan Poe Review* 3/2 (2002) : 37-51.

DICKENS, Charles. *Hard Times*. London: Penguin, 2003.

ELBERT, Monika M. '"The Man of the Crowd' and the Man outside the Crowd : Poe's Narrator and the Democratic Reader'. *Modern Language Studies* 21/4 (1991) : 16-30.

EMERSON, Ralph Waldo. *Nature*, in vol. 1, *The Collected Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson*. Ed. Alfred R. Ferguson, Joseph Slater *et al*., 10 vols. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1971-2013.

______________________ *Poems : A Variorum Edition,* vol. 9, *The Collected Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson*. Ed. Alfred R. Ferguson, Joseph Slater *et al*., 10 vols. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1971-2013.

GRUNES, Dennis. 'Fraternal Hopes Dashed : Poe's "Man of the Crowd"'. *CLA Journal* 25/3 (1982) : 348-358.

HAYES, Kevin J. 'Visual Culture and the Word in Edgar Allan Poe's "The Man of the Crowd"'. *Nineteenth-Century Literature* 56/4 (2002) : 445-465.

HURH, Paul. *American Terror : The Feeling of Thinking in Edwards, Poe and Melville*. Stanford: University Press, 2015.

LEE, Maurice S. *Uncertain Chances : Science, Skepticism and Belief in Nineteenth-Century American Literature.* Oxford: University Press, 2012.

NICOL, Bran. 'The Urban Environment' in *Edgar Allan Poe in Context*. Edited by Kevin J. Hayes. Cambridge: University Press, 2013.

POE, Edgar Allan. 'The Man of the Crowd', in *Edgar Allan Poe : Poetry and Tales*. Edited by Patrick F. Quinn. New York: Library of America, 1984.

________________ Review of Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Twice-Told Tales*, in Edgar Allan Poe, *Essays and Reviews*. Edited by G.R. Thompson. New York: Library of America, 1984 : 582-583.

URBAS, Joseph. '"Bi-Polar" Emerson : "Nominalist *and* Realist"', *The Pluralist* 8/2 (2013) : 78-105.

WEINSTOCK, Jeffrey Andrew. 'The Crowd Within : Poe's Impossible Aloneness.' *The Edgar Allan Poe Review* 7/2 (2006) : 50-64.

WHITMAN, Walt. 'Crossing Brooklyn Ferry', in *Leaves of Grass*. Edited by Michael Moon. New York: Norton, 2002.