

mistress of his splendid fortune. Sun-
nyeye looked for a moment upon the
sleeping form of her father, and her
tender regard for him struggled against
the love she bare the handsome stranger
—but his tender persuasions overcame
her sense of duty, and love, all powerful
love outweighing every other considera-
tion, she yielded to his wishes.

Hastily collecting a few trinkets, the
gifts of a fond father, and wrapping her
mantle around her, she left the hut and
was hurried to the shore by her com-
panion. On hailing the ship a boat was
sent ashore to his assistance, and in a
few moments they stood upon the deck.
A light breeze having sprung up, all
sails were loosed, the anchor was weigh-
ed, and before sunrise the lovely Sun-
nyeye was many leagues from the scenes
of her childhood, and was never heard of
after.

My limits will not allow me to detail
the subsequent history of Uncas. Crushed
in spirit by the loss of the only stay
of his declining years, and disheartened
by the rapid decrease of his tribe, who
had suffered severe losses in their num-
erous battles, he rapidly sunk to the
tomb—and though his deeds of noble
daring have been told in every clime,
and his name written in the archives of
our country, nought but the moss cover-
ed base of an unfinished monument now
points out the place where he sleeps.

THE VOICES OF FUTURITY.

The Pythoness is silent long;
The Libyan deserts hear
No more the voice of Ammon's fount,
And Judah hath no seer;
But still the prophet-words appear,
Though darkly, as the scrawl
The mystic hand at midnight traced
Upon the palace wall.

Ah, faint and fitfully they come,
Like music tossed in air,
Amid the passing tide of life,
With all its present care:
They whisper to our startled souls,
In murmurs deep and low,
And we hear them in the outer world
But know not whence they flow.

Are there no wave-born sounds that tell
Where wandering rivers wend?
Do valleys hear no warning voice
When mountain floods descend?
To speak the coming waves of Time,
The onward flowing years,
And faint as echoes from afar
These murmurs reach our ears.

They reach us through the cloudy vale
That covers all before—
The sea that sleeps without a sail—
The yet unrodden shore;
But tempests darkly brooding there
Send forth their stormy breath,
Or dim our sunshine with the shades
Of destiny and death.

Ah, voices of Futurity,
Why is it that ye bring
The rushing of the wintry blast,
But not the voice of Spring?
Perchance to teach us that our course
Is o'er the depths of Fear,
Where Hope should cast no anchor, for
The haven is not here.

FRANCES BROWN.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

AMERICAN NOTES FOR GENERAL CIR-
CULATION. By CHARLES DICKENS.

[Agreeably to our promise last week, we give
below some extracts from the above named
work.]

CUSTOM HOUSES.

In all the public establishments of America,
the utmost courtesy prevails. Most of our
departments are susceptible of considerable
improvement in this respect, but the Custom
House above all others would do well to take
example from the United States, and render
itself somewhat less odious and offensive to
foreigners. The servile rapacity of the French
officials is sufficiently contemptible; but there
is a surly, boorish incivility about our men,
alike disgusting to all persons who fall into
their hands, and discreditable to the nation
that keeps such ill conditioned curs snarling
about its gates.

When I landed in America, I could not help
being strongly impressed with the contrast their
Custom House presented, and the attention,
politeness, and good humour with which its
officers discharged their duty.

BOSTON.

When I got into the streets on this Sunday
morning, the air was so clear, the houses were
so bright and gay, the signboards were painted
in such gaudy colours, the gilded letters were
so very golden, the bricks were so very red,
the stones were so very white, the blinds and
area railings were so very green, the knobs
and plates upon the street doors so marvellously
bright and twinkling, and all so slight and
unsubstantial in appearance—that every thor-
oughfare in the city looked exactly like a
scene in a pantomime. It rarely happens in
the business streets that a tradesman, if I may

venture to call anybody a tradesman, where
every body is a merchant, resides above his
store: so that many occupations are carried on
one house, and the whole front is covered
with boards and inscriptions. As I walked
along, I kept glancing up at these boards
confidently expecting to see a few of them
change into something; and I never turned a
corner suddenly without looking out for the
clown and pantaloons, who, I had no doubt,
were hiding in a doorway or behind some
pillar close at hand. As to Harlequin and
Colombine, I discovered immediately that they
lodged (they are always looking after lodgings
in a pantomime) at a very small clock maker's
one story high, near the hotel, which, in addi-
tion to various symbols and devices, almost
covering the whole front, had a great dial
hanging out—to be jumped through of course.

The suburbs are, if possible, even more
unsubstantial looking than the city. The white
wooden houses (so white that it makes one
wink to look at them) with their green jeal-
ousie blinds, are so sprinkled and dropped
about in all directions, without seeming to
have any root at all in the ground, and the
small churches and chapels are so prim, and
bright, and highly varnished, that I almost
believed the whole affair could be taken up
piecemeal like a child's toy, and crammed
into a little box.

The city is a beautiful one, and cannot fail,
I should imagine, to impress all strangers very
favorably. The private dwelling houses are
for the most part, large and elegant, the shops
extremely good, and the public buildings
handsome. The State House is built on the
summit of a hill, which rises gradually at first
and afterwards by a steep ascent, almost
from the water's edge. In front is a green
enclosure, called the Common. The site is
beautiful, and from the top there is a charming
panoramic view of the whole town and neigh-
bourhood. In addition to a variety of commo-
dious offices, it contains two handsome cham-
bers, in one the House of Representatives of
the State hold their meetings, in the other
the Senate. Such proceedings as I saw here
conducted with perfect gravity and decorum,
and were certainly calculated to inspire
attention and respect.

The tone of society in Boston is one of per-
fect politeness, courtesy, and good breeding.
The ladies are unquestionably very beautiful—
in face, but there I am compelled to stop.
Their education is such as with us, neither
better nor worse. I had heard some marvellous
stories in this respect, but not believing them
was not disappointed.

The only Preacher I heard in Boston was
Mr Taylor, who addresses himself peculiarly
to seamen, and who was once a mariner him-
self. I found his chapel down among the
shipping, in one of the narrow, old, water
side streets, with a gay blue flag waving
freely from its roof. In the gallery opposite
to the pulpit, were a little choir of male and
female singers, a violoncello, and a violin.
The preacher already sat in the pulpit, which
was raised on pillars, and ornamented behind
him with painted drapery of a lively and
somewhat theatrical appearance. He looked
a weather beaten hard featured man, of about
six or eight and fifty,—with deep lines graven
as it were into his face, dark hair, and a stern,
keen eye. Yet the general character of his
countenance was pleasant and agreeable.

The service commenced with a hymn, to
which succeeded an extemporary prayer. It
had the fault of frequent repetition, incident-
al to all such prayers; but it was plain and
comprehensive in its doctrines, and breathed a
tone of general sympathy and charity, which is
not so commonly a characteristic of this form
of address to the Deity as it might be. That
done he opened his discourse, taking for his
text a passage from the Songs of Solomon,
laid upon the desk before the commencement
of the service by some unknown member of
the congregation: 'Who is this coming up
from the wilderness, leaning on the arm of her
Beloved?'

He handled this text in all kinds of ways,
and twisted it into all manner of shapes; but
always ingeniously, and with a rude eloquence,
well adapted to the comprehension of his
hearers. Indeed if I be not mistaken, he
studied their sympathies and understandings
much more than the display of his own powers.
His imagery was all drawn from the sea, and
from the incidents of a seaman's life. He
spoke to them of 'that glorious man, Lord
Nelson,' and of Collingwood; and drew noth-
ing in, as the saying is, by the head and shoul-
ders, but brought it to bear upon his purpose
naturally, and with a sharp mind to its effect.
—Sometimes, when much excited with his
subject, he had an odd way—compounded of
John Bunyan, and Balfour of Barley—of tak-
ing his great quarto bible under his arm and
pacing up and down the pulpit with it: look-
ing steadily down, meantime, into the midst
of the congregation. Thus, when he applied
his text to the first assemblage of his hearers,
and pictured the wonder of the church at their
presumption in forming a congregation among
themselves, he stopped short with his bible
under his arm in the manner I have described
and pursued his discourse after this manner:

Who are these—who are they—who are
these fellows? where do they come from?
where are they going to?—Come from!
What's the answer?

Leaning out of the pulpit, and pointing
downward with his right hand: 'From below!'
Starting back again, and looking at the sailors
before him; 'From below, my brethren.

From under the hatches of sin, batted down
above you by the evil one. That's where
you came from!—a walk up and down the
pulpit: 'and where are you going?—stopping
abruptly, 'where are you going? Aloft!—very
softly, and pointing upward, 'Aloft! louder,
'Aloft! louder still: 'That's where you are
going—with a fair wind—all taut and trim,
steering direct for Heaven in all its glory,
where there are no storms or foul weather, and
where the wicked cease from troubling and the
weary are at rest.' Another walk; 'That's
where you are going to my friends. That's it.
That's the place. That's the port. That's
the haven. It's a blessed harbor—still water
there, in all changes of the wind and tides; no
no driving ashore upon the rocks, or slipping
your cables and running out to sea, there;
Peace—Peace—Peace—all Peace! Another
walk, and putting the bible under his left arm.
'What! These fellows are coming from the
wilderness are they? Yes. From the dreary,
blighted wilderness of Iniquity, whose only
crop is Death. But do they lean upon any
thing—do they lean upon nothing, these poor
seamen?' Three raps upon the bible. 'Oh
yes. They lean upon the arm of their Beloved.'
Three more raps: 'Upon the arm of their
Beloved'—three more and a walk. 'Pilot,
guiding star and compass, all in one, to all
hands—here it is'—three more. 'Here it is.
They can do their seaman's duty manfully, and
be easy in their minds in the utmost peril and
danger, with this'—two more. 'They can
come, even these poor fellows can come, from
the wilderness, leaning upon the arm of their
Beloved, and go up—up!' raising his hand
higher and higher, at every repetition of the
word, so that he stood with it at last stretched
above his head, regarding them in a strange,
rapt manner, and pressing the book triumphantly
to his breast, until he gradually subsided into
some other portion of his discourse.

I have cited this rather as an instance of the
preacher's eccentricities than his merits, though
taken in connection with his look and manner,
and the character of his audience, even this
was striking. It is possible however, that my
favorable impression of him may have been
greatly influenced and strengthened, firstly, by
his impressing upon his hearers that the true
observance of religion was not inconsistent
with a cheerful deportment and an exact dis-
charge of the duties of their stations, which,
indeed, it scrupulously required of them; and
secondly, by his cautioning them not to set up
any monopoly in Paradise and its mercies. I
never heard these two points wisely touched
(if indeed I have ever heard touched at all)
by any preacher of that kind before.

NEW YORK.

The beautiful metropolis of America is by
no means so clean as the city of Boston, but
many of its streets have the same character-
istics, except that the houses are not quite so
fresh colored, the sign boards are not quite so
gaudy, the gilded letters not quite so golden,
the bricks not quite so red, the stone not quite
white, the blind and area railings not quite
so green, the knobs and plates upon the street
doors not quite so bright and twinkling. There
are many bye streets, almost as neutral in clean
colors, a d positively as in dirty ones, as bye
streets in London; and there is one quarter
commonly called the Five Points, which in
respect to filth and wretchedness, may be
safely backed against Seven Dials, or any
other part of famed St. Giles's.

The great promenade and thoroughfare, as
most people know, is Broadway, a wide and
bustling street, which from the Battery Garden
to its opposite termination, in a country road,
may be four miles long. Shall we sit down in
an upper floor of the Carlton House Hotel,
(situated in the best part of this main artery of
New York) and when we are tired of looking
down upon the life below, sally forth arm in
arm, and mingle with the stream?

This narrow thoroughfare, baking and blis-
tering in the sun, it is Wall street, the Stock
Exchange and Lombard Street of New York.
Many a rapid fortune has been made in this
street, and many a no-less rapid ruin. Some
of these very merchants whom you see hanging
about here now, have locked up money in
their strong boxes, like the man in the Arabian
Nights, and opening them again, have found
but withered leaves.

Below, here by the water side, where the
bowsprits of ships stretch across the footway,
and almost thrust themselves into the win-
dows, lie the noble American vessels which
have made their packet service the finest in
the world. They have brought hither the
foreigners who abound in all the streets, not
perhaps that there are more here than in other
commercial cities, but elsewhere they have
particular haunts, and you must find them out;
here they pervade the town.

We must cross Broadway again, gaining
some refreshment from the heat, in sight of
of the great blocks of clean ice which
are being carried into shops and bar rooms!
and the pine apples and water melons profusely
displayed for sale. Fine streets of spacious
houses here, you see!—Wall street has furnish-
ed and dismantled many of them very often—
and here a deep green leafy square. Be sure
that is a hospitable house with inmates to be
affectionately remembered always, where they
have the open door and pretty show of plants
within, and where a child with laughing eyes is
peeping out of the window at the little dog
below. You wonder what may be the use of
this tall flag staff in the bye street, with some-
thing like Liberty's head dress on its top—so
do I. But there is a passion for tall flag

staffs herenabouts, and you may see its twin
brother in five minutes if you have a mind.

Once more in Broadway! Here are the
same ladies in bright colours, walking to and
fro, in pairs and singly; yonder is the very
same light blue parasol which passed and re-
passed the hotel window twenty times while
we were sitting there. We are going to cross
here. Take care of the pigs. Two portly pigs
are trotting up behind this carriage, and a
select party of half a dozen gentlemen hogs
have just turned the corner.

Here is a solitary swine lounging homeward
by himself. He has only one ear, having
parted with the other to vagrant dogs in the
course of his city rambles. But he gets on very
well without it, and leads a roving, gentle-
manly vagabond kind of life, somewhat an-
swering to that of our club men at home.
He leaves his lodgings at a certain hour every
morning, throws himself upon the town, gets
through his day in some manner quite satis-
factory to himself, and regularly appears at
the door of his own house again at night, like
the mysterious master of Gil Blas. He is a
free and easy, careless, indifferent kind of pig,
having a very large acquaintance among other
pigs of the same character, whom he rather
knows by sight than conversation, as he seldom
troubles himself to stop and exchange civilities
but goes grunting down the kennel, turning up
the news and small talk of the city, in the
shape of cabbage stalks and offal, and bearing
no tails but his own, which is a very short one,
for his old enemies the dogs, have been at
that too, and havoc left him hardly enough to
swear by. He is in every respect a republican
pig, going wherever he pleases, and mingling
with the best society on an equal, if not super-
ior footing, for every one makes way when
he appears, and the haughtiest give him the
wall if he prefer it.

He is a great philosopher, and seldom mo-
ved unless by the dogs before mentioned.
Sometimes, indeed, you may see his small eye
twinkling on a slaughtered friend, whose car-
case garnishes a butcher's door post, but he
grants out 'Such is life, all flesh is pork!'
buries his nose in the mire again, and wad-
dles down in the gutter—comforting himself
with the reflection that there is one snout the
less to anticipate stray cabbage stalks, at any
rate.

They are the city scavengers, these pigs.
Ugly brutes they are, having for the most part
scanty, brown backs like the lids of old horse
hair trunks, spotted with unwholesome black
blotches. They have long, gaunt legs, too,
and such peaked snouts, that if one of them
could be persuaded to sit for his profile, nobo-
dy could recognise it for a pig's likeness.
They are never attended upon, or fed, or
driven, or caught, but are thrown upon their
own resources in early life, and become pre-
ternaturally knowing in consequence. Every
pig knows where he lives much better than
anybody could tell him. At this hour, just as
evening is closing in, you will see them roam-
ing towards bed by scores, eating their way
to the last. Occasionally some youth among
them, who has overeaten himself, or has been
much worried by dogs, trots shrinkingly home-
wards, like a prodigal son; but this is a rare
case; perfect self possession and self reliance
and immovable composure, being their fore-
most attributes.

Are there no amusements? Yes. There is
a lecture room across the way, from which that
glare of light proceeds, and there may be
evening service for the ladies thrice a week,
or oftener. For the young gentlemen there is
the counting house, the store, the bar room;
the latter, as you may see through the windows,
pretty full. Hark! to the clucking sound of
hammers breaking lumps of ice, and to the
cool gurgling of the pounded bits, as in the
process of mixing, they are poured from glass
to glass! No amusements? What are these
suckers of cigars and swallows of strong
drink, whose hats and legs we see in every
possible variety of twist, doing, but amusing
themselves? What are the fifty newspapers,
which those precocious urchins are bawling
down the streets, and which are kept filed
within, what are they but amusements? Not
rapid waterish amusements, but good strong
stuff; dealing in round abuse and blackguard
names; pulling off the roofs of private houses,
as the Halting Devil did in Spain: pimping and
pandering for all the degrees of vicious taste,
and gorging with corned ties the most voracious
maw, imputing to every man in public life the
coarsest and the vilest motives,—scaring away
from the stabbed and prostrate body politic,
every Samaritan of clear conscience and good
deeds,—and setting on with yell and clapping
of foul hands, the vilest vermin and worst birds
of prey. No amusements! * * *

The country around New York is surpass-
ingly and exquisitely picturesque. The climate,
as I have already intimated, is somewhat of
the warmest. What it would be without the
sea breezes which come from its beautiful Bay
in the evening time, I will not throw myself
or my readers into a fever by inquiring.

The tone of the best society in this city, is
like that of Boston—here and there, it may
be, with a greater infusion of the mercantile
spirit, but generally polished and refined, and
always most hospitable. The houses and
tables are elegant, the hours later and more
rakiish, and there is, perhaps, a greater spirit
of contention in reference to appearances, and
the display of wealth and costly living. The
ladies are really beautiful.

Before I left New York I made arrange-