

SONGS
IN
HENRY RUSSELL'S
VOCAL AND PICTORIAL ENTERTAINMENT,
ENTITLED
THE FAR WEST;
OR, THE
EMIGRANTS' PROGRESS
FROM THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW:
AND
NEGRO LIFE,
IN FREEDOM AND IN SLAVERY.

THE POETRY WRITTEN BY
CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS PAINTED FROM SKETCHES TAKEN IN AMERICA.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE principal features of which this little work is a synopsis, are by no means intended to be looked upon solely in the light of a mere entertaining exhibition. It is intended to instruct as well as to amuse, and to instruct, moreover, in one of the most profoundly and practically important subjects which can be offered to the notice of the English people. The succession of pictures constituting the Exhibition are no mere fancy sketches. They do not represent scenes which few or none save rich tourists or professed travellers can ever hope to visit. They do not appeal to the limited interest or the partial knowledge which may be found to exist among certain classes, with reference to the architectural beauties, or the historic associations of the countries delineated; on the contrary, they are thoroughly practical pictures — transcripts from the daily lives of hundreds of thousands of our countrymen and women,—representing scenes which thousands more are thinking of encountering—scenes in which practicable and reliable information is always in eager demand—scenes, in fact, appealing directly to the deepest interests and most cherished prospects of the multitudes who are daily making up their minds to seek better fortunes and brighter days upon the boundless plains, and by the clear broad rivers of the West.

Our Emigration scenes are confined to the experience of settlers proceeding from England to the United States; for without depreciating the advantages of the various colonies which hold out their particular inducements to the adventurer, it is undisputed that the main tide of Emigration sets from our shores towards those of the American Continent; the people naturally preferring the short voyage to the United States, and the boundless field for energy and skill of every kind there presented, to the pilgrimage to the other side of the globe, and the single great branch of industry offered by the sheep-breeding pastures of Australia. Whatever may be the far and ultimate destinies of the Antipodes, there would seem to be no doubt but that the first great transfer of national power to take place in the Cycles of coming ages, will be to make the American, instead of the European Continent, the practical and industrial ruler of the world; — first, as in former days, the tide of power and progress ever setting Westward, bore away the pre-eminence in arts and skill of the Northern, African, and Asiatic races, to carry it first to the shores of the Mediterranean, and then to the shores of the Atlantic. The English or Saxon blood is now showing indubitable signs of extending itself over the whole of that vast portion of the continent of America, which the climate renders comfortably, or profitably habitable for the civilised man. Contrast the enormous energy and gigantic profits of the English-sprung-Americans with the comparative stagnation, and the lazy indifference of the Colonies sent forth by Spain and Portugal, and who occupy portions of the Eastern extremity and seaboard of the Continent. “Annexation” is not a word which sounds in all respects well in English ears, but it is far from improbable that it involves a necessary and eternal condition to which the Anglo-Saxon blood in America will be more and more subject; and before which Spaniards and Portuguese will fade away and become absorbed, just as the Indian tribes are fading and becoming extinguished. The English tongue will, no doubt, become the universal language of America, from Behring’s Straits to Cape Horn, and from the seaboard of Chili, to the shores of Labrador.

Assisting, then, in this great, but gradual development of civilisation—the stream of Emigration constantly flowing to America—constantly carrying with it a growing proportion of the thews and sinews—the enterprise and the energy—the capital and the skill of England, is daily performing a great and important function, and not the less so, that the individual components of the emigrating masses themselves are little aware of the great destiny they are unwittingly carrying out. What they naturally think of is their own interests. What they naturally seek to advance is their own fortunes. Whether this country be over-peopled or not, is not now the question; it is enough that the tendency here is for population to out-grow the work that can be given; while in America, on the contrary, the work now is, and will be for hundreds of years to come, greater than the number of labourers to do it. Thus, then, a new continent—a continent, the vast proportion of which is yet to be civilised—yet to be made conducive to the support of man, is the field to which an over-plus of labour and energy will ever gravitate; whoever has strength and skill, and energy to use both, must succeed in such a field. There are many disagreeabilities to be got over, but these are rather hardships than privations—an important distinction; they rather consist in “roughing it” for a time, than of enduring the anxieties, and often helpless train of sufferings borne by the working, and the more humble of the middle classes, at home; occasional personal discomfort, the rough-and-ready life of the log hut, and the clearing, gradually settling down to homely, rural ease and independence, is surely better than the cheap luxuries of our over-crowded civilisation, purchased often by uncertain work, broken by times of real privation, and continually made more difficult to acquire, by reason of the constantly increasing numbers of competitors who labour to attain them.

That the determination to leave an old, and with all its faults, a well-beloved land, and cast one's lot upon another soil, and beneath another sky, must cost even the unthinking a bitter pang, is no doubt sadly true; but this is a chequered life, seldom presenting an advantage without its reverses and less-smiling side, offering to the bulk of mankind no prizes which can be attained without toil and travail of spirit. But the stout and manly-hearted emigrant will soon brush aside the parting tear, confident in his energies and his skill—confident in his determination to attack every difficulty, in the spirit of a hero—confident in the boundless capabilities of the land in which he is about to settle—confident in the probability, nay, the certainty, that every man who, in America, *determines* to get on, *will* get on; he girds up his loins and enters upon his pilgrimage, buoyed up by the strong aid of a reasonable and well-founded hope. He knows that although he is to cross the ocean, he is not to go among strangers in their blood, language, or religion. He knows that he is joining the descendants of his own countrymen, who once made the self-same voyage, and thus assured and supported, he sets out in peace of spirit, with bright visions of prosperity beckoning him on.

To all whose lot may be one day similar—to all who have friends or acquaintances who have made, or are about to make, the passage from the Old World to the New—to all who take an interest in the universally absorbing subject of Emigration, the pictures of Mr. Russell's Panorama, true transcripts from nature, as his personal experience warrants them to be, are offered, in the confident hope that they will prove as entertaining as they are interesting and instructive.

SONGS, &c.

The hour of bidding adieu to English ground, of giving up the old home and starting to seek a new, is supposed to have arrived. It is a moment of mixed feeling—of bitter sorrow and hopeful joy—of natural anguish at breaking through so many household and kindred ties—of natural bright anticipations of better days, and a cheerier lot, to come. There is a period of suffering and discomfort before the adventure, but beyond that looms, in all its grand proportions and encouraging colours, the Promised Land! the soil whereon no man who can or will work, need want work, and whereon none who work want a decent home and plentiful food.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep.
Like an eagle caged I pine,
On this dull unchanging shore,
Oh! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar.

A life, &c.

Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift gliding craft,
And bid farewell to the land;
The gale follows far abaft.

We shoot through the sparkling foam,
 Like an ocean-bird set free;
 Like the ocean-bird, our home
 We find far out on the sea.

A life, &c.

The land is no longer in view,
 The clouds have begun to frown;
 But, with a stout vessel and crew,
 We'll say, let the storm come down;
 And the song of our hearts shall be,
 While the winds and waters rave,
 A life on the heaving sea,
 A home on the surging wave.

A life, &c.

The anchor is at the bows, the ship is under weigh, the pilot is taking leave of the captain, and the cry is, "Ho! for the New World." A loud parting cheer, given with the heartiest British energy, rings up from the crowded decks. Hats and handkerchiefs are waved, and the echoes of the shout, at once sad and hopeful, have died away; the main topsail is filled; the ship bends to the breeze, and her bowsprit is pointed to New York. All on deck below is as yet bustle and confusion; piles of luggage to be arranged and put away. Families have to settle themselves down into their berths, and make their little household dispositions. In such cases as this, when so many hundreds of strangers are crowded together, amid all the inevitable discomfort of a vessel, the principle of "bear and forbear" must, if anything like comfort and tranquillity would be attained, be strictly acted upon, and it is only justice to the mass of poorer Emigrants to say, that they generally show every kindness and attention to each other: one family aids another, and that in the necessary operations of cooking, washing, and attending to the swarms of children who are frequently on board, the most touching kindness and consideration are generally shown. The build and arrangement of British Emigrant Ships are now strictly regulated by law, these vessels must be five feet between decks; they must not carry more than

three passengers for every four tons register, and their stores must be inspected by Government agents, and certified to be of good and fitting quality and quantity. These rules do not necessarily apply to ships sailing under foreign flags.

CHEER, BOYS! CHEER!

Cheer, boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow,

Courage, true hearts shall bear us on our way,
 Hope points before, and shows the bright to-morrow,
 Let us forget the darkness of to-day.

So farewell, England, much as we may love thee,

We'll dry the tears that we have shed before;
 Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune?

So, farewell, England—farewell evermore.

Cheer, boys! cheer! for England! mother England!

Cheer, boys! cheer! the willing strong right hand;
 Cheer, boys! cheer! there's wealth for honest labour,
 Cheer, boys! cheer! for the new and happy land.

Cheer, boys! cheer! the steady breeze is blowing,

To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast,
 The world shall follow in the track we're going,
 The star of Empire glitters in the West.

Here we had toil, and little to reward it,

But *there* shall plenty smile upon our pain,
 And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
 And boundless meadows ripe with golden grain.

Cheer, boys! cheer! for England! mother England!

Cheer, boys! cheer! united heart and hand;
 Cheer, boys! cheer! there's wealth for honest labour,
 Cheer, boys! cheer! for the new and happy land.

Half the broad Atlantic is now supposed to have been traversed, the incipient miseries of the voyage are over, and for the most part forgotten. The Emigrants have attained what is called their "sea legs," and every one has become accustomed to the sights, sounds, and motion of the vessel, and settled down into comparative comfort. In fine weather the deck is a scene of great bustle and animation; the ship's cooking stoves are beset by eager applicants, each waiting their turn for the use of the fire. The booms piled amidships afford a favourite lounging place, where the children play; the women work and chat; and the men smoke and discuss their prospects in the West. Many are the expedients naturally got up to relieve the tedium of a long sea voyage. There is generally one or more cheering musicians on board, a performer on the fiddle or flute, and thanks to his services the deck is often cleared for a dance. Then comes the singing; it would be hard if, in the midst of three or four hundred people, there were not some good voices, some musical taste, and many merry and tuneful hearts, and so the song or the glee, or the lustily shouted chorus, alternate with the dance. A more prosaic, but not less popular amusement in Emigrant ships, is playing at "push board," a species of game, the process of which consists in flinging a morsel of plank, so as to cause it to rest on certain chalked compartments on the deck. Conversation, however, is, after all, the main resource. The Emigrants have by this time made universal acquaintanceship, and hardly one family but knows the history of all the rest, the women in particular are communicative to each other on the subject of past experiences, their trials, struggles, and hardships in the old country, and the hopes they entertain of their prospects in the new. Many a deeply interesting tale of humble family misfortunes—many a bulletin of the great "battle of life" has undoubtedly been communicated in these confidences of the Emigrant ship—the reminiscences rebound over a wild field. The tellers of such stories come from England, Scotland, and Ireland; thus, there are recollections of the lanes and alleys, and low suburbs of London—of the dreary and unenlightened life of the agricultural labourer, dwelling in a hovel not half so good as the wigwam of the Indian, and existing upon a scanty allowance of bread and lard. Sometimes, but not so frequently, the Emigrants come from the new manufacturing districts; but the majority are persons who have some notions of agriculture, and who are looking forward to the blessings of a quiet country life. From Scotland, again, we have refugees from the "wynds and closes" of the great towns, and very probably Highlanders from the mountains of the West, dispossessed of their ancient holdings to make way for great Southern sheep farmers. Ireland, of course, sends forth her swarms of small tenants, flying from rack rents and enormous poor's rates,

and her still greater crowds of Pats and Denises, on their way to rejoin their friends, who have already made the voyage, and who have transmitted money home to enable our voyagers to try their fortunes on a happier soil than that of the "Fair Green Land." Much crowding and necessary discomfort are no doubt experienced, but we have the united testimony of all writers on Emigration as to the general cheerfulness and meekness with which they are borne.

FAR, FAR UPON THE SEA.

Far, far upon the sea,
 The good ship speeding free,
 Upon the deck we gather young and old;
 And view the flapping sail,
 Swelling out before the gale,
 Full and round without a wrinkle or a fold;
 Or watch the waves that glide
 By the vessel's stately side,
 Or the wild sea bird that follows through the air;
 Or we gather in a ring,
 And with cheerful voices sing,
 Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,
 With the sunshine on our lee,
 We talk of pleasant days when we were young,
 And remember, though we roam,
 The sweet melodies of home,
 The songs of happy childhood which we sung;
 And though we quit her shore,
 To return to it no more,
 Sound the glories that Britannia yet shall bear,

That "Britons rule the waves,

And never shall be slaves."

Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,

Whate'er our country be,

The thought of it shall cheer us as we go,

And Scotland's sons shall join

"In the days of auld lang syne,"

With voice by memory softened clear and low ;

And the men of Erin's Isle,

Battling sorrow with a smile,

Shall sing "St. Patrick's Morning" void of care ;

And thus we pass the day,

As we journey on our way,

Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

At length the Atlantic is traversed—fifty days have perhaps elapsed (though the period is sometimes considerably shorter), since the Liverpool pilot has gone over the side, to the joyfully anticipatory moment when the American functionary takes his place, and the ship floats in the waters of Yankee Land; great is the commotion now excited on board the Emigrant ship, a general clearing and purification is enjoined, otherwise a detention in quarantine may stare the voyagers in the face. Luggage is eagerly collected, picked for disembarkation; and well washed and carefully attired in their best, the crowd of passengers are ready for their *début* in the New World. Meantime many an anxious eye is fixed upon the outline of the American coast looming ahead; first like a blue cloud arising from the sea appears the Highlands of New Jersey; shortly afterwards a long low spit of land, terminated by a light-house, is discerned stretching seawards:—this is the famous Sandy Hook. Next Statue Island rises to the view, and after gliding round its bluff promontories, the glorious Bay of New York, broken by clustered islands, dotted by the sails of hundreds of large and small craft, and lined along a portion of its extent by the far extending ranges and terraces, and of the first

city of the Union, successively rise upon the view. Long previous to coming alongside the wharves at the lower end of the Broadway, the Emigrants have been feasting their eyes with the beauties displayed by the first glimpse of the land of their New Home.

Scene IV.—NEW YORK.

Without at all pretending to enter upon such a task as even a faint and outlined description of New York, the following statistical facts, culled from the last American census, will perhaps give some notion of the astounding rapidity with which this great city has grown up, and at the rate at which she continues to progress in population, commerce, and general importance. In 1820, New York had a population of 120,000; in 1830, 203,000; in 1840, 312,000. This rate of increase was unparalleled in the history of statistics. But the population is now said to have risen to the astonishing number of 750,000—there are but two larger cities in Europe. In ten years more, at the same rate of progress, it will be larger than Paris. In thirty years from this date New York will, on the same terms, be larger than London; and it must be considered that the commercial capital of America is not fed, like our Manchester and Liverpool, at the expense of the country; its advance is the type of an entire continent. In New York the Emigrant suddenly finds himself in the midst of a metropolis, distinguished in many curious features from the old capital of Europe. He finds himself in the young capital of a young country—everything about him looks new, and fresh, and practical, smacking, indeed, of the national attributive of “go-aheadism.” He remarks no ancient buildings, no minister or feudal stronghold—the antique memorials of other days; everything is of the present, or designed for the future. Public offices, usually connected with commerce—docks—warehouses—exchanges—newspaper offices—manufactories—schools—public institutions of all kinds, swarm in the teeming busy streets, crowded by a mixed population of blacks and whites; every man is as much in a hurry, and as much engaged as if he had personally to do the whole work of the city. The main street feature of New York, the celebrated Broadway, extends throughout the whole length of the city—a distance of about four miles; beginning at the Battery Gardens, by the water side, and ending in an open country road. The procession of vehicles of all kinds, carriages, omnibusses, and heavy laden waggons and trucks, show as great a degree of traffic and popular stir as is boasted by any thoroughfare in London; and the richness, splendour, and extent of the shops quite rival those of any of the old European capitals.

The immense size of many of the buildings is noticeable; the hotels frequently form little towns by themselves, and the lower story is generally occupied, like those of continental opera-houses, by ranges of stores or warehouses. Places of amusement of course abound; lectures and public meetings of all kinds flourish to perfection in America; and literary, scholastic, and scientific institutions meet you at every turn. Every step, indeed, the stranger takes in exploring this busy and marvellously growing city, must necessarily impress him more and more with the wondrous energy, power, and fast gathering importance of the commercial capital of the New World; nor is the country in general, as we have hinted, a bit behind it; should the rate of increase of population attained in the ten years, from 1840 to 1850 be maintained for 50 years, the population will then amount to 190,000,000—nearly equal to that of the whole of Continental Europe! Were it possible to conceive the same ratio maintained for another 50 years, the census for 1950 would give the astounding number of 1,696,000,000! German wars and French revolutions sink into complete insignificance by the side of considerations like these. When the United States shook off the yoke of England, their people numbered no more than 3,000,000; when they were last measured against an European power they were not more than 8,000,000. Ten years hence they will be equal to France or Austria. There hardly seems to be a limit to their growth. The Valley of the Mississippi would alone support the whole population of Europe. In its vast basin nations are now growing up, as if at the bidding of enchantment. The valley already contains about 13,000,000 of inhabitants; at the beginning of this century it did not contain as many thousands.

Scene V.—THE NORTH RIVER.

New York is, however, but a stage in the long journey of our Emigrants. Their destination is the Far West, and they speedily shift their quarters from the city boarding-house, or perhaps from their old berths on board the ship, to the deck of one of the scores of fast-sailing, high-pressure steamers, which ply between New York and Albany. The aspect of the river is very beautiful, the banks being high, bluff and precipitous, richly wooded, and dotted with farm-houses, villages and thriving little towns. The Emigrant is now fairly under weigh in the second portion of his long journey; he is in a new land, among new fellow-citizens, and to some extent, new customs and topics of conversation; the unnumbered evidences of rapid progress and prosperity, which every-

where abound, cheer and comfort him on his way. He sees in the smiling hamlets and villages which he passes, the comfortable results of the toil of those who preceded him in his pilgrimage, and the inspiring feeling is ever present, that in a few years he may and will be as well off as they.

Such feelings, aspirations, and ideas of energy and encouragement, are sought to be introduced into the song of

HO! FOR THE WEST.

To the West, to the West, to the land of the free,
 Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea;
 Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,
 And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil.
 Where children are blessings, and he who hath most
 Has aid for his fortune, and riches to boast,
 Where the young may exult, and the aged may rest;
 Away, far away, to the land of the West.

To the West, to the West, where the rivers that flow
 Run thousands of miles, spreading out as they go;
 Where the green waving forests shall echo our call,
 As wide as old England, and free to us all.
 Where the prairies, like seas where the billows have
 rolled,
 Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old,
 And the lakes are like oceans in storm or in rest;
 Away, far away, to the land of the West.

To the West, to the West, there is wealth to be won,
 The forest to clear is the work to be done;

We'll try it—we'll do it—and never despair,
 While there's light in the sunshine, or breath in the air.
 The bold independence that labour shall buy
 Shall strengthen our bands, and forbid us to sigh ;
 Away, far away, let us hope for the best,
 And build up a home in the land of the West.

Scene VI.—THE GENESEE AQUEDUCT.

At Albany our adventurers leave the bright broad stream of the North River, and embark upon the Erie Canal, the great silent highway leading to the Lakes. The view exhibited represents the fine aqueduct, half a mile in length, by means of which the Erie Canal is carried over the foaming rapids of the Genesee River, which boil and flash beneath. All around extends one of the finest corn countries of the States ; harvests of abounding richness are annually produced, and as the country, from the variety of its surface, abounds with plenty of water-power, the grain is converted into flour in the district, and afterwards, especially since the establishment of Free Trade, shipped in enormous quantities for England. The whole region is indeed a vast granary, producing food of the first quality, and at the lowest possible price ; food which can now be freely imported to improve the condition of our own humbler population. The spectator will perceive the vast number of mills represented in full operation all over the country side. The Erie Canal is one of the great arterial lines of water communication by which the United States is traversed, and which are being daily deepened and extended ; along this canal the bulk of the Emigrants bound to the Far West proceed, the water carriage affording a cheap and comfortable transport for themselves and their goods. The canal is about 363 miles in length, from Albany to Buffalo, in some places as much as 80 feet in width, and generally 7 feet deep. The track boats, on board of which passengers are conveyed, are called "packets," they are dragged by three horses, changed every six miles, and proceed at the rate of about from four to five miles an hour. The goods traffic on the Erie Canal is enormous, giving employment to upwards of 12,000 barges and boats of different descriptions.

Scene VII.—THE RAPIDS IN THE NIAGARA.

We have now struck the great line of water communication joining the chain of Inland lakes or seas which form so marked a feature in the geography of this part of the American Continent. Between Lake Erie and Ontario occur the Rapids represented in the Panorama, leading to the famous Cataract of Niagara. The water communication is also again cut off between the Lakes Michigan and Superior, which form in reality one sheet of water, and Lake Huron. The British Government have cut a Canal on the Canada side, enabling vessels to proceed from Erie to Ontario, and there is no doubt that in a few years the water communication will be unbroken from the lower reaches of the St. Lawrence to the farthest banks of Lake Superior. The picture of the Rapids before the spectator gives a vivid idea of the impetuosity with which the stream dashes on in its downward course, amongst interrupting banks and shelves of rocks, sometimes rising above the roaring torrent, in other cases only indicated by the foam which flashes above them.

Scene VIII.—THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

The descent of a rock 160 feet in depth of a vast river, as broad as the Thames at Gravesend, and of great depth, constitutes the mighty phenomenon of the "Falls of Niagara," the greatest, although not the highest cataract in the world.

The picture placed before the spectator will do more to realise the scene in his mind than any piece of word-painting, however brilliant, and however elaborate. We need only remark, that the strangely situated and rocky islet breaking the sheet of green falling water into two dimensions, is Goat Island, accessible, it will be perceived, by a slight suspension bridge, stretched from the American shore.

The division of the cataract running beneath the bridge in question is the American Fall; that on the other side of the island, stretching to the Canadian shore, is the Horse-shoe Fall; and from "Table Rock," on the latter bank, one of the finest views is obtained of the thundering descent of foaming waters. It is practicable from certain points, after a slippery scramble among wet and slime-covered rocks, to make one's way between the sheet of falling water and the solid rock; but the feat is described as being neither safe nor agreeable. From the boiling cauldron beneath the cataract nothing solid which has descended the Fall, ever

emerges. On a few melancholy occasions boats, with their hapless crews on board, have been frequently carried away, and never seen after the moment of the final plunge. The Carolina steamer, which, during the Canadian disturbances, was allowed to drift over the precipice, was dashed into morsels of riven wood not more than a few inches in size; many of these were fished out miles below the Fall, but not an unbroken plank remained. The effects of the Cataract of Niagara upon the mind have been, of course, differently described by different travellers, but several of the most gifted writers upon the subject agrée, that the sensation produced in their minds by the sublime spectacle was one of peace, and a calm dread majestic beauty. "Peace of mind," writes Dickens, "tranquillity, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness—nothing of gloom or terror—Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart an image of beauty, there to remain, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat for ever."

Scene IX.—THE SETTLEMENT.

Arrived now in the woods and valleys of the fine state of Ohio, we approach the region which many Emigrants look to as their final settling place; others, again, of less capital and more adventure, push on for the still further back districts of Illinois and Indiana. The picture before the spectator delineates a characteristic landscape of this portion of the West. Near a nobly flowing river, one of the many navigable streams which give value to the vast tracts of the Western States, has been reared the substantial log farm-house, gradually as every year brings fresh improvements, assuming the homely and well-to-do homestead; round the farm-house are seen the clearings imbedded for crops of wheat and Indian corn; all manner of signs of rural industry and prosperity are visible around. The first rough work has been got over, and the settler is now beginning to be able to enjoy the plenty and the beauty which he himself has created; the boat engaged in fishing in the stream, hints at the multiplied nature of his employments and his resources, and the numerous children scattered about on the banks and by the farm-buildings, are all engaged in some light but useful rustic employment. No one need ever fear the responsibilities of a large family in America, there is food for every mouth, and work for every hand; and the more numerous, in fact, the children, the richer (because the better supplied with labour), are the parents.

Scene X.—THE BACK WOODS.

Further and still further into the mighty spreading wilderness—into the dark and solemn recesses of those vast and virgin forests with which the Continent was once almost entirely covered, but which are now fast disappearing before the axe and fire of the intrepid pioneer. The girth of the American trees is often great, but the height, particularly of the pines, is immense in proportion; the latter tree strikes its roots deeply, but the oaks, maples, and beeches have no hold of the earth, and are frequently overthrown by whirlwinds; in farming or clearing, no trees whatever are left, it being generally found that timber grown in a forest, when isolated, is quite unable to bear strong winds, which would speedily lay it flat, and endanger the cattle that might be grazing in the vicinity. The American back woods are got rid of either by fire or the axe, the former is the speediest, but the latter is the surest and safest mode, or that by which the soil is least impaired; a good chopper will lay on his axe so as to cause a tree to fall in any direction he pleases, and he contrives, if possible, so to regulate matters, that each large tree in its fall brings down one or more of the smaller sticks growing around it. The vast nature of the task before the Emigrant, when he first finds himself standing beneath the shadow of the grim and lonesome forest, may be easily conceived; it is his task to clear the rich earth of its eternal parent, of wood; to build with the fallen timber the rude log-hut, to break up the hitherto unturned soil, and gradually, step by step, and year by year, to convert the gloomy forest into a smiling and rejoicing farm. The work is generally set about with a will; the scattered neighbours, if indeed he have any of the settlers, lend a willing hand to help him put a roof over his head, and so the labour goes slowly but surely on; great tracts of country being yearly cleared and brought into cultivation.

Scene XI.—THE INUNDATION.

Emigrants are often apt to pitch their log-hut too close to the bank of a river, and the consequence is sometimes a scene like that set forth in the picture exhibited. The sudden melting of snow, or the fall of a heavy and continuous rain, swelling every stream in the neighbourhood.

Scene XII.—THE ROLLING PRAIRIES.

Far as we have penetrated into the American Continent, we are not yet at the close of our journey. Many of our Emigrants may be supposed to have stopped off, and settled along the wooded shores of the lakes, particularly in Ohio and Michigan; a band of hardy spirits determine, however, to penetrate still further West, advancing into the boundless plains which constitute the Illinois, and the Missouri territories, and which stretch out westward, until they are broken up by the outlying spurs of the rocky mountains. These singular expanses of land are called the Rolling Prairies, from the undulating nature of the country, which for thousands of square miles presents the appearance of a vast heaving sea of thick rich grass and clustering ferns, broken here and there by gulfs and ravines, in which timber and brushwood grow thick and dense, and occasionally by vase-like clumps of trees, standing up amongst the boundless wilderness of grass-like islands in a heaving sea. The Prairies abound with animal life to a greater extent than the woods, vast herds of buffaloes, biggins, and various species of wild cattle pasture upon them. The deer is found in many of its varieties; boars, bears, wolves, and jackalls range at their ease along the expanse, and innumerable flocks of Prairie birds breed in the thick grass, or in the dense clusters of trees. Emigrants proceeding into the Prairie generally march in parties, with the intention of founding compact settlements, rather than solitary clearings; several of these villages exist in the vicinity of the rocky mountains, and form stations well known to travellers who undertake the vast journey across the Continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean; a route travelled since the discovery of the diggings in California by tens and scores of thousands. In the picture before the spectator, the common order of march in the Prairie is shewn; the waggons carrying the food and the stores of the party proceeding along the trail in Indian file, the men are mounted, and are on foot, well armed with bowie knife and rifle, in the event of any attack from the roving tribes of Indians, with whom the Prairies form favourite, as they are almost the only hunting grounds left to them.

Scene XIII.—THE SLEIGH.

The dead of the winter, seen as it is, is one of the most wholesome, invigorating, and enlivening periods of the American year. The cold, though intense, is very dry, the air exquisitely pure and clear,

and the sky often expands an unbroken vault of blue for days together over the waste of frozen glistening snow. Then comes the time for sleighing, the exquisitely smooth surface of the snow frozen into consistency, and an almost ice-like glassiness affords an unbounded expanse, over which the sleigh glides with a rapidity and easy gracefulness of motion, unknown in wheeled carriages; the horses appear to share the invigorating and enlivening effect of the pure cold air, and show qualities and speed of strength, not always exhibited at other seasons of the year; flinging their heads aloft, and jingling in a joyous carol the multitude of sweet-toned bells with which they are bedecked, the team bounds gaily on, cheered by the gay shouts and exclamations of the sleigh-driver and his friends, who, wrapped in buffalo robes, bid defiance to the searching air. As soon as a sufficient quantity of snow has fallen, every description of vehicle, from the stage-coach to the wheelbarrow, is lifted from its wheels and put upon skates or "runners" shod with iron. The hoofs of the horses are roughed, so as to prevent their slipping; and the merry sleighing time is always a period of enjoyment and high health and spirits.

Scene XIV.—LETTERS FROM HOME.

The painting tells its own story; that dearest of dumb, yet speaking messengers—a packet of "Letters from Home"—has arrived, and the father of the household exultingly summons his family around to hear the news from far off friends. The anxiety—the trembling joy—the hopes and fears of such an occasion need no explanatory development; and with a song illustrative of the tumult of joy and gratitude with which the happy tidings are received, we take leave of our Emigrants in their comfortable settlement, amid the woodland regions of the West, leaving them to fell the forest and plough the land—to open the roads and found the towns, which are springing up so thick and fast over all the thriving land, and which promise in a marvellously short time to render the fertile soil of the great American Continent, one vast garden, stocked thick and three-fold with the busy hives of swarming, prosperous, human industry.

LONG PARTED HAVE WE BEEN.

Long parted have we been,
 Many troubles have we seen
 Since the weary day we left them, on our good old
 English shore,
 And we took a last farewell, to return to them no more.
 But they're coming, coming, coming,
 They are coming with the flowers,
 They are coming with the summer,
 To this new land of ours.
 And we'll all forget our sadness,
 And shake their hands in gladness ;
 And bid them joyous welcome,
 To this new land of ours.

How often have we prayed
 They were here ;
 The friends, the dear relations, and the lovers fond and
 true,
 To share our better fortune, and all the joys we knew.
 And they're coming, coming, coming,
 They are coming with the flowers,
 They are coming with the summer,
 To this new land of ours.
 And we'll give them cordial greeting,
 And have a merry meeting,
 And a day of true rejoicing,
 In this new land of ours.

In all our happiness
 There seemed a joy the less,
 When we looked around and missed them by the fire-
 side's cheerful glow,
 The old familiar comrades that we loved so long ago.
 But they're coming, coming, coming,
 They are coming with the flowers,
 They are coming with the summer,
 To this new land of ours.
 It needs but their embraces,
 And all their smiling faces,
 To make us quite contented,
 In this new land of ours.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Dark is the night! how dark! no light—no fire!
 Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire;
 Shiv'ring, she watches by the cradle-side,
 For him who pledg'd her love—last year a bride!

Hark! 'tis his footstep!—No! 'tis past—'tis gone!
 List! list! How wearily the time rolls on;
 Why should he leave me thus? he once was kind,
 And I believ'd 'twould last—oh! how mad—how blind!

Rest thee, my babe, rest on—'tis hunger's cry!
 Sleep! for there is no food: the fount is dry!
 Famine and cold their weary work have done:
 My heart must break; and thou, my child?
 Hush! the clock strikes one!

Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes! he's there—he's there!
 For this he leaves me to despair;
 Leaves love, leaves truth—his wife, his child—for what?
 The gambler's fancied bliss—the gambler's horrid lot!
 Yet I'll not curse him—no; 'tis all in vain;
 'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again;
 And I could starve and bless him, but, my child, for
 you—

Oh, fiend! oh, fiend!—Hush! the clock strikes two!

Hark, how the sign-board creaks,—the blast howls by!
 Moan, moan, ye winds, through the cloudy sky.
 Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes, he comes once more;
 No, 'tis but the lattice-flaps—my hope, my hope is o'er!

Can he desert us thus? he knows I stay,
 Night after night, in loneliness to pray
 For his return, and yet he sees no tear;
 No, no, it cannot be,—oh! he will be here!
 Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart;
 Thou art cold—thou art freezing! - but we will not part!
 Husband! I die! Father! it is not he!
 Oh, God, protect my child!—Hush! the clock strikes
 three!

They're gone, they're gone—the glimmering spark hath
 fled!

The wife and child are numbered with the dead.
 On the cold earth, outstretched in solemn rest,
 The babe lies frozen on its mother's breast:
 The gambler comes at last, but all is o'er,
 Dread silence reigns around,—the clock strikes four!

NEGRO LIFE.

INTRODUCTION.

The general subject of the Panorama about to be submitted to the spectator's notice, is indicated by its title, "Negro Life, in Freedom and in Slavery." With the view of conveying, in their most extended range, a series of distinct and connected impressions of the main events and phases of the existence and social condition of the unfortunate class of individuals in question, it is proposed to transport the spectator (pictorially, of course) into the interior of Africa, showing him the Negro race in its free and normal condition. It is next proposed to give a series of delineations illustrative of the Slave Trade, comprehending the predatory attacks made by different tribes upon each other, with the view of getting prisoners; the manner of embarkation of the unfortunate captives in Spanish and Brazilian Slavers, and the mode of "packing," as it is called, by means of which the greatest possible number of wretches are crammed into the smallest possible space on the slave deck. In portraying the horrible yet vividly and curiously interesting details connected with the middle passage, the Public will find that the chances of pursuit and capture by the vessels of the British Blockading Squadron have not been forgotten. Wafting the spectator then across the Atlantic, they will be introduced to the Slave Sales of Cuba, in the midst of the magnificent scenery of the Havannah; and then penetrating into the Southern and Slave-holding States of the American Union, it is proposed to set before them the different modes of Slave labour in the different species of cultivation, such as sugar, cotton, tobacco, and rice; the different classes of scenery and natural features, among which these general crops are grown, with the ordinary habitations and general style of life, the incidents, adventures, and hardships which most commonly fall to the lot of the Carolina or Louisiana Slave.

My long residence in the Southern States, my repeated visits to Cuba, and the frequent and minute inspections of Slaving Ships which I have had opportunities of making, enable me to guarantee that the Panorama about to be exhibited is a perfect reflex of the actually existing state of things. People are sometimes, and not unnaturally, apt to speak of the hardships and horrors of Slavery and the Slave Trade, without having more than a very general notion of what these hardships and horrors are. It is hoped that this Panorama—while it is artistically effective—will convey a clear and true idea of the practical features of the traffic and the system in question—a traffic which Britain was the first among nations to denounce and give up, and a system for the abolition of which she cheerfully made the enormous pecuniary sacrifice of twenty millions of money.

HENRY RUSSELL.

Part Second.

THE AFRICAN VILLAGE.

A Negro Village in the interior of Africa. The picture gives a general idea of Free African Life. Amid the groups of savages are to be seen parties of native merchants—the wily agents of the slave captains upon the coast. They are distributing presents among the negroes, and thus engaging them to make war upon a neighbouring tribe, for the sake of the prisoners who may be taken, and who will be given up to the merchants in consideration of the presents in question; thus it is the slave market is supplied, and the wants of the Cuban and American planters introduce war, pillage, and death into the rude but happy negro village.

THE NEGRO VILLAGE.

Oh! the tropic sun is glowing o'er a distant southern
land,
O'er the mangrove by the river, and the palm tree in
the sand;
O'er the dark and tangled forest, where the lion makes
his den,
O'er the maize beside the cottage, and the rice field in
the fen.
'Tis there beneath the shade of the broad bannana
leaves,
Where the lonely Negro Village rears its rude and
rustic eaves;
Where the untaught Savage bows to his Idol in its
shrine,
Or basks upon the threshold, and drinks the palm-tree
wine.

THE SLAVE BATTLE.

The merchants have succeeded in their endeavours—war is declared between the tribes, and an attack is forthwith made. The aggressing negroes usually have the advantage in these cases, inasmuch as the onset frequently partakes of the nature of a surprise, and they are besides tolerably well furnished with muskets, cutlasses, and boarding pikes from the slavers on the coast, the officers and men of which not unfrequently mingle in the fray. In these predatory attacks, houses are burnt, provision grounds destroyed, the old people of both sexes are cut to pieces, and the young made prisoners.

THE EMBARKATION OF THE PRISONERS.

The slaves taken in battle are chained together in rows or ranks, and marched down, frequently many hundred miles to the coast, sometimes they are brought in large canoes down the rivers, at the mouths of which the slavers lie ready to receive their cargoes. If the ship is not there, the wretches are penned in wooden palisadoed forts, called barracoons, fed on cassana-meal and water, until her arrival. A few hours is generally sufficient to ship a cargo, and then, if the coast be clear, the slaver loses not a tide in putting to sea.

The British public is well aware of the yearly sacrifice of money, and what is worse, of sailors' lives, submitted to, in order to check, and, if possible, put a final stop to the slave trade. Men-of-War, generally fast sailing brigs and steamers, are continually hovering along the entire line of the Slave Coast, and keeping an especially sharp look out at the mouths of such streams as the Brass River, the Nun River, and others well-known to form slaving ports.

THE CHASE.

Set every stitch of canvass to woo the fresh'ning wind,
 Our bowsprit points to Cuba, the coast lies far behind;
 Filled to the hatches full, my boys, across the seas we go,
 There's twice five hundred niggers in the stifling hold
 below.

A Sail! what say you, boys? A Sail! well—let him
give us chase,

A British Man-of-War you say—well, let him try the
race;

There's not two swifter vessels ever floated on t'he waves,
Than our tidy little Schooners well ballasted with
Slaves.

Now stronger yet, and stronger still, came down the
fiery breeze,

And even fast and faster sped the strange ship on the
seas;

Flinging each rude and bursting surge, in glittering
halos back,

And bearing high to Heaven aloft the English Union
Jack.

“Now curses on that Ensign,” the Slaving Captain
said,

“There's little luck for Slavers when English bunting's
spread;

But pack on sail, and trim the ship, before we'll cap-
tured be,

We'll have the Niggers up, my boys, and heave them
in the sea!”

Hoarse was the Slaving Captain's voice, and deep the
oath he swore,

“Haul down the flag, that shot's enough, we don't want
any more;”

Alongside dashed the cruiser's boat, to board and sieze
the prize ;

Hark to that rattling British cheer rise ringing to the
skies.

“Up with the Negroes speedily, up, up and give them
breath,

Clear out the hold from stem to stern, that noisome den
is death ;

And run aloft St. George's Cross, all wanton let it
wave,

The token proud, that under it there never treads a
slave !”

THE CAPTURE OF THE SLAVER.

Attention is especially requested in this picture to the representation of the Slaver's-hold, and the manner in which the slaves are “packed.” Two modes of packing are practised, the “loose” and the “tight.”

THE ROCKS OF THE COAST OF CUBA.

The wild range of rocky coast here presented forms a conspicuous object to vessels making the splendid harbour of Havannah. Shipwrecks of the most fatal character are frequent, and the steep ravines, and almost inaccessible creeks, at the mouth of which the surf everlastingly beats, but which are practicable with experienced pilots, render the place a favourite resort for slaves, as well as for the contrabandists or smugglers, who, in her colonies, as in the frontiers of the mother country, defy the revenue laws of Spain.

CITY AND HARBOUR OF HAVANNAH.

(By Moonlight.)

This most magnificent of tropic harbours was discovered, and the city of the Havannah founded by the Spaniards early in the history of the West Indian enterprise. Havannah may now be considered as the chief city of the West Indian group of Islands. The entrance to the magnificent basin is through two lofty and rocky

promontories, within which stretches out the anchorage, profoundly deep, and as still as a mill-pond. In the harbour, the slaving schooner, whose fortunes we have already followed, is seen at anchor, and near her is a Spanish man-of-war. The picturesque towers and massive bastions of the Castle of Moro rise to the right, and in the back ground of the centre is seen the city.

A SLAVE SALE IN THE HAVANNAH.

Such exhibitions as that now submitted are, as it may be supposed, very common and very business-like matters in the Spanish Islands, and the slave-holding states of the Continent. Upon being landed, the sad survivors of the voyage are as soon as possible put up to public auction, divided as the auctioneering phrase goes "into lots, to suit the convenience of the intending purchasers." The tableau in a great measure explains itself. The planters are seen examining the physical capabilities of the negroes, feeling their pulses, squeezing their muscles, and sometimes, like doctors, looking at their tongues. The good "points" of a negro are as well known to a connoisseur in human flesh as those of a horse to a dealer at Tattersall's. Of course families are separated, parents and children, husbands and wives, parted with as little remorse as would be felt in the case of bulls, cows, and calves. The slave market is a common lounge in slave-holding countries, and the off-hand style in which business is done, the cool indifference with which every human tie is scorned and severed is sought to be explained in the following song:—

THE SLAVE SALE.

Who bids? who bids? who bids?
 Hither! Planters! Here's a chance,
 Here are limbs to work or dance;
 Listen, Planters! Here's a lot
 Without a flaw—without a blot,
 Landed not a week ago
 From a Schooner there below.

Come, who bids? come, who bids?

Lusty negroes—stout and strong,
 Not a sick one in the throng ;
 Feel their sinews if you want,
 These are slaves to hoe or plant ;
 And should any make a slip,
 Good broad backs, sirs, for the whip !
 Come, who bids? come, who bids?

Who bids? who bids? who bids?
 Here's a female, strong and stout—
 Drag her from her husband out—
 With a baby, as you see,
 A sturdy young Slave boy he'll be ;
 Come, who bids? come, who bids?

Three hundred dollars, if you please,
 I warrant you that she will please ;
 A likely wench for good hard drudging,
 'Mid the rice or cotton trudging ;
 What's that? for her husband bawling,
 A cat-o'-nine-tails cures that squalling.
 Come, who bids? come, who bids?

Who bids? who bids? who bids?
 Mark the man's revengeful glare,
 Mark the woman's heart-struck stare ;
 Little reeked—her wailing cry,
 By the fiends who sell and buy !
 Come, who bids? come, who bids?

springing, in fact, from water, generally lying in a tepid state upon vast expanses of rich and rolling mud; the slaves have frequently to work up to their middle in water, and the marsh miasma, as may be expected, makes sad havoc among them.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.

Ill treated, hard worked, flogged, often mutilated, if not maimed, it is hardly a matter of astonishment that the negroes of the Southern states should often attempt to fly from the scene of their sufferings. Any Carolina or Louisiana paper will give an ample crop of specimens of the advertisements inserted for the reclamation of runaway slaves, and in which the fugitives are frequently described by marks of personal mutilation, such as cropped ears or slit noses. The most vigorous and unfaltering pursuit is sure to follow the wretched runaway. If it be suspected that he has sought refuge in the forest, his hunters follow his trail with bloodhounds, introduced from Cuba, and said to preserve the peculiar delicacy of scent and ferocity of the sleuth hounds of the middle ages.

THE FOREST ON FIRE.

This is a common mode of saving the labour of the axe, in clearing away the virgin forest. In the dry season a spark from a rifle is sufficient to set a wood in a blaze. The conflagration often spreads to a vast extent, drying up small rivulets and shallow ponds, driving forth every beast, bird, and reptile, before its fury, and leaving but blackened earth and charred stumps, where a thick and impervious forest formerly covered the ground.

A MISSISSIPPI SCENE.

Floating down the "father of rivers" is seen one of the flat boats used on its surface for the conveyance of goods and plantation produce. These boats are usually manned by negroes. They float downwards with the current, so that except the task of looking out for "snags," the crew have little to do but to amuse themselves by singing and dancing, as they slowly traverse the interminable reaches of this great and as yet lonely river. A Mississippi steamer, one of the high pressure boats, which have acquired so unhappy a reputation for the frequency of their boiler explosions, is seen taking in wood at a rude wharf erected for the purpose, at a convenient point on the forest-lined shore.

PLANTER'S HOUSE.

A planter's garden and villa, near New Orleans, shewing the

ordinary architectural feature of the pleasantly designed buildings, where the Southern proprietor lives in a style of oriental luxury.

NEGRO VILLAGE IN THE PLANTATION.

A correct representation of the general mode of construction of the cottage or cabins in which the slaves of Louisiana and Carolina are commonly stowed. We have seen the African villages, where the Free negro was born; here we have the American village in which the worn-out slave ends his days.

NEGRO DANCING FESTIVAL.

As has been already stated in the outset of this little book, the negroes, notwithstanding all their hardships and grievances, are still an uncommonly merry people, great admirers of rude but not unmelodious music, and ungraceful, but still spirited and sprightly dancing. The picture before the spectator is a carefully drawn representation of the main feature of a thorough negro festival, where the banjo is brought into full requisition, and the Dinahs and Kittys—the Cæsars and the Quashies of the plantation, leaving the thoughts of toil in the sugar brake or the rice swamp behind them, meet to pass the moonlit hours after their own fashion of enjoyment. With this merry scene we close the Panorama.